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THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

We again present to our readers the fruits of another month's diligence. Like the industrious bee, we have alighted on flowers such as but few parterres produce. Yet our present number, though greatly enriched, must not be taken as a full development of our literary means; we have powerful support at hand; men who have stood aloof, and resources hitherto unattainable by public journalists.

We have gathered beneath our banners talents that have long been devoted to publications in strong political opposition to our own. Although these measures may not seem to advance our political views, we hail their success as a great and profitable inroad upon the bigotry of party spirit, tending materially to strengthen the general cause of literature, which is only yet recovering from the destructive and overwhelming effects of political excitement. Our love for the intellectual, tempts us more to climb a literary than a political eminence; but the duty of a citizen must ever teach us to stand boldly forward in stirring times. The Monthly Magazine was founded upon the principle of political freedom and reform. We have faithfully pursued the path of its founders—eschewing the bondage of faction, but supporting to the best of our belief the cause of Truth and Liberty.

Before the next number appears, our foreign correspondence will be established. We shall then be enabled to give an original monthly communication upon the state of literature and the drama of every distinguished capital in Europe. The Notes of the Month have been a peculiar feature in this Magazine; they embrace every topic of interest; and henceforth will be characterized by an increased piquancy, and more extensive observation.

We derive an additional gratification in presenting this beautiful relic of Lord Byron's muse, by being enabled to afford an estimable contributor an opportunity to enter into a short explanation with the public; and we hope —by the favour of our communicator—to repeat the pleasure should our friendly commentator on the occasion require it,

*** We confess ourselves under great obligation to the greater portion of our daily and weekly contemporaries, but we hope those who have not seen the propriety of acknowledging the extracts they have made from our columns, will turn over a new leaf with the new year, and do us justice while it lasts.

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ORIGINAL POEM BY LORD BYRON.

WITH COMMENTARY BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

1.

IN the dome of my Sires, as the clear moonbeam falls
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

2.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days—
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays;
When the stars are on high and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

3.

And the step that o'er-echoes the gray floor of stone,
Falls sullenly now—for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.

4.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline—
And the fate of my father's has faded to mine.

5.

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret—but renew them no more.

6.

And Ruin is fix'd on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall;
It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway.

Newstead, August 26, 1814.

To the Editor of the "MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

SIR,—The accompanying verses by Lord Byron are perhaps equal to any he ever wrote. Independently of their great tenderness, there is a poetical beauty in the language at once very original and touching. Perhaps in the inspirations of occasional feeling, this great poet was more transcendently remarkable than in his more elaborate effusions. The public, I am sure, will receive the present stanzas as a relic that deserves to be enshrined with no ordinary solicitude.

In looking at my Life of him about this time, I find the following very singular passage:—

"Before the year (1814) was at an end, his popularity was evidently beginning to wane. *Of this he was conscious himself*, and braved the frequent attacks on his character and genius with an affectation of indifference; under which, those who had at all observed the singular associations of his recollections and ideas, must have discerned the symptoms of a strange disease. He was tainted with a Herodian malady of the mind;—his thoughts were often hateful to himself;—but there was an ecstasy in the conception, as if delight could be mingled with horror. I think, however, he struggled to master the fatality: and that his resolution to marry was dictated by an honourable desire to give hostages to society against the wild wilfulness of his imagination.

"It is a curious and a mystical fact, that at the period to which I am alluding, and a very little time—only a little month—before he successfully solicited the hand of Miss Milbanke, being at Newstead (probably at the time he wrote the verses), he fancied that he saw the ghost of the monk which is supposed to haunt the Abbey, and to make its ominous appearance when misfortune or death impends over the master of the mansion. The story of the apparition, in the sixteenth Canto of Don Juan, is derived from this family legend, and Norman Abbey, in the thirteenth of the same poem, is a rich and elaborate description of Newstead.

"After his proposal to Miss Milbanke had been accepted, a considerable time—nearly three months—elapsed before the marriage was completed, in consequence of the embarrassed condition in which, when the necessary settlements were to be made, he found his affairs. This state of things, with the previous unhappy controversy with himself, and anger at the world, was ill calculated to gladden his nuptials. But, beside these evils, his mind was awed with gloomy presentiments—a shadow of some advancing misfortune darkened his spirit, and the ceremony was performed with sacrificial feelings, and those dark and chilling circumstances which he has so touchingly described in The Dream. He was married on the 2nd of January, 1815."

I scarcely expected to find, in the handwriting of Byron himself, such an illustration of the justice I had done to his feelings in the above description. It gives me, however, but melancholy pleasure to find I was so correct; and it should make some of those who have attacked my biography of his lordship, a little more careful in condemning what they had no opportunity of either seeing or sifting.

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN GALT.

Barn Cottage, Dec. 28, 1833.

STATE OF PARTIES.

At all times the interval between the termination of one parliamentary session, and the commencement of another, affords a suitable opportunity for inquiring into the respective weight and condition of those political parties, by which the government of this country has for years been directed, and must, in all probability be for the future greatly influenced. Such an inquiry at the present moment has more than common interest: in conducting it no source of error appears more certain than that which would flow from an attempt to judge of the future prospects of the great political bodies into which the country is divided by a reference to their present position, for that may have resulted from causes, the natural operation of which must, at no distan period, entirely change. It is the opinions of these different parties and the measures, which either from principle or policy they would effect, that in connexion with the feelings and interests of each particular class of the community, can alone enable us to judge of the relative strength and weight which each is likely to possess, when the people shall have fully brought into action the force of those privileges with which they have now began to be extensively intrusted. The extensive variety of political opinions amongst all classes consequent upon the agitation and success of the Reform Bill, still renders public opinion in some degree unsettled and inconsistent, but it must speedily merge in some general and standard deduction from the great opposing principles which are professed by Ultra Tories, Ultra Liberals, and Whigs: our present object is to examine briefly, the existing situation and future prospects of each of these parties.

At first sight, the Whigs appear to possess greater advantages, than ever before belonged to any political party. Their administration identified itself with the people by the introduction of the Reform Bill, and by that means became a national body. Popular inconstancy has always been a favourite topic of declamation, with the enemies of the democracy, but popular gratitude, although it has excited less attention, is not less remarkable, and there never was a more striking instance of it exhibited, than in the conduct of the people towards the Whigs at the general election, after the passing of the Reform Bill. Much in the ministers' conduct, during the interval between the introduction and final success of that great measure, had been calculated to excite distrust and dissatisfaction, but when the moment came in which public confidence and the gratitude of the people were to be tried, every thing was forgotten, save the signal good the ministry had done; and the only desire of the people appeared to be, to repose power in the men who had promised to regenerate the country. Many individuals attempted to prove the expediency and necessity of exacting pledges, but they spoke in vain; the new constituency disclaimed to extort what they fondly imagined would be freely given. It was in truth one of those great occasions, when the feelings of the people, always just, and noble in their

origin, overleaped the boundaries of prudence, and certainly afforded the most convincing answer to those who asserted that the people are uniformly forgetful of past favours, and willing to support only those who flatter their prejudices by maintaining the most violent popular doctrines.

But how striking is the contrast between the ardent hopes with which the people hailed the assembling of the reformed parliament, and the languid indifference with which they witnessed the termination of its first session. Already the middle and working classes, who mainly contributed to the success of the Reform Bill, are unequivocally dissatisfied with the practical results of their triumph, and are eagerly listening to those who would shew that nothing can secure to the people their just influence in the management of things, but a much more radical reform than that so recently obtained. There prevails throughout the country a restless and feverish anxiety, arising from the general conviction that we are threatened with a great internal revolution, which even if beneficial in its ultimate consequences, must be attended with incalculable evils. Those who fondly hoped that this revolution might have been averted, or at least rendered less destructive, by being made gradual in its operation by the wisdom and popularity of a reformed parliament, have yielded to despondency, nay, almost to despair, reflecting that during the short period it has lived, the new House of Commons has incurred as great a share of general odium, as ever attached to the parliaments of the old system. The increasing discontent of large masses of the population, whose external circumstances, impart a terrible energy to their political sentiments, may well fill with alarm, the most heedless or fearless, for unless some effectual means are adopted to allay this discontent, it must speedily break out in consequences, which no friend of his country can contemplate without horror. To ministers —and to the Whigs as a party, these things are most momentous. Well will it be for them and for the country, if they employ the small breathing time that is left us, in applying some remedies to evils which their errors have aggravated, and which even now perhaps might be suppressed, by a firm and decisive progress in that vital work of reform to which they once and once only addressed themselves with energy.

True, the adherents of government attempt to shew, that the reaction in the state of public opinion, is either not real, or if so, has resulted not from any just cause, but from the natural inconstancy of the public mind, which in the present case has been inflamed by radical misrepresentations. They tell us of the lengthened labours of the Reformed Commons, of numerous reductions in the public establishments, and of the settlement of great and complicated questions, on which our domestic and colonial greatness so much depended. But what avails it to dwell on these points while the fact is undeniable, that all parties are more or less dissatisfied with the proceedings of the House of Commons, and that even the moderate supporters of Ministers, rather excuse than vindicate many of their actions. No one denies that Ministers are Reformers to a certain extent; the great and general complaint is, that they shrink from reforming with that firmness, which would command the respect of

all parties, and secure the support of the great majority of the people. In some degree they appear to be ignorant of their true position: they seem to forget, often as they themselves have urged arguments founded upon similar facts, that the most ultra liberal opinions are spreading with vast rapidity and increasing force, solely because they have delayed to enforce some moderate but sincere adjustment of those interests, respecting which the wants and wishes of the people, a year back, required nothing more than the ministers led them to regard as half conceded. But the boon has been postponed, the public necessities have increased, and the measure of relief which would have answered every purpose before, will hardly now suffice.

In periods of great political excitement, public opinion is apt to run into excesses; but no serious danger will result from this natural exasperation of the public mind if by reasonable and well considered concessions, we discountenance those wild speculations which only agitate the mass of the people, when their rulers are obstinate in misgovernment.

But unpopular as the Whigs are, and much as they failed in the high and noble services which their duty opened to them, such is the state of parties, that the most zealous and intelligent friends of the popular cause feel assured, that the present cabinet, however it may admit of some partial amendment, could not as a whole be safely displaced at present. True it is, ultra liberal principles are rapidly diffusing themselves amongst the middle and trading classes, but these classes are too deeply interested in the maintenance of order, moderation, and tranquillity, to run the risk of incurring the dangers which would arise, were the government to be intrusted to the Ultras on either side. The materials for a Radical Ministry they apprehend do not exist, and a High Tory Government they know would be their worst choice of evils. Many of the present Ministers have so greatly distinguished themselves as the advocates of liberty, that it is hard to believe them hostile to that cause in the moment of its triumph. In a word, although the Whigs have lost much, they still possess a hold on the country, which were they to seek to deserve would soon enable them to regain the popularity which they have, during the last year, all but forfeited. While the parliament was sitting their incessant vacillation and trimming to the Tory Lords, was a constantly increasing source of popular discontent, but the prorogation has somewhat calmed the public excitement; it is felt that if the Whigs would reclaim their character, they more easily at least, if not better than any other set of men might save the country. Hope never deserts us let our present sufferings or past disappointments be what they may; and hence it is that we still find the community flattering itself that benefits of an enlarged and enlightened character are still in store for us at the hands of the Whig administration. In such a state of things the great danger to be apprehended, is that ministers relying upon the adventitious circumstances, from which they now derive so much advantage, may consider it safe to pursue that temporizing policy, which at another period, must have speedily dissolved their government. Their political enemies will not always treat them with a forbearance which

evidently results much more from necessity than from inclination. The neutral position which the Whigs have chosen cannot last; it has led to a melancholy compromise of principle; but it proceeds farther—it prepares the way for that dissolution, which is always the ultimate fate of a middle party in times of great political excitement. It is moreover a manifest misfortune to the Whigs, that there should be a vagueness and uncertainty in their political creed, which though it escaped observation, or at least censure during their struggle with a dominant party, is now fully seen into and as fully despised. It is this capital deficiency in their politics as a party, that imparts so lamentable a character of feebleness and indecision to their government, and explains why they are no longer supported by many deserving public men who were formerly their friends and allies. It is evident that upon those great questions of domestic policy, to which public attention is now so much directed, the Whigs hold no very distinct or decided opinions. Even common observers have remarked that their general measures are often loose and inconsistent, and thus a cold and almost reluctant support is yielded to them even by those who are friendly to the cause they are intended to promote. Such a party, at a conjuncture like the present, is compelled to resort to temporary expedients, and by thus unsettling the public mind, necessarily prepares it still more for the reception of opinions the most extreme and contradictory. It is, we suspect, scarcely possible that the Whigs can ever get rid of the great evil, which thus attaches to their party: they are we fear destined to be remembered as statesmen who, with the best intentions, were destitute of those high qualities, without which it is impossible to direct the councils of a great nation wisely and safely in periods of peculiar difficulty.

Political history affords few, if any examples, of so sudden and complete a fall, as that which the Tories, as a political party, experienced within the course of a single year. They now feel and they confess that the power which they formerly possessed, is not to be regained: nevertheless they hold and exercise a very considerable, and we might perhaps almost add, an increasing influence amongst the higher classes of society. Their views and opinions, unlike those of the Whigs, are clear, distinct, and unequivocal; they have been and still are supported by men of exalted intellect and extensive knowledge; in every prosperous country a party professing such opinions, is always sure to exist; and perhaps no question more interesting and important could be proposed for solution than to decide how far the members of that party will, in this country increase or diminish, or how soon many who now rank as Whigs will become zealous conservatives. Perhaps the clearest proof that the position which the Tories occupy as a party is not only critical, but almost desperate, lies in the fact that Sir Robert Peel, undoubtedly a man of real ability, and still greater tact, cannot, with all his ability and all his tact, maintain his ground as a leader of the Tories, and at the same time retain any influence in the House of Commons. The honorable Baronet certainly enjoys a considerable share of popularity in the House of which he was the ministerial leader, but there are no members on whose habitual support he can rely. Compelled con-

tinually addressing those who are inimical to his general principles, he naturally throws these principles somewhat out of view, and selects topics which he can discuss in a popular manner, and without exciting prejudices. The consequence is that, in proportion as he obtains influence in the House, he loses ground with his own party, who either cannot understand the peculiar position in which he is placed, or are too zealous to make allowance for the feelings of one whose political prospects have been so signally blasted. A man of greater firmness and energy would not perhaps have acted as Sir Robert Peel is now doing. To a practised statesman, however, of ordinary abilities and ordinary resolution, he will probably appear to have pursued a prudent, if not a noble line of conduct. But if the Tories as a party, have no existence in the Commons, in the Lords they muster an overwhelming majority. And this majority is not likely to be diminished, inasmuch as the people have no such facilities for infusing the influence of new opinions into the upper branch of the legislature, as frequent elections enable them to send into the Commons. Still it may be questioned whether the great strength of the Tories in the Lords is an advantage or a misfortune. Were they less numerous in that House, they could act certainly with more independence, and probably with greater effect. They have power ; but when the exercise of it might have preserved their party in the State, they dared not to use it; and when, as in the Portuguese question and Lord Brougham's Local Courts Bill, it pleased them to give the country a proof what they could do, it must be admitted that they made a most injudicious choice of occasions on which to exhibit their strength. At present, every Bill rejected in the Lords is sure to be charged as an additional sin to the Tory party by those who may happen to be interested in the success of the particular measure. The dilemma to which the peers are reduced is ludicrously painful: if they do *not* act, they compromise their principles and degrade their character ; while , if they do act, they exasperate the people, and add new zeal to the vivid spirit continually in action against them.

Of the Radicals as a party, it is hardly necessary to observe, that they do not as yet possess that weight which numbers and popular principles usually command. Were a census taken of the politics of the community, there can be no doubt but that a decided majority would be found to entertain Radical opinions ; at the same time this majority would be found greatly divided in itself as to the extent to which Reform should be carried in Church and State. Were the aim of this party clearly defined, and its means well organized,—were it led by a statesman capable of directing the energies of a great people, it would be irresistible. The rapid progress and commanding influence of public opinion, the financial embarrassments of the country, the dissatisfaction of all classes with their existing situation, the bigotry and obstinacy of the Tories, and the weakness and indecision of the Whigs—all seem to conspire to prepare the way for the final triumph of Radicalism. Unquestionably, many of those who now lean to democratic opinions would stoutly deny the imputation of Radicalism. Old prejudices attach to the name, which are offensive to delicate ears ; but this is of little moment, for the individuals here

alluded to are daily becoming more wedded to those sentiments by which Radicalism is chiefly distinguished. The public mind is unsettled; every man has his own set of political opinions resulting from his outward situation and peculiar thoughts and feelings; but still the current popular opinions proceed decidedly and strikingly upon the principle that the will of the people ought to be the supreme law in the administration of government; and there is no Radical who does not claim this doctrine as the first, the most natural, and imperative principle of his political creed.

From this exposition of the state of parties, it may be deduced, that for the future the contest for political power must chiefly lie between the Whigs and the Radicals. While the Whigs incline to some kind of *juste-milieu*, which does not admit of a very accurate definition, the Radicals claim for the whole community unlimited political power, and for each individual the utmost degree of liberty compatible with the general welfare. The majority of the people are, therefore, always likely to support Radical opinions. But popularity alone cannot at present command place and power in England: the authority of long-established institutions; the great wealth of the aristocracy; the dread of unhinging the government, and throwing all things into confusion, will keep the Radicals out of office for some time to come. Their direct influence, however, upon government must be great; and this the more particularly, as the policy of the present Cabinet seems to be to resist the impulse of public opinion up to a certain degree, but to yield to it when the pressure becomes strong and formidable. Under these circumstances, it behoves the people to keep a vigilant eye upon their representatives; for much good will quickly accrue to the country if the public voice be fairly echoed in the House of Commons. That voice must be obeyed! We trust we shall hear it often loud but not wild, strong but not impassioned, deliberate but not unwise; and then the confusion of all parties to make room for a consolidated regeneration of the whole country will be the glorious achievement of the people themselves!

SONNET.

[BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.]

TO THOMAS WARTON.

Poet of Wynslade! in thy pastoral strains
The calm contentment of a gleamy mind
Throws forth its spells with moral plaintiveness,
To soothe the heart, and purify the thought!
For simple rural imagery there reigns
A charm, which on an intellect refin'd
A half-celestial pleasure can impress,
By no alloy, or after-sinking, bought.
Thy contemplative spirit lov'd to sit
In deep repose half-dreaming, while thine eye
Por'd on mead, hill, and wood, and would not quit
For marble halls and rooms of tapestry,
The silence, and the ideal range, untied
By Fashion's folly and by purse-proud Pride.

MRS. JOSEPH PORTER, ' OVER THE WAY.'

Most extensive were the preparations at Rose Villa, Clapham Rise, in the occupation of Mr. Gattleton (a stock-broker in especially comfortable circumstances), and great was the anxiety of Mr. Gattleton's interesting family, as the day fixed for the representation of the Private Play, which had been "many months in preparation," approached. The whole family was infected with the mania for Private Theatricals; the house, usually so clean and tidy, was, to use Mr. Gattleton's expressive description "regularly turned out o' windows;" the large dining-room, dismantled of it's furniture and ornaments, presented a strange jumble of flats, flies, wings, lamps, bridges, clouds, thunder and lightning, festoons and flowers, daggers and foil, and all the other messes which in theatrical slang are included under the comprehensive name of "properties." The bedrooms were crowded with scenery, the kitchen was occupied by carpenters. Rehearsals took place every other night in the drawing-room, and every sofa in the house was more or less damaged by the perseverance and spirit with which Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and Miss Lucina, rehearsed the smothering scene in "Othello"—it having been determined that that tragedy should form the first portion of the evening's entertainments.

"When we're a *leetle* more perfect, I think it will go off admirably," said Mr. Sempronius, addressing his *corps dramatique*, at the conclusion of the hundred and fiftieth rehearsal. In consideration of his sustaining the trifling inconvenience of bearing all the expenses of the play, Mr. Sempronius had been in the most handsome manner unanimously elected stage-manager.—"Evans," continued Mr. Gattleton, jun., addressing a tall, thin, pale young gentleman, with extensive whiskers—"Evans, upon my word you play *Roderigo* beautifully."

"Beautifully!" echoed the three Miss Gattletons; for Mr. Evans was pronounced by all his lady-friends to be "quite a dear." He looked so interesting and had such lovely whiskers, to say nothing of his talent in albums and playing the flute! The interesting *Roderigo* simpered and bowed.

"But I think," added the manager, "you are hardly perfect in the—fall—in the fencing-scene, where you are—you understand?"

"It's very difficult," said Mr. Evans, thoughtfully; "I've fallen about a good deal in our counting-house lately for practice; only it hurts one so. Being obliged to fall backwards, you see, it bruises one's head a good deal."

"But you must take care you don't knock a wing down," said Mr. Gattleton, sen., who had been appointed prompter, and who took as much interest in the play as the youngest of the company. "The stage is very narrow, you know."

"Oh! don't be afraid," said Mr. Evans, with a very self-satisfied air; "I shall fall with my head 'off,' and then I can't do any harm."

"But, egad!" said the manager, rubbing his hands, "we shall

make a decided hit in 'Masaniello.' Harfield sings that music admirably."

Every body echoed the sentiment. Mr. Harfield smiled, and looked foolish,—not an unusual thing with him—hummed "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," and blushed as red as the fisherman's night-cap he was trying on.

"Let's see," resumed the manager, telling the number on his fingers, we shall have three dancing female peasants, besides *Fenella*, and four fishermen. Then there's our man Tom, he can have a pair of ducks of mine, and a check-shirt of Bob's, and a red night-cap, and he'll do for another—that's five. In the chorusses, of course, we can all sing at the sides, and in the market-scene we can walk about in cloaks and things. When the revolt takes place, Tom must keep rushing in on one side and out at the other, with a pick-axe, as fast as he can. The effect will be electrical; 'twill look just as if there were a great number of 'em: and in the eruption scene we must burn the red fire, and upset the tea-trays, and hallo and make all sorts of noises—and it's sure to do."

"Sure! sure!" cried all the performers *unâ voce*—and away hurried Mr. Sempronius Gattleton to wash the burnt cork off his face, and superintend the "setting up" of some of the amateur painted and never-sufficiently-to-be-admired scenery.

Mrs. Gattleton was a kind, good-tempered, vulgar old soul, exceedingly fond of her husband and children, and entertaining only three dislikes. In the first place, she had a natural antipathy to any body else's unmarried daughters; in the second, she was in bodily fear of any thing in the shape of ridicule; and, lastly—almost a necessary consequence of this feeling—she regarded with feelings of the utmost horror "Mrs. Joseph Porter, over the way." However, the good folks of Clapham and its vicinity stood very much in awe of scandal and sarcasm; and thus Mrs. Joseph Porter was courted, and flattered, and caressed, and invited, for very much the same reason that a poor author without a farthing in his pocket behaves with the most extraordinary civility to a two-penny postman.

"Never mind, Ma," said Miss Emma Porter, in colloquy with her respected relative, and trying to look unconcerned; "if they had invited me, you know that neither you nor Pa would have allowed me to take part in such an exhibition."

"Just what I should have thought from your high sense of propriety," returned the mother. "I am glad to see, Emma, you know how to designate the proceeding." Miss P., by-the-by, had only the week before made an "exhibition" of herself for four days, behind a counter at a fancy fair, to all and every of his Majesty's liege subjects who were disposed to pay a shilling each for the privilege of seeing some four dozen girls flirting with strangers, and playing at shop.

"There!" said Mrs. Porter, looking out of the window; "there are two rounds of beef and a ham going in, clearly for sandwiches; and Thomas, the pastry-cook, says there have been twelve dozen tarts ordered, besides blanc-mange and jellies. Upon my word! think of the Miss Gatteletons in fancy dresses, too!"

"Oh, it's too ridiculous," said Miss Porter, with a sort of hysterical chuckle.

"I'll manage to put them a little out of conceit with the business, however," said Mrs. Porter; and out she went on her charitable errand.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Gattleton, "said Mrs. Joseph Porter—after they had been closeted for some time, and when, by dint of indefatigable pumping, she had managed to extract all the news about the play;—"well, my dear, people may say what they please; indeed, we know they will, for some folks are *so* ill-natured.—Ah, my dear Miss Lucina, how dy'e do—I was just telling your mama that I have heard it said, that——"

"What?" inquired the *Desdemona*.

"Mrs. Porter is alluding to the play, my dear," said Mrs. Gattleton; "she was, I am sorry to say, just informing me that——"

"Oh, now, pray don't mention it," interrupted Mrs. Porter; "it's most absurd—quite as absurd as young what's-his-name saying he wondered how Miss Caroline, with such a foot and ankle, could have the vanity to play *Fenella*."

"Highly impertinent, whoever said it," said Mrs. Gatteleton, bridling up.

"Certainly, my dear," chimed in the delighted Mrs. Porter; "most undoubtedly. Because, as I said, if Miss Caroline *does* play *Fenella*, it doesn't follow, as a matter of course, that she should think she has a pretty foot; and then such puppies as these young men are; he had the impudence to say, that——"

How far the amiable Mrs. Porter might have succeeded in her pleasant purpose it is impossible to say, had not the entrance of Mr. Thomas Balderstone, Mrs. Gattleton's brother, familiarly called in the family "Uncle Tom," changed the course of conversation, and suggested to her mind an excellent plan of operation on the evening of the play.

Uncle Tom was very rich, and exceedingly fond of his nephews and nieces; as a matter of course, therefore, he was an object of great importance in his own family. He was one of the best-hearted men in existence; always in a good temper, and always talking. It was his boast that he wore top-boots on all occasions, and had never mounted a black silk neck-kerchief; and it was his pride, that he remembered all the principal plays of Shakspeare from beginning to end—and so he did. The result of this parrot-like accomplishment was, that he was not only perpetually quoting himself, but that he could never sit by and hear a mis-quotation from "The Swan of Avon," without setting the unfortunate delinquent right. He was also something of a wag: never missed an opportunity of saying what he considered a good thing, and invariably laughed till he cried at anything that appeared to him mirth-moving or ridiculous.

"Well, girls, well," said Uncle Tom, after the preparatory ceremony of kissing and how-dy'e-doing had been gone through—"how dy'e get on?—Know your parts, eh?—Lucina, my dear,

act 2, scene 1—place, left—cue—'Unknown fate,'—What's next, ha?—Go on—'The heavens—'"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lucina, "I recollect—

> "'The heavens forbid
> But that our loves and comforts should increase
> Even as our days do grow.'"

"Make a pause here and there," said the old gentleman, who was a great critic in his own estimation. 'But that our loves and comforts should increase'—emphasis on the last syllable, 'crease,' loud 'even'—one, two, three, four; then loud again, 'as our days do grow;' emphasis on *days*. That's the way, my dear; trust to your uncle for emphasis.—Ah! Sem, my boy, how are you?"

"Very well, thanky'e uncle," returned Mr. Sempronius, who had just appeared, looking something like a ring-dove, with a small circle round each eye, the result of his constant corking. "Of course we see you on Thursday."

"Of course, of course, my dear boy."

"What a pity it is, your nephew didn't think of making you prompter, Mr. Balderstone," whispered Mrs. Joseph Porter; "you would have been invaluable."

"Well, I flatter myself, I *should* have been tolerably up to the thing," responded Uncle Tom.

"I must bespeak sitting next you on the night," resumed Mrs. Porter; "and then, if our dear young friends here should be at all wrong, you will be able to enlighten me. I shall be *so* interested."

"I am sure I shall be most happy to give you any assistance in my power, mem."

"Mind, it's a bargain."

"Certainly."

"I don't know how it is," said Mrs. Gattleton to her daughters, as they were sitting round the fire in the evening, looking over their parts, "but I really very much wish Mrs. Joseph Porter wasn't coming on Thursday. I am sure she's scheming something."

"She can't make us ridiculous, however," observed Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, haughtily.

The long-looked for Thursday arrived in due course, and brought with it, as Mr. Gattleton, senior, philosophically observed, "no disappointments, to speak of." True, it was yet a matter of doubt whether *Cassio* would be enabled to get into the dress which had been sent for him from the masquerade warehouse. It was equally uncertain whether the principal female singer would be sufficiently recovered from the influenza to make her appearance; Mr. Harfield, the Masaniello of the night, was hoarse, and rather unwell, in consequence of the great quantity of lemon and sugar-candy he had eaten to improve his voice; and two flutes and a violoncello had pleaded severe colds. What of that? the audience were all coming. Every body knew his part; the dresses were covered with tinsel and spangles; the white plumes looked beautiful; Mr. Evans had practised falling, till he was bruised from head to foot, and quite perfect; and

Iago was quite sure that, in the stabbing scene, he should make "a decided hit." A self-taught deaf gentleman, who had kindly offered to bring his flute, would be a most valuable addition to the orchestra; Miss Jenkins' talent for the piano was too well known to be doubted for an instant; Mr. Cape had practised the violin accompaniment with her frequently and Mr. Brown, who had kindly undertaken, at a few hours' notice, to bring his violoncello, would, no doubt, manage extremely well. Seven o'clock came, and so did the audience; all the rank and fashion of Clapham and its vicinity was fast filling the theatre. There were the Smiths, the Stubbs's, the Halfpennys, the Gubbins's, the Nixons, the Dixons, the Hicksons, people with all sorts of names, two aldermen, a sheriff in perspective, Sir Thomas Glumper (who had been knighted in the last reign for carrying up an address on somebody's escaping from something); and last, not least, there were Mrs. Joseph Porter and Uncle Tom, seated in the centre of the third row from the stage; Mrs. P. amusing Uncle Tom with all sorts of stories, and Uncle Tom amusing every one else by laughing most immoderately.

Ting, ting, ting! went the prompter's bell at eight o'clock precisely; and dash went the orchestra into the overture to "The Men of Prometheus." The pianoforte player hammered away with the most laudable perseverance; and the violoncello, which struck in at intervals, "sounded very well, considering." The unfortunate individual, however, who had undertaken to play the flute accompaniment "at sight," found, from fatal experience, the perfect truth of the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind;" for being very near-sighted, and being placed at at considerable distance from his music-book, all he had an opportunity of doing was to play a bar now and then in the wrong place, and put the other performers out. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Brown to say that he did this to admiration. The overture, in fact, was not unlike a race between the different instruments; the piano came in first by several bars, and the violoncello next, quite distancing the poor flute; for the deaf gentleman *too-too'd* away, quite unconscious that he was at all wrong, until apprised, by the applause of the audience, that the overture was concluded. A considerable bustle and shuffling of feet was then heard upon the stage, accompanied by whispers of, "Here's a pretty go!—what's to be done?" &c. The audience applauded again, by way of raising the spirits of the performers; and then Mr. Sempronius desired the prompter, in a very audible voice, to "clear the stage, and ring up."

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. Every body sat down; the curtain shook, rose sufficiently high to display several pair of yellow boots paddling about, and there it remained.

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. The curtain was violently convulsed, but rose no higher; the audience tittered; Mrs. Porter looked at Uncle Tom, and Uncle Tom looked at every body, rubbing his hands, and laughing with perfect rapture. After as much ringing with the little bell as a muffin boy would make in going down a tolerably long street, and a vast deal of whispering, hammering, and calling for nails and cord, the curtain at length rose, and discovered

Mr. Sempronius Gattleton *solus*, and decked for *Othello*. After three distinct rounds of applause, during which Mr. Sempronius applied his right hand to his left breast, and bowed in the most approved manner, the manager advanced, and said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I assure you it is with sincere regret, that I regret to be compelled to inform you, that *Iago*, who was to have played Mr. Wilson—I beg your pardon, Ladies and Gentlemen; but I am naturally somewhat agitated (applause)—I mean, Mr. Wilson, who was to have played *Iago*, is—that is, has been—or, in other words, Ladies and Gentlemen, the fact is, that I have just received a note, in which I am informed that *Iago* is unavoidably detained at the Post-office this evening. Under these circumstances, I trust—a—a—amateur performance—a—another gentleman undertaken to read the part—request indulgence for a short time—courtesy and kindness of a British audience."—(Overwhelming applause). Exit Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and curtain falls.

The audience were, of course, exceedingly good humoured; the whole business was a joke; and accordingly they waited for an hour with the utmost patience, being enlivened by an interlude of rout-cakes and lemonade. It appeared by Mr. Sempronius's subsequent explanation, that the delay would not have been so great, had it not so happened that when the substitute *Iago* had finished dressing, and just as the play was on the point of commencing, the original *Iago* unexpectedly arrived. The former was, therefore, compelled to undress, and the latter to dress for his part, which, as he found some difficulty in getting into his clothes, occupied no inconsiderable time. At last the tragedy began in earnest. It went off well enough, until the third scene of the first act, in which *Othello* addresses the Senate, the only remarkable circumstance being, that as *Iago* could not get on any of the stage boots, in consequence of his feet being violently swelled with the heat and excitement, he was under the necessity ef playing the part in a pair of common hessians, which contrasted rather oddly with his richly embroidered pantaloons. When *Othello* started with his address to the Senate (whose dignity was represented by, the *Duke*, a carpenter; two men, engaged on the recommendation of the gardener; and a boy); Mrs. Porter found the opportunity she so anxiously sought.

Mr. Sempronius proceeded—

> "'Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
> My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
> That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
> It is most true;—rude am I in my speech——'"

"Is that right?" whispered Mrs. Porter to Uncle Tom.

"No."

"Tell him so, then."

"I will.—Sem!" called out Uncle Tom, "that's wrong, my boy."

"What's wrong, Uncle?" demanded *Othello*, quite forgetting the dignity of his situation.

"You've left out something. 'True I have married——'"

"Oh, ah!" said Mr. Sempronius, endeavouring to hide his con-

fusion as much and as ineffectually as the audience attempted to conceal their half-suppressed tittering, by coughing with the most extraordinary violence—

> ——— " ' true I have married her :—
> The very head and front of my offending
> Hath this extent; no more.'

(Aside). " Why don't you prompt, father?"

" Because I've mislaid my spectacles," said poor Mr. Gattleton, almost dead with the heat and bustle.

" There, now, it's ' rude am I,' said Uncle Tom."

" Yes, I know it is," returned the unfortunate manager, proceeding with his part.

It would be useless and tiresome to quote the number of instances in which Uncle Tom, now completely in his element, and instigated by the mischievous Mrs. Porter, corrected the mistakes of the performers; suffice it to say, that having once mounted his hobby, nothing could induce him to dismount; so, during the whole of the remainder of the play, he performed a sort of running accompaniment, by muttering every body's part, as it was being delivered, in an under tone. The audience were highly amused, Mrs. Porter delighted, the performers embarrassed; Uncle Tom never was better pleased in his life; and Uncle Tom's nephews and nieces had never, although the declared heirs to his large property, so heartily wished him gathered to his fathers as on that memorable occasion. Several other minor causes, too, united to damp the ardour of the *dramatis personæ*. None of the performers could walk in their tights, or move their arms in their jackets; the pantaloons were too small, the boots too large, and the swords of all shapes and sizes. Mr. Evans, naturally too tall for the scenery, wore a black velvet hat with immense white plumes, the glory of which was lost in " the flies;" and the only other inconvenience of which was, that when it was off his head he could not put it on, and when it was on he couldn't take it off. Notwithstanding all his practice, too, he fell with his head and shoulders as neatly through one of the side scenes, as a harlequin would jump through a pannel in a Christmas pantomime. The pianoforte player, overpowered by the extreme heat of the room, fainted away at the commencement of the entertainments, leaving the music of " Masaniello" to the flute and violoncello. The orchestra complained that Mr. Harfield put them out, and Mr. Harfield declared that the orchestra prevented his singing at all. The fishermen, who were hired for the occasion, revolted to the very life, positively refusing to play without an increased allowance of spirits; and their demand being complied with, they got drunk in the eruption scene as naturally as possible. The red fire which was burnt at the conclusion of the second act not only nearly suffocated the audience, but they narrowly escaped setting the house on fire; as it was, the remainder of the piece was acted in a thick fog. In short, the whole affair was, as Mrs. Joseph Porter triumphantly told every body, " a complete failure." The audience went home at four o'clock in the morning, exhausted with laughter, suffering from severe head aches,

and smelling terribly of brimstone and gunpowder. The Messrs. Gattleton, senior and junior, retired to rest with a vague idea of emigrating to Swan River early in the ensuing week.

Rose Villa has once again resumed its wonted appearance: the dining-room furniture has been replaced; the tables are as nicely polished as formerly; the horse-hair chairs are ranged against the wall as regularly as ever; and Venetian blinds have been fitted to every window in the house, to intercept the prying gaze of Mrs. Joseph Porter. The subject of theatricals is now never mentioned in the Gattleton family, unless, indeed by Uncle Tom, who cannot refrain from sometimes expressing his surprise and regret at finding that his nephews and nieces appear to have lost the relish they once possessed for the beauties of Shakspeare and quotations from the works of the immortal bard.

THE PLAGUE OF THE HAIL.

BY JOHN GALT.

"And Moses stretched forth his rod toward Heaven, and the Lord rained hail upon the land of Egypt." EXODUS.

'Twas setting sun;
THE cloudless golden horizontal light
Brightened the Memphian domes.—Glittering afar
The mountain pyramids in ether shone;
The Nile below with many a painted sail
Like rippling amber flowed. The air breathed peace—
When suddenly, without portent or sign,
As if the crystal firmament were crush'd,
And the bright fragments flung in anger down,
Fell the miraculous hail.—Storms rush'd abroad;
Clouds black and thick, like shreds of elder night,
Convulsed the sky, and ceaseless thunder rolled;
The fiery wings of God's dread ministers,
That lavish'd round the hurtling indignation,
Their inextinguishable lightning glanced.
Thrice the diurnal lapse of mortal time,
And thrice again, with deep'ning furor fell
The irresistless hail.—The woods were crushed,
And all with life within its order'd scope
Were battered dead. The old emblazonries
Of storied temples and mysterious towers
Were worn away, or roughly broke and scarred.
At length another interval of light,
Marking the seventh and tremendous day
Of wrath accelerating, wilder rose.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

" Nous prendrons d'abord Constantinople, et nous nous Moquerons après du reste de l'Europe.—Barong Strogonoff.

Another year has rolled away, the last we fear of that long interval of peace which has prevailed ever since the star of Napoleon sunk upon the " king making field " of Waterloo. At the earliest dawn of 1834, the aspect of our political horison is marked by all those fiery portents which in the natural world are the harbingers of an approaching hurricane. The Turkish empire is at its last gasp—and though, on the score of humanity and morality, its downfall will excite no sympathy, yet its final dissolution at this moment, viewed as a political event, is pregnant with fearful consequences; for the nations of western Europe has more real danger to apprehend from it than ever they had from that spirit of conquest and fiery energy that marked its meridian height.

Months ago we proclaimed that, before the Turkish question, every other of our foreign policy sunk into absolute insignificance; threatening as it does to reconstruct the geography of the East upon a new basis, not only fatal to the vital interests of this country, but to those of every other state in Europe, Russia excepted. In fact, the ambitious designs of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh, their gigantic views of territorial aggrandizement in the East, have long been the *Delenda est Carthago* of our foreign policy. And now, if coming events do cast their shadows before them, it would appear from the note of warlike preparation ringing through our arsenals and our dock-yards, that Ministers have at length awoke from their long trance; and viewing the impending danger in its true colours, and to its full extent, have at last resolved to extend the protecting ægis of England over the prostrate Ottoman. Happy would it have been for this country had this tardy resolution been taken twelve months ago; for now, to retrieve the errors of our bungling policy it may cost the nation torrents of blood—millions of treasure. Exclusively occupied with those great measures of internal reform and social reorganization that have distinguished their administration, our foreign policy has been singularly neglected. Patient endurance has assumed the character of abject pusillanimity; moderation has been mistaken for downright impuissance, till our remonstrances are treated with undisguised contumely and derision, and our once all-potent political influence has dwindled away to an sbsolute nullity. Such are the results of that *pàix a tout prix* system which has rendered us the laughing-stock of all Europe, and entailed upon the nation, at the eleventh hour, the stern necessity of a war;—for even supposing that the efforts of diplomacy may yet adjourn for a time the advent of a collision between this country and Russia, sooner or later come it must; and if war be inevitable,—if the vital interests of the country inevitably call for an appeal to the sword, the longer we defer the moment, the less probable will be our chances of success. We are

well aware, that among a very numerous class of politicians in this country, it is blindly imagined that a mere demonstration on the part of Great Britain will scare the Russian from his prey—and their theory is based upon the popular fallacy that by damming up the only two outlets Russia possesses for her commerce, we can at any time stir up discontent and revolt in every one of her provinces. Never did a nation foster a more fatal delusion than this—one to which even the Leviathan of the press only so lately as the last week gave a place in its columns. If this were done with the laudable intention of preventing a panic in the money market, and that consequent rapid decline in all our public securities that would inevitably follow the certainty of an approaching war, it was worthy of that consummate skill and sagacity which so eminently distinguishes the administration of that paper; but if, on the other hand, it were written with an intimate conviction of the correctness of such a view of the question, it betrays a gross ignorance of the views and feelings of the Russian nation, and of its power and resources, too, that we did not expect to find in a paper that arrogates to itself the title of the "leading journal of Europe." It is by timely foreseeing an impending danger that its consequences are to be averted. Let Ministers, therefore, be prepared for the worst; for if they think by a mere demonstration to overawe the cabinet of St. Petersburgh, they may save the nation the expense, and themselves the ridicule, of making it;—for as well might our Foreign Secretary attempt to arrest with the palm of his hand the descending waters of Niagara, as to check the onward roll of Russian ambition by the miserable tactique of a mere military demonstration. In advancing this much, we seek not to magnify the power and resources of the Russian empire—neither, on the other hand, are we disposed to underrate them: this would be inculcating a fatal error. "*Nec Timere, nec Spernere*" is a salutary maxim both in war and in politics.

By carrying into execution the designs of the great Catherine, it must be recollected that her grandson Nicholas will not only consult his own glory, but advance the interests of his people; he will consummate a policy which has come down recommended to him by every great name that Russia has ever produced. From the White Sea to the Black, from the shores of the Baltic to those of the distant Pacific, there is upon this point but one universal feeling among every class of his subjects. Constantinople to the Russian is the Land of Promise even in perspective; the conquest of the ancient Byzantium gilds the ambitious visions of the army, gratifies the pride of the noblesse, largely administers to the pious aspirations of the clergy, lightens the chain of the serf, solaces the dreary existence of the Siberian exile—while to be buried on the road leading to it robs even the grim tyrant death of its terrors.*

To propagate such a doctrine is, as we said before, to foster an illusion calculated to inspire an overweening confidence in the nation, and to lull it into a belied security—fatal to its best interests. No!

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* A Roman general officer who died at Adrianople left orders for his body to be buried on the road leading to Constantinople.

when the reasonable moment for seizing Constantinople shall have arrived, the Emperor Nicholas will not hesitate to unsheath the sword, and tempt the untried chance of war, the object of which will be to secure a position that will put it out of the power of this or any other country to trouble the internal tranquillity of his empire by damming up the outlets of its commerce. It will be needless here to review the past, and to point out by what means Russia has, during the course of the last half century, been advancing towards the consummation of her darling projects. When the victorious Potemkin, to flatter his imperial mistress, placed over the western gate of Cherson the inscription, " This is the road to Constantinople," it sufficiently indicated those ulterior views which the blind fatuity of the other powers of Europe, and a concatenation of favourable circumstances, have so accelerated in their development, that they have constantly advanced even when appearing to recede. The once formidable Ottoman now lies prostrate at the feet of her crafty rival, like a lion in the toils of the hunter. In his hour of need the unfortunate sultan applied to this country for assistance; for, without ever having studied Montesquieu, it required no great effort of intellect to perceive the interest England has in the preservation of his empire. His application was refused, and what was the consequence? Why, surrounded by ignorant and corrupt councillors, deprived of the advice of a single man of honesty or talent, exposed to the deadly hatred of a people with whose prejudices and customs he has so wantonly sported, troubled by unceasing revolts, with a disorganized army, without a single principle of reorganization in its ranks, with a navy undeserving the name, with a victorious Egyptian army within sixty leagues of his capital, the Sultan Mahmoud, to preserve at once his throne and his life, had but one alternative left—that of throwing himself into the arms of his hereditary foes, the Russians. When the future historian shall review our policy towards Turkey from the " untoward event" of Navarino down to the present moment—when, in a nation so proverbially alive to her own interests, he beholds such a blind fatuity, such monstrous disregard of the simplest suggestions of prudence, well may he exclaim,

" Quam Jupiter vult perdere priusquam dementat ;"

for never was there an occasion for so appropriate an application of of the adage. How miserably, in fact, does it contrast with that of Russia, which, with consummate skill and sagacity, has availed itself of every circumstance that could accelerate her gigantic views of political aggrandizement!

When the elder branch of the Bourbons were hurled from the throne of France by the political earthquake in 1830, the cabinet of St Petersburgh immediately perceived the favourable opportunity that event would afford her for consummating those designs of grasping ambition which have become her hereditary policy. Hence her *apparent* eagerness to rush into a crusade against the liberals of the age. Not that it would matter a whit to Russia for what principles the sword were unsheathed, provided only that the flames of war were once kindled. But a war of principles, above all others, would, just

now, the best suit her purpose; the brunt of which, she well knows, would, from their positions, fall upon England and France on one side, Austria and Prussia on the other. Could she, therefore, only succeed in embroiling these powers—could she only see them exhausting their energies and their resources in the defence of liberty or of legitimacy, then, unopposed, she might hope to consummate the conquest of European Turkey. But in embroiling Europe she has not yet succeeded; it was therefore necessary to secure the co-operation of the only power whose hostility she feared. This power was Austria; the one, above all others in Europe, who has the greatest interest in the preservation of the Turkish empire, and who, by her geographical position, could the most effectually oppose the designs of Russia. To achieve this the crafty Russian skilfully exorcised the demon of liberalism, appealed at once to the fears, and calmed the jealousy of the stolid Austria. Thus, Russian intrigue was at the bottom of the *emeute* at Frankfort; Russian gold concocted the Piedmont conspiracy; Russian agents may be found even in the ranks of *La Giovane Italia;* but effectually terrified as is the Emperor Francis by the phantom of a republican *propaganda,* Nicholas still dreaded the machinations of the arch Metternich, who had, for some time past, been watching, with a foreboding eye, the Russian serpent gradually coiling round the eastern frontiers of his master's empire. Metternich was to be gained, at all hazards; and this was the real motive of the interview which took place between the Russian and Austrian emperors in the course of last autumn. Has, then, the crafty czar attained his object?—has Metternich again become a pensioner of Russia?—have, during the morning drives of the two sovereigns at Munchen-Gratz, the ambitious projects of the great Catherine and Joseph the Second again been revived?—has the imbecile Francis, terrified by the phantom of liberalism, or lured by the miserable hound's portion which his brother despot will throw to him on the partition of the Turkish empire, forgotten the words of his sagacious uncle,—"*Que ferons nous de Constantinople.*"—What, to pursue our questions still further, we would ask of this imperial dotard, is to become of the Danube, that conducting artery of the Austrian empire, when the Black Sea is a Russian lake, and Constantinople a Russian city?—will his hold upon Italy be lightened when the Russians are in Epirus? Is there no man in his empire bold enough to ring in his ears the words of Napoleon, on the ocean rock of his exile,—"L'Autriche est dans un peril le plus eminent, se laissant complaisamment embrasser en front par un Collosse, quand elle n'avait pas a reculer d'un pas; car sur ses derireres et sur ses flancs elle n'avait que des abimes."—Prophetic words! for how long will she retain the allegiance of her Sclavonian and Hungarian provinces, when brought into immediate contact with a nation, between whom and themselves there is identity, of origin, language and creed?

Monstrous, then, as it may appear, that Russia has secured the co-operation of Austria in her views upon Turkey, rests on something more than mere conjecture. Since the conference at Munchen-Gratz, the Russian armies in the southern provinces of her empire have been

strongly reinforced, notwithstanding the dreadful famine by which they have been devastated. Since that period, the greatest activity has prevailed in the ports of the Black Sea. Since that period, she has haughtily refused to modify that article, in her recent treaty with the Porte, which closes the Dardanelles to ships of war of every power but her own; and now we hear of a mighty armament on the point of sailing from Sebastopol, on the object of which there cannot be two opinions.

But blinded as Austria is to her true interests, we are happy to perceive that the governments of England and of France are at length aroused to a sense of the impending danger.

The preparations now making at our outports, and likewise at Toulon, plainly indicate that the best understanding subsists between the cabinets of the two countries. In fact, from the magnitude of the expedition now fitting out at Toulon, and the number of the land forces, it is ridiculous to suppose it intended for the conquest of the beyship of Constantine—its real destination is the East—its object, to preserve the present political system of Europe from being completely reorganized to the sole profit of the Emperor Nicholas.

What direction affairs may ultimately take it is difficult to predict, but that the combined squadrons will find the forts of the Dardanelles in the possession of the Russians is an event for which we are prepared. If the Sultan Mahmoud, blind to the history of the past, forgetful of the fate of Poland, should still obstinately persist in clinging to his treacherous ally, there will then only remain one course of policy for England and France to pursue, viz.—to support the Pacha of Egypt. This was the course of policy we advocated months ago; to maintain the Sultan any longer on the throne, creature as he now is of Russia, would only be to hasten the dissolution of the empire. Such was our prophecy, and one which the course of events has too fatally confirmed: the time has now gone by for saving both the Sultan and the empire. In the event of a struggle,—and such a contingency appears to us inevitable,—the Egyptian Viceroy will be a powerful element, to neglect which would be to court destruction. If regeneration be possible in Turkey —if an effectual barrier is to be opposed to the designs of Russia—it is to Mehemet Ali and his son Ibrahim that we must look for one and the other. There is also another point which ought not to be overlooked in their political combinations, and this is Greece—that Greece, delivered over by our blundering policy to the despotic powers of the Continent, and which in the present state of the Ottoman empire assumes a new aspect. Connected as she now is with the great interests of the balance of power, and at a moment when we behold Russia assuming the protectorate, and defying Europe, the importance of Greece as a *point d'appui*, is of the first magnitude, and one that we trust will not be lost sight of by the two powers. In fact, if the governments of England and France be only inspired with a straight-forward and manly confidence in each other's good faith, and do but skilfully use the means, both military and political, they have at their disposal, let the storm burst when it may, we have no fears for the result. Never, we admit, was the nation less pre-

pared for war than at the present moment; but never, on the other hand, had the nation more just and powerful motives for throwing away the scabbard than now. It would be idle here to recapitulate the reasons which so imperatively entail on this country the necessity of bridling the ambitious designs of Russia at any cost; to hesitate any longer would be to disregard national honour, national greatness, national existence. Constantinople is the palladium, not only of England, but of Europe. Were this central position of the globe once in possession of that ambitious power—were those boundless resources, which have so long slumbered beneath Turkish sloth and ignorance, to be developed by Russian skill and industry—then farewell—a speedy farewell to England's greatness! The ocean queen may then bury her trident in the deep bosom of the waves, the scene of her former glory, and, from her proud station among the nations of the globe, must dwindle into the rank of a third-rate power. By some we may be taxed for drawing too gloomy a horoscope—by some the advents of a collision may be deemed more remote than we imagine. As we said before, the efforts of diplomacy may possibly effect the farther adjournment of the question, but an adjournment it will only be. His plans once finally matured, the Emperor Nicholas will return as an answer to our elaborately drawn up protocols—

Sic volo, sic Jubeo,
Sit pro ratione voluntas,

and march boldly *en avant*. Convinced as we are, then, that the Turkish question, however defined by the wiles of diplomacy, will ultimately disturb the peace of Europe, we hope that the nation will see the necessity of boldly seizing the initiative, and will come forward with a firm determination of supporting his Majesty's Government, in a war that will be undertaken, certainly, on the soundest principles of national policy. Embarrassed as we are, our resources are still immense, and our patriotism, we should hope, as devoted as ever. Backed by her gallant army and her invincible navy, England will come forth like a veteran gladiator to the fight, with the stern determination of not sheathing the sword till she has raised up an imposing and effectual barrier against the all-devouring ambition of the Russian Autocrat.

STORM IN THE ALPS.

[BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.]

The solemn wind again in gusts is rising,
And speaks with hollow moanings to mine ear!
How musical are all thee lements—
And Nature's voice for ever charms the soul!
But mark the shriek of spirits that, surprising
Night's deadly silence, comes with awful fear;
It is some mournful agony that vents
Its torments in a cry beyond control.
The blast comes sweeping o'er the foamy lake,
Gathering its strength from mountain-gorges sprung.
Our crazy tenements beneath us shake,
And echoes up to Jura's heights have rung;
Now the gust sinking to a softer tone,
In musical accord the spirits moan!

Geneva, December, 1833.

GENIUS OF GALT.*

If we were asked who, since the death of Sir Walter Scott, stands at the head of our light literature, we should have some difficulty in answering the question. The claims of several of our writers of fiction to the distinction are so nicely balanced, that he must have greater powers of discernment than we can pretend to who would undertake to adjudicate between them. Were the question, indeed, to be decided by the mere quantity of such writing, or by quantity and quality combined, there would not be room for two opinions: the palm would, by universal acclaim, be in that case at once awarded to Mr. Galt. It is certain that no living author has written so voluminously on the subject of light literature as he: it is no less certain that no other author can boast of an equal quantity of *good*—not meaning by the term the *best* writing. But if the question is to be decided by mere quality alone, it becomes much more difficult of solution. Were a jury of twelve intelligent men to sit in judgment on it, the probability is that no two of them would be agreed on the verdict which should be returned; at all events, there would be nothing approaching to unanimity among them.

But if Mr. Galt be not, any more than any of his rivals in the field of fame, placed, by universal consent, at the head of our light literature, there is a very considerable portion of the public who assign him that enviable distinction; and no one, so far as we are aware, will hesitate to recognize his right to be placed at least in the first class of our present novelists.

Any man who has written so copiously as the author of "The Annals of the Parish," must of necessity have written unequally. The human mind cannot sustain such unremitting efforts, as he has made for so lengthened a period, without suffering exhaustion. The matter for wonder is, that a man who has written so much should have made so few failures; and even such of his works as are admittedly failures, are only so in a relative sense,—that is to say, as compared with his own happier efforts. What would be considered a failure in him would regarded as a work of merit in an author less known to fame.

Of the merits or defects of Mr. Galt's different novels, it were superfluous in us to speak. The public mind has long since come to a decision on the subject. What that decision is, has been already indicated.

One of the most striking attributes of his genius is its versatility. Mr. Galt does not only shine in one or two of the walks of fiction; he shines in all. He has studied human nature in its endless ramifications and varied manifestations; and, by the force and fidelity of his descriptions, has exhibited it to his readers in precisely the same light as that in which it has appeared to himself. Of him it may be

* Stories of the Study. By John Galt, Esq., 3 vols. 8vo. London: Cochrane and M'Crone.

said, as of Shakspeare,—though of course the remark does not apply with the same force—that he has seen and drawn "each many-coloured scene of life." The prince and the peasant, and every intervening gradation of rank, with the varied habits of each, have all, at one time or other, formed subjects for his graphic pen. The various conformations of the human mind, with the feelings and sentiments peculiar to its several states, are all depicted with greater or less fidelity in one or other of his works. He at once charms us with his portraitures of love and friendship, and the other kindlier affections of the heart, and terrifies and appals us by his delineations of hatred and revenge, and the other fiercer passions which rankle in the unhallowed breast.

We have said that Mr. Galt shines in all the walks of fiction. If our judgment may be depend on, he shines with special splendour in that walk which embraces the description of the opinions, manners, and habits of the peasantry,—particularly of his own country. Here he is quite at home; as much so as if he had never seen aught else in his life than the thatched cottage and some insignificant village. He enters thoroughly into their feelings, and speaks their language with a truth and faithfulness which cannot be surpassed. It is difficult for the time to divest one's mind of the idea that it is not one of the author's heroes, but the author himself who is speaking to us. Mr. Galt himself is utterly lost sight of and forgotten in the living creation of his own brain. And this we hold to be one of the greatest proofs of the merits of a writer of fiction.

That Mr. Galt should have thus entered so completely into the feelings of the Scottish peasantry before he quitted Scotland, does not so much surprise us; but that he should still be able to think and speak like them after an absence from his native country of more than a quarter of a century—during which time he has visited many nations of the world, and mixed more or less with people of every rank in all of them—is truly passing strange. That he can be as thoroughly Scottish as he pleases, is abundantly proved by some of his latest productions.

And here we may throw out a hint that may be worthy the consideration of Mr. Galt. It is this—that the more he confines himself to the delineation of real character, and the less he trusts to his inventive faculties, the greater will be his success. In accordance with this notion, it will be found that his most successful works hitherto are those in which there has been least invention. The remark does not hold good in the case of every novelist, inasmuch as few have the same capabilities for correct conception and graphic description of character as he.

Sir Walter Scott was also happiest on Scottish ground. We are sure that that Mr. Galt himself would feel annoyed were we for one moment to put his writings, either as respects their matter or manner, in comparison with those of the Great Magician. But though we may not do this, we are justified in saying, that in many respects, in addition to the one we have specified, there existed a striking parallel between the accompaniments of their respective geniuses; and in no one instance does this hold more true than in that of their modesty

The modesty of Sir Walter is almost proverbial: he never could persuade himself, notwithstanding the unanimous award of the public, both as expressed by words, and by the still more conclusive language of the sale of his works to an unprecedented extent, that he possessed any extraordinary merits as an author. He prided himself infinitely more on his knowledge of gardening than on his literary capabilities. It is exactly so with Mr. Galt. They do him an injustice who suspect him of affectation when he says that he does not consider himself a literary character. He is prouder far of being regarded as a man of business. He has given convincing proof of this: whenever circumstances have held out to him any reasonable prospect of success in business, he has not hesitated for a moment to abjure literature, and embrace the opportunity. Witness the promptitude with which he accepted the offer of the Canada Company. when it could only be accepted at the sacrifice of his literary pursuits and prospects. Not that Mr. Galt, any more than Sir Walter, disliked literary occupation, but that both had so modest an opinion of themselves as not to think their works likely to do credit to them. While both have been grateful for the proofs of approbation lavished upon them, both have wondered how the public should have formed so high an estimate of their merits.

Sir Walter wrote his works with amazing rapidity. Here again the parallel holds good. Who but Scott himself, has written so voluminiously as Mr. Galt?

The Author of "Waverley" did not confine himself to works of fiction; neither has the author of "The Annals of the Parish." Both have written, and written well, on a variety of other subjects. It is no less worthy of remark that both, in their deviations from the path in which they have been most successful, have fixed on substantially the same subjects.

Scott had powerful inducements, other than the abstract love of fame, to prosecute literary pursuits. He wanted the means to carry into effect, in the first stages of his career as an author, his projected improvements in his darling Abbotsford, which were only to "be procured by the profits on his publications:" after the crisis in his affairs in 1826, his ardent love of justice to his creditors supplied an equally strong stimulus to literary exertion. The case has been substantially the same with Mr. Galt; his reverses in business, and the consequent necessity of providing for his family by mental exertion, have proved the grand incentives to that literary labour which has produced nearly 100 volumes. Viewing Sir Walter and Mr. Galt in their abstract characters as individuals, we have always deeply sympathized with them in their misfortunes: regarding them as authors only, the matter assumes a different aspect—for, had they been men of fortune, we should indeed have had but comparatively few of those works of theirs which are now delighting the world.

Scott was a man of great fortitude. Had he not possessed this quality in an unusual degree, he must have sunk under the appalling disasters which accumulated upon him at the period to which reference has been made. Mr. Galt is equally endowed with this noble attribute. Who that knows aught of the number and magnitude of

his trials, arising from the conjoint operation of pecuniary reverses and physical visitations, and the manner in which he has borne up under those trials, will need any detailed proofs of this?

Sir Walter proved, by his latest productions, that his intellectual faculties were as vigorous as ever. Mr. Galt's "Stories of the Study" —to notice which is the immediate object of this article—establishes the same thing. The work is unequal; but there are passages in it which will not suffer from a comparison with his most popular productions.

The work consists of a series of Tales, fifteen in number. The first and longest is the "Lutherans;" if it has a fault, it is its very great length. It is quite disproportioned to the others; indeed, it is longer than all of them put together. It occupies the first and more than the half of the second volume. It is nevertheless a tale of great merit. Its nature will be in some measure inferred from the title. The scene lies in Germany; the time is the dawning of the Reformation. It chiefly relates to a disputation between certain Lutheran doctors and adherents of the church of Rome, respecting the leading questions then mooted by both parties. The result is the discomfiture of the advocates of the Catholic faith and the consequent renunciation of that faith by the members of some noble families, who were present during the controversy embracing the new creed. Mr. Galt contrives to introduce a number of interesting episodes, which keep up the reader's attention. The whole is worked up with much skill. There are many passages in the tale, of great eloquence and beauty. Here and there we meet with some profound philosophic observation—an unusual feature in the author's works of fiction.

Of the other stories, "The Dean of Guild," "The Greenwich Pensioner," and "The Jaunt," are undoubtedly the best. Mr. Galt, in each of these tales, makes his hero speak for himself: and that is done in a singularly characteristic way. These three tales, with one or two others in the books, abundantly confirm what we have previously said of the remarkable fidelity with which Mr. Galt enters into the feelings, and employs the phraseology of the humbler classes —especially of his own country. The "Dean of Guild" and "The Jaunt" are on this account wonderful pieces of composition.

In the remaining tales there is nothing particularly striking. Most of them are interesting; two or three are unworthy of their author.

As a whole, "The Stories of the Study" will maintain Mr. Galt's reputation. They have appeared at a most seasonable time. We know of no work that has lately issued from the press better calculated to beguile the tedium of these long winter nights.

GREECE TO THE HOLY ALLIANCE;

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "LACON."]

WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO THE SIEGE OF MISSOLONGHI.

SHALL Europe sue to such as you
For freedom or reform?
For such a gale you have not sail,
Nor ballast for the storm.

Imprison light in womb of might—
Fetter the wave, the wind;
Then try your hand, with rope of sand,
To manacle the mind.

Shall we, that broke the Persian's yoke,
Let the fell Turk prevail?
First, drunk with blood be field and flood,
With carnage sick the gale.

Each bristled hill, Tyrtæn skill
Shall rouse to deeds of fire;
Each path hath her Leonidas
To vanquish and expire.

With bill and brand we'll waste the land,
Ere it the foe shall feed;
Though Tempe's flowers should bless the bowers,
And angels intercede.

The Queen of Isles abhors your wiles,
She boasts a patriot king:
George lists from far your wordy war,
And plumes his eagle wing.

Each head and hand throughout that land
Are his by flood or field;
Their heart his throne, their love the zone
That girds him as a shield.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO MRS. G———H.

MORE than the science Milton claim'd
Thy favour'd suitor won,
When Hymen gave those varied charms—
A harem blent in one.

But *we* that on that brilliance gaze
Mayn't love, but must adore,
And wish that niggard Nature's hand
None such had made, or more.

The tempering radiance of those eyes
But ill disarms their fire;
And we, like moths by light allured,
Must in the blaze—expire.

[We have been favoured with the above communication by a friend who had been intimate with Mr. Colton, from earlier years. He has in his possession the documents prepared by the unfortunate gentleman himself for the publication of his own life.]

CONNUBIALITIES.

Love is the epitome of our whole duty; and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

Women go further in love than men, but women outstrip them in friendship.

As some women lose their reputation rather for want of discretion than for want of virtue, so others preserve theirs by their discretion only.

Women are pleased with courtship, and the most disdainful cannot but be complaisant to those that tell them of their attraction.

Some men say that it is hard to determine which is the more troublesome, a maid's reserve or a wife's forwardness.

Women are generally accessories to their own dishonour; for did they not flatter themselves, men could not so easily deceive them.

Valour was assigned to men, and chastity to women, as their principal virtues, because they are the most difficult to practise.

A woman that has but one lover thinks herself to be no coquet; she that has several, concludes herself no more than a coquet.

Reciprocal love is justice; constant love is fortitude; secret love is prudence.

It is the hardest thing in love to feign it where it is not, or hide it where it is; but it is easier counterfeited than concealed.

Women tell us they would not sin if we did not tempt them. We answer, we should not tempt them if they did not invite us.

The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world.

A man is more reserved on his friend's concerns than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

A woman will think herself slighted if she is not courted, yet pretends to know herself too well to believe your flattery.

Absence is to love what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, is sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

Alcibiades being astonished at Socrates' patience, asked him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife? "Why," said he, "as they do who are accustomed to the ordinary noise of wheels to draw water."

There is an old Italian saying, that women are magpies at the door, syrens in the window, saints in the church, and devils in the house.

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

THE SISTERS OF SCIO.*

WEEP'ST thou for Greece, my sister, say?
And weep'st thou for her glory o'er?
And must thy lyre's once happy lay
Breathe forth a happy strain no more?

Weep not for Greece! she is not dead,
Our brothers count them of the free;
They pant for glory's hallowed bed,
Or pant for glorious liberty!

And is it so!—and wilt thou weep,
And dost thou deem thy brother *slave?*
His mind—his soul—alike asleep
Unworthy of the name of Brave?

Strike high thy lyre! and give the wind
A lay like it—all wild and free!
Even *we* must never be behind,
To urge our land to liberty.

Look round! the sky and sun are bright,
And music swells in every breeze;
There's merry carols from the height,
And Freedom's chaunted from the trees—

* * * * *

Look round! a Spirit passes by!
I hear his voice in thunder borne;
And darkness veils the summer sky,
And drowns the rosy beams of morn!

He cries—"Awake! old Greece, awake!
The Genius of thy children calls!
For Fame, for Freedom's hallow'd sake,
Rise and defend your helpless walls!"

So rise! our hearths' unguarded glow
Provokes barbarians' ruthless hand—
Arise! and strike th' intruder low,
And guard our ocean-girdled land!

M.

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* It is but justice to a very talented artist to state that the above verses were suggested by a drawing which, I think, appeared in one of the Annuals of 1832, bearing the name of "The Sisters of Scio." It appeared to me that the feeling and beauty of the painter were but feebly illustrated in the tale appended to the engraving. Whether I may have succeeded in catching somewhat of that feeling, it is not, of course, for me to determine.

MATRIMONY AND MOONSHINE;

A FRAGMENT OF GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

Herr Von Drost was one of the richest and most accomplished of the youth of Germany. Dividing his time between company, the gaieties of life, his tailor and his horse, he had reached his twenty-fifth year. Till now the passion of a day, and the despair of an evening, had been equally forgotten the next morning; but twenty-five is a dangerous age for the heart! The sun had risen brightly, and set brightly, but for one whole day Herr Von Drost had not left his room. A whole day at home! and he had not sent for a physician.

He laid the play-bill on the table unread, walked hastily up and down the room, and became thoughtful. It was for the first time in his life. The valet looked at him suspiciously.

"Had I only those two hours again in my possession," cried he, and threw himself on the sofa.——"I sit two hours by her side, and have not the courage to look at her even once; I mutter a few unintelligible words; she asks me if I have said any thing; in my embarrassment I stammer out some silly remark; and a gigantic officer of the Guards leads her away to the carriage."

Drost ordered his dinner; alas! he could not order an appetite: it was removed untouched. He threw himself sleepless on the bed: "Could I but have those two hours back again!" he sighed, and went through the whole dictionary of love. Worn out at length he fell asleep, and awoke horror-stricken from a dream—for he had stabbed the gigantic guardsman.

It was again day-light: he ordered his horse. The English hunter pranced through the street where she lived; all the windows flew open. There was the house; a white figure moved in the window. His heart beat quick, both spurs were struck into his bay; the fiery animal reared and snorted. The people, terrified, fled from the street. "Take care!" said a voice, which he knew to be hers. His blood rushed impetuously through his veins, and the wild animal he rode shot like an arrow by the house.

He paced up and down his apartment; her voice resounded in his ears. But he had not one thanked her even by a glance—not once saluted her as he rode past.

"I must rectify that," said he, impatiently; "it gives me an opportunity of writing. I can write what I could not say to her;" and he sat down to write.

Excuses and thanks are two humiliating things. Twenty times he dipped his pen into the ink; his embarrassment increased; he started up; "it is better that I should go," said he; and he snatched up his hat. The movement brought him before his looking-glass. For the first time in his life he stood melancholy, and embarrassed before the mirror; he examined himself timidly. The ghost in the uniform stood before him! He reckoned up his income to himself—his courage rose; the more he reckoned, the smaller grew the ghost. He was independent, young, and had a

heart and hand to offer. In three minutes he was at her house. He entered with timidity; two immense boots rattled down the steps; and the next minute, Drost with an oppressed heart squeezed himself into a corner to let the officer of the Guards bustle by. He then, in a low stifled voice, gave the servant his name. The folding doors flew open.

"You threw us all in a terrible fright," cried Julia, advancing towards him.

Julia was the youngest daughter of Herr Von Zetten, who possessed a fine house, fine horses, little property, and handsome daughters. She had just emerged from school, and had conquered five hundred hearts by her first dance—Drost's among them. The ball was over; the elegant figures, drawn together by gaiety, vanished with the music: but Drost could not forget the figure of the dancer.

Nobody seemed to notice his embarrassment; the last rain, the last opera, and the new singer, succeeding each other in conversation, put an end to it.

He had already laid down his hat without making his excuses; he had sat for two minutes opposite to Julia, without blushing, and his eyes were now bold enough to meet hers.

He saw a piano and music, and turned with an imploring look from the instrument to Julia's eyes. The father glanced at Julia—and Julia played; two pretty white hands flew over the keys; Drost did not hear Mozart's Sonata, but he saw Julia's hands. She sang: Hayden's Creation was open before her; he admired the creation upon Julia's lips. The father stood like an amateur behind her chair, his attention apparently directed to the music. The "Creation" came to an end; Drost perceived it by Julia's lips being closed. "It is a master-piece!" cried the father; Drost stood in dumb astonishment before the master-piece. Two hours passed away, and dinner was served. Drost took his hat; Julia and her father begged him to stay—and he stayed.

Drost sat between the father and Julia. He talked with the one, and looked at the other. She cast down her eyes and blushed, the elder sister smiled, and the father drank and was delighted. A noise in the street drew the servant to the window; a guardsman had fallen from his horse.

"There are some fine men in the Guards," said Drost, and glanced significantly at Julia. But Julia looked perfectly unconcerned.

"A relation of ours has been in the Guards about a week," said the father with a sigh, shrugging his shoulders.

"I wish he would not come here so often," said Julia. Drost felt a thrill of happiness through his veins that an angel might have envied.

Astonishing! a day had passed away, and he had neither yawned nor looked at his watch, he had neither played nor felt ennui; he had not been to the theatre, nor even thought of it. A day without playing or society! He fell asleep out of the very excess of his astonishment. Julia's eyes and Hayden's Creation, filled his visions with light and music.

Early the next morning Drost again stood in the saloon of Herr Von Zetten, who, after a very short conversation, led him to his daughter's apartment. As the door opened, Julia flew to the piano —and the officer of the Guards into a corner.

"Your future husband, Julia!" cried the father. "Come, cousin," continued he, turning to the officer of the guards, "love likes to be alone."

The cousin bowed, and they instantly disappeared together.

Drost stood beside Julia; a deep blush overspread her countenance. He knew not whether joy or confusion dyed her cheeks. Her eyes that were cast timidly down, and the powder from the cousin's curls that lay about the room, were contradictions which tranquillized and tormented him alternately. He looked at her with an inquiring eye—a tear stood tremblingly in Julia's.

"Is it one of pleasure?" said he.

Julia's head fell upon his shoulder, and the tear upon his hand. The cousin, his confusion, and his powder were forgotten; he felt only that Julia would soon become his——; and she *was* his, in less than three days.

A crowd of cousins now flocked to her with felicitations and embraces. Visits were received and paid; a week passed, and Drost had not been able to speak to his wife for two minutes together. At the ball she was incessantly engaged; the rules of propriety did not allow him to dance with her any more. He offered his hand to another lady, but his eyes followed Julia, his feet went astray, and he ceased to hear the measure.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed a French marquis, with a look and a shrug, and he drew up his foot, which Drost had trodden on.

"Oh, my dress!" cried a lady; and Drost saw with affright that his feet were entangled in a train. He disengaged himself with a thousand excuses; and a shower of lemonade and negus streamed over a waiter, whom he had struck in disentangling himself.

"Mille diables!" shrieked the waiter, shaking the superfluous moisture from himself over the dancers

All the young men of the court crowded round Julia; Drost tried to press forward to her, and she flew round the room in a waltz with her cousin. The lively quick waltz sounded to the husband like a funeral hymn. At length the music ceased, the lights were extinguished, the dancers vanished, and Julia hung on his arm. He hurried her to the carriage; and she wished him a good night, as she sunk exhausted to sleep.

In the morning the effects of a sleepless night were visible on the countenance of Drost. He placed her hand between his own.

"Dearest Julia, I have to solicit my first request of you."

"What *can* you have to request of me?" cried Julia.

"I have been considering the future plan of our life, and should wish that the quiet of the country, nature and solitude, should now and then vary the pleasures and ennui of the town."

"Do you doubt my compliance?" said Julia, rubbing her eyes.

Drost was delighted. "Let us make the trial," said he, "eight leagues hence I have an estate, and, when a boy, used to be very

happy there. I have not been there these ten years, but it is beautifully situated. The calm of nature softens the human mind. Let us hasten there, Julia; a heart teeming with affection fondly attaches itself to nature and solitude. Ah! Julia there is no happiness equal to that of a country life—the calm unclouded sunshine of existence."

"I wish the carriage was ready," said Julia, smiling enchantingly. "Do you know I want a little rest! and, besides, my new dress will not be ready for to-morrow's concert. "Let us leave at once—I have never been in the country; but," she added archly, "do you think, Drost, that our sunshine may not turn out moonshine?"

Every thing was hastily packed. Some music, and Gessner's Idyls—those pictures of Arcadian felicity—were thrown into the carriage. Servants ran about the town with cards to take leave, and four fine bays drove rapidly out of the gates. The sky was blue and serene, the birds sang, the trees were in bloom, and Julia's eyes wandered from blossom to blossom, and found all beautiful. Drost looked first at the scenery, then at Julia; their fingers were entwined in each other, like the tender twigs of the forest.

Five leagues from the city they quitted the high road, and entered a dark pine forest; a hill was before them; torrents of rain had destroyed the road, and the carriage was in danger of being overturned.

"Heavens!" cried Julia terrified, "what will become of us?"

Drost looked anxiously out. Huge masses of stone, which had been dislodged by heavy rains, lay scattered about the road. The descent of the hill was still worse; and the pine forest cast its dark shade at the bottom, where a small torrent dashed over pebbles and roots of trees. Julia turned pale.

"I will alight," said she.

The carriage stopped, and she was taken out trembling; Drost followed, rather disconcerted. The rough points of the rock on which they walked, penetrated her thin shoes. When she had ascended about fifty steps, she threw herself breathless under the shade of a pine. Drost stood gasping beside her.

"Alas!" cried Julia, "you did not tell me that your estate lay in the Alps!"

The old valet hastened up; she gave him one hand, and Drost the other, and they tottered up the ascent. At length, out of breath, they threw themselves, exhausted, into the carriage.

"How soon shall we be there?" said she, trembling.

Drost had but a faint recollection of the situation of the house: he cast his eyes over the whole country, and drew them back a little dispairingly. Their hands were no longer entwined like the tender twigs of the forest; but the shaking of the carriage over the large stones and pieces of rock, jostled them roughly against each other.

"You hurt me!" cried Julia: and Drost held fast to his corner of the carriage with both hands, in consternation.

Night spread her mantle over the mountains; all around was dark and indistinct: at length the carriage rolled over a stone pavement, and stopped before an old building.

A small, stooping figure, gray as old Time, but holding in his hand

a torch instead of a scythe, appeared at the door of the carriage. Julia shuddered. He lighted them up the broad steps, to a suite of apartments which, it was easy to perceive, had not enjoyed the honour of being occupied for at least ten years.

"You find all in disorder," said the old steward, as he placed some dim candles upon a damp table.

"That is very true," said Julia, looking mournfully about her:— "but where shall I sleep?"

The steward opened the door of a room that looked almost too gloomy for a ghost to inhabit. "It was a cheerful apartment," said he, in a tremulous voice, "before it fell into decay."

"That is a vast consolation," said Julia.

In the morning, as soon as she had arisen, Drost led her to the window.

"Look, beloved Julia!" said he, "upon this enchanting prospect." Julia's eyes became animated, and glistened like the sunbeams upon the little rivulet which wound through the valley. Flocks of sheep were slumbering on the hills; birds were warbling on the bending twigs; and every tree extended its blooming branches to the morning breeze. Julia threw her arms around Drost: "Ah!" said she, softly, "with you and my Gessner, I shall be so happy in this lovely spot.

They breakfasted quietly, and hastened, arm-in-arm, into the arms of nature. The sun was distressingly scorching.

"We will seek the shade," said Julia, "for it is insufferably hot." And they walked towards the thick bushes on the banks of the river, where the blackbirds were singing. Thick blossoms here shaded the birds, as well as the green turf beneath, on which the morning dew still glistened, undried by the sun.

"Heavens!" cried Julia, looking at her feet, "one might as well walk into the river; and she sprang back to the sunshine. Drost, of course, sprang after her. They held each other by the hand, rather embarrassed.

"Now we are again in the heat," cried Julia.

"Let us penetrate into the wood," said Drost. "There, on the hill, where the sheep are feeding, is a fine view over the whole valley; as long as we live, let us never again visit the blackbirds." Julia looked with delight at the lambs and the hill, and hastened into the wood.

Her strength was soon exhausted; they had followed the sheep-track. A steep ascent, of about twenty steps, still lay before them. She looked back, mournfully, at Drost, as he came gasping after her, and threw herself, terrified, into his arms, on seeing before her a huge sun-burnt figure, with ragged hair, fierce black eye-brows, and glaring eyes, holding back with one hand a panting dog, and extending the other towards her. "That is the shepherd," said Drost quite out of breath.

Julia trembled; but finding herself exhausted, she placed her small, delicate hand in the huge paw of the shepherd, and, shudderingly, allowed him to assist her upwards. She then thanked him, in confusion, and hurried into the wood, without bestowing a glance either on the prospect or the sheep.

"Dear Drost," said she, as she sat down on the stump of an oak, "what kind of shepherds are here? Your Myrtillo is an admirable imitation of a bandit. Alas! Gessner never saw such men, or else he has published a book of falsehoods."

"In your Gessner," said Drost, vexed, and stretching himself on the grass, a nightingale sings in every page; but he does not say a word of the footpath by which one must approach them."

"No, nor of the bad roads!" cried Julia.

"Nor how hard the ground is!" sighed Drost, as he raised himself up, smarting with pain.

"I think," said Julia, we will descend the hill again, for it is quite as cool in-doors."

"And the sofa is much softer," said Dorst, springing up:—and they returned to the house, heated and fatigued.

"Only allow," said Julia, when she had a little recovered, "that nature is like our operas. When we looked at it this morning from our box, every thing appeared beautiful; but when we went upon the stage, every charm vanished—but we must have been gone a tremendous time." As she spoke the church clock struck one.

"It must be much later," said Dorst — "the tedious village clocks." He took out his watch, but it was only one o'clock. "Then we have still an hour to get through before dinner!" they both exclaimed at the same instant.

They dozed, despaired, and dressed—and dinner was served. They took their seats opposite to each other in silence. No company—no play-bills—no news—no journal of the fashions. What should they talk about? Drost sat thoughtfully, and Julia looked at her hands.

"Do you know," said she, at length, "that Hamlet is performed to-night?"

"Hamlet! I always see that piece with pleasure—Hamlet! I used to fancy myself like him—he who is raised above the prejudices of his time, and loves virtue so ardently!" exclaimed Drost, pressing her hand tenderly.

"What pleasure my sisters will have this evening!" said Julia, sorrowfully, drawing back her hand. "The whole court will be there; and my dress would have been ready to-day. Poor Ophelia!" sighed Julia, "how I long to see her."

"Alas! poor ghost!" sighed Drost.

The village pastor and his lady were announced. A short, thick man, in the dark dress of piety, with a pair of rosy cheeks, entered, conducting a tall, meagre woman, who looked down upon him like Mount St. Gothard upon Switzerland. The powder lay like a cap of snow on her summit; a sky-blue dress enveloped her like ether, which was trimmed with black lace, and evinced the bad taste of a past age. She hung over the little black figure, that resembled a dark cloud at her feet.

Drost conducted the lady to the sofa, and gave a chair to the pastor. He talked of English dogs—the pastor, of agriculture—Julia, of the Opera—and the pastor's lady, of flax and storms. The thread of conversation snapped every instant. The pastor played with his hat—Drost counted the pictures on the wall—Julia pressed her lips to-

gether in confusion—and the pastor's lady sat solemnly silent. The pastor rose timidly from his chair—his lady stood up confused—Drost begged them to repeat their visit very often—Julia esteemed herself happy in having made their acquaintance. The pastor's lady looked down triumphantly on her husband—he looked up delightedly at her—and they promised to come very often.

"Really, the place swarms with interesting people!" cried Julia, turning over her music with evident discontent.

Drost shook his head. "We have now seen a pastor of sheep, and a pastor of men; and one must acknowledge that your Gessner depicts mankind very strikingly. But see," he said, as he leaned on the window, "the sun is setting behind the mountains. Julia, you do not see the sun set in Hamlet.

"And love does not render them so happy as we are," said Julia.

The glowing clouds of evening disappeared; the air was cool, and they left the window. "I wish the sun would not set so quickly," said Julia, after a long pause—"all the pleasures of life are so short!"

"And do you know that it is only eight o'clock?" said Dorst, looking at his watch.

"Only eight o'clock! Why, what *shall* we do?" murmured Julia.

"The pastor really seems to be a man of information," said Dorst, in despair. "Suppose we send for him again?—at all events he talks. His wife makes herself ridiculous—which is amusing. But, alas! no—it is too late—the good people are already gone to bed. But—stop," he continued, hastily, "I will read a chapter out of Gessner."—He did so, and Julia fell asleep. It acted as a soporific, and they retired for the night.

He awoke at three o'clock. The clouds were gilded by the first rays of the morn. When a boy, he had sometimes seen the sun rise, and he now leaned on the window, indulging in the remembrance of those happy days.—"Julia must see this," said he. She awoke in a fright.

"Come," said Drost—gently taking her hand—"you have, certainly, never seen the sun rise?"

"This abominable country!" she exclaimed, "How early the sun sets and rises here!" and she looked out of the window, half asleep.

Morning glowed upon the summits of the mountains—a warm wind breathed through the blossoms—the torrent rolled its waves wildly through the valley—and the birds burst into song upon the boughs. "The people in the city," said Drost, "do not see the sun rise."

"No, they are wiser," said Julia; "they stay in bed to dream of it."

They endeavoured to go to rest again in vain; awakened fancy chased away the hovering ministers of sleep. Julia tottered, scarcely awake, to the breakfast-table; Drost closed his eyes, and lifted the empty cup to his lips.

"You have no tea—let me give you some," said Julia—and the hot water streamed over her fingers.

She shrieked and sprang up with the sudden pain, overturning the tea-table and water on the feet of Drost.—A screaming duet succeeded.

"All the water has fallen over my hand," cried Julia, as she held it forth to be bound up.

"All! did you say? Not half!" exclaimed Drost, with pain. "Look at my feet—I shall have no more rural walks."

"The sun is the cause of all this," sighed Julia, as she threw some rose-water over her hand; "it is all very well when such things are be seen at ten or eleven o'clock in the day; but to place one's-self at window at midnight to watch for day-break"——a deep sigh finished the sentence.

They sat quite silent for at least an hour. The pain gradually diminished. At last, their reflections were interrupted by the discordant clang of all the bells in the village. Julia looked, with curiosity, from the window. A stream of people flowed towards the church-door.

"I tell you what we will do," said she, quickly, "we will go to church; there, we shall, at least, see company; and, besides, I am anxious to see how people pray in the country."

They entered the church, and were conducted to the principal seat. The little, rosy pastor ascended the pulpit. The peasants stared at the pastor's mouth, whence truth seemed to flow like water from the rock of Moses. The preacher's eyes met Julia's; his sermon became unintelligible and confused. Drost criticised the female inhabitants of the village; his eyes turned away, disgusted, from the rude forms, inexpressive features, and sun-burnt hands of the peasants. Sleep, at length, seized upon its victim, and the embarrassment of the pastor increased. Presently all lips were opened, a hundred rough voices overpowered the organ, whose shrill tones whistled like a blast of wind through the vaulted church. Julia was stunned, the people pressed closer round the altar, and the heat and noise were excessive.

"Give me quiet and fresh air," faintly articulated Julia, and they hastened out of the church.

"I am alarmingly ill!" she said, as she sunk exhausted on the sofa.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Drost, in dismay, "I will send directly for a physician."

"Physician!—yes, you may send; but luxuries, I fear, are not to be had in a place like this."

"What is to be done? I would willingly return to our residence —God knows how willingly!—but only the day before yesterday the servants ran about town with cards to take leave; and to return on the third day would provoke universal ridicule."

"You will take care to bury me among the blackbirds?" sighed Julia.

"God forbid!" cried Drost, ringing the bell: the servants hurried in. "Pack up!" he exclaimed; "we will leave this place in an hour." The servants hurried out.

"But, dear Julia!" continued he, with inquietude, "if the motion of the carriage should make you worse?"

"Do not be uneasy," said Julia; "motion will restore me—it is all I require."

"That is still worse!" cried Drost, in despair. "The journey will make you better—you will arrive in blooming health—and we shall be laughed at by the tall officer of the Guards, and the rest of your cousins."

This scruple was overruled by two or three deeply distressing sighs from Julia, and she sprang about the room in a delirium of health and pleasure.

"What will the people say?" cried Drost, again thrown into despair; "why, you are dancing!"

"Hamlet, whom you so admire, was above the prejudices of his time!" said Julia, smiling.

The breakfastless pair sat down to a hearty luncheon.

"Believe me," said Julia, when it was concluded, "Gessner was a very great story-teller; people were never intended for a country life."

The carriage was heard rattling over the pavement: the road was rough, but Julia and Drost were happy. They rolled cheerfully down the stony hill, and in the glow of the evening the city lay spread before their eyes.

"How beautifully the sun sets!" said Julia; "what a magnificent spectacle!" and her eyes were fixed on the dome of the opera-house, which was illumined by the golden rays. "To what advantage is nature always seen in a city. Besides, one hates to have all the enjoyment to oneself. Here we can share it with thousands."

"I begin to fancy," whispered Drost, "that town is the truest Arcadia!"

That very evening Julia was waltzing with her tall cousin of the Guards, and Drost lost ten napoleons to the colonel of the regiment. They had discovered the true Arcadia!

HAME! HAME HAE I COME!

Hame! hame hae I come frae thae bright Indian isles,
That rise in their beauty through blue simmer seas;
Whare nature's aye beaming in verdure and smiles,
And scented winds blaw saft through ever-green trees;
Whare the lassies are genial and bright as their clime,
Wi' their raven-hued tresses and dark sunny een,
That might gar the maist constant forget, for a time,
The land o' his birth and his ain bonnie Jean;
But I aye thought o' hame, through a' distance an' time,
O' the land o' my birth, and my ain bonnie Jean!

Thae bright isles and lassies, awa' i'the west,
Could nae wile my leal heart ae moment to lo'e,
Or forget my ain land and the lass I lo'e best,
With her ringlets sae flaxen, and saft een sae blue;
For though o'er bleak Scotia chill winter's win' blaws,
The warmth o' her lassies' hearts blinks i' their een;
And wha wad be fause to her ingle-lit ha's,
To the land o' his birth, an' his ain bonnie Jean?
Sae Hame ha'e I come to auld Scotia's bien ha's,
To the land o' my birth, and my ain bonnie Jean!—W. B. H.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.—No. I.

[BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.]

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE AND JAMES IV.

I.

" FATHER, why do those warriors troop
With helmet, lance, and burnished brand;
And why the cheering battle-whoop
Through all the links of fair Scotland?"
" Fair lady, it is mine to know
Things yet concealed from human view—
A lovely queen has stooped to do
A deed which Scotland long may rue.

II.

" Warriors may fume, and statesmen rave,
And kings may council and decree;
Their fleets may split the thundering wave,
Their armies leagure on the lea:
But when the tongue of beauty pleads,
And tears the liquid eyes bedew,
The warriors check their battle steeds,
Unbrace the helm, unbend the yew.

III.

" The sailor turns the helm a-lee,
And growling slacks the jocund sail;
For beauty rules the earth and sea,
And might of man may not avail:
Though messengers of heaven descend,
And angels speak in human tongue,
Man's haughty mind will scorn to bend,
Save to the lovely and the young.

IV.

" But the best blood in all the land
Shall stream for lady's selfish wile,
And Scotia's yet unconquered brand
Sink down before the Southron guile;
The shafts shall cloud the Border sky,
The dead be piled along the lea,
The grave shall gape—the raven cry—
And a stone stand where a king should be!"

[The Musical Copyright of this Song is the property of Mr. SAMUEL CHAPPELL, Bond Street.]

REVERIES ON RAIL-ROADS.

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra citra que, nequit consistere rectum.—HORAT.

WE live in startling times—so many things have come to pass which our grandfathers laughed at the mere mention of, that projects of our own day are no longer received with caution, but their practicability at once admitted, and the sole consideration is the amount of reward to the projectors.

Hudson Gurney once said that Birmingham was formerly ten miles further from London than in the year 1826—referring to the improvements made in the roads—and that he "should not be surprised at retiring to rest some night with the knowledge that a sovereign was worth twenty shillings, on waking the next morning most unexpectedly finding, by the London papers, that it was only worth eighteen." Mr. Brougham's "Schoolmaster" has been very active. He has made a most miraculous exertion with his birch, which may, perhaps, account for much of our present illumination. Had he been equally active in other countries, Mrs. Lushington would not have been so many months in her overland journey from India. Had Sir Charles Dance ever been on that road or Gurney—not Hudson Gurney—she might have been puffed along by steam as fast as a sun-beam. We do not despair of breakfasting at St. Petersburgh, and dining the next day with Mrs. Ramsbottom on the walls of China. Gas and steam have only, as yet, commenced their operations; how they will finish, the next age will scarcely be able to tell. Gunpowder and the mitre have had their day; and steam, it has been predicted, will henceforth govern the world.

Nothing has unquestionably a greater tendency to contribute to the rapid civilization of a country, and to accelerate the development of its resources, than facility of communication. Even in the dark ages, its utility, better felt than understood, rendered it an object of monopoly even to the church itself. "To build a bridge," says a lively female writer of the present day, "or clear a forest, were deeds of salvation for the next world as for this; and royal and noble sinners literally paved their way to heaven, and reached the gates of Paradise, by causeways made on earth."

If, with a philosophic eye, we attentively scan the volume of history, we shall discover that most of the grand climacterics of the world have been ushered in by some great scientific invention or discovery. Thus gunpowder, in the middle ages, broke the barbed ranks of the feudal aristocracy and revolutionized the whole system of war. The art of printing sapped the foundations of the church of Rome, and extended the domain of thought. The mariner's compass led to the discovery of a new continent. But it is in the age in which we live, characterized as it is by its political and economical spirit of reform, that a new principle, a *novum organum*, has been introduced, the most powerful yet ever wielded by man—we allude to the steam-engine.

To this country, above all others, the steam-engine has procured

immense advantages. If for twenty years we have been enabled to carry on a war against civilized Europe; if we have been able to sustain the enormous burthen of our national debt, it is because we have had at our disposition the prodigious resources of our industry, seconded by this new agent, which we were the first to possess.

On the other side the Atlantic, applied to navigation, it has enabled a nation, in the noon-tide of youth and political energy (but barely numbering twelve millions of inhabitants), to develope, with a rapidity perfectly unparalleled in the annals of the world, the immense resources of a territory almost equal in extent to the European Continent. But the most important application of the power of steam is of a more recent date; it is the revival of the *old invention* of carriages propelled by the power of steam on rail-roads of iron.

"Imagination," says a French writer of celebrity, "is dazzled in contemplating the operation of this invention on the future destinies of man;—one that gives to him the faculty of moving with the rapidity of the eagle—a land conveyance, at once less dangerous, less uncertain, less expensive, and more expeditious than any other with which he has hitherto been acquainted. By means of this communication every country may henceforth, from its very centre, distribute equally over its surface the necessaries of life and the raw materials of industry; its scattered population will contract a thousand new relations, mutually assist each other, and, by the most simple combinations, a continual interchange of the commodities of the most distant countries will be as easily established as between two neighbouring cities. In fact, by means of rail-roads every nation will henceforth possess the faculty of rendering invasions *impossible*, of doubling their population and their prosperity, and of diminishing in *equo ratio* their public burdens. But let us not," he adds, "confine our consideration of this invention to the simple establishment of a communication between a mineral district and the nearest river, or between a manufacturing town and a neighbouring sea-port; but let us suppose the whole country possessing a complete system of rail-roads, diverging from the capital, as a common centre, to every part of the frontiers.

"Now, the most important object of transportation, whether considered commercially or politically, is undoubtedly man himself. A machine that would save five-sixths of the time and expense, and nine-tenths of the trouble and fatigue, of our present mode of locomotion, would certainly work a complete change in the aspect of a country; for with what rapidity and ease might the merchants of the sea-ports visit the interior, and *vice versâ* those of the interior the sea-coast! In fact, how numerous the advantages it would offer to every class of society—to all those who travel either for health, or pleasure, or instruction! If, again, to these we add the further advantages of a rapid circulation of letters and newspapers, we may, without any great stretch of the imagination, form an accurate idea of the magnificent results of this mighty operation."

There is, doubtless, in this view of the subject, much that is just and correct, but, taken in its *ensemble*, it is the dream of a heated imagination, the *fata morgana* of the mind, which, if only partially

attainable, would, towards the close of the present century, substantially realize that earliest dream of poetry, "the Golden Age." But feverish as is the speculation that prevails—teeming as do the daily prints, both here and on the Continent,* with notices of lines of rail-roads in every direction, and plans recommending nothing less than to make them general throughout the kingdom—we much doubt if that time will ever arrive when this, or any other country, shall possess a complete system of rail-roads, extending from the capital to every point of the frontier, like so many radii from the centre of a circle to its circumference. Difficult as it is for human sagacity to predict in what manner the complicated relations of society may be effected by any particular discovery in the moral or physical world, yet we venture to pronounce that the operation of rail-roads on the moral, physical, and intellectual condition of the people of this country to be one fraught with consequences that require considerable caution; nor is the sudden and wholesale adoption of such conveyances so advisable as the prospectuses of speculators would lead us to believe.

It is not a little singular that this invention, the subject at the present moment of so much feverish excitement, should have hitherto acted only as an accessory to the mode of communication it seems destined to supersede, *viz.* canals—and that, while the secret of this invention was known full a century ago, and already in full operation at Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales, the whole surface of the country should have been intersected with canals, while the rail-road should have languished in oblivion, and should at length be brought forward at a period when their operations may admit of some question as to the extent of their benefit to society. It would have been fortunate if, at that period, rail-roads had been generally adopted instead of canals; their probable effect on the present state of the country affords food for much curious speculation. Considered in the abstract as a mode of conveyance, none other can compete with them. Besides speed, they possess the further desideratum of certainty, and, unlike the canal, are unaffected by atmospheric changes; and, although no accurate estimates can be made of their comparative cost, because both must depend upon circumstances always varying, and which can seldom be common to both, yet we may say that the cost of the canal, supposing them to run through the same line of country, is greater than that of the rail-road, by nearly one-third. But it is rather *relatively* than abstractedly, that we are now led to consider this question—one in which every class of the community is deeply concerned; for it is not, in its

* In France it is in agitation to connect Calais and Marseilles by a road through Lisle and Lyons, by following the left bank of the Soane; this line would be crossed again by a branch one from Strasburg that would terminate at Bayonne, and thus connect Germany and Spain.

In Belgium, again, the Seance Centrale have just determined on a system of rail-ways, the centre of which will be Malines, from whence one road will run east to the Prussian frontier, through Louvaine, Verviers, and Liege; a second to the north, to Antwerp; a third west, through Ghent to Ostend; and a fourth south, through Brussels to the French frontier; all this is to be executed at the expense of the Belgian treasury!

successful application, so flattering to the mathematical vanity of the engineer—or, in the high rate of returns on the capital invested, so captivating to the feelings of the shareholder—but in its operation on the social system, in its most extended signification, that the true political economist will estimate the *utility* of the invention. We live in an age in which the dominion of man over physical nature is daily and hourly extended by the genius of our artists; and yet, strange to say, the social condition of the mass of our population degenerates in an inverse ratio.

This is the theme of daily observation; while the cause, which appears to elude the grasp of philosophic research, lies much nearer the surface than is generally imagined. The fact is, our chemical and mechanical discoveries have advanced faster than is consistent with the welfare of society; or, in other words, the moral culture of the species has not kept pace with the increase of its material power—the equilibrium has been destroyed. Hence the fruitful source of evil; an evil which the *immediate* and *general* introduction of rail-roads, by suddenly and to such an extent diminishing the demand for human labour, will increase to a hundred-fold.

Let us, therefore, calmly examine the working of this system on the very narrow field that it yet presents to our observation. Previous to the establishment of the railways between Manchester and Liverpool, the communication between the two towns was carried on by a turnpike-road and by two canals. On the former there were from thirty to forty stage-coaches, besides carts, waggons, and other conveyances. On the latter it was computed that the quantity of merchandize passing daily between these two places amounted to 1000 *tons*, the freight of which produced the annual sum of £300,000, two-thirds of which fell to the share of the Marquis of Stafford. Now, by the report of the Rail-road Committee, it appears that the returns upon the capital invested amounts to eight per cent.; from this, however, must be deducted the value of the property destroyed—*viz.* the turnpike-road; still, as the rail-road has not been found to diminish the traffic hitherto carried on by the canals, in this instance the rail-road system may be said to have been successively and beneficially applied. But, however successful may have been the results of this first scheme, it is comparatively upon a small scale; and the question is *now*, whether from such data an argument can be found of sufficient strength to justify their unlimited adoption throughout the country. We are the last in the world to offer a check to the advance of the age; but when the whole social relations of the country are staked on the hazard of a die—when the destinies of a country seem about to be wielded by speculations, it becomes the duty of those that think, at least, to offer the result of such thought to their fellow-countrymen; and in this we repeat—let us not be mistaken—our object is to inculcate caution, but not distrust.

One great principle, as applicable to the whole system, has been fully established, and that is—the practicability of the application of steam to the purposes of locomotion; and, further, that the application of this power affords those grand desiderata in travelling—safety and expedition. But it is not enough to shew that they can convey goods

and passengers at an accelerated rate; it must also be proved that the quantity of goods and the number of passengers, that may reasonably be expected to be carried along the proposed line, will be so great as to meet the annual expenses incidental to it, and at the same time yield an adequate remuneration for the outlay of capital; and, further, that the existing means of conveyance are inadequate to the purposes they profess to answer; that the establishment of rail-roads is imperiously called for by the wishes and wants of the country through *which it will pass*, as well as of the towns at its extremities; and that the advantages to be derived will more than counterbalance the evil it will occasion. All this must be proved; otherwise it will be only creating a new species of property at the expense of the old; for one of the first effects of this new system of communication will be to occasion a violent change in the value of property in some instances, and *total* destruction in others. We believe that it will be readily admitted that the towns and villages situated upon the line of a great road derive much of their prosperity from that circumstance; and, therefore, property is more valuable in those places than in others less fortunately circumstanced. Now, the effect of a rail-road will be to deprive these towns of the advantages they now enjoy; in other words, to diminish the value of the property precisely in the same ratio as it was previously increased, by taking away all the traffic and travelling therein. In opposition to this argument, we know that it will be urged that other property along the proposed line of railway will become valuable in a corresponding degree, and that the mischief which will accrue from the depreciation of property in one place will be more than counterbalanced by its increase in another. Now, supposing this were susceptible of a demonstration, it would even then be a matter deserving serious consideration, whether, unless for the purpose of obtaining some immense advantages, such a change in the property of the country in its present condition would be advisable.

In the first place, it would greatly diminish the value of the agricultural produce of the country, by reducing the demand for horse-power.

2dly. By throwing a numerous class of men, who at present earn their subsistence by that means and by the present mode of travelling, out of employ, not only a great mass of social misery would be the consequence, but the burdens of the country, in the shape of poor-rates, greatly increased.

3dly. They are demoralizing in their effects, from their tendency to concentrate the population of the country in large towns. We are aware that what has been alledged, with regard to the value of property, may with equal justice be adduced in the second instance—that men thrown out of one species of labour would soon find employment in other channels, which this new system of communication would create. This is the favourite theory of the political economist; but, after all, it is but a theory—and a heartless one—the practicable application of which none but an enthusiast would ever dream of seeing successfully realized in a country where the price of labour is so closely graduated upon the means of subsistence that the inter-

ruption of one day's labour brings the unfortunate artisan to the verge of starvation. There is no class of men whose labours have been more fatal to the prosperity of England than the modern political economists; they fondly imagine it possible to reduce the laws of their science to simple geometrical propositions, equally applicable to every country on the face of the globe. But this axiom of modern philosophy, when too late, has been discovered to be an absurd ideality; and men are now slowly convincing themselves that every country must possess a system founded upon its own peculiar and inherent circumstances. Thus it is that their favourite theory, in this country at least, is found to be glaringly false in its practical application. With all our colonial outlets, notwithstanding our prodigious industry, we behold on every side more labourers than can find employment—more artificers than can earn a scanty subsistence; and where there is scarcely trade sufficient for the support of one tradesman, it is competed for by five or six. If facility of communication alone were sufficient to contribute to the material comforts of a people, what country in the world can be compared with our own? Why not attempt to improve our present hydrographical system, which has already cost the nation so many millions, rather than seek to create a new one, that would shake the social system to its very foundation, and further increase the misery of our already distressed people, by the substitution of a power that would entirely supersede horse-power, greatly diminish human labour, and thereby fearfully extend the sphere of action of that moral gangrene in our social system—a redundant unemployed population!

That the application of steam to locomotive machines is yet in its infancy, is, we believe, a position that no one will contest. The splendid success that has attended the trial of Sir C. Dance's steam-coach—which, upon a common turnpike-road, and dragging after it a weight of several tons, moved with a velocity of ten to fifteen miles an hour, and which has actually performed the journey from London to various places, far and near, with perfect ease, over *every variety* of ground—affords the strongest grounds for presuming that, in a mechanical age like the present, such a simplification in their machinery will sooner or later be effected as to admit of their application to the system of roads now in use.

There is likewise another important and but recently-discovered fact, that we think will make the nation pause ere they invest an immense capital in the construction of railways—which is the rather startling one that we have long overlooked a means of conveyance by our canals, nearly equal to them in rapidity, and, at the same time, much cheaper. It was long imagined that to propel a vessel along a canal at a great velocity would not only destroy the banks, but that also a greater expense would be incurred than the profits would cover. This universally received opinion has, however, by recent experiments, been found to be erroneous. On the Paisley canal, boats drawn by horses have been moved at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. These results are certainly of the greatest importance, shewing, as they do, that our present hydrographical system is capable of producing all the advantages attributed to railways.

In approaching this question we have done so without any particular bias against this new mode of communication. On the contrary, considered in the abstract, and even relatively, as applied to a new country unprovided with a hydrographical system of roads, we freely admit that it surpasses all others. But, as it has been finely observed by the great Montesquieu, it is by its influence on the whole system of society that the application of any new law or invention must be judged. Now, when we reflect upon the artificial state of the whole structure of English society, on the present social condition of the people, and the numerous causes that already diminish the material comforts, and allow due weight to the clashing of conflicting interests, and the financial burdens of the country, we do say that the introduction of railways should be sparingly sanctioned by the Legislature, lest, hurried away by an over-ardent and mistaken zeal for the good of posterity, we sacrifice the happiness of our own immediate contemporaries.

Since writing the above, we have received the report of a trial upon the common road of Sir Charles Dance's steam carriage; and as our readers will be able to form an accurate idea of the progress that is now making in such description of conveyance, we cannot do better than subjoin it.

"*Report of the result of an experimental Journey upon the Mail Coach Line of the Holyhead Road, in Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Dance's Steam Carriage, on the* 1*st of November,* 1833.

"Public attention having been attracted to the practicability of travelling with locomotive engines upon ordinary turnpike roads, by a report of a committee of the House of Commons, of the 12th of October, 1831, stating that, in the opinion of the committee, the practicability of such mode of travelling had been fully established; and, more recently, by a report of a journey to and from Brighton having been successfully performed by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Dance's steam carriage, as well as by the fact that the same carriage was daily in use between London and Greenwich, conveying numerous passengers through the crowded suburbs of the metropolis without the slightest inconvenience to the public,—we were desirous of personally making an experiment of the facility with which a carriage of that description could perform a journey of considerable length: and having selected the mail coach line of the Holyhead road for the purpose of such experiment, we made an arrangement with Sir Charles Dance for the use of his carriage, on Friday, the 1st inst.

"Before the carriage had proceeded six miles, one of the tubes of which Sir Charles Dance's boiler is composed was found to leak so fast as to render repair absolutely necessary: it was also apparent that the size of the engine was not sufficient to carry so great a weight along a heavy road at any high velocity. The weather was by no means favourable; but the average rate of travelling had been seven miles per hour.

"Thus there can be no doubt that, with a well constructed engine of greater power, a steam carriage conveyance between London and Birmingham, at a velocity unattainable by horses, and limited only by safety, might be maintained."

(Here follow the signatures of the engineers.)

THE FRENCH CONVULSIVES.*

The most common and approved object which the novelist as well as the dramatist proposes to himself in the composition of works of fiction, is by means of a certain judicious combination of events, bearing a close analogy to those of ordinary life, "to hold the mirror up to nature, and to correct folly by exhibiting it." By a wise distribution of rewards and punishments, he in general seeks to engage the sentiments and feelings of the heart in favour of the virtues which form the binding principles of society, and to make the purposes of present amusement subservient to the inculcation of a sound morality and a virtuous resignation to the decrees of an over-ruling Providence. This disposition to find good in every thing is the great characteristic of our most esteemed writers of works of imagination. But the generality of modern French literature displays no claim to this character of utility, and is seldom ennobled or invigorated by this animating principle. The spirit of analysis, which is alike destructive of the brilliant illusions of the imagination and of the amiable sympathies and feelings of our own nature, has there invaded every department of literature, and has extended its blighting influence over all that was most captivating and seducing. "This," exclaims Mr. Balzac in his preface, "is the most analytic period of modern times; societies, governments, sciences—all is founded upon analysis." But while he thus bears testimony to, and deplores the existence of, this wide-spread malady, his own writings afford a still more forcible illustration of it. With no higher aim than that of producing present effect, he has turned the observation of a penetrating mind upon society, and has selected the moral evils and anomalies inseparable from its existence for the subject of his fictions. He is a metaphysical novelist—one who delights in speculations upon all dark and forbidden things, and in the agitation of those moral problems from which others shrink back with aversion. He applies himself to the defects and weaknesses of humanity, the interests and selfish calculations of the crowd of society, and he exhibits the play of the human passions with an energy and clearness which needs no ornament. In the selection and treatment of his subjects, he discovers great perspicuity of judgment, and a powerful talent of mind in abstracting and generalizing ideas. He possesses the art of uniting depth of reflection with the eloquence and vivacity of lighter writing. In his hands the simplest subject is invested with an absorbing interest, by the vigour of conception, the brilliancy of expression, and the skill and power of narration possessed by the artist in so eminent a degree. The strong truth of colouring, the exquisite choice of circumstances calculated to produce the deepest impression, and the infinite skill with which they are fused and brought to bear upon the dramatic situations, joined to the deep earnestness which

* Philosophical Tales of Balzac. Paris, 1832.

pervades the whole, give to his pictures a kind of fascination which captivates and enthrals the mind of the reader in spite of its resistance. Our attention is forcibly arrested by the bold and novel style of delineation and the forcible energy of their expression. We gaze, and turn away dazzled and agitated by an indescribable sensation of pain and oppressiveness: and anon we feel compelled to revert to them, and again to contemplate their gloomy and forcible outlines. While he dwells upon the miseries of human life, the prejudices and weaknesses which render abortive the struggles of mankind after happiness, and those moral incongruities that are fostered and developed by civilization, the bitterness and contempt as impressed upon his language, and the caustic severity of his raillery, raises a profound feeling of melancholy for the despicable condition of the human race. One of his most powerful modes of producing effect is by sudden and abrupt contrast. If our hearts are moved by the most exquisite delineations of tenderness, loveliness, and goodness, our delight, like the festivity of the Egyptians, is presently marred by the sudden exhibition of a skeleton.

Having said so much of the peculiar style and manner of Mr. Balzac, we shall proceed to analyze the tales in which he has embodied his gloomy and mystic philosophy.

The first tale in the volume before us is entitled "Master Cornelius," a character evidently suggested by, though not strictly copied from, the Jingling Geordie of Scott's Fortunes of Nigel. Indeed, most of the personages who figure in the story have their prototypes in the Waverley Novels.

George D'Estonville, nephew of the Captain of the Archer Guard of Louis XI., has conceived a violent passion for the fair daughter of that prince, married to the aged and cruel Count de St. Valier. The old Count treats his young and uncomplaining spouse with all the barbarity which the most suspicious and vindictive jealousy can suggest. One of his measures of security is to select, for his dwelling-place, a house contiguous to that of the usurer, Master Cornelius Hoogworst, in the royal city of Tours.

"Cornelius Hoogworst, one of the richest merchants of Gand, having incurred the displeasure of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, had found an asylum and protection at the court of Louis XI. The king, aware of the use that might be made of a man connected with the principal houses of Flanders, of Venice, and of the Levant, had ennobled, naturalized, and even flattered Master Cornelius; a thing very unusual with Louis XI. But it happened that the monarch pleased the Fleming as much as the Fleming pleased the monarch. Both cunning, distrustful, avaricious, equally politic, equally intelligent: both in advance of the epoch in which they lived, they understood each other perfectly—laid aside and resumed, with the same facility, the one his conscience, the other his devotion; they worshipped the same Virgin, the one from conviction, the other from flattery:—in fine, if we are to believe the jealous reports of Oliver Le Daim and Tristam, the king was in the habit of repairing, for his amusement, to the house of the Lombard, but then the amusement was that of Louis XI. History has taken care to transmit to us the licentious taste of that monarch, who was no foe to debauchery: and, no doubt, the old Fleming found both pleasure and profit in lending himself to the capricious desires of his royal client."

This Master Cornelius is the object of very general execration to the good people of Tours, from the circumstance of his having accused five successive subordinates in his office of robbery, all of whom were tortured and executed, according to the summary justice of the times. His infamous celebrity passed into a proverb; and the words, "*You* have passed before the *Lombard*," were used to signify unexpected calamity, fits of low spirits, and sudden mishaps; and were it not that the awful power of Louis XI. was extended, like a cloak, over his house, its demolition would have been inevitable. Hence the misanthropic Cornelius dwelt alone with an aged sister, who passed for a witch; and their lonely existence was invested with every thing problematical and mysterious. It is into the dread abode of this hated being that the young D'Estonville determines to enter, for the purpose of gaining access to the apartments of the Countess of St. Valier. Nothing daunted at the terrific fatality that seems to await all who pass its threshold, he boldly presents himself before the usurer, and, after the fitting preliminaries, is admitted. He profits by the night to procure an interview with his mistress, but on the following morning is delivered into the hands of the officers of justice, on the charge of robbery. The circumstances of his having forced open his window and quitted his apartment are considered sufficient grounds for a conviction, and he is led off to execution; but the Countess of St. Valier appears before her father, and while she exculpates her lover, details the jealous cruelty of her husband. Louis XI. undertakes himself to investigate the inexplicable mystery of the repeated robbery of his *protégé* Cornelius; and the result of his personal scrutiny is the discovery, that the usurer has been in the habit of visiting his treasure, and carrying off a part of it in his sleep. The king offers to put this beyond a doubt, by watching his nightly perambulations in person, on condition that he is to have the concealed treasure which he shall discover by this means. This proposal the old usurer attempts to evade, and proposes to his aged sister the task of watching him.

"'Louis XI. and I,' said he, 'have just been giving each other the lie, like two rag-merchants. You understand, my child, that if he follows me, he alone will possess the secret of the treasure. None but the king can watch my nocturnal visits. I know not whether the conscience of the king, close as he is to death, could resist thirty millions of crowns. We must be beforehand with him; send all our treasures to Gand, and—so—you alone——'

"Cornelius stopped suddenly, seemingly weighing the heart of that sovereign who had ruminated upon parricide at the age of twenty two. When the usurer had judged Louis, he rose with the haste of a man who would escape an imminent danger.

"At this motion his sister, too weak or too strong for such a crisis, fell—she was dead!

"Cornelius seized his sister, shook her violently, saying, 'The business on hands was not *dying*—you would have had time enough for that afterwards. Oh, there's an end on't! The old baggage!—she never did any thing in time!'

"He closed her eyes and laid her on the bench; but then he returned to all the noble and good feelings which were at the bottom of his heart, and half forgetting his concealed treasure, 'My poor companion,' said he, dole-

fully, 'then I have killed you!—you who understood me so well. Oh, you were a real treasure! There it is—the treasure! With thee have fled my peace, my affections! If you did but know the advantage of living but two nights longer, you had not died, were it only to please me. Poor creature! Ha! Jane, three hundred thousand crowns! Ah! if that does not awake you——no—she is dead!'"

The discovery of his secret, the fear of losing his treasure, produce a mental malady, which ends in the destruction of the old usurer. He is constantly lost in an overwhelming thought, devoured by a desire which burns up his entrails, but more grievously torn by the ever-recurring anguish of the contest he has sustained within himself since his passion for gold had turned against itself. He had not the common consolation of the miser, of brooding over his treasure. At once the robber and the robbed, and without the secret of the one or the other, he possesed and possessed not his treasures—a new and fanciful species of torture, but ever terrific. In vain he uses the strongest narcotics—his vigils were most frightful; he was alone with silence and night, remorse and fear—with all those thoughts which men have embodied with most success. "At length," concludes our author, "that man so powerful, that heart so steeled by a political and commercial life, that genius unknown to history, yielded to the horrors of the torture which he had created for himself. Overcome by some thoughts more piercing than those he had resisted until then, he cut his throat."

Such is the story of Master Cornelius, a being who, we imagine, is meant to illustrate in his person the most vivacious and most materialized of all ideas—the idea by which man represents himself by a fictitious being, whom he creates, and calls "*Property.*" The incidents are not very picturesque, but are skilfully narrated; and the politic character of Louis XI. is drawn with considerable power and fidelity.

Madame Firmiani, which follows it, is still less dramatic in its form; but sets forth in strong colours the false ideas, prevalent in society, with regard to the real nature of *debts;* and exhibits the meanness and dishonesty of those who consider themselves men of honour, and the wide spread misery they inflict by their thoughtlessness in contracting obligations. Madame Firmiani, a woman of feeling and discernment, fully impressed with those ideas, places them in their true colours before the eyes of her lover, and persuades him to merit her esteem, by sacrificing his remaining property for the payment of his debts, and by having the courage and honour to gain his livelihood by his own industry.

If the tale of Madame Firmiani is wanting in dramatic effect, it is only to give a stronger relief to that of the Red Inn, which is next in order. It is a tale of murder, under extraordinary circumstances, recounted by a German to the assembled company at an inn; and the violent impression it produces upon a rich army contractor of the party points him out as the perpetrator of the crime. The selection of the circumstances, the dramatic power of the narration, and the increasing strength of the indications of guilt betrayed by the murderer as the narrative proceeds, impart a profound interest.

Toward the close of October, 1799, two young assistant surgeons, on their route to join the army of Augereau, then stationed on the Rhine, arrive in the evening at an inn, in the little town of Andernech. While they are regaling themselves at supper, and talking over the scenes they have left behind them, with the gaiety and *insouciante* characteristic of the French soldier, they are joined by a new comer, in the person of a German merchant, who, it appeared, had been obliged to fly from the devastation of the invading army. The stranger seemed particularly careful of his valise; and, as the wine circulates, won by the frank and generous demeanour of the young soldiers, he declares his satisfaction at meeting with the protection of their company, as he has a hundred thousand francs, together with diamonds, in his valise. They retire to rest, and all sleep soundly, except Prosper Magnan, one of the surgeons, who is troubled with an unaccountable fit of insomnolency. When his thoughts insensibly took a bad direction, and could think on nothing but the sum of money beneath the pillow of the sleeping merchant.

To him a hundred thousand francs seemed an immense fortune, ready made. He began by laying them out in a variety of ways, building castles in Spain, as we all delight to do during those moments preceding sleep, at that hour when the intellect produces a confusion of images, and when, from the silence of the night, our imagination acquires a magic power. He fulfilled the wishes of his mother; he purchased the thirty acres of land; he married a young girl of *Beauvais*, to whom the disproportion of their fortunes had hitherto forbidden him to aspire. With this sum he laid out for himself an entire life of enjoyment, and beheld himself rich, happy, the father of a family, considered in his province, and, it might be, *Maire* of Beauvais. As his Picardish head grew inflamed, he sought the means of changing his fictions into realities. He used extraordinary warmth in combining a crime in theory; and while imagining the death of the merchant, the gold and the diamonds were distinctly before his eyes. He was dazzled by them, his heart beat quickly.—Perhaps deliberation was already a crime. Fascinated by that heap of gold, he grew morally intoxicated by the reasonings of the assassin. He asked himself, if that poor German had really any need of living? He supposed that he had never existed.—To be brief, he conceived the crime, so as to insure its impunity.

He rises, opens the windows, and disposes every thing for the commission of the dark deed. But as he is in the act of raising his arm for its accomplishment, he heard, as it were, a voice within him, and thought he beheld a light; so that he flings down the instrument, and retires. A complete reaction takes place within him; and, fearing to yield to the powerful fascination to which he was a victim, he jumps from the window, and, after fatiguing himself by walking backwards and forwards, returns to bed, thanking God for his deliverance. On awaking in the morning he beheld the murdered merchant by his side; and as he gazed upon his fixed and staring eyes, and on the blood which had soiled his own hands and clothes, and as he recognized his surgical instrument lying on the bed, he fainted away, and fell amid the blood of the merchant. Recollecting the horrible temp-

tation which he had had the strength to resist, he feared to have accomplished in his sleep, and in a fit of somnambulism, the crime which he had projected in his waking moments. His companion, it is was true, was nowhere to be found; but he deemed it impossible that he could have been the guilty person, and attributed his flight to terror. He is dragged before a court martial; circumstances and his own conscience are against him; and he is condemned and executed.

The highly dramatic part of the narrative is the detection of his companion, the real murderer, who has been one of the listeners to the tale. The proofs of guilt, which he betrays from time to time, as the consequences of his crime, are slowly developed; and the secret and mysterious manner in which the suspicion is generated in the minds of the audience, are painted with powerful skill and accuracy. Though he had been enabled by his crime to attain wealth and distinction, he has been ever a prey to the gnawing anguish of remorse, and at length sinks under its intenseness. The scene that follows, which is called the case of conscience, is strongly illustrative of the sarcastic bitterness of our author's style, and his profound contempt for the hypocrisy and duplicity of mankind. One of the hearers of the tale, who has been principally instrumental in detecting the guilt of the rich army contractor, finds that the girl of his affections is no other than the daughter and heiress of the murderer. Shall he marry her or not? This is a puzzling question, and it is thus he seeks for its solution:—

"Yesterday I brought together such of my friends as I conceived excelled most in probity, delicacy, and honour. I invited two Englishmen, a secretary to an embassy, and a puritan; an old minister in all the maturity of diplomacy; a few young people as yet invested with the charm of innocence; a priest, an old man; then my old tutor, a plain good man; an advocate, a notary, a judge; in fine, all social opinions, all practical virtues. We commenced by dining, conversing and shouting at a glorious rate, then at the desert I simply told my story and solicited good advice, concealing the name of my intended. 'Counsel me, my friends,' said I, when I had finished. 'Discuss the question at full length, as if it were a project of law. The ballotting-box and balls will be brought you, and you may vote for or against my marriage with all requisite secresy.'

"On a sudden a profound silence ensued.

"The notary excused himself. 'Is there a deed to be drawn?' said he.

"The wine had silenced my old tutor, and it became necessary to put him under tuition to prevent his meeting with accidents on his way home.

"'I understand,' said I, 'to withold your opinion, is to tell me energetically how I ought to proceed.' A movement took place in the company.

"'Virtue like crime, has its degrees;' exclaimed a man of property, who had subscribed for the tomb and children of General Foy.

"'Dolt!' said the ex-minister to me, in an undertone, and with a push of his elbow.

"'Where is the difficulty?' said the Duke of S———, whose property consisted of the confiscated estates of refractory protestants at the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

"The lawyer rose:—'In law, the *point* before us is quite clear. The duke is right;' cried the organ of the law. 'Is there not prescription for it—where should we all be, if we were to examine the origin of fortunes?

This is a matter of conscience; and if you are really desirous of bringing the case before a tribunal, go to the tribunal of Penance.'

"The incarnation of the Code was silent, sat down, and drank a glass of champaigne.

"The man whose business it was to expound the gospel, the good priest, rose—

"'God has made us frail,' said he, with firmness. 'If you love the heiress of the crime, marry her; but be content with the marriage portion, and give the residue of the father's property to the poor.'—'But,' cried one of those medlers without pity, so often to be met with, 'most likely the father's good marriage was in consequence of his having acquired riches. Has not these, the very least of his enjoyments, been the fruit of his crime. The discussion is in itself a sentence.'—'There are things upon which a man does not deliberate,' cried my aged tutor, thinking to enlighten the assembly by a drunken sally.

"'Aye,' said the secretary of the embassy.

"'Aye,' cried the priest.

"Neither understood the other's meaning.

"A young doctrinaire, who had narrowly escaped being elected deputy, rose—

"'Gentlemen, this phenominal accident of our intellectual nature is one of those which rise strongest in relief from the conventional form to which society is subjected. Hence the decision to be come to ought to be an extemporaneous act of conscience, a sudden conception, an instinctive judgment, a fugitive emanation of our internal appreciation, quite similar to the revelations which constitute the sentiment of taste,—Let's vote.'

"'Aye, let's vote,' cried my guests.

"I handed two balls to each, one white, the other red. The white, the symbol of virginity, was to prohibit the marriage; the red to approve of it.

"I abstained voting from a feeling of delicacy. My friends were seventeen in number—absolute majority nine. On opening the box I found nine white balls. This result did not surprise me; however, I counted the number of young people of my own age, interspersed among my judges. These casuists were nine in number. They had all the same thought. Oh, oh! said I, here is unanimity against my marriage. How shall I escape from this embarrasment?"

After proceeding in this strain, the scene is closed by the pithy exclamation of the puritan—"Fool, why did you ask the father if he was born at Beauvais?" (This question, be it understood, had led to the certainty of his having been the perpetrator of the crime.)

The "Biography of Louis Lambert," which immediately succeeds, is nothing more than a reproduction of some of the ideas and characters of his former work, "The Talisman," and a further exposition of the mystic metaphysics in which our author delights. The substance of his singular theory, often conveyed in language that escapes the comprehension of the reader, is the endowing of thought, with a living and corporeal form, to represent it as a physical power, accompanied by its innumerable generations. Will and thought he makes living forces, and these two powers are represented as becoming in a manner visible and tangible, and invested with all the qualities of living agents.

There is something extremely interesting in this species of idealization, but it too frequently reminds us of the wild vagaries of Swedenberg.

It is impossible to overlook the fact, that the moral cynicism every where pervading the works of Balzac sullies his happiest combinations, and has a most injurious tendency. All good feelings are excited only to accustom us to their speedy and complete extinction, and we are brought back from their highly coloured and theatrical exhibition to the solemn inculcation, the non-existence of lofty and virtuous principles of conduct, and the folly of expecting them; and all this served up with so much cleverness, wit, and knowledge of men's natures, as to make it irresistibly pleasant and plausible.

NO SOUND CAN AWAKE HIM TO GLORY AGAIN!

On that lone barren isle, where the loud roaring billows
Assail the stern rocks while the wild tempests rave,
The hero lies still—and the dew-dropping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, bend over his grave:
The sea-storm may rage, and the hoarse thunders rattle,—
He heeds not,—he hears not,—he's free from all pain:
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle—
No sound can awake him to glory again!

O! shade of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rush'd but to conquer when *thou* led'st them on?
Alas! they have perish'd, in far chilly regions,
And all but the fame of their trinmphs is gone!
The trumpet may sound, and the cannon-peal rattle,—
They heed not,—they hear not,—they're free from all pain:
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,—
No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet, spirit immortal! the tomb cannot bind thee—
For like thine own eagles, that soar'd to the sun,
Thou spring'st from thy bondage, and leavest behind thee
Such fame as no mortal before thee had won!
Though nations may combat, where war-thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed shalt thou sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle—
No sound can awake thee to glory again!

DEFENCE OF THE BOTTLE.

"Vina parant arsinous faciuntque caloribus aptos,
Cara fugit multo diluiturque mera.
Tunc veniunt risus, tunc paupes cornua sumit,
Tunc dolor et auræ ruguque frontis abit;
Tunc aperit mentes ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas, artes excutiente deo."—De Arte Amandi, Lib. 1.

"Wine cheers the genial heart, and warms the cold,
Wine makes the mournful glad, the timid bold;
Wine from the gloomy brow dispels the cloud,
Wine makes the bashful free, the beggar proud;
Frank as we pour the liquid magic down,
Pains, cares, and sorrows in the bowl we drown;
Resentment vanquished, softens into smiles,
And honest truth succeeds to wonted wiles."—B.

My surprise was not a little excited, on falling in with the proofs produced by the venerable Trismegistus for the Progressive Degeneracy of the Human Race, to find that, although he has very properly supported his position by arguments drawn from the appetites of antiquity, and has given some respectable instances of the ready demolition of solid food, he has favoured us but with one example of ancient prowess in the dispatch of liquid, which would have suited his purpose infinitely better. Eating, though I allow it at times to be convenient, and even pleasant, is but a laborious and vulgar exercise in comparison with drinking. Nothing, in my opinion, more clearly shows the deplorable degeneracy of the present age than the disrepute into which hard drinking, or, as I consider it, sufficient drinking, has lately fallen. Many definitions have been given of man; as that of Plato, who described him as a two-legged animal, without feathers, which gave rise to the practical criticism of Diogenes, who, having plucked an unfortunate fowl, threw it into the academy, sarcastically saying "Behold the man of Plato." Others have respectively styled him a laughing animal, a weeping animal, a thinking animal—all doubtful, and not sufficiently marked distinctions. Have we not, also, laughing hyænas, weeping crocodiles, and learned pigs? Now I, Mr. Editor, define man to be a drunken animal, and, if it be hastily alleged against me that all men are not so, I triumphantly reply that, if they are not, they ought to be so occasionally. Whatever objections may be brought forward, it cannot, at least, be asserted amongst them that my subject is a *dry* one. And now to my proofs:—

The examples afforded by history are innumerable; the most celebrated princes, poets, generals, and philosophers were all drunkards. To begin with the Persians—Xenophon's model of a perfect monarch, the elder Cyrus, was so addicted to drinking, that we find in Herodotus, Queen Thomyris purposely leaving wine in his way, and then falling on him whilst quietly employed in discussing the contents of her hogsheads. Cyrus the younger, in his manifesto to the people of Asia, dwells with much complacency on his being able

to drink a greater quantity than his brother Artaxerxes, against whom he was marching; which alone, he insinuates, ought by all reasonable people to be esteemed a sufficient reason for placing him on the throne. The Greeks were still harder drinkers than the Persians, and we accordingly find that they conquered them. The ability of Philip on this score is well known; and it is a vulgar error to suppose that his son Alexander obtained the appellation of great by his victories: it was his exploits, not in the field, but at the table, which gained him so honourable a distinction. The dose by which he was rendered a martyr was the cup of Hercules, containing nearly four English quarts, which he intrepidly swallowed, without once taking breath.

It would be superfluous to adduce proofs to show that Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon—Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, were attached to the *amphera*, or bottle; the fire and spirit of their writings sufficiently declare it. Our own Byron was wont to say that gin-and-water was his only Helicon. But why confine myself to poets?—the polite and warlike Julius, the stoical Cato, and the amorous Anthony, all alike practised this virtue. So great a respect had the Romans for those who drank long and often, that some of their most illustrious families took their surnames from this admirable quality—such as Bibulus and others. The only redeeming trait in the character of the tyrannical Tiberius was his being a professed drunkard; whence his courtiers, to do him honour, instead of Tiberius Claudius Nero, complimentarily styled him Biberius Caldius Mero.

Two beverages, however, of antiquity I hold in utter abhorrence; namely, Spartan broth and old Nestor's negus; the last, as we learn from Homer, was composed of Pramnian wine mixed with goats'-milk cheese, and strewed with flour instead of nutmeg.

I shall be asked, what is the most proper time for indulging in the bottle? I answer that all hours and all occasions are equally suitable and convenient; and here I cannot forbear quoting, from a jovial poet of the last century, five excellent reasons for drinking:—

> "Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
> Or least you should be by-and-by—
> Or any other reason why."

The last is absolutely conclusive. Wine is good alike for the mind and body, it clears the brain, inspires the wit, and helps digestion. The votary of Bacchus may be distinguished at a single glance, by his sparkling eyes, ruddy complexion, and brisk step; whereas the cold-blooded race of water-drinkers—unless they happen, indeed, to be, as some of my acquaintance, drinkers of *strong* waters—may be detected at first sight, by their hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, swollen paunch, and yellow tint.

In fine, if you are sad, drink—it will drive away sorrow; if merry, drink—it will enhance your joy; if you have much work on your hands, drink—it will lend you force to yet through it; if you have nothing to do, drink—it is better to get drunk than be idle. Idleness, not drunkenness, says the sage, is the mother of all the vices. The old should drink to comfort them, the young to keep them out of harm's way. Wine gives spirit and colour to women, and courage to men;

it lends strength to the weak, confidence to the bashful, and eloquence to the silent. Even misers may experience the vast advantage of drinking, though at their own expense; as they will be amply repaid for the money laid out in wine, by often having the satisfaction of seeing their heaps grow double before their eyes. I could, as will be readily admitted, fill whole volumes on this interesting topic; but not having wet my lips since I sat down, I can only find time for an original song, composed by me, not under the inspiration of Phœbus, but of Bacchus:—

SONG.

Let the soldier still talk of his honour and fame,
Let him buy them with death if he will,
Since fame's but a bauble and honour a name,
The Bottle shall comfort me still.

Oh, let him still follow where glory leads on,
For a shade let him die in his prime;
Let me, less ambitious, when daylight is done,
O'er the Bottle kill nothing but time.

Tell me not of friendship, true friends there are none,
Take warning and bid them adieu;
For soon will you find, when like summer-flies gone,
No friend like the Bottle is true.

Let the faint-hearted lover still pine in despair,
Let him weep o'er his doubts and his fears;
Oh, had he learnt wisdom, he'd drive away care
With the Bottle's more genuine tears.

Then no longer the vows of feigned friendship attend,
Sue no more to a pitiless lass;
So warm as the Bottle there is not a friend,
Nor a mistress so sweet as the Glass.

HOGSHEAD.

SPECIMENS OF IRISH FAITH.

"Get up, Paddy a cushla," said Cathaleen O'Hanlahon to her husband, who lay snoring on his straw feather bed; "get up, I say, do that, an' go down to yer confesshin; there's all the boys in the parish runnin' away down to Father Mulcahy at the *chapple*, an' he forgivin' 'em, an' makin' 'em all as clane as new born infants, wid the holy water an' the absolushin; an' why would'nt you go, an' get it, like the rest, I'd like to know? Arra, thin, do get up, there's a jewel; an' go down, an' tell your sins; the niver a one of yez has bent a knee to a priest since it's your own you made me; an' that's a good sivin year', come Easther, plaise God. So make haste up, an' run down for the absolushin, while it's a goin'; an' sure there's the next fair comin', when yer oath will be out aginst the whishkey. An' who knows what 'ud come at the bit iv a hubabaloo, that's to go, an' afore that same is over; for the Twomeys an' the O'Gallaghers are

raisin' murtherin' strong factions, an' you'l be in the middle iv it, as sure as paise is paise. Go, mavvurneen; go, an' don't be losin' the precious time."

"*Och*, Cathaleen," said Pat, turning himself round; "but it's myself that's ashamed to go there at all, at all, an' me bein' so long away from id. Wait asthore, till we sells the pig, an' thin, maybe, we'd have enough to pay the chapple dues for, by the rint; an' then who knows but Father Mulcahy would be aisy wid me. Though, by my own soul, it's myself that hav'nt much to tell his riverince, barrin' that bit of a job about Barney Dooley's game cock (which turned out afther all to be nothin' but a base born dunghill, the baste), an' the whiskey, an' that bit of a blow that broke Darby Hoolaghan's nose, when he attimpted to kiss my gossip, Moll Cassidy, at the wake; an' that, too, at the very foot of the corpse—the blessins' iv the saints upon id!"

"Arra, Paddy a leagh, get up, an' git the absolushin, 'afore you heaps more sin upon yer poor sowl; do, an' St. Patrick's blessin' attend yez."

"Fait an' conscience, Catty, I believe it's yerself that's got the rights of id; an' be the same token I'll do yer biddin' in the regard o' the absolushin. So here goes, any hows."

Well, Paddy put on his best frize coat, took his Sunday hat and stick, and away he went to the "chapple;" where, after telling his sins, and obtaining the benefit of a handful of holy water, he received absolution, and returned home to his cabin, to tell Cathaleen all that passed, "or," as he said, "all, how, an' about id."

"Well, Paddy, my jewel," said Katty, "have yez got the absolushin? an' is ye clear intirely, dear?"

"By my soukins!" said Pat, "but it's myself that have got that same from the crown o' my head to the sowl o' my foot; but whisht! an' howld yer tongue, an' I'll tell yez all the rights iv id."

"Och! do, Paddy, a vic," says Katty, "for it's myself is dyin' to hear id all."

"Well, you see," said Pat, "I wint to the chapple, an' afther biddin his riverince the top o' the mornin', I douns on my marrow-bones, an' I ups an' I tells him all about Barney Dooley's game cock, an' how I was desaved in id, in the regard of it's bein' no game cock at all;—an' about the whiskey, an' the bit iv a blow as broke Darby Hoolaghan's nose; but the nivir a word myself let out regardin' the row that's to be at the next fair, plaise St. Patrick; an' why would I, in the regard of it's not bein' there yit, an', maybe, wou'dn't at all at all. Well, as I was a sayin', whin I had no more to say, he begins to scould me, an' toult me, it was looking afther the praties myself ought to be, instid iv stalein' game cocks, an' drinkin' the whiskey, an' the likes iv id. Well, a vourneen, I toult him I wou'dn't do id no more; so, afther abit, he giv' me the absolushin, clane an' decent, to the very heart's content iv me. An' faith, the moment he giv' id me, it was myself that felt as light as a feather; an' so, I thought, I'd make bowld an' thry an' get the laste taste in life iv informashin.

An' so,' sis I, 'if yer riverince plaises,' sis I, 'what 'il we be doin' in hiven?'

"'Och!' sis he, 'we'll be singin' hems an' saams, and suppin' ambrozia.'

"Murther! but this bother'd me clane out, for the divil a bit iv me could make out what was ambrozia.

"'Sur,' sis I, not knowing what I'd say, 'If your riverince plaises, sur, what's ambrozia? for the niver a bit o' me ever tasted bite or sup iv id in all my born days—' sis I.

"'Why,' sis he, 'ambrozia——ambrozia——you know is ambrozia.'

"'Och! is it, sur?' sis I 'thank you kindly, your riverince; I understands it now intirely an' complate; (though the divil a wiser my self was all the time).

"'Ah! thin, father Muluahy,' sis I, 'if you plaise,' sis I, 'will Oliver Cromwell be in hiven?'

"'To be sure he will,' sis he, 'if he repinted iv his sins an' died in the thrue church, like a good Catholic,' sis he.

"'An', sur,' sis I, 'will Owen Rowan O'Neale be there?' *

"'There can be no manner of doubt iv that,' sis he, 'if so be that he confessed his sins, an' repinted an' got absolushin.'

"'Will, thin, Father Muluahy,' sis I, 'you take this air (ear) down aff me,' sis I, 'but there'll be a row atween Owen Rowan O'Neale an' Oliver Cromwell.'

"'What, you spalpeen,' sis he, in a tuntherin' big passion, 'what, a row afore all the saints, an' Saint Pathrick himself to the fore?'

"'By my sowl,' sis I, 'Father Muluahy, Owen Rowan O'Neale will have one poultrogne at Oliver Cromwell before Saint Pathrick himself (although he's got a good eye for a row, an' why would'nt he?) knows a single thing about it at all, at all, that he will.'

"Wid that, Father Muluahy was risin' iv the divils own heat and passhin; whin myself took to my throtthers, an' run off, afeard he'd take the absolushin aff me, an' the nixt fair so handy by, an' I to be in id, plaise the saints."

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potatoe-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"God's 'bud! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlan's berrin' goin to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no, sis Terry! I must dig this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confesshin to Father O'Higgins, who houlds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick, "sure that 'ud wait, too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went over to Father O'Higgins, where he was shewn into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen-fire, when his

* An Irish chieftain much opposed to Cromwell.

attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it, an' it wou'd be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gorsoons at home, to say nothin iv meself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying—"I won't take it—why wou'd I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," repeated he, "an' its nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? an' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!"

Well, into his great coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kil't an' ruin'd, horse an' foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary at all, at all? By gaunies! I must thry an, make the best of it, any how," sis he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Och! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never having done the like's afore, sur, niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your Riverince, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm ashamed like!"

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your Riverince, I wint one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' ingaged, I was shewed into the kitchin to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hangin' in the chimbly-corner. I looked at id, your Riverince, an' my teeth begin to wather. I don't know how id was, sur, but I suppose the Divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why then, your Riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your Riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God; but first an' foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home, rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

VISIONS.

I DREAMT that thou wert a beauteous dame,
Who liv'd in the days of yore,
And I thought that a myriad of suitors came,
And knelt thy charms before;
Then I look'd on a brilliant tournament,
And I heard the trumpet's strain,
And a number of gallant knights were bent
To strive on the martial plain:
There was a laurel crown, and the favour'd knight
Who bore that prize away
Might claim the hand of thy beauty bright,
On the eve of that joyous day;
And I thought that I was a warrior bold,
And *I won the laurel crown*—
'Twas dearer to me than a wreath of gold,
At thy feet I laid it down.

Again I dreamt—and methought that I
Was a proud young cavalier,
Who liv'd in the glance of his lov'd one's eye,
And thou wert the one most dear;
We dwelt in the sunny land of Spain,
And a thousand gallants strove
The heart of thy virgin breast to gain,
Yet thou gav'st to me thy love:
And I came to thy balcony's jutting shade,
By the light of the moon and star;
And I warbled a pensive serenade
To my lightly-struck guitar:
I bore thee away in the dreamy night,
To the holy altar's side;
And there, in thy garments of snowy white,
I made thee my blessed bride.

I breathe to thy beauty my true heart's sigh,
And thou seem'st, to my waking gaze,
As fair as thou wert to my dreaming eye
When a nymph of the olden days;
And I love thee as well as I lov'd in my dream,
When I thought thee a maiden of Spain,
And sung, by the light of the starry gleam,
To my sweet guitar the strain:
Though the dazzling pageants of vision have fled,
The star of my dreaming is here;
And though fancy's illusions around it were spread,
'Tis as fair—to my soul 'tis as dear:
If the spirit of life from my bosom should flee,
And unto yon far heaven stray;
Though bright as the heaven of my dream it should be,
'Twould avail not if thou wert away.

J. B. R.

MARIE TÊTE DE BOIS, THE SUTTLER.

"That I am not handsome may be very possible; but this I can boast, that I am the daughter, wife, mother, and widow of a trooper." She who invariably made this answer to all those who, with very little gallantry but not without reason, accused her of being not the most lovely of women, displayed during forty years more disinterested zeal in the service of France than many illustrious personages who, at the period of her death, talked loudly of their devotion.

Marie Tête de Bois was a suttler; not one of those "petite maîtresse" as they were facetiously called in the French army, who possessed a horse and cart, who regularly changed their linen, and who carried on their business, commodiously seated in their vehicle, sheltered from the wind and rain. Marie went on foot like her customers, and wore the garter and the "*soulier à poëllettes*" of the infantry soldier. She smelt strongly of brandy, of tobacco, of garlic—of every thing, in fact, that is peculiar to a regiment on its march under every change of good or bad weather. When Marie spoke, in order to be certain that the words that struck your organs of hearing emanated from the mouth of a woman, it was absolutely necessary to fix your eyes with some degree of intensity upon her tri-coloured petticoat, the only insignia of her sex; for, without this precaution, you might have supposed they proceeded from a moustacioed dragoon. Marie's face strongly resembled one of those wooden blocks that are still to be seen in the shops of village barbers; the nose of which had been knocked off and the mouth widened. Hence her *nom de guerre* of Marie Tête de Bois. Her ideas of cleanliness were peculiar. One morning at the bivouac, a soldier remarked to her by chance, at the moment she was pouring out a dram, that the only small glass she used in her trade bore visible traces of the negligence of the customers who had preceded him; Marie was observed to thrust her four fingers and thumb into the glass, and, by sundry rotatory movements, apeing the manner of a Parisian waiter; then holding it up to the light, "There, you rascal," said she, "there's a sparkler fit for the Emperor!"

Our heroine was born at the Hôtel des Invalids, long before the revolution. Her father, who had lost his sight in the service, was a pensioner; and we must suppose that it was owing to the blindness of her parent that she owed the knowledge of a host of things women scarcely learn before arriving at the age of maturity.

She made her first campaign with the army of the Meuse and Sambre. Growing tired, to use her own forcible expression, of giving the "bell'ful" to her old father, she took flight under the protection of a dummer, who flattered himself he had the honour of leading the French guards to the charge. Not that Marie was ungrateful; she possessed an excellent heart, and so long as her father lived, she regularly sent him her little savings. But she was kept too closely at the "hôtel;" and feeling herself born for independence, she left to her mother, a washerwoman, the care of administering to the wants

of the author of her existence. Marie was always to be found at the head of the regiment of her adoption. On the day of battle hers was always the post of danger—for the word danger was not in her vocabulary. More than twenty times she had seen renewed the *demie brigade* in which she *served;* for Marie was a good shot, and could at a pinch handle the bayonet with the best of them. With these warlike predilections, it is not surprising that she held in the most sovereign contempt those of her companions who, during the short intervals of peace that Napoleon left Europe, had so little respect for themselves as to exercise the trade of washerwomen. Marie took to herself a husband at Verona, during the campaign of 1805. This happy mortal was a grenadier and a philosopher, for he never aimed at any higher distinction in this world. Passionately fond of the merchandize in which his wife traded, he was her best customer; and the height of his ambition was to resign himself to its influence, whenever Marie would allow him. Such was the empire she exercised over this worthy man, that fierce as he was with his comrades, and brave in the presence of the Austrians, with her he was gentle as a lamb. When he married her she changed not her name; on the contrary, she gave hers to her husband, who was very seriously called "Monsieur Marie."

The result of this tender union was an interesting addition to the bivouac at Marengo. He was an honour to his parents, and in due time was made a drummer. At ten years of age he began to threaten his father with his drum-sticks, and reimbursed, in good style, his mother for the blows she so liberally bestowed upon her husband when he was drunk. At fifteen years he received a firelock of honour; and at twenty, a sub-lieutenant's commission for a brilliant exploit. From that moment he was observed to reform. When her trade was dull, he shared his pay with his mother, and always filled her keg with brandy, if she was without the means of procuring it.

One day Monsieur Marie had the singular *mal-adresse* to allow himself to be killed; this unhappy bereavement occurred at Montmirael, in 1814. Marie had long lost both her parents; but a more terrible blow was reserved for her by cruel fate.—Her son was cut in two by a cannon-ball, in the same year, under the walls of Paris. When the fatal intelligence reached her, she was dealing out brandy to the troops on the heights of Montmatre. Overwhelmed with grief, she rushed to the spot where her child had fallen, and finding his dissevered remains, she took them upon her shoulders, with the intention of carrying them for interment to the nearest church. On her way thither she was struck by a musket-ball, and remained upon the field. Fortunately she was discovered by some soldiers, who conveyed her, with her melancholy relics, to the nearest "ambulance." She recovered; and from that period Marie, who was not proud, used to show, with exultation, the place that bore the scar of the wound she had received.

France was restored, and Marie ruined by the peace—deprived of every resource—she was at last obliged to overcome her aversion to the trade of washerwoman; but in order not to entirely lose her old customers, she took up her quarters near one of the barracks of the

capital. The emperor returned from Elba. Marie, overjoyed at the event, sold her irons, slung her keg across her shoulder, and set out on foot for Lille, where she found a general of the Old Guard who knew her. She received a suttler's licence, and was attached to the guard, who received her in a manner worthy of herself. Mary had recovered all the freshness of youth—she was triumphant—and carried with pride her little tri-coloured keg. Fortune had, however, resolved to betray her.

It was never her custom to remain in the rear with the baggage. At Fleurus, therefore, in the thickest of the melée, she was knocked down and trampled under foot by a squadron of English dragoons returning from an unsuccessful charge; notwithstanding the hurts she received, she was, nevertheless, present on the morning of the 18th on the fatal field of Waterloo.

From the very commencement of the affair, she appeared to have a presentiment of a defeat, and even communicated her fears in a low tone of voice to those around her. In the afternoon, foreseeing that she should not much longer have to deal out her brandy to her comrades, she resolved to look upon the emperor once again, and having gratified her wish, she returned where the fire was hottest. About half-past seven in the evening, Marie was in the centre of one of the squares of the Guard, distributing her drams gratis, and her consolations to the wounded, who were too numerous to be carried off the field. At eight o'clock, when the fatal cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" was heard, a bullet struck her in the side, and passed through her keg and her body: she fell, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Five minutes afterwards, as she was crawling towards a wounded grenadier, on whose body she sought to pillow her head, a spent ball struck her in the face, and horribly disfigured her. Still her spirit was unsubdued, and wiping the blood from her mouth, she cried, "*Vive la France!*" A wounded grenadier, the same on whom she intended to lay her head, recognized her voice, and raising himself up with difficulty, asked how it was with her? Poor Marie answered, with a forced smile, "I am the daughter, wife, mother, and widow of a trooper;" —and she expired!

TO THE WOODBINE.

How gracefully around yon trellised bower
The spiral Woodbine twines its slender stem,
Blushing with many a bright and starry gem,
Shedding the sweetness of its fragrant flower!
Around and round its pliant tendrils twine,
Like a fond infant, longing to be prest
More closely to its mother's teeming breast,
With pure affection's sympathy divine.
How modestly to each soft breeze it quivers,
Basking its dewy eyelids in the sun,
Bathing its pearly lashings 'neath the moon,
Until the winter comes, and then it withers!
Affection thus, around the heart most cherished,
Twines till the loved or loving one hath perished.

CASTLE COPPET AND MADAME DE STAEL.

COPPET—MADAME DE STAEL—M. DE ROCCA—CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE OF THEIR MARRIAGE—MAD. DE BOMBELLES, THE ORIGINAL OF CORINNA—LORD LIVERPOOL—EDWARD GIBBON.

Geneva, June, 1833.

I HAVE certainly been disappointed in the Château. Eynard's magnificent mansion at Geneva is not worse placed than the vast and otherwise imposing edifice, once inhabited by the celebrated author of Corinna. Not more than a hundred feet from the shores of the Leman, it is deprived of all view of the lake, by the small dirty and disagreeable town of Coppet intervening. Even the view of the glorious mountains, on the opposite coast of Savoy, by the generous self-denial of the founder has been wholly reserved for the enjoyment of the domestics in the upper stories; while the best prospect afforded the principal rooms is the distant nook wherein the unromantic town of Geneva strives to conceal itself from too liberal observation.

Yet Coppet, with its more material enjoyments, was not ill-suited to Madame de Staël, who possessed no unfavourable opinion of the tangible, edible comforts of life; and who set no inferior value on a well-served board than on the ruder magnificence of the Mer-de-Glace (Mother Glass, as Kitchener characteristically translated it), or the tranquil retreats of woody Val-Ombrosa."

It is now many long years since that, undistinguished by political notoriety; as yet unhonoured by his memorable duel with General Donnadieu, where the lame combatants fought in arm-chairs; unnoticed by the rejection of L'Academie Française; and long ere he was immortalized "by the sorrow of the Chamber of Deputies, on his decease being inscribed on its minutes," Benjamin Constant, then known only as one of the "small deer" of literature, but afterwards acknowledged as the "*Encyclopédie Ambulante,*" aspired to build a better reputation on the broader basis of Madame de Staël's fame, supported, as it was, by the memory of her father. In so far as marital rights went, his fervent solicitations were rejected. Madame de Staël's ardent attachment to liberty, not being wholly given to mankind, was largely reserved for her own private use, until De Rocca (unwon himself) "came, saw, and conquered."

The circumstances attending their union were somewhat singular. She first met him in the year 1808, at a ball given by M. Hottinguer, at Geneva. He was then a captain in the French service; she in the earlier enjoyment of the brilliant success which attended her "Corinna." With an extravagant sense of her proper merits (considerable as they confessedly were); imperious of character, and dictatorial in discourse, she exacted and obtained, from the frankness or policy of others, unbounded attention, admiration, and applause in her own land: and nervously jealous of producing a sensation wherever she appeared, she required that at her dictum every head should bow, like the simultaneous abasement of white wigs, at the termination of a judgment in Banco. On the occasion

referred to, however, one apparently but of moderate pretensions to rank, wealth, or influence, either from taste, affectation, or indifference, gave no sign of the impression she made upon the rest of the society. This was of itself sufficiently a substantive crime in her sight, unaided, as it was, by the adjective offence of his declaring, loud enough for her to hear (although unintentionally perhaps), '*Elle est bien laide!*' The good-humoured smile of O'Gorman Mahon, when bowed out of the house by Mr. Speaker; the calm courtesy of a division of Irish Whiteboys, could alone compete with the expressive philosophy of the fair one's features, as she inquired the name of the rebellious auditor, and swore, by the memory of her sire's budget, to be avenged. Napoleon, however, who, unwittingly on his part it must be owned, influenced her flight into England, by the route of Germany, Russia, Sweden, and sea-sickness, was, happily or unhappily for her, just then rather more potent than revenge, strong as it is in woman in general, and gigantic in Madame in particular; for the next day, by imperial order, Captain De Rocca was on his way to Spain, to aid the cause of Joseph and usurpation. The Spaniards, however, expressed their opinions on the subject with so much warmth and tenacity, that the troops with whom he marched were exposed to dreadful loss and extreme suffering for a lengthened period, particularly in the Ronda: the description of which has been graphically as neatly given by De Rocca, in the statement he published; and wherein singular justice is rendered to the merits of the British army—singular, as coming from an officer in the French service; but far more singular, from that officer being a Swiss. Years elapsed, and "*tempus edax rerum*" had also made a partial meal of the ire of Madame de Staël, without entirely consuming it, when accident again threw her in the way of the unsusceptible soldier; but he was sadly changed. Repeated wounds, severe fatigue, and hard privation had brought sorrow and care upon him; her better feelings were awakened; and pity jostled vengeance from its already tottering throne. She proposed to him to become her amanuensis; and, more gifted by talent than by fortune and her niggard sister French half-pay, he was placed upon the establishment of "the most considerable woman of her age"—as Mike Kelly, of musical and vinous memory, loved to describe the portly Billington. Years were with her—the green leaf of her laurel were fast turning yellow—friends were not then what they once were; and the society of De Rocca became daily more necessary to her happiness; and she offered him her hand, which, it has been said, he accepted less from love than gratitude. Be it as it may, the intellectual qualities of Madame de Staël soon superseded the consideration of more fading charms; and, having given birth to a son, her death was a bereavement he had not strength to endure. In the calm retirement of private life, where the allurements to display were wanting, and ambition and rivalry unrequired, all her happier qualities unaffectedly shone forth; giving happiness to his home, and comfort to his life; and when she died, the world became a blank in his sight, and even his affection for his child could not prevent his sinking under the privation.

The old De Rocca was one of the most eccentric characters in Geneva, and subject to singular fits of abstraction. On the decease of his wife (the mother of Madame de Staël's husband), his friends contrived to keep alive in him a sense of his duties on the day of interment; and, with wonderful decorum, he managed to get as far as the burial-ground, without the gates of the city. On the return of the procession, the old gentleman abruptly turned into the fields; and wholly forgetful of the proper observances, entered the city by a different gate to that by which the mourners had returned, where he was met by a friend, who, with a look of sorrow, and in a tone of sympathy, inquired after his health. "Much better, I thank you, than I was this morning," he replied; "the agreeable walk I have taken has quite refreshed me. There is nothing, certainly, like country air for exhilirating the spirits." In the evening of the same day, examining the cards of invitation on his mantle-piece, in a semi-lucid interval, he found one for a soirée, to which he unhesitatingly proceeded.—"The party is put off, sir," was the announcement of the servant, in reply to his knock.—"On what account, pray?"—"By reason of the death of Madame De Rocca, my mistress's dearest friend."—"Madame De Rocca! my wife? ha! Very true—very true. Make my compliments to your mistress, and say how excessively grieved I am that—the party has been deferred."

It is somewhat remarkable that, in her portraiture of the accomplished Roman improvisatrice, Madame de Staël drew limitedly, if at all, on her imagination; but found her model in real life. She referred to the friend and companion of her early years (Mademoiselle Braun, a Danish lady), who fully justified, in her person, the beauty and accomplishments ascribed to Corinna. At the early age of thirteen she was already celebrated for her knowledge of various modern languages, in all of which her poetical productions received, as they merited, the very highest praise. Her personal charms were of the very first order; and her intellectual qualities rare and distinguished. Her form was exquisitely graceful; and in the higher walk of dramatic art, her representations were given with truth of expression and depth of feeling, only commensurate to the elegance of action, propriety of gesture, and rich yet delicate tone of voice by which they were accompanied. Her improvisations received the utmost applause, even from the jealous Romans; and Canova, who transferred the poetry he loved to marble, used to listen with rapture to the Scandinavian songstress; and disdained not to confess that the beauty of his productions were enhanced by the study of her unrivalled grace of form and attitude. She accompanied Madame de Staël to Rome, and there it was (as I believe) she met with the Count Ludwig de Bombelles, but recently ambassador from the court of Austria to that of Tuscany, to whom she became united. Of Madame de Staël's hero little can be said; but she probably erred less from ignorance than advisedly in her delineation of the British noble, in compliance with the enthusiastic predilection of the French (to whom Buonaparte gave example) for the monotonous melancholy of Young's Night Thoughts, and the maudlin sublimity of Ossian. Of the latter she herself could have had no

very contemptible opinion, as, with an extraordinary degree of critical acumen and of rare instruction, she observed to an astonished literary character of our land, "that the gloom of his poetical countryman, Milton, was undoubtedly due to his frequent perusal of Ossian." The mighty bard, had he been present, might have reasonably adopted the expedient she relates in her "Allemagne," of the German who, in despair of inspiriting himself by other means, threw himself out of a two pair of stairs window—*pour se faire vif*—a Swiss stricture on Teutonic dulness. Madame de Staël was, however, a brilliant exception to Helvetic stolidity of spirit; and often, as I have heard, successfully handled the foils with the wittiest diplomatist and most diplomatic wit of his age. It is true that, not content with the admiration accorded to her genius, she depended on her personal attractions for a softer impression on those she sought to win, although they were scarcely adapted to the effect she desired to produce. It was at the felicitous epoch of the ambassador's nuptials that she hazarded the question "Whether, if they both fell into the water, he would save her or Madame T——?"—"Why, Madam, you are, probably, the better swimmer of the two!" was the adroit reply that, if unsatisfactory to the lady's self-love, had somewhat of charity for its apology. The unsusceptibility of the minister's soul, in refusing to accede to the protocols and conferences of the god of love, but led the deity to aim his shafts at a higher mark; and, it is said, that she strove to influence the destinies of France and the happiness of Josephine, by uniting sentiment to talent in her endeavour to sway the feelings of the First Consul of the Republic. The dictatorial tone of her conversation, her unqualified temerity in discourse, her utter distaste of all feminine grace of manner, and the want of personal charms to redeem those faults, operated on Buonaparte as they did on Lord Byron, and proved more than an antidote to admiration. It must have been amusing to behold the impatient peer, in the recess of the window, looking on the blue waters of the lake, and listening to one more blue. Her tenacity of purpose, in assuring herself the attention of Buonaparte by evil report, when good had failed her, at length tended to irritate him; and "the signs of the times" were not unobserved by those by whom he was surrounded, and friends fell from her. "It is said that rats will timely abandon a falling house," was her observation; "if it be true, my disgrace is certain as Monsieur de T—— has bid me *adieu sans retour!*" Disappointed in the first objects of her ambition, and having but excited distaste where she purposed to offend, she called fancy to her aid, and invented proposed persecutions, which existed but in her imagination; and relying rather upon the presumed importance of her writings than on their real effect or imperial consideration of them, she resolved to abandon Switzerland, and seek safety in England. If even the affectation of fear in woman can amuse, there would be much of the ridiculous in the gratuitous menaces, the hypothetical treasons, and unreal dangers which attended her flight; but she was somewhat recompensed by the increase of interest they conferred on her character; and, armed with a due quantum of eulogy on Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, Habeas

Corpus, and Trial by Jury, she gained our shores in safety. At first Dominie Sampson's exclamation would have well described it; but she was too profuse of exhibition, and, ere long, "the venerable father of the English bar," as my Lord Vaux described him, for whose white locks and unearthly phraseology she had taken an affection, absolutely locked himself in, to avoid her everlasting palarver. She, however, awakened the curiosity of his late Majesty (then Prince Regent) to see and hear her; and she was somewhat recompensed for the neglect of the wholesale manufacturer of constitutions, by being invited to meet his Royal Highness at Fife House, then the residence of the late Earl of Liverpool. Cognizant that law, physic, and divinity—"Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses" could furnish for discussion, she entered upon an elaborate dissertation on the constitution and then existing merits of the House of Lords; when, abruptly interrupting her analysis, she demanded "By the way, my Lord, what has become of Lord Hawkesbury, whose speeches were my aversion, as the most stupid ever, perhaps, uttered in the Chamber of Peers?" The simple and dignified confession made by the Earl, of "I am the man!" interrupted the lady's lecture for nearly one third of a second. "The first gentleman in Great Britain," if politely, intelligibly expressed his disappointment; and the mention of it, by a good-natured friend, little tended to an increase of serenity in the Lioness.

A younger son of Madame de Staël entered the Swedish service, and a treatise, in reprehension of the practice of duelling, which she wrote, was understood to have been intended for his use; but he had unfortunately previously decided on the subject, as the news of his death, in a private rencontre, reached his mother, at the moment of giving her work to the world. A third son was drowned in the Leman; and the young De Rocca survives, the inheritor, as it is said, of much of his mother's wit and talent.

The story goes, that the portly and voluminous Gibbon was an admirer of Madame de Staël's mother. He so ardently and imprudently pressed his suit to Mademoiselle Curchod (afterwards Madame Necker), that he rashly operated a genuflexion, which would have left him an eternity in which to declare his passion, had not his considerate mistress summoned the servants to elevate her learned and unwieldy lover from his unhappy "Decline and Fall." I met, the other day, at Lausanne, a Madame Du Bri, who informed me (and I think I can rely on her representation), that she well remembers Gibbon, and had often beheld him, on the occasion of his visits to his friend, M. de Sevry, of Lausanne. An accident he had met with, in slipping on the pavement, had produced much personal deformity, of which he was so sensible, that, when the sedan-chair, which bore the bulk of instruction, arrived at M. de Sevry's door, the historian declined to quit it, until due notice was given to the females of the mansion to avoid his presence, on his way to the library of his friend. Madame du Bri asserts positively, that the strictest attention to the duties of religion were enforced in his house by the order of Gibbon; which is strange, as the epoch she refers to is apparently that of the completion of that work which is so much

at variance with its precepts. He once asserted, at Brookes's, in the presence of Fox—it was in the year 1779, I think—that there was no salvation for Great Britain but in the gentle remedy of cutting off the heads of six of the then ministry, and having them laid on the table of the House of Commons! Whatever were the cause, six weeks subsequently he accepted office, and assured himself a pension from the same ministry!

Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, De Staël—all have celebrated the beauties of the Leman. Well! take the Vaudois cotter, even of this our day; regard the tone and temper of his career; and view the "fair humanities" of his humble home: the picture is neither rare nor distant. Then turn to the palace of the philosopher of Ferney; and "the malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness" of its once possessor; the heart-corroding jealousies, the torturing susceptibility, and domestic degradation of Rousseau; the veering opinions of Gibbon, and his habitual discontent; the ever-unsatisfied vanity of Madame de Staël, demanding, in vain, the unqualified admiration of a world, more frequently tempted to smile than to applaud. Cast up the account of good and ill on either side, and say where lies the balance of life's better and more enduring enjoyments?

THE PAST IS POETRY.

The Past is Poetry!—the rudest sound
That ever broke on Echo's sleepless ear
Will fade to far-off harmony, before
It altogether die. The ambient air,
That near us undulates all unperceived,
When far away assumes the hue of heaven,
And to a dome of azure marble grows,
Looking as it could never know decay.
The Past is Poetry!—the deeds, the days,
The feelings, thoughts, and phantasies of Eld,
Sown thickly o'er the memory, spring up
As odorous flowers to frame a wreath of song;—
Yea more! for some there be of nature blest,
Whose rich balsamic virtue ministers,
Nor vainly, "ministers to minds diseased."
Hence the remembrance of an action kind,
Done in our boyhood, like the prayer of morn,
Sustains and soothes us through Life's weary day!
And therefore did the ancient Poet feign
Mnemosyne the mother of each Muse.

THE SKY-LARK!

Whither away, companion of the sun,
So high this laughing morn? are those soft clouds
Of floating silver, which appear to shun
Day's golden eye, thy home? or why 'mid shrouds
Of loosen'd light, dost thou pour forth thy song?
Descend, sun-loving bird! nor try thy strength thus long.

Ambitious songster! soaring merrily,
Thy wings keep time to thy rich music's flow,
Rolling along the clouds celestially,
And echoing o'er the hill's oak-waving brow;
Across the flood, whose face reflects the sky,
And thee, a warbling speck deep-mirror'd from on high.

And thou has't vanish'd singing from my sight—
So must this earth be lost to eyes of thine;
Around thee is illimitable light—
Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine
Bright as above; thine is a glorious way,
Pavilion'd all around with golden-spreading day!

The broad unbounded sky is all thine own,
The silver-sheeted heavens thy free domain;
No land-mark there—no hand to bring thee down,
Sole monarch of the blue etherial plain;
To thee is airy space far-stretching given,
Broad and unmeasured as the boundless vault of heav'n!

And thou art gone, perchance to catch the sound
Of angel voices heard far up the sky;
And wil't return harmonious to the ground,
Then with new music, taught by those on high,
Ascend again, and carol o'er the bowers
Of woodbines waving sweet, and wild bee-bended flowers.

Lov'st thou to sing alone, above the dews?
Leaving the nightingale to cheer the night,
When rides the moon, chasing the shadowy hues
From list'ning vales, far stretched in silent night;
She veils her head, while thou art with the sun,
Looking beneath on hills, and woods, where deep streams run.

Lute of the sky, farewell! 'till I again
Climb these cloud-gazing hills, thou must not come
To where I dwell, nor pour thy heav'n-caught strain
Above the curling of my smoky home;
Others may hear thee, see thee, yet not steal
That joy from thy glad song, which it is mine to feel.

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER!"

"By Heaven!" cried my father, "I have not one appointment belonging to me which I set so much store by as I do by these boots."—TRISTRAM SHANDY.

I NEVER knew but one man who was really attached to hessian boots. It was my friend S——, and his attachment amounted almost to reverence. He always wore them summer or winter. Although a martyr to the gout, his respect for hessians overcame all desire for an easy shoe, when his fit was at the highest. I have seen him writhe with pain under the infliction, and yet smile complacently at the polished calf of his favourite leather. When night came, a stranger might observe his ruffled temper, as he encountered the boot-jack and slippers; they were to him the heralds of departing bliss. He sighed as he drew them off; and woe to the person whose business it was, if the boots were not in readiness in the morning at the moment he required them! Yet he was not punctilious in his dress; he wore not hessian boots for their smartness; he cared little whether they were clean or dirty: his love had a deeper root—it sprung from gratitude.

It is extraordinary how chance or mishap may suddenly bring to light the most inestimable qualities in very common and, to all appearance, very trifling things. Hood has immortalized a wig as "a life-preserver," a property few could have guessed at. The wearer, falling into the clutches of some wild Indians in the back-woods of America, was sentenced to be scalped; and the operation was quickly performed—but the knife passing fortunately between the scull and the frizzled top-knot, the artificial scalp came off in the Mohawk grasp, thus leaving the proprietor minus only his wig.

To pass from the head to the heels, it would be difficult to conceive how a pair of hessian boots could have rendered so important a service to my friend S——; yet they did. They were a life-preserver to him, and he treasured them accordingly—but let him tell his own tale.

"I dare say," said he to me one day, after an affectionate glance downwards, "I dare say you wonder at my fondness for hessian boots, but I am bound to them from respect to myself and family. But for these bits of leather, sir, I should not be standing before you at this moment: they saved my life, sir. Thirty years ago (it was the winter of 18—), I was riding a little cross-grained chesnut cob over my own farm, when the beast making a sudden start, I was thrown off my guard and off the horse at the same moment. Well! instead of standing still (the horse I mean), as he should have done, he scampered away, as fast as his legs could carry him, across a forty-acre field; and what is worse, sir, my right foot hanging in the stirrup, he dragged me along with him. Luckily for me, there had been a heavy fall of snow, which doubtless saved me many broken bones; but, what was a hundred times more fortunate, I was wearing hessian boots, sir. Well—when we had got to the opposite hedge,

what with rolling and tumbling over and over, I had become a perfect snow-ball; and, luckily for me again, there was a ditch, which as I slid in, my foot slid out—out of my boot I mean; and away went the cob, boot and all. Well—there I laid a senseless lump of snow; and, God knows, but for one circumstance, I might have laid there till the thaw came. It so happened that my eldest boy was out, wandering about with a gun shooting rooks and crows, and such like, and passing near the spot where I laid, he up with his gun at what he thought was a crow on the edge of the bank. Now, what do you think it was, sir? it was nothing more nor less than my left hessian boot, the only visible part about me; rather a critical moment, you'll say, if I could have known the rights of it; but, luckily for me, I was insensible. If I had moved my foot the least in the world, he'd ha' shot me as sure as a gun; but the boot was quiet; so he was doubtful of wasting a charge of powder and shot, and crept up towards it, holding his gun ready all the while. Well!—in course he knew his father's boot, when he come close, and wondered how it come there. Well! he tugged and pulled but all to no purpose—there it stuck; he little knew at the moment that his father's leg was inside. However, by this time, assistance was at hand; my horse it appeared had excited some surprise at home, where he had found his way, with my boot hanging at the stirrup; so one and all set out in search of their master; but my belief is they'd never have found me, if my hessian boot had not shewn itself above the snow. Well, sir! I was carried home and thawed inside and out, and luckily for me, very little damage done. Now, sir, I conceive my life was saved, in the first place, by my right boot coming off; and, secondly, by the left boot keeping on: and I'll only appeal to you as a man of feeling, whether, after such a warning as this, it does not become me to wear hessian boots for the rest of my life!"

T. W.

PROSE AND POETRY.—No. I.

THE FOREIGN MINSTREL.

I AM a great street-walker: I have spent days, nay weeks, in doing nothing but strolling about the streets, and, when the humour seizes me, become a perfect vagabond in my courses. Nevertheless I abominate all common thoroughfares and general haunts; the press and throng, whether of commerce or of fashion, are alike odious in my view; and Piccadilly and Cheapside are to me forbidden ground. On the contrary, I love to wander in some unfrequented district—along the narrow dull lanes of the City, for instance, on a calm Sabbath; or to thread my way through the maze of granaries and bonding houses at Rotherhithe, and as I slowly wind between those huge receptacles of mercantile wealth and greatness, rising tier above tier, and darkening the face of heaven to the spot of earth they cover, I delight to muse upon the many ventures and the various arts by which the smallest enjoyments of society are provided, and, while every thing is still and solitary around me, to think upon the many thousand eyes, tongues, and hands, that are sure to animate the

lonely scene, when active trade shall resume her labours in the morning. Turning the corners of those ancient lanes, an organ-peal booming from the aisles of some time-honoured parish church, and the thin small voices of the charity children singing the Evening Hymn to the Creator, will every now and then break upon the ear with singular solemnity, and whisper to the worldly that solitude is the purest helpmate to religion.

But it is at night that I most like to be a pedestrian: when the full moon is riding in the clear sky, and that giant ant-hill, London, is hushed and at rest, I love to wander towards the country, along some one of those open roads which form the avenues of the metropolis in every direction. A candle in a parlour-window, or in a bedroom, sets me a dreaming of all manner of sweet and gentle scenes—family happiness, love, wisdom, and a quiet prosperity,—all the blessings in short which are attainable in this full land, and all the felicity we would wish to those we cherish. How often have I lingered with these idle fancies until the moon has waned, and I have fled, as though from an enemy, when surprised by the first garish streak of daybreak!

I was enjoying one of these, my favourite rambles, about the middle of last June, and stood at the foot of Highgate Hill, at midnight, looking over the dark fields, and watching the masses of dun foliage as they waved to and fro in the moonlight, when the sound of a guitar, touched gently but sweetly, aroused my attention. A light, from an open window in the roadside behind me, indicated the shrine of the divinity whose honours were being celebrated. I crept nearer to obtain a view of the minstrel; but his music suddenly ceased. I turned to the window; the light had been extinguished, and the muslin-robe, that had a moment before been flitting before it, was no longer visible. But the sash remained open; and, retouching his instrument with a bolder hand, the serenader began his strain anew. I soon discovered him: he was standing under a noble chesnut-tree; the moon was streaming full on his pale anxious face, which was thickly hung with large black curling hair, that shone as if it could shame satin in its brightness. That face was an animate picture; you read the outlines of the history of a life beautifully expressed in its features. You saw there, as in a mirror, the love and bravery that youth was verging towards—the ardour and enterprise that would ennoble his career—and that burning susceptibility so powerful to urge all whom it animates foremost in the ranks of ecstasy or despair.

At first he sung an Italian Notturno; but, soon changing the key, he struck a wild prelude, invoked the name of Annabel two or three times, and then gave forth a Spanish romance, so sweetly and so distinctly, that every word and tone fell softly on the ear with the most exquisite taste and fidelity. Here is a translation:—

ANNABEL.

Have you seen the lightning,
Fire-fed, arrowed, wild,
O'er a bulwark brightening,
Rend the ruin'd mass?

Heaven above it darkens,
Earth is darker still,
And the spirit hearkens
For the fall of death!

Mark! again it flashes
Desolation o'er,
Where the torrent dashes,
Livid with its fears—
How the menace scareth,
Quivering with speed,
While the life it spareth
Half from life is shocked!

It has all the beauty
Eyes may love to see,
Wreaking direst duty
Heart can bleed to know:—
It's the voice of terror,
'Tis the crest of light,
Warning in red error
Ocean, earth, and air!

So she sprung and daunted—
Lovely, phrenzied, wild—
Annabel the vaunted,
Seville's fairest birth!
She was this hour fleeting,
Pale in tears, a girl;
But the hours fell greeting,
Kindled womanhood!

On she moved, fire's brightness
Beaming from her eye,
In her step wind's lightness,
Transport on her brow—
Mad! though reckless memory,
To life's pleasures false,
Kept the curse of sanity
Trusty to her wrongs!

Priest and prelate crowded,
Beaded monk and nun;
Aught religion shrouded
With her name and care,
Troops in armour prancing,
And the court's estate,
Paused in wonder, glancing
On that maid's despair!

For they led her lover,
Linked with outcast slaves,
Judged a faithless rover
From his father's creed;
She had sought to save him—
Sought with him to die;
And the doom they gave him
Thus her passion fired:—

"Hallowed by your calling,
Hellish in your deeds,
Sworn to help man's falling,
By yon blood foresworn!

Spotless I could prove him,
Dur'st ye pause to hear
One who ne'er could love him
But that he *is* pure!

"Lo! again I glory
To do all he dared;
Make your triumph gory
With one victim more.
No! then cede a blessing,
'Twill become your fame;
Grant us one caressing
Ere we part for Heaven!"

They looked on her coldly,
But no answer gave,
Bright as she and boldly
Met the frown of death:
Till an aged father
Onward moved his cross,
And no few did gather
Tears from her distress.

One stood forth opposing
Her impassioned way;
Heartless prayer who prosing
Unblest crosses signed;
But th' indignant maiden
Seized a ready steel,
And the caitiff laid in
Death beneath her feet!

Then ecstatic darting
To her idol's arms;
Then the dread of parting—
Chiding, while she wept:
One wild look she hurried
Up from them to Heaven,
And the dagger buried
Glowing in his breast!

Fain would they have tore her
From that bond of death;
Up the pile who bore her
Twined around his corse:
But the wild flames darted
On their patient prey,
Tho' meek life had parted
From her when *he* died.

Hark! what means yon sounding,
Like th' uprising sea,
Loud and louder bounding,
Till it roars in wrath?
There live yet whom sadness
And love's wrongs can rouse,
And they rush in madness
On that stubborn train.

Then cold hearts that heeded
Never pity's cry,
Writhed unhelped, while speeded
Their last pang on earth;—

Then the quick steel mangled,
Fire and water slew,
And the dying strangled
What the living left!

Wreck upon the ocean,
Ruin on the land,
Solemn earthquake's motion
Lightning's winged fire;
Storm along the mountain,
Deluge down the vale,
Stream and lake and fountain
Deadly bound in snow;—

These start fears and anguish
Breathing life repels,
Waste the brain to languish,
Rack it to despair;
But they cannot mutter
Horrors, nor endure
Fixed, eternal, utter
As the woes of love!

Transport of the spirit,
Unction of the heart,
Life's devoutest merit,
Genius of the soul!—
Love! essential beauty,
Marvel of the spheres!
Happy, what can boot ye?
What redeem forlorn?—

But the pomp is over,
And the fire is fed,
None may find the lover,
None his noble love,
Those their ashes! Never
Leave them to the winds,
Demons would not sever
What are join'd so well!

Bear them 'neath the willow
She once fondly reared,
Where the gentle billow
Moans reluctant by;
There at sunset wiling
Oft they sat and loved;
There the sun still smiling
Warms their pitied grave.

The music ceased, and the day broke. As I stood, half wrapt in the romance, the young minstrel hurried by me, enveloped in a wide flowing ample cloak; while a fair hand, just withdrawn from the lattice, showed that his strain had been welcome to the ears it was meant for. G. L. S.

LETTER FROM RIO DE JANEIRO.

SUPERSTITIOUS RITES OF CATHOLICISM.

On Sunday evening, the 1st of October, I embraced the opportunity of witnessing a religious procession, called "The Procession of the Host." To me it was a great novelty; and as Superstition seems here to have taken up her peculiar abode, I cannot help giving some account of what appeared so strange a mockery of all good sense, and, if I may so speak, such downright prostration of the human understanding.

At twilight a considerable body of military assembled in the grand square before the palace, forming a large area, into which a host of priests planted themselves, bearing lanterns fixed on long staves. Before them went a band of what may be termed rocket-men, whose office, though they wore no peculiar uniform, was not of little importance, as will presently be seen. The more sanctified of the group, a gang of friars and priests, took their places in the centre, some leading by the hand young girls, dressed and decorated like so many cherubs (and no doubt on the high-road to heaven), with immense gauze wings and a splendid dress, bespangled all over with gold and glittering tinsel; but they were seemingly greatly encumbered by the weight of their heavenly armour—for which reason it was, as I afterwards learned, that they were led by the hand in the procession. In attendance was a band of music which pealed many a solemn anthem. Next followed the sanctified images of the church, consisting of figures of the different saints, in full stature, to about thirty in number, all lighted up and decorated with all that is showy and imposing, in false splendour and gaudy magnificence. Among others was peculiarly conspicuous that of the Virgin; around her head was a most beautiful halo, which shone forth with a radiated and dazzling lustre, and certainly produced rather a pleasing effect. The figure itself was gorgeously bedecked with jewels and other ornaments. Finally was the Host (the Saviour sacramentized), represented under the usual symbols of bread and wine; the latter in a small silver jug, and both symbols borne together on a tray of the same material, in the hands of one of the chief dignitaries of the church in full canonicals. Before the said dignitary was carried, at the same time, a silver censer, ever and anon perfuming his path-way with its essence; the whole placed under a canopy of the richest silk, purely milk-white, and suspended from the tops of four silver staves, supported by four lusty brethren of the church. Saving and excepting the titter that might arise by a view of its staunch supporters, this was in itself a becoming and appropriate portion of the spectacle, at which no Christian would seek to point the finger of ridicule, if such sacred symbols were doomed to walk our streets in vulgar promenade.

After a copious discharge of sky-rockets, the procession began to move, preserving much of the same order it had taken in the square, and preceded by the rocket-men, who kept up a continued discharge. The procession followed the course of all the principal streets of the

city, which were illuminated in the most splendid and elegant manner, and returned at length to the grand square. Its advance was was marked by the rocket-men, who always took the lead, and, by continual showers of fire-works, not only cleared the way, but also prepared the populace to receive the Host with all due reverence and respect. Besides their use in processions, sky-rockets are indispensable here in all religious concerns, and are copiously discharged from the different places of worship, both in the mornings and in the evenings, at matins and at vespers.

The balconies were embellished with much taste and elegance, covered with rich scarlet drapery, having golden fringes and tassels, and lined, at the same time, with people in the first style of fashion, whence the ladies strewed rose-leaves and perfumes of all kinds as the procession passed along. The images of the tutelar and favourite saints also, which are distributed in niches in different parts of the streets, appeared to-night in the freshest lustre, illuminated with many a taper bright and large.

Through the kind attentions of a friend I had got a situation at a window, where I remained for some time a silent spectator of the whole pageant as it passed by. By the force of curiosity I at length rushed into the street, and mixed with the adoring throng; it must be confessed, at some hazard, as not being disposed to imitate their genuflexions, nor well able to repeat their *aves* with the usual accompaniment of gesticulatory acts of devotion with which many a passing saint or image was greeted. These images, although confined to a somewhat narrower space at the muster in the grand square, were now placed at respectable distances from each other, and were borne, for the most part, on the shoulders of blacks, prolonging the beatific train to a full mile in length. The interstices were filled up with priests, the various orders of friars, and the angel-girls already mentioned, together with other church-going characters. On the approach of the Host, which was preceded by trumpet-blowers, all went on their knees; but similar devotion was paid to certain other images, particularly the fixtures in the streets already noticed.

While this imposing spectacle was exhibiting to the eyes of the enraptured multitude without, some certain members of the church were not asleep within doors;—I mean those who were left to perform annats, or annual masses, and pick up cash, as it were, even in the sanctuaries of heaven. These masses went on in many places, where many poor sinners were, no doubt, washed, cleansed, and purged to their heart's content; for whoever entered were, as a matter of course, obliged to launch out; and purgation always follows the touch of the *plata* with our Lady of Rome.

Upon the whole, after what I have seen, I cannot help concluding but in the fullest admiration of the fertility of the Romish Church in keeping up appearances. And, certainly, we need no longer wonder, that to a mind brought up in the *faith*, and taught to contemplate such a scene as not merely a picture of a heavenly host, but as possessing much of the reality of one, should be carried so far beyond what is due to earthly things, in its acts of devotion; nor do I wonder that the world should have been so long shackled and enslaved by this superstition. This profusion of glare and show, let alone the arts of

priestcraft, is of itself enough to lead captive the primative and infant mind of man. This once accomplished, it is the opening eyes of the multitude that alone can give signal to the adventurous hand which dares cast the first stone. So much are we the children of fancy and delusion, and so much does the captivated imagination enthral the more solid powers of the understanding! Martin Luther's own interested views first prompted his revolt from the Romish Church; and it is well known that the schism which followed was brought about at a time when the dignity of that great mistress began to wane, and when her authority was no longer acknowledged but with a certain degree of scrutiny and of question. It was not the work of Martin Luther alone, but that of ages.

I have been given to understand, by several long residents in Rio, that on these occasions of festivity (for with all their ceremonies and religious observances, they are nothing else than times of riot, indulgences, and excesses of all kinds), bigotry does not only go so far as to sacrifice such heretics as may fall within its power, but then it is that private piques, revenge, and jealousies are satiated with the blood of whoever may be the object of all or any one of these passions. The church, it would appear, at such seasons, affords an asylum easy of access to the authors or instigators of the most murderous deeds. It is here common for negroes to be hired and entrusted with the execution of those execrable assassinations which are generally perpetrated in the dark, or in the most sly and cowardly manner, by stabbing from behind, or from amongst a crowd, where it is impossible to trace the hand which strikes the blow. The crowd, it is even said, has been known to possess an atrocious sympathy of feeling with these wretched bravoes, and, as votaries, or rather victims, of a common superstition, will open up and allow the murderer to escape; and, when he has mingled with the bye-standers, or made good his retreat, again coalesces, and assumes a position which effectually screens the delinquent from those who may have been aroused by some touches of humanity, and showed a disposition to secure him. I confess this appeared to me an overstrained statement; and however abject and lowly man may be sunk by a degrading superstition, I cannot believe that such cold-blooded and deliberate villany can be common, and can extend itself simultaneously to a whole body of men. The case of an obdurate and scoffing heretic, I grant, may more than once have thus operated to excite and concentrate into one focus of frantic fanaticism all that is diabolical in the passions of a thousand hearts. At all events, that murderers are abroad on such occasions is beyond doubt; whether generally aided and abetted by the multitude, is another question. Even on the night here spoken of, it was generally reported the following day that murderous attempts had been made, and, I believe, more than one murder committed. But how many actually did take place, must be left to conjecture, in a country where such a state of thinge is allowed to exist; where such enormities are pardoned or bought off by the priests; where even *those deeds of darkest dye* seldom fall under the lash of justice, and not unfrequently remain altogether hid from public notice."

A SKETCH OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

Printing took its rise about the middle of the fifteenth century, and in the course of a few years reached that height of improvement which is scarcely surpassed even in the present times. The invention was at first rude and simple, consisting of whole pages carved on blocks of wood, and only impressed on one side of the leaf; the next step was the formation of moveable types in wood, and they were afterwards cut in metal, and finally rendered more durable, regular, and elegant, by being cast or founded. The consequence of this happy and simple discovery, was a rapid series of improvements in every art and science, and a general diffusion of knowledge among all orders of society. Hitherto the tedious, uncertain, and expensive mode of multiplying books by the hand of the copyist, had principally confined the treasures of learning to monasteries, or to persons of rank and fortune. Yet, even with all the advantages of wealth, libraries were extremely scarce and scanty, and principally consisted of books of devotion, and superstitious legends, or the sophistical disquisitions of the schoolmen. An acquaintance with the Latin classics was a rare qualification, and the Greek language was almost unknown in Europe; but the art of printing had scarcely become general, before it gave a new impulse to genius, and a new spirit to inquiry.

The history of the origin of printing is involved in considerable mystery. Much labour and learning have been spent, in order to ascertain with certainty to whom we are indebted for the discovery; but after all the research, it still remains in obscurity, and at this extended period of time, it appears somewhat unnecessary to enter into a controversy with the inhabitants of either Haarlem or Mentz, as to their individual claim to the merit of that discovery. It is allowed that, under Faust and Guttemberg, the process was nearly carried to perfection; for, about the year 1450, they printed an edition of the Bible with metal types. According to circumstances, this edition of the Bible was far from being a profitable speculation, as a dissolution of partnership took place in 1455, after Faust obtained a verdict in a law-court for the money which he had advanced to Gutteмberg. After the separation of Faust and Guttemberg, Schoeffer (a workman of Faust's) privately cut matrices for the whole of the alphabet, which, when he exhibited them to his master, Faust was so much delighted with, that he gave Schoeffer his daughter in marriage. In comparatively a few years after the deaths of Faust, Guttemberg, and Schoeffer, the art may be said to have began to retrograde.

The invention of printing in Germany, between the years 1430 and 1440, had facilitated the multiplication of books; and though the workmen at Haarlem, Strasburg, and Mentz were sworn to secresy, and watched with jealous care, scarcely twenty years elapsed from the establishment of Faust's presses, when every country in Europe could boast of at least one printing-house. On the sacking of Mentz by the Archbishop Adolphus, in the year 1462, the printers were all dispersed, and the different workmen employed by Faust were scat-

tered over the world; so that France, Italy, Spain, and even Constantinople, were supplied with presses. The first printing-press in Spain was set up in Valencia, and the earliest book printed appears to have been a Latin Dictionary, dated February, 1475; a Sallust appeared the same year. Burgos was among the earliest cities in Castile, and Zarragoza in Arragon, to enjoy the new benefit, and Seville was not long behind them. Most of the works printed in Germany and Italy were either religious or classical, and those chiefly in learned languages; but from the very first introduction of printing in Spain, it was employed on works in the vernacular tongue. One of the earliest Castilian prose books printed was the letters of Fernan Gomez de Ciudad Real, who was forty-four years physician to John II. Spain also partook at this period of the general introduction of Greek literature into the West.

The first printer is generally allowed to be Guttemberg, who opened the art to Faust; and the earliest important specimen by metal types, is Guttemberg's and Faust's Bible of 637 leaves, printed between the years 1450 and 1455. Rude specimens of wooden blocks appeared in Holland as soon as 1440, and at Mentz, from the same materials, before 1540; but this is accounted a different art, and was probably borrowed from the Chinese. According to Astle, the very early prints from wooden blocks, without the least shadowing or crossing of strokes, was probably contrived by the illuminators of manuscripts and makers of playing cards. These, inelegantly daubed over with colours, which they termed illuminations, were sold at a very cheap rate to persons who could not afford to purchase valuable missals. From 1462, printing spread rapidly over Europe. Italy first printed in Greek characters, and the earliest specimen is in Lactantius, which appeared in the year 1465. Hebrew was printed as early as 1477; Arabic and Chaldaic appeared in 1616; Samaritan, Syriac, Coptic, &c., in 1636. The first book which Caxton printed in England was the Game at Chess, in 1474. The first letters used by him were of the sort called Secretary, and of this he had two founts. Afterwards his letters were more like the modern Gothic characters of the fifteenth century. Of these he had three founts of great primer. Besides these, he had two founts of English or pica, one of double pica, and one of long primer, or, at least, agreeing with the kinds which are now called by these names. Wynkyn de Worde is said to have first brought into England the use of round Roman letters. William Jaques, in 1503, made a fount of English letters, equal, if not exceeding in beauty, any which our founders produce in the present day. The favourite characters of these times were large types, and particularly great primer. The English press had no works in the Greek or Oriental languages till the sixteenth century; the various ligatures and abbreviations used by the early printers rendered more types necessary than at present.

After the establishment of the Reformation, books no longer became the exclusive property of the rich, and of consequence it was unnecessary to spend either a life or a fortune to obtain learning and knowledge. It may easily be imagined that the monks and scribes, and other interested persons, endeavoured to check the increase of

printed books. When the Bible was first printed in the vulgar tongue, the clergy declaimed from the pulpit that there was a new language discovered, called Greek; and the scribes took uncommon pains with their manuscripts to excel in point of neatness. Many futile attempts were also made by men in power to destroy this inestimable blessing: Cardinal Wolsey said, "unless we knock down the press, it will knock us down;" Cardinal Richielieu was convinced, that if the public had knowledge given to them, they would be as dangerous as a beast with a hundred eyes; "therefore," he said, "the people must be blinded, if you would have them tame and patient drudges; in short, you must treat them like pack-horses, not excepting the bells about their necks, which, by their perpetual jingling, may be of use to drown their cares." Wealth and power, however, were not sufficient to suppress the multiplication of books; every effort that was made for their suppression only increased the desire of possession; consequently, every person who attempted to destroy those books, undertook the task of no less than the destruction of the hydra. "The punishment of wits," says Milton, "enhances their authority: and a forbidden writing is a certain spark of truth, that flies up in the faces of those who seek to tread it out." In spite of all the sophisms which were industriously circulated, truth of course gained the ascendancy, and knowledge, virtue, and the arts began to flourish. The liberty of the press became the palladium of the world,—England was acknowledged to be "the mansion-house of liberty."

The type which Caxton used was a mixture of Secretary and Gothic. It is uncertain who first used the Roman letter in England; but it is admitted that Pynson was possessed of several sizes of type. Towards the latter part of the sixteenth century, John Day, an eminent printer and bookseller, introduced the Saxon character, and cast a new set of Italian characters, which cost him forty marks; from which time till early in the eighteenth century, the art of printing continued in a very low state. At this period, William Caslon commenced business as a letter-founder, and made considerable improvement in the shape of type, particularly in his Gothic letter, which for symmetry stands unrivalled; this celebrated founder caused the English to be exporters instead of importers of that article. The names of the most reputed type founders are as follow:—

London.... Austin, Figgins, Caslon, Thorowgood.
Edinburgh.. Miller.
Glasgow ... Wilson.
Sheffield ... Blake and Garnett, the great Wm. Caslon's legitimate successors.

With the exception of the establishment of several new foundries, and the gradual improvement in the general appearance of type, nothing worthy of notice occurred till the year 1800, when the late Lord Stanhope (with the assistance of Mr. Walker, an eminent machinist) invented an iron printing-press, which considerably in-

creased the means of producing fine impressions, as well as reduced the labour of the workmen; the first of these inventions was tried at Mr. Bulmer's office, Cleveland-row, St. James's. Lord Stanhope did not avail himself of a patent, consequently, he gave great advantage to the constructors of presses on a similar principle. In 1804, his lordship (in conjunction with Mr. Wilson, a printer) revived the stereotype process, and expended a considerable sum in the speculation, under the impression that stereotyped works could be sold at a reduced price; his lordship's expectations were far from being realized, as, in a few years, Mr. Wilson overstocked himself, and ultimately abandoned his profession. It is quite uncertain who first invented the process of stereotype; but we find, that early in the eighteenth century, an eminent goldsmith of London expended a large sum of money in useless experiment; and, in 1725, the whole of his plates were melted down at the Chiswell-street foundry: indeed, we strongly imagine, that stereotype has not been so generally successful as was at first anticipated by its revivers in 1804.

But the most astonishing of all modern improvements in the typographical art, was the cylindrical machine for printing the "Times" newspaper. This machine was made in obscurity, under the superintendance of Mr. Konig, a Saxon; and after numerous attempts had rendered success nearly hopeless, as well as a considerable sum expended in its construction, the fact was announced in November, 1814, that upwards of 2,000 copies of "the leading journal of Europe" had been thrown off in one hour! At nearly the same time, Mr. T. Bensley had also a cylindrical machine constructed, at an expense, it is said, of upwards of £10,000. These machines were subsequently simplified and improved by Mr. Cowper, an Englishman, who discarded upwards of forty-three wheels, and rendered the operation still more expeditious. The great success which attended those efforts induced several engineers and others to turn their attention to the subject; so that, in a short time, a variety of steam and hand-machines and presses of all descriptions were constructed. Very few hand-machines have at all answered the ends of the purchaser; and, as to the presses, Lord Stanhope's, Clymer's Columbian, and Cope and Sherwin's Imperial Press, are the most reputed; Ruthven's press, however, is admirably adapted for decorative printing, and may be of service when space is an object. But printing in colours at one operation, by means of machinery, is probably the greatest novelty which has yet appeared. This decidedly original process (which is presumed to be a complete safeguard against forgery), is supposed to be the invention of Sir W. Congreve; at the same time, it is but justice to say (if the invention of printing be ceded to Sir W. C.) that the machinery was invented and brought to perfection by Mr. Wilks, a partner in the house of Donkin and Co., engineers, of Bermondsey. The worthy baronet ultimately obtained a patent for his novel mode of printing, and introduced the process into some of the government offices, as well as permitted Messrs. Whiting and Branston to avail themselves of his ingenuity; and it may be safely averred, that the invention has considerably increased in public favour since its first introduction into Beaufort House,

Strand, many very highly-finished specimens of the compound plate process having been issued from that establishment. It ought also to be said that Sir W. Congreve found an able assistant in Mr. Branston, as many of the inimitable productions (speaking advisedly) were certainly executed by that engraver's own hand. He is now numbered with the dead; but his whole life was spent in the improvement in the art of wood-engraving, and was acknowledged by its professors to be one of its greatest ornaments. It would certainly be considered as an act of injustice to pass over in silence the beautiful imitations of coloured drawings produced at the type press by Mr. W. Savage: the work in which they were introduced was published in 1822, and entitled "Practical Hints on Decorative Printing;" and the elaborate manner in which the imitations are executed must excite the most delightful feelings in every lover of the typographic art: Mr. Branston, also, in this work of art rendered most valuable services.

Subsequently to the erection of the printing machines for the "Times" newspaper, Mr. Bensley, and Messrs. Applegath and Cowper commenced business as printers, and constructed several machines of a very superior description; their printing surpassed every thing deemed practicable, and the general results were very satisfactory. When a separation took place between Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, Mr. Applegath still further improved the different mechanical presses which were then in use; and after he withdrew from the printing business, he from time to time made alterations in the "Times" machine, till he eventually so simplified and improved its mechanical power, that the almost incredible number of *four thousand impressions were produced in one hour!* This great object never could have been achieved had not the means been fully equal to the end proposed; it must naturally be considered that the most unceasing exertions were used by the machinist, and a fortune expended by the proprietors of the journal. When this circumstance of the increased power of the machine were made known, it was considered that printing, both for execution and facility, had reached its zenith; at least the printing profession was not at all prepared for the "striking magnificence of appearance" of the "Times" of Monday, January 19th, 1829, which "surpassed every thing that ever proceeded out of a mechanical press, or was taken off from a revolving cylinder."—"It is a double paper," says the Editor of that journal, "consisting of eight pages and forty-eight columns, and is the largest sheet of paper ever manufactured." The Editor concluded by stating, "that the 'Times' will only appear in its present form occasionally during the sitting of Parliament." But judging from the amazing alterations and improvements which have so recently taken place in that daily advocate of the rights and privileges of mankind, as well as knowing that neither exertion nor expense is ever considered when its spirited proprietors are determined to give effect to a particular object, we should not in the least be surprised if, on some occasion, the speeches of the most eloquent members were printed in gold.

But whilst the most considerable improvements were taking place in type, ink, presses, and machinery, the manufacturers of paper

made very slight efforts to improve their art. It is almost needless to say, that all the labour and expense of the type-founder (which are at all times very considerable), will be unavailing, and the best efforts of the printer rendered nugatory, if the quality of the paper be overlooked. The precise period of the first manufacture of this article is extremely unsatisfactory, neither is the first process sufficiently known to warrant us in hazarding an opinion: it appears, however, that the paper on which Caxton printed his works was prepared of "very fine and good linen rags." It is useless to inquire as to when or how printing paper was first manufactured; as it is an incontrovertible fact that the art has considerably retrograded in England. The printing paper which is now used is made of cotton rag and plaster of Paris, and bleached with various acids, in the humble hope of making it comparatively white; but paper so prepared retards the printer in the execution of his work, defies his best abilities, and ultimately injures his reputation: the bad quality of paper alone may account for so few elegantly printed works having emanated from the British press. It has long been admitted that India paper is the best for fine printing, particularly from wood engravings; that the French plate paper is the next in succession, and the English manufacture the worst of all! To endeavour to keep pace with the amazing improvements daily making by the typographical artist, as well as with the laudable attempt to raise the national manufacture to the highest degree of importance, by making the English the exporter instead of the importer of fine printing paper, British talent and capital have been actively engaged for the last few years, to improve the quality of our own fabric, and to obviate the necessity of resorting to a foreign market. The inconvenience which must always result from a nation being dependent on a foreign fabric, latterly became the more serious, in consequence of the great excellence to which wood engraving had arrived, and the very considerable preference and patronage bestowed on all illustrated works.

The first book auction in England, of which there is any record, is of a date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer. Prefixed to the catalogue there is an address, which thus commences:—"Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give most for them; but it having been practised in other countries, to the advantage of both buyers and sellers; it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way."

In the year 1274, the price of a small Bible, neatly written, was 30*l.* It is said that the building of two arches of the old London Bridge cost only 25*l.*, being 5*l.* less than a copy of the Bible many years afterwards.

For the invention of Italic letter, we are indebted to the ingenuity of Aldus Manutius, by birth a Roman, who introduced Roman shapes of a much neater cut than those before in use, and gave birth to that beautiful letter now known to most of the nations in Europe by the name of Italic; though most of the founders and printers in the North of Germany, still persist in calling this character *cursiv.*

It is hoped their still adhering to this name is not in any way connected with a newly set up claim for the honour of this invention for one of their countrymen. The claim of Manutius to this honour is so clearly made out, that it will require very strong facts to be produced, ere the illuminati of the present day will consent to strip him of laurels, worn with the consent of more than half Europe for nearly three centuries.

It has been contended by some writers, that the art of impression was well known to the ancients; in confirmation of this, they instance the stamps of iron and other metals, with which bales of goods and various articles of their manufacture were marked, throughout Italy and other parts of Europe, during the low ages; and that the art of taking impressions from engraved blocks of wood is nothing more than a principle familiarly known to the ancients from time immemorial; consequently it is not worthy the appellation of a discovery: even printing itself is considered by them as scarcely deserving the name of an invention. It appears that the ancient artists used separate letters, similar to our bookbinders' tools, for the purpose of stamping the inscriptions upon their lamps, their vases, and their bassi relievi of clay; which being first cast, were finished by the hand of the modeller.

The invention of printing has not, perhaps, multiplied books, but only the copies of them, and if we believe (says Sir Wm. Temple) there were six hundred thousand volumes in the library of Ptolemy, we shall hardly pretend to imitate it by any one in the present day, not perhaps by all put together; I mean so many originals, that have lived at any time, and thereby given testimony of their having been thought worth preserving, for books, like proverbs, received their chief value from the esteem of ages through which they have passed.

"Fine Printing" was first introduced by the ingenious Baskerville, who happily succeeded in producing a type of superior elegance, and an ink which gave additional beauty to the type. The peculiar excellence attached to Baskerville, and the consequent celebrity he obtained, gave a stimulus to the exertions, and drew forth the emulation of many of our countrymen, among whom we are too happy in being enabled to mention the illustrious names of Ballantyne, Bensley, Bulmer, Whittingham, and Davison, from whose presses have issued some magnificent specimens of typography, indeed the best that are to be found in this country or in Europe.

The daily publication of reports is one of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of these times. It is truly astonishing to think that a debate, which has commenced at five o'clock in the evening and lasted until five the next morning, shall be taken down in short-hand, written out, corrected, printed, struck off by thousands after correction for press, distributed by the newsmen, and on every breakfast-table in London before mid-day, nay, before the speakers have left their beds, and within twenty-four hours, read in Devonshire and Yorkshire.

Thus, in a brief, but impartial manner, I have traced the rise and progress of an invention, the "practice and improvement" of which

has altered the manners as well as the opinion of the whole world. Before the invention of this "divine art," mankind were absorbed in the grossest ignorance, and oppressed under the most abject despotism of tyranny. The clergy, who before this æra held the key of all the learning in Europe, were themselves ignorant, though proud, presumptuous, arrogant, and artful; their devices were soon detected through the invention of typography. Many of them, as it may naturally be imagined, were very averse to the progress of this invention, as well as the brief-men, or writers, who lived by their manuscripts for the laity. They went so far as to attribute this blessed invention to the devil; and some of them warned their hearers from using such diabolical books as were written with the blood of the victims who devoted themselves to hell, for the profit or fame of instructing others. Such was the fate of its *first rise;* but like all other useful inventions, it soon soared far above the malignant reach of "invidious objections:" the more liberal part of mankind, amongst whom it is but justice to say were some ecclesiastics, gave it every necessary encouragement; and kings and princes became, for the first time, patrons of learning. Genius, like beaten gold, spread over the world; and the early part of the nineteenth century saw a complete revolution in the human mind.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CAPTIVITY.

Chap. I.—The Capture.

The gallant vessel on whose deck I trod was ploughing her way up Channel with a south-western breeze on her quarter, and Beachey Head bearing on her larboard bow. After a long and perilous adventure, behold me again on the threshold of my home.

I had scarcely then completed by fifteenth year, but I had seen much in that brief space. At an age when many boys have hardly left their mothers' apron-string, I had encountered many a rude buffet from fortune—a cruel step-dame she is to many; and a bitter bad one has she been to me. Nevertheless I had gained something by my experience. I was hardy and robust. I could look danger in the face without flinching, and had acquired a sort of light-heartedness —*insouciance* as the French call it—only known to those that are accustomed to the rubs of life, and have but little to lose in the encounter. But as I leaned over the shattered bulwarks of our weather-beaten vessel, and gazed on the white cliffs of my native land, I thought of my father, the pride of my early youth, and my heart yearned for home—I was again a child.

"Hillo! youngster, by Jasus you're looking out as sharp as a seagull in a nor-wester," cried a rough voice behind me, accompanied by a grip on the shoulder, sharp enough to astonish any young gentleman of tender years. It was Jem Ward, an Irish sailor, and a crony of mine. "D'ye see that sneaking blackguard yonder?" said he. I turned my eyes to his direction, and saw a long, low, black lugger coming down Channel, braced close up to the wind, but making as

much way as we did, heavily laden as we were with the wind upon our quarter. She had a British ensign flying at her mast-head, and had a number of men upon her deck, but mounted no guns. She might have been a fishing-boat or a smuggler's craft; at all events, she excited no apprehension in our captain, who kept steadily on his course. I ought to mention, that the time I speak of was in 1808, the very height of the French war, and privateers were running as thick as musquitoes.

"Steady there, keep her steady! you d—d Portuguese lubber!" bawled the captain to the man at the helm.

"Steady she is, sare!" muttered the Portuguese steersman—but the fellow was evidently attending but little to his steerage. His eyes were wandering towards the lugger which was rapidly nearing us.

"What the devil is the fellow staring at?" cried the skipper; "she is but an English fishing-boat."

"I no mind eat all de fish she eber caught," said the Portuguese, with the look of one who knows well what he is saying. "Senhor Capitaine, I tell to you, if she be no privateer, I be no Portuguese." Now the Portuguese was an old man-of-war sailor, and was a tolerable professor of naval physiognomy; he could tell you directly what a strange sail was by the "cut of her jib," but our captain was on his first voyage from England; he had been accustomed to the collier service, and therefore had but little experience in these matters. The thing seemed to him to be absurd—a privateer coming down upon and in sight of his own shore.

"Privateer or devil," said Ward, "while we've six guns weneed not go out of our way for her."

"Just hold your palaver about privateers," said the master; "she's just as much a privateer as I am,—and lift a thowt in the fore-top-sail—there—belay there—steady now. There, master Portuguese, you see the craft wants nothing of us." The little vessel was indeed passing like a shot without taking any notice. She appeared full of men, as odd a looking group as ever I saw, all wearing red night-caps and large fishermen's boots. The captain took his speaking trumpet.

"Lugger a-hoy!"—No answer. "You see she's a smuggler evidently," said the captain, "but that's no concern of ours; we're no revenue cutter."

"You shall see, sare," said the Portuguese; "you tink she got noting to say."—"You shall see." "Mind your helm, and be d—d to you, or I shall have something to say to you," returned the other, though evidently a little disconcerted.

"By my sowl, and the Portugee's right!" cried Ward; "look at her." The lugger having slanted across our stern upon a tack, now bore up before the wind, and was rapidly overhauling us—sailing about ten feet for our one.

"Ah, sare," said the Portuguese, "you tink she noting to say *now?*"

"Now, captain," cried Ward, "this is past a joke; but let us run out our guns, and bring our broad-side to bear on 'em; by Jazus, if one round shot catches 'em it will blow the tieves out of the water."

To make the matter still less doubtful, a voice, not the most musical, sung out from the lugger "Hillo there, you dam Anglish tief—back your fore-topsail, and heave to." I never saw such an instantaneous change come over any man as the metamorphosis of our captain. He was a jolly-looking, portly, north countryman, and he suddenly became as pale as a ghost. Without bestowing a thought on the defence of the vessel, he disappeared through the companion hatchway as though he had been shot. *Sauve qui peut* seemed instantly the order of the day. The Portuguese left the helm, and dived into the forecastle—the mate disappeared in a twinkling—and before we could actually look round us, the deck was left to poor Ward and myself. The transformation was so sudden, that I could hardly believe my eyes. Jem looked around him at first with bewilderment, and then with indignation.

"By the powers!" he exclaimed, with an oath tacked to it that would have astonished even a privateer-man, "but that's as clane a thing as ever I seed—the cowardly varmint!—niver mind, my boy, but we have a bit a fun all to ourselves—we'll give 'em one broadside for the honour of ould Ireland." How the broadside was to be accomplished by two pair of hands I left to my friend's superior Irish management, but I run forward to the cuboose or cook-house for a lighted match, while Jem prepared a gun. The crew of the privateer saw our manœuvres, and were shouting to us to desist, but we did not comprehend a word of their lingo, although we guessed its import. Meantime our vessel, without a steersman, was yowing about at the mercy of the wind; an advancing enemy seemed to be first on one quarter and then on the other. Ward at length made his dispositions, and bang went the carronade. Wherever the shot went our enemy was untouched; for on she came foaming along, her crew yelling like a thousand devils, blaspheming and swearing vengeance. We neither understood nor cared; but another match—and bang went another gun. This was the last of our broadsides; for poor Ward, Irishman like, forgetting the swivel of the gun, had seated himself directly behind it to take a surer aim; and the consequence was that over he went, and with such force that there is no knowing where he might have stopped had he not been brought up by the bulwarks of the vessel on the other side. I was rather confounded; and a volley of musket-balls from the privateer, which was then within a length of us, added to my embarrassment;—one whistled so close to my ear, that I hardly knew whether I was shot or not. Ward was scrambling about the deck, half stunned with the shock he had received, and the shouting and firing of the privateer quite bewildered me, and I had but little time to recover myself, for the lugger was now alongside. She had thrown a grapnal into our main-chains, and hauling herself along made fast to our fore-chains, while a boarding party threw their cutlasses and pistols through our shattered bulwarks, and the next moment were on our decks. The first awakening I received was half-a-dozen heavy knocks from the flat side of a cutlass over my back and shoulders. Ward they accosted in the same manner, and after much diabolical swearing and beating, handed us over the ship's-side as prisoners into the lugger. Here they

saluted us with a rope's-end; and poor Ward, already suffering much from his bruises, they beat cruelly, exclaiming all the time, "Dam English rascal, you fight, eh?" I, as a boy, they took less notice of. The next intimation of my change of condition was from a French boy about the same size as myself, who without any ceremony thrust his hand into my pocket, and seized upon my knife.

"Knife—knife!" cried the young ragamuffin, flourishing his prize. I made some show of remonstrance, and requested him to return it; but he said with a grin,—"Oyes—oyes—you get again by-and-by."

Meantime our skulking captain and his crew were speedily dragged from their hiding-places. The captain was discovered stowed away in the steerage among some hogsheads of sugar; the mate was crouched beneath the lee of the long-boat, and the others were in various places of concealment. Our crew consisted of fifteen men and boys, and I have no doubt, had they been all like poor Jem Ward, we might have disabled the lugger by one of our round shots, for she was a mere boat; or if the captain had not lost his senses from fright we might have run the vessel in our own shore and escaped in the boats. But it was no use to repine; there we were, with our good ship the Eden, captured by the French privateer "le grand Duc de Berg."

Some idea may be formed of the value of such a capture when I say that we were laden with sugar and coffee, and that sugar was selling in France at five and six francs a pound. The French sailors in their search found some turtle, which they brought upon deck to see whether the creatures walked or flew; they fancied they were like lady-birds, with wings concealed under their shells.

We were driven down the fore-hold of the lugger, and there we found the crew of another vessel, the Mary of Dover, which she had captured that morning. Our captors behaved pretty well. They placed before us a few loaves of fresh bread, and plenty of cider, but our miserable chicken-hearted captain was quite crest-fallen; he and his mate refused to eat, but continued to lament their misfortunes with tears. His pusillanimous conduct had so disgusted me, that instead of sympathizing with him, I could not refrain from laughter. The crew of the privateer was the most curious mixture I had ever seen; it consisted of Dutchmen, Swedes, Spaniards, Portugese, Danes, Americans, and, if I mistake not, a few English and Irish, who held American protection. The few French that were on board were young fellows who knew nothing of the sea service, and who had volunteered for the chance of plunder. They all wore red night-caps and enormous boots, and were almost smothered with the weight of their wardrobe, which I found they always carried on their backs, and the extent of which I had no idea of until I saw one uncased. The lugger had overhauled another British vessel on our way to Dieppe, and had sent a boat on board, but from bad management she had upset under the stern of the vessel, and five out of the six hands perished; the sixth, by incredible exertions, regained the lugger by swimming, and was taken on board in nearly an exhausted state. They gave him some brandy, and he was then brought below, where he proceeded to take off his wet things. The grave-digger in Hamlet was nothing to it; trousers, shirts, waistcoats, and jackets,

were stripped off in rapid succession: I thought there was no end to the number. It was with no little astonishment that I witnessed this exhibition; but I soon learnt that every French privateersman adopts this custom from the extremely uncertain nature of their calling—it being understood that every seaman, if captured, retains as his own property what he has about his person. This precaution, however, is superfluous against a British enemy; the property of the vessel is all that is claimed. We arrived at Dieppe early in the morning after the day on which we were captured, and we were immediately landed on the quay, under the escort of a guard of soldiers. Our appearance, for English, was unusually mean and miserable; so much so, indeed, that a subscription was made for us among the crowd assembled to witness our debarkation. For myself, I had neither hat, cravat, nor waistcoat, so that my first appearance in France was not the most prepossessing imaginable. The serjeant of the guard took the money to distribute, which amounted to some five or six sous each, and off we were marched to our prison. I know not whether the buoyancy of youth supported me, or whether it was the elasticity of my nature, or, as the captain would have it, the hardness of my heart; but I was the least affected of any of my companions. Since the last shot we fired on board of the Eden, I had never had a single thought of danger or personal suffering. I had now before me the prospect of a long and miserable captivity, yet I felt not the least dejected; on the contrary, I made observations on all that passed around me, with as light a heart and as free a mind as I had ever possessed. I remember, when passing the market-place, wanting some apples exposed for sale, and making a sign to one of our guards to buy some for me out of my few sous, which constituted my whole earthly riches. The good-natured fellow thought he understood me, and taking two sous made a purchase; but instead of my much desired apples, put into my hand a small roll of something, about the size of a ball cartridge, wrapped in brown paper, and feeling soft as butter. I expressed my disappointment by gestures, feeling sure it was nothing but soap; but the soldier continued to say "*Bon à manger—bon à manger—avec du pain!*" which, of course, was Greek to me, till some one informed me my purchase was a sort of cheese, very much liked by the people in the north of France and French Flanders.

THE COURT OF PRAGUE.

Petit poisson deviendra grand
Pourvu que Dieu lui prête vie.

" Vous me demandez donc des renseignemens sur notre petite cour de Prague," said the lively Baron de M. to me, as we sauntered through the dark and gloomy streets of the ancient capital of Bohemia. " One word will be sufficient to put you *au fait*, viz. *entrique au Cabole;* but if you are not satisfied, read the history of your own Stuarts at St. Germain, and I shall be spared the trouble of playing the historian." We had by this time reached the suburb, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a lady, who, alighting from an elegant Russian drowski, entered a large and magnificent mansion. *Elle n'etoit plus dans la premiere jeunesse;*—but there still remained the traces of surpassing loveliness; while her coal-black eyes, raven locks, and Grecian-like regularity of features, proclaimed her a daughter of the genial south. *" Tenez!"* exclaimed my companion, " fertile as Prague is just now in the victims of the caprice of fortune, there is one of those striking examples of her *bizarrerie* that is rarely encountered in real life. If you have no objection, I will give you a sketch of her singular history, which will while away our time till we reach the hotel." The Baron, after a preparatory hem! began.

At the bottom of the Adriatic gulph, immediately opposite the Islands of La Brazza, Lesina and Curzola, remarkable for their picturesque beauty, is situated the small port of Almissa, which contains between thirty and forty houses, and some hundred inhabitants, who derive their sole subsistence from fishing and the cultivation of the vine and olive.

At the period at which our story commences, Dalmatia was occupied by the French troops; and one of the regiments of the army of occupation, which was distributed along all the vulnerable points of the coast, furnished a detachment to Almissa. This remote post, this place of exile—for it was decidedly the most wild and savage spot in Dalmatia (where, by the-bye, wild and savage spots abound)—offering no resources whatever, the detachment was relieved regularly once a month. Their duty was rather wearisome than severe, for when off guard, the officers and soldiers that composed it, knew not actually to what saint to devote themselves, and literally consumed their time in conjugating the verb *" s'ennuyer"* in all its moods and tenses. In fact, what were they to do? At fifty paces from their quarters, commenced the rocks—again, whom could they speak to? The inhabitants did not even understand the Venetian dialect, which every where else along the coast is spoken in common with the Illyrian language. And then there is no being who walks this earth less communicative than your real Dalmatian; besides, it is well known that confidence is with difficulty established between a foreign army of occupation, and the inhabitants of a country whom they come to protect.

Once a week, however, some Morlakian men, women, and chil-

dren regularly descended from their mountains with a load of wood on their shoulders (a very scarce article throughout the whole country), and which they came to dispose of, at Almissa during the time of the market—where also were disposed of a few dozen of eggs, which the Morlakian women hatched, if we may be allowed the expression, by some mysterious process. The garrison, for whom the most trifling incident was a spectacle, would mingle with the population, and with the natural vivacity of French soldiers, endeavour by signs to enter into conversation with the new comers.

Among the crowd of women who supplied the market, and who apparently sought to outvie each other in dirt and ugliness, a dashing young serjeant of the company had distinguished a maiden, who had scarcely seen eleven summers, and whose features, although partly hidden by a thick layer of dirt, were distinguished by an exquisite delicacy of outline that would have done honour to a princess; her figure was cast in nature's finest mould, and her legs naked almost to the knee, were beautifully turned; while her eyes, that had not yet acquired the savage expression which so strongly characterizes the looks of the women of her nation, were dark and lustrous: in fact, by the most fastidious connoiseur in female beauty, she would have been considered a beautiful brunette.

The serjeant was not the only one, who had remarked this mountain *belle*; she afforded a subject of conversation for the whole detachment, who used to style her the Morlakian; but her real name, at least that by which she was known by her country-people, was Mloda.* Mloda, with her diadem of tinsel, ornamented with three rows of small pieces of silver and copper money, strung on a wire thread, presented certainly a most extraordinary appearance. But unfortunately Mloda, like her companions, was absolutely ignorant of the use of oblations. To her honour, however, it must be mentioned she was unconscious of being so beautiful; and, besides her particular style of beauty that so captivated her French admirers, would not have rivetted a single look on her native mountains: her youthful charms contrasted singularly with those of her companions' unheeded charms, that were almost constantly oppressed by a pair of hideous hands crossed upon the bosom, when some little Morlakian monster, clamorous for food, did not publicly dispute with them their possession. Still Mloda was a coquette in her own way; she coveted beyond every thing every small piece of money that her beautiful eyes lighted on, but then she loved them only for the purpose of decking her head-dress after the fashion of her country. The most ardent of her admirers soon perceived the ruling passion of this young maiden's mind. On every market day, therefore, he studiously sought to translate her eggs or wood into head-gear, pierced before hand, in order no doubt that the timid and innocent Morlakian should not mistake the nature of the gift, and the pure intentions of the donor. Mloda always accepted them, but it was with the sullen gratitude of the savage, that overwhelmed her admirer with despair. Often would he on these occasions cast a look upon his presents that

* A young maiden.

decked her head, and which already exceeded several dozens, that seemed to say,—"Am I then eternally doomed to sow without the prospect of reaping—for Love, of all the gods of high Olympus, is certainly the most selfish." If the love-sick serjeant hazarded but the slightest gesture even—and every other kind of dialogue, ignorant as he was of the language of his belle was out of the question—Mloda would immediately punish his temerity with two or three well applied blows from her pretty hands, that increased in force as the number of spectators was greater. It was in vain that her besieger strove over and over again to lead her into a corner of one of those cellars where in Illyria they sell wine and pannochie.* All his amorous advances were treated with rebuffs and blows.

At last (for every thing has an end, even the cruelty of a young savage girl) Mloda relaxed a little her correctional system, and consented to partake of a bowl of rough red wine and a slice of coarse soldiers' bread, well rubbed over with garlic. A few days after this common repast, the serjeant discovered that Mloda was completely her own mistress, and possessed not even the shadow of a relation who could control her actions. He, therefore, skilfully redoubled his delicate attentions, and even sold some part of his apparel in order to procure some of the small pieces of money on which she so doated. Mloda at last proved grateful, and very soon she had no longer any thing to refuse her admirer, not even the favour so long solicited of washing her face and hands. In fact, she became the property of the happy serjeant, who placed her publicly at the head of his "*menage.*" From this moment it is that the lofty destinies of Mloda may be dated.

The serjeant one day, however, took it into his head that it was extremely ridiculous for a defender of the state like himself to divide into two portions the ration which the government issued only for one. To be brief, hunger made war on love, and as the latter was soon worsted in the struggle.

The sub-lieutenant of the company, just fresh from the benches of the military school, informed, by public report, of the astonishing progress that the Morlakian was making in the French language, conceived the very philantrophic idea of completing her education. He, therefore, proposed to her lover to confide her to his care, for the purpose of superintending her studies. The serjeant consented, on condition of receiving a handsome fowling-piece, that belonged to his superior officer: the bargain was struck, and his mistress, in consequence, passed over to the young lieutenant. Mloda, on her side, appeared delighted with the arrangement. She had become, ambitious, and was conscious that she was advancing in rank. The detachment was recalled to Moscarra, the head-quarters of the regiment.

In the meantime Mloda, whom, as we have said, the loftiest destinies awaited, had grown in grace and beauty, nay, even in talent, for she had acquired a knowledge of a host of things of which she had been previously ignorant. There is some obscurity in the affairs of our fair friend about this time; but we find her, after a short lapse

* A species of white bread without leaven.

at Ragusa, superintending the domestic affairs of a store-keeper to the forces. Mloda now assumed the costume of a lady, and with it an air of ease that astonished every one.

General Lauriston, who died some years ago at Paris, in odour of sanctity, under the roof of an opera-dancer, and who at this period commanded the French forces in Dalmatia, occupied Ragusa, where he had allowed himself to be blockaded by the Russians. He heard of the Morlakian, and expressed a wish to see her. On the termination of a visit which the storekeeper paid the General, he received a commission of inspector of stores, with an order to depart immediately for Castel Novo. Monsieur "*Rez-pain et sel*," as the inspectors were nicknamed by the French soldiery, set out, but not without having previously received a hint that the interest of the service required that Mloda should be left behind.

Mloda, transferred her *menage* to a splendid suite of apartments in the Piazza del Governo, not far from the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, where she nightly held her *soirées*, that were attended by all the officers of the garrison. This mode of life continued until General Lauriston was recalled by Napoleon, who had conceived for him one of those unfortunate predilections to which he was so subject. Mloda set out in the General's suite: at Trieste she fell ill, from the fatigue of the journey, and the General recollecting very "apropos" that he was married, left her there. She, however, soon recovered, and, by the advice of a Signor Marchese, without a Marquisate, whose acquaintance she had made at Ragusa, went to Milan, where she hired a splendid establishment. Some years were passed in the dissipation and pleasures of the highest society of the capital, during which time Mloda managed to ingratiate herself into the esteem of some of the highest members of the clergy.

One evening, while enjoying the breeze at her balcony, she remarked an officer of distinguished carriage, who was looking at her with the most particular attention. There was nothing very extraordinary in this after all; for so dazzling had her beauty become, that it constantly attracted the admiring gaze of the passers-by. The officer saluted her with an air of great politeness, but without taking his eyes off her. Mloda returned the salute, and, according to the Italian fashion, which admits of great latitude, she despatched a servant with an invitation to him to enter her hotel.

There was, soon after, in Mloda's boudoir, one of the most pathetic recognitions that can well be imagined. Mloda met again her first friend and protector, the identical serjeant who had raised her from the most abject state of misery, and who had become an officer. The very same evening Mloda, who was then styled "Signora Contessa," did the officer the honour of presenting him to the Viceroy of Italy, accompanied by an urgent request to the excellent Eugene to take care of his promotion. The Prince scrupulously obeyed her injunctions. The officer, besides, sufficiently recommended himself to his notice: he was immediately appointed to the Guard, and was promoted, in a short time, to the grade of Chef d'Escadron. In 1812 he had attained the rank of Colonel, and was killed in Russia, at the action beyond Smolensko.

Implicated, in 1813, in some great political intrigue, Mloda went the same year to Paris, where she took up her residence. At the period of the Restoration she was known in the Fauxbourg St. Germains, where she occupied a magnificent hotel, by the name of the Countess A———. She was at that time considered a lady of rank and respectability. So furious was her royalism that it served in the "*noble quartier*" as a point of comparison, to all that was most eminent in it. On more than one occasion the Emperor Alexander had interviews at her hotel with several of the most distinguished personages in France, who betrayed their country in their devotion to the monarchy. In 1815 she emigrated with legitimacy, of which she had become one of the firmest pillars, and accompanied it on its return from Ghent. At this period she was presented at Court! Her devotion was now only equalled by her attachment to the good cause. However, a misunderstanding of the most serious nature, which she had with the police, during the Decazes' administration, obliged her one more to disappear from the scene of the world. In 1823 or 1824, Mloda occupied, under a name that no more belonged to her than the one she has just laid down, apartments in the Abbaye aux Bois, where she received, every Wednesday, a select circle of friends.

At the revolution of July she proceeded to Edinburgh, from whence she accompanied the exiled family hither, from one of whom she daily receives a visit. It is said that her royalism is as furious as ever, and that she still retains her ancient predilection for certain little pieces of gold—with this difference, that she is now indifferent whether they be pierced or not, and applies them to a better purpose than that of decorating her raven tresses.

SONG.

My lady pluck'd a blooming rose
To plant upon her lily breast,
It softly closed its crimson leaves,
And fondly kiss'd its snowy nest:
The silken leaves were gently stirr'd
As her soft-heaving bosom shook,
Like the white plumage of a dove
That coos beside some breezy brook.

O! had I been that waving rose
Which on her angel bosom blush'd,
And revell'd 'mid those heaving sighs,
Whose lovely music none hath hush'd;
Lived on the pantings of her heart,
And caught her eye in tranquil rest,—
Then, like that crimson-waving rose,
I should have been for ever blest.

NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

"Love and Pride;"* "Gale Middleton."† Two of our most popular novelists have laid fresh offerings on the huge altar of public entertainment during the month. Such works come opportunely at a season of merry making and general relaxation. Theodore Hook, the author of "Love and Pride," two tales written, as the newspapers say, in the author's very best style, is, of all others, just the man for our moments of festivity, for think as you will before you take his volumes up, you are always sure to laugh before you lay them down. "Love" is the story of a young barrister, who, with four hundred a-year and the prospects of a profession, which as yet has yielded him no business, becomes enamoured of a young lady who has all that can interest and charm, added to what her mother may leave her. Her mother, she is a widow, has an old friend, a retired merchant, one of the family of great Smith's, rich as Rothschild, and as the widow imagines, about to marry herself—but really about to marry her daughter. How the poor girl is coaxed and brow-beaten into this match; how the briefless barrister pursues her; how strange mischances and laughable mishaps keep them apart, although he has the advantage of being counselled and assisted by one Twigg, a most diplomatic servant-man, who always leads his master and generally leads him so far right, as getting stowed in a Granville steamer filled with squeaking pigs, instead going on board the Cowes steamer freighted with gentle tourists, may be considered no mistake; how the girl marries Smith, and Smith dies, and the lovers—for, good souls, they love on notwithstanding the marriage—finally fall into each others arms never more to be parted, at the moment the reader imagines there is no hope for such a consummation—all this and a good deal more that is lively, out of the way and farcical, makes up the story of "Love." "Pride" has more of life and character: it is the history of a Whig Lord Snowdon, a sort of stone model of a cold, proud, selfish, ambitious peer, who has not a thought and feeling for any one but himself. The interest of the tale is admirably sustained by shewing how he plans a marriage for himself and a marriage for his son, and a marriage for his daughter, and to crown all his greatness rats from his party to get himself made Governor General of India, but after all, fails completely in every object he had so heartlessly contrived and pursued while his children are happily settled as their virtues merit and their loves incline.

These tales are in many respects equal, and in none inferior, to any the author has produced. He seems to have written them as soon as thought of, and in the hurry of composition several points are somewhat infelicitously forced for the sake of effect. But if they do not add to, they will at least maintain his reputation at the very high point it has now for years attained. And that reputation it may be

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* By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," 3 vols. Whittaker and Co.
† By the Author of "Brambletye House," 3 vols. R. Bentley.

worth our while to observe, has been won by the pure force of merit in the teeth of some odds and particular disadvantages. The son of a musical composer, who, if he has not raised the style or character of English music, has, at least, contributed many pleasing pieces to the national stock of melody. Theodore Hook first became known as an author by writing for the stage. His first productions, stamped by the same qualities which so peculiarly distinguish every thing that proceeds from his pen, were decidedly successful. In his farces and little two act comedies, there is the same easy and natural way of writing, the same store of quaint puns, together with the same exquisite perception of the weak sides of character, and those ludicrous false positions into which people are falling every day while struggling with might and main for a very different result. But it was not on the stage alone that his fame as a wit became established; in society and at convivial parties no man could often or more happily set the table in a roar. He was sought after and cherished in the best circles, made many high friends, and at last, through their interest, obtained a valuable appointment in one of our colonies. There, however, some pecuniary difficulties caused his return to England after a short absence. His condition now made it necessary that he should again be an author. A Tory in politics, he became by common report, if not the projector, at least the principal contributor to the John Bull Newspaper, a periodical which for keen wit, bold satire, and severe libels, was, when first it started, perhaps the most pointed and vehement organ by which literature in this country ever supported an unpopular administration. But the effect was more startling than serviceable. Not long after this, Mr. Hook made his maiden essay as a novel writer in the First Series of Sayings and Doings. It will be readily conceived that he had much to contend with. The greater portion of the periodical press then as now was of liberal politics, and therefore but little disposed to hail the advent of one who was generally reputed to have struck harder blows at the great popular leaders of the day than any other contemporary writer. Besides being thus obnoxious to many of the influential critics, a cloud hung over his character, in consequence of several remarks, by no means complimentary to his honour, which were made in the House of Commons, relative to the monied embarrassment which had caused his retirement from office in the Colonies. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the great merits of "Sayings and Doings" were directly appreciated, series followed series with unabated popularity, and Mr. Hook established himself as one of the best writers of Tales our country has to boast. One great charm of his stories is, that he never seems to go about seeking for incidents to pick up, or studying characters to present to us. He meets with and introduces them to us pleasantly and off hand; they are every day acquaintances but never common place. Other authors may paint elaborately and powerfully, Hook sketches only, but nothing can be truer than the copy he presents to the eye. You recognize the original at once; the performance resembles the pictures presented by the camera obscura, whereby the magic work of a moment, scenes and figures just as we saw them a minute before in nature, are exhibited before us. As to

the pleasure we feel in such works, it lies evidently not in the objects, for they are so familiar that we recognize them at a glance—it is the novelty of having them set before us with such exquisite fidelity on a sheet of paper, that delights us, and proves the genius of the artist.

Almost the only objection urged, with either force or frequency, against Hook's novels, is, that he dwells upon too often, and describes too minutely, those formal trifles and consequential nothings, which rational men would regard less as the vanities of those who are really high bred, than the affectations of others who only pretend to a rank which they are not really entitled to claim. For thus truckling apparently to the impertinent levities of fashionable life, Hook has been sneeringly called the founder of the silver fork school. But there seems to be more pertness than truth in this censure. If individuals are found amongst the great and titled, who, being allowed to set an example in good manners, become the fuglemen of forms, and would make it a mark of distinction that we shall never eat our fish but with a silver fork, and drink sherry to cheese, for no better reason than that our grandfathers drank port with it, the author who undertakes to give an account of the society of the upper ranks, must particularize these creatures and their actions, silly and effeminate though they be. But because the picture of these ceremonious vanities is accurately modelled from the life, shall we swear that the author is necessarily of one and the same mind, in such matters, with the coxcombs he exhibits to us, and perversely prove the excellence of the artist by establishing the want of judgment in the critic? We have many novels which profess to describe high life, and not a few of them are written by lords and fashionable people, but were we called upon to recommend those works which record in the truest light, with the greatest ability, and generally with a very just moral, the faults and follies, the vices and sins of the peerage, aristocracy, and monied interest of England, we should unhesitatingly lay our hands upon the tales of Theodore Hook.

A better founded objection to Hook's novels is, that the groundwork of his story is often so improbable as to be almost unnatural. This happens most frequently in his longer works; and the discrepancy strikes us the more harshly, as his characters are almost invariably such genuine transcripts from the busy world. In Maxwell, for instance, the whole machinery of three volumes depends upon the all but impossible circumstance of a man hung at Newgate for murder, being brought to life again by the surgeon to whom his body was sent for dissection! But at the very time this was published as an event to be depended on, it was notorious to the least instructed reader of Maxwell, that the bodies of criminals sentenced to be anatomized, were always sent to public hospitals, and that the dissection being as much a part of the sentence as the hanging, the sheriff was bound to see it executed, and therefore attended while certain incisions were cut in the chest of the subject. The shipwreck which causes so many changes in the fortunes of the hero of the Parson's Daughter, is of the same extravagant character. When it is notoriously so easy to make a lord, it is a pity a writer so ingenious,

should be obliged to travel out of the common course of things to unmake one.

But if there is a hardness of invention in some of Hook's plots, and a straining after effect in many of his incidents, the fault is liberally set off. His characters, one and all, are the flesh and blood of real life; he walks along the street, or enters a drawing-room, and picks his men and women as they stand out in society. He sees them, hears them speak; and they stand committed to his memory *intus et incute*. Woodfall, the great reporter, used to take his seat in the gallery of the House of Commons, listen to the speeches, go home, drink his grog, get to bed, and next morning put down on paper a more faithful report of all that was said, than the other "gentlemen of the press," who took notes all the while. Some faculty of the same singular kind must belong to Hook. He meets the sort of person he can turn to account, and reads him inside and out in ten minutes. He says, "how do ye do?" and by the time the poor devil has answered "pretty well, I thank ye," Hook has entered his soul and possessed his whole nature. He smiles, dines, and drinks wine with his victim as if nothing had happened, and nothing was meant; smokes his cigar, nods asleep, and next day the "marked man" is in print. In short, Hook is a phenomenon vampire, who seizes men's natures by a species of spiritual imagination, and leaves them nothing the poorer for the abstraction.

"Gale Middleton" is by Horace Smith, an author who in one respect has been one of the most fortunate literary men of his time. His early and lighter productions gained him a reputation which his latter works have not added to, and yet these continue to "go off well," as they say in the Row, in a great measure upon the strength of the favour which the former conciliated. He first became known in letters by the 'Rejected Addresses,' and afterwards by a series of Papers, part poetry and part prose, in Colburn's opposition Magazine, when that Periodical was in its younger and happier days. These Magazine Papers were meant to illustrate and preserve the elegancies and peculiarities of that egregious race of citizens who delight in such euphonious cognomens as Hobbs, Dobbs, Snobbs, &c., and, like the Rejected Addresses, were considered the joint production of Horace, and his brother James, an Attorney-at-Law, and, his profession apart, certainly a right agreeable gentleman. Into the peculiar merit of these effusions it were now irrelevant to enter: they brought money and reputation; and upon the strength of the latter, Horace Smith became a writer of novels upon his sole and separate account. But his labours, and they are not few, in this more independent character, have not been so highly thought of by the critical world. As a man, we believe that he has many virtues; there are strong indications of great goodness of nature and rectitude of mind in his works; but as an author, we apprehend that the judgment is correct which has pronounced him to he generally uninteresting when original, and a copyist when most entertaining. Of the two cases, the latter occurs the oftener, and he is therefore the cherished of the Circulating Libraries, where the literary appetite is generally too voracious to be nice, and where a name, once obtained, endures, perhaps, longer, than in any

other civilized place. Sir Walter Scott has had many imitators, but in nothing has he been so well followed as in the close copy of "Woodstock," which Horace Smith made in "Brambletyre House." In "Gale Middleton" again, which is now before us, Theodore Hook and Bulwer are followed with much earnestness but less felicity; we miss the point of the former, and the fervor of the latter. Sir Matthew Middleton, shipowner, alderman, M. P. and baronet, is a chucky character, à la Hook, while his only son and heir, the good Gale, a radical in politics, an enthusiast in chemistry, and a saint in religion, constitutes one of those ambitious displays which it is easy to imagine that the author of the "Disowned" might have conceived, and made a great deal more of. The capital fault of "Gale Middleton" as a hero, is, that instead of *acting himself,* he is throughout the volume *acted* upon: he is more a witness than an agent in the great cause of which he is announced to be the chief. Almost the only thing he really does in the three volumes which excites our interest, is to go about every now and then kissing a miniature, which he keeps concealed in his bosom, and which the simple reader naturally imagines to be the image of a fair but frail lady who had made him miserable at the University, but which turns out to be only a beautiful picture of the Holy Family, painted by Carlo Dolci—a sad deceit, no doubt, upon all true lovers of the sentimental. Gale, however, has need of pious consolation: as a radical, he is, of course, discontented with all things as they are, and as to religion, being imbued with the cold-hearted creed of the Presbyterians, he can hardly help being melancholy and morose. While doing a deed of charity in the purlieus of Westminster, he is half murdered and half buried alive. The criminals remain undetected, but their agency continues incessant, and poor Gale, after being nearly poisoned at his tea, narrowly escapes death in another midnight encounter with the supposed assassin. At last, an exceedingly goodgirl cures him of his predestinaranism, and is on the eve of becoming his wife, when the villain who has so often attempted his life, is discovered in a cousin, who is also a junior partner in his father's house. A gambler and debauchee, this wretch has also forged enormously, and his misdeeds occasion the bankruptcy of Middleton and Co. But, Gale's never-changing goodness does not desert him:—by mortgaging a small property he possessed, he buys off the banker, who holds his guilty cousin under arrest as a felon, for one of many forged bills of exchange, sends the fellow comfortably abroad with money, while his own broken-down father is going through the Gazette; marries, and then becomes President of a Temperance Society! This complete marring of the catastrophe at the very moment when justice had a true bill to present for a well crammed finale of the dark and dismal will no doubt injure the work at the Circulating Libraries, but the balance of horrors being on the whole decidedly in the author's favour, Mr. Bentley, in all probability, will not have to grumble at the sale.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND; COMPREHENDING A VARIETY OF STATISTICAL AND OTHER INFORMATION LIKELY TO BE INTERESTING TO THE EMIGRANT. MELVILLE, HOBART TOWN; AND SMITH AND ELDER. 1833.

THE volume before us presents the singular phenomenon of a work printed and published in Van Dieman's Land, certainly a subject of some novelty. As emigrants, it may perhaps be of little service to us, not entertaining at present any very serious ideas of transporting ourselves either to Van Dieman's Land or elsewhere; but, as general readers, it can furnish us with very excellent and important information touching the natural history, laws, revenue, trade, state of religion and literature, and colonial regulations of that great and flourishing colony of the British crown of which it treats so ably, and with such apparent sincerity and candour.

The advice to emigrants contained in this book is well worthy the attention of all those who purpose (sad, sad constraint!) to leave their native home in search of employment and the means of life.

It must be borne in mind that the writer is on the spot, and addressing himself to his fellow-countrymen from the very shore to which they are directing their melancholy hopes and prospects.

"1. Beware of what acquaintances are formed. It sometimes happens that emigrants are thrown, upon arrival, among classes who have formed a jaundiced opinion of every thing around them—of the colony, of its administration, its resources, its general state or condition; and whose chief delight now is in gaining proselytes to their own notions. Whatever information these communicate, will be tinged by the state of their own minds; and as a general rule, therefore, every thing that so reaches the ear of the emigrant should be received with extreme caution. Equally to be guarded against are another class, or those who always view things in their brightest colours; for a young colony presents of itself a peculiar field for the man of enterprise and speculation, and if these be nourished by too much encouragement from persons whose acquaintance with the place lends a sanction to their opinions, magnificent schemes are sometimes formed without duly considering the impediments that lie in the way, and which, instead of ever being completed, bring ruin upon the projector.

"2. Beware of becoming a politician or of belonging to party. An emigrant should leave all things of this sort in the country to which he has bid adieu. He cannot afford to have his mind or his time divided between what his new avocations demand of him and such pursuits as these. Delightful as they may be also, they are perfectly out of place in a young colony, the governing principle of whose inhabitants should be the moral conveyed in the bundle of sticks. Let an emigrant once take a greater interest in cobbling the affairs of government than in cultivating his land, and it requires little of the spirit of prescience to foretel what will be his fate.

"4. Never forget you are in a country where, for a few years at least, prudence requires that the veil of oblivion should be drawn over many of the comforts, and still more of the luxuries of life, to which, perhaps, you have been accustomed for many years. Whatever may be your circumstances, things of this sort cannot be indulged in for a time without departing from those maxims of prudence which have been already inculcated.

"4. Be extremely cautious how you are led into making purchases, or

forming bargains of any sort. Almost every one you meet will have the best horse, the best cattle, sheep, &c., the island produces, for sale; but let the second best be good enough for you; or rather remember, that there is nothing so good that something else may not be found which will equally answer the purpose; or, again, that it is better sometimes to be without a thing a week than to have it one day too soon."

THE MISCELLANY OF NATURAL HISTORY. VOL. I.—PARROTS. BY SIR THOS. DICK LANDER, BART., AND CAPT. THOS. BROWN. FRAZER AND CO., EDINBURGH; SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., LONDON, 1833

THIS is a pretty volume, so very pretty to look at, that it seems almost a sin to say any thing against it. And yet praise is out of the question. For instead of being a volume by Sir T. D. Lander and Captain Brown, it is really a volume by Wilson and Auderbon. The freest use has been made of the works of those eminent ornithologists, but without a word of apology: the liberty is neither announced on the title page, nor explained in the preface; but page after page you meet the inverted commas, which are the usual marks of an extract, and, frequently as these occur, we scarcely doubt but that much more is borrowed from the same source, to which even these poor signs of another author's property, are not affixed. If in the rage for cheap publications, and the avidity to gain money by pampering the existing appetite for popular knowledge—a knowledge which may not inaptly be described, both on the part of readers and writers, as being superficial in proportion to its popularity—authors of rank, who ought to be high-minded men, men of character, exhibit examples of wholesale piracy such as this, what may not be expected from the trading bookseller, and the pinched and half-fed scholars, who do the drudgery of authorship? With such a book as, "Vol. I.—PARROTS; OF THE MISCELLANY OF NATURAL HISTORY," before us, we are bound, for the cause of literature and literary men, a cause dear to us and more valuable to the nation than we shall stop to describe—for that cause we are bound to ask Sir Thomas Dick Lander, whether it is fair or honourable thus to get up small, cheap, and attractive volumes, which never would have been even thought of, had not the tempting opportunity existed to condense one-fourth and copy three-fourths, gratis, of their contents from large and costly works, which it almost required a life of labour and travel—a very martyrdom to science—to produce, as well as an outlay of capital which, even in these days of hoarded wealth, cannot be regarded as inconsiderable? This question we do address to Sir T. D. Lander, because on him we trust it will have some effect—we say nothing to Captain Brown, because he has been so long accustomed to this sort of literary larceny, that we suppose old habits in him have become second nature.

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S COMPANION. BY MARY ROBERTS. 18mo. WHITTAKER, AND CO., 1833.

THIS is a well-meant and, as far as science is concerned, a harmless volume, with which we should have been better pleased had its

title being more modest, more correctly indicated the nature and quality of its contents. The conchologist will hardly identify himself with the publication, for it neither gives a history of the science, nor a digest of its elements and laws; he cannot refer to it himself for knowledge, or quote from it as an authority; but he may, notwithstanding, recommend it to those, who though ignorant of the subject, yet desire to learn something more of a shell than meets the eye, and would discover whether an object so beautiful in appearance may not have other and even more striking properties to interest, and also to instruct the mind. From this it appears that the book is not a Companion for Conchologists, but for those who may wish to become acquainted with Conchology. The author has written a series of letters on different species of shells, and given a general account of various specimens, not a classified description of all. The information thus communicated, is taken from standard works; it is not ill-written, and no reader can refuse the author great praise for the laudable anxiety she evinces almost at every page, to impress upon the mind, those great and touching feelings of piety which the evidences of nature will always excite in a well-disposed bosom. Several wood-cuts of shells illustrate the volume—they are fairly executed; but should all have been coloured.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK. 12mo. BALDWIN AND CRADOCK, 1833.

A SEASONABLE volume this, the contents of which fully realize the promise of the title-page. A variety of information, which as the pet phrase now goes, is both useful and entertaining, is arranged under distinct heads, and forms a thick well ordered volume of the essence of many authors, in arts, science, literature, &c. At a period of the year when gifts, whether as the proof of affection or the reward of study, are so common, we know of few presents which could be better chosen for the object indicated, than the "YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S BOOK."

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RAMBLER, 8vo. SIMKIN AND MARSHALL.

THE author of this volume does not seem to be aware, that all labours of supererogation to be felicitous require great tact and judgment. When a man, as he has done, chooses to advertize himself in particular terms, it behoves him to name himself most accurately. True it is that no one would sell for small beer, if he were to be bought at his own price:—we all know this and settle our accounts with humanity accordingly; but when in addition to the common stock of self-sufficiency, natural to all men and so far excusable in each, we find an individual vainly clothing himself with new and extraordinary pretensions, we arraign him straight at the bar of severe criticism, and if guilty, award the *peine forte et dure*. Thus tried, the author before us we verily believe must be pronounced guilty without a recommendation to mercy. He dubs himself philosophical; but wherein lies his philosophy? his book shows not—rather the reverse. Does he fancy he is a philosopher, because after having

made the circuit of the globe in search of knowledge, and to gratify his own adventurous curiosity, he chose to walk from Dieppe to Naples via Paris, with an old soldier's knapsack strung to his shoulder, and a stick in his hand while he trudged along, and, while he rested, a pen to scribble short notes at every cabaret on the road; astonishingly humble to strangers, who may have been more ignorant than himself, but could hardly have shown less common sense; and stringing together original observations upon the guide-book for the information of us dull stay-at-homes in England. It would become us to call him philosophical out of consideration for comparisons so profound and accurate as that at page 372, where he talks of the "pleasures of his acquaintances in a more honourable position—pleasures that, like the crab-apple, are red at the cheek, but sour at the core;" —or where, at page 72, he observes that Frejus, "formerly a sea-port, though several miles from the sea, offers the singular spectacle of a town deserted by the ocean, like—like what, think good reader? — only *marine shells found on a mountain!* A town by the sea-side like a marine shell on a mountain!—that is a discovery to prove a man a philosopher! But hold, here is a letter and there is a motto to the seal.—*Viam aut inveniam aut faciam,* G B C W. Is that the determined spirit of a knapsack traveller, or the cant of a traveller? Let us judge by the contents:—

To the Editor of the "Monthly Magazine."

The author of the "Philosophical Rambler," begs leave to present a copy of his work to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, and to indicate the following subjects treated of relative to sciences:—

Source of the Malaria of Rome, pag. 196—pag. 282.
Discovery of an extensive Fossil Forest, pag. 197.
Source and Cause of the Sirocco, pag. 234.
New Theory of Volcanoes, pag. 257--pag. 265.
The Fuoco at Pietra Mala, pag. 301.
Origin of Basalt, pag. 345.

Nay, Mr. Traveller, but this is something more than being philosophical—this is good Christian charity. Thus in our ignorance instructed, we shall at last detect hidden merit and be grateful. We acknowledge a condescension so rare, saying to you in choice Catholic Italian *beneditto tu et la terra que tu fara!* What then does page 196 thus courteously "indicated" communicate?—

"Walking on the Monte Pincio one day, I perceived thin and variously composed strata of volcanic dust, developed by the partial cutting away of the hill for the path which ranges on its height; and on examining it in different places, I found it to be entirely formed of a mound of the same volcanic material. It is of a bluish colour, speckled with white spots perfectly calcined, and possesses a strong attraction of humidity. Some that I got several months ago is even now more damp than when taken from the hill, though repeatedly dried by the sun as carried about in my knapsack. This property of the soil of Rome is, in my opinion, the chief source of the malaria, so fatal in its effects here at certain seasons of the year. Its line of distribution marks the limit of its operation, and this circumstance will explain how one side of a street should be notoriously unhealthy, and the other free of any noxious influence. The most heedless observer must frequently have witnessed how speedily the roads in the neighbourhood of Rome dry after

even great torrents of rain. He mistakes much if he thinks this proceeds from evaporation; for the heat of the sun, even in the hottest summer months, could dissipate but little in so short a space of time: it is absorbed by the thirsty nature of the soil; and he may convince himself of the fact, by remarking how permanently moist this is all the year round a few inches under the surface. Heat and moisture, we all know, vivify and disengage the fomites of disease; no wonder, then, that these, acting on the débris of animal and vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, buried for ages, and daily gaining fresh accumulations, should generate pestilential effluvia, and by contaminating the atmosphere of Rome during summer, produce fevers of so fatal a type."

This one extract we think may save us the trouble of further examination, and enable us to form a judgment of our author's pretensions to philosophy and science. This source of cause of malaria is not a little perplexing, according to our Philosophical Rambler. First it is a calcined mound, which, after having been repeatedly dried by the sun in a knapsack, is more damp than when taken from the hill. Then we have the roads formed of this said "damp mound," *so very dry* after torrents of rain, that the most heedless observer must witness it; and lastly, as if to prevent all chance of our escaping from the confusion of a rambler's science, we are assured that the heat of the sun in the hottest summer could dissipate but little of this wet, were it not absorbed by the thirsty nature of the soil, the great property of which soil be it remembered is that it is naturally so damp that the sun "cannot dry it *even in a knapsack!*" After this clear and learned explanation, if the reader does not understand the "source of the malaria at Rome," we are very sorry; but to borrow a most unphilosophical phrase, there is, we suppose, no help for misfortune. After all there is one hope in which we would fairly indulge—our authormay be a philosopher although we have not had the wit to perceive it. For his sake we are anxious that this may be the case. He has printed and published this volume, we are pretty certain, at his own cost, and having thrown away so much money, the least we can do is to invoke the stars that he may have philosophy enough to bear his loss without cursing.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. James B. Bernard, Fellow of King's College, has in state of forwardness for publication, "Theory of the Constitution, compared with its Practice in Ancient and Modern Times: with an Inquiry how far the late Reform in Parliament is, or is not, consistent with the Principles of the Constitution, either in Theory or Practice."

Dr. Lindley is preparing "A Familiar or Popular Introduction to Botany," on the Model of Rousseau's celebrated Letters; illustrated by numerous Plates, which he calls "Ladies' Botany." It may be expected early in February.

Mr. Stewart, Author of the "Epistle from Abelard to Eloise," will, early in 1834, have a Volume, under the Title of "Napoleon's Dying Soliloquy."

The Military, Statistical, Moral, and Political State of Russia in 1833. By an Officer late in the Russian Army. One Volume 8vo. with Map and Plans, is in the Press.

Some Remarks on the Present Studies and Management of Eton School, by a Parent, is just ready for publication.

The Life and Labours of Adam Clarke, LL.D., to which will be added an Historical Sketch of the Controversy concerning the Sonship of Christ, particularly as connected with the Proceedings of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, is announced for publication during the present Month. It is said that it will be impartial, and that it will contain several Letters, and parts of Letters which have been suppressed.

Nearly ready, "Taxation and Financial Reform," by R. Torrens, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. One Vol. 8vo.

The Eleventh Edition of Butter's Etymological Spelling Book and Expositor, now in the Press, will be enlarged by an Appendix, including Observations on Derivation and Terminations, Greek and Latin Nouns, with their original Plurals, Latin and French Words and Phrases and Abbreviations.

In January 1834, will be published, Volume I. to be completed in Five Volumes 8vo illustrated with accurate Maps, of the "Colonies of the British Empire," dedicated, by special permission, to the King. By R. Montgomery Martin. Volume I. Possessions in Asia.—Volume II. Possessions in the West Indies.—Volume III. Possessions in North America.—Volume IV. Possessions in Africa and Australasia, &c.—Volume V. Possessions in Europe.

The "Lives of British Highwaymen and Pirates." By Charles Whitehead. A new "German Grammar and Exercises." By Professor Bernays.

The "Principles and Practice of Obstetricy, as at present taught. By James Blundell, M.D. Professor of Obstetricy at Guy's Hospital. To which are added, Notes and Illustrations. By T. Castle, F.L.S. Trinity College, Cambridge, &c. The "Study of Astrology or History of the Bones of the Human Body." Illustrated by Five Imperial Folio Plates from Albinus and Chiselden. By T. Castle, F.L.S., &c.

An Elementary Work is just published, entitled "The Anti-Spelling Book," a new system of teaching children to read without spelling, accompanied with an Introduction to Parents and Teachers.

"Victor Jacquement's," the French Naturalist, "Letters from India," are on the eve of publication, describing a Journey in the English Dominions of India and Thibet, the Kingdoms of Lahore and Cashmere, in the Years 1828-33, undertaken by order of the French Government. The work will be accompanied with a Portrait and a new Map of India." The Third Volume of Landseer's Illustrated Edition of the Romance of History is now ready. It completes Neele's Romantic Annals of England, with 21 Illustrations. The illustrations are also issued separately, at a moderate cost for the convenience of those who have purchased former editions of the work.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The last month of the year has seldom much to offer of novelty or variety in country affairs. In our last, the most important business of the season, wheat sowing, was stated as approaching a very general portion to conclusion, which, we now repeat, has with equal success, become definitive to the extent that we have no report of lands standing over for semination, to the new year. The whole seed season and the existing appearance of the wheat above ground, has been and are so rationally satisfactory, both with regard to present and future views, that had the farmers no other causes of dissatisfaction, they would indeed approach as nearly as possible to the attainment of human prosperity, since that can seldom or never happen, independent of some attendant drawbacks.

The appearance of the wheats is eminently satisfactory, since on good and highly productive soils they have a most luxuriant and healthy appearance, wearing a fine burnish of deep green, without the instances being many of the danger of their outrunning and exhausting the roots, in the well known common phrase of winter pride; and with respect to the crops on inferior impoverished or improper sorts, they generally do not disgrace their mother earth, since they exhibit a promise of full as much success as could be rationally and practically expected fromthem. As to the condition of the lands, rich or poor in their nature, we repeat, for we know not how many times, that it is (shall we say generally?) in so foul and unworkmanlike a state as to reflect foul disgrace on the agriculture of Britain. Such is our intelligence from so many parts of the country, that we can entertain no doubt that the whole is in too great a degree unfortunately implicated. But we will adduce an evidence to the fact, who from high character for ability and practical experience, must be received as altogether unexceptionable. This gentleman writes thus from Berks:—"The backward sown wheats and vetches have grown surprisingly, and should the winter not be too severe, the late sown will be better than that which was sown so early; and more especially if there should not be frost to kill the weeds; for some of the early sown wheat is so exceedingly full of charlock and poppy, and other weeds, that in the spring it will nearly choke up the wheat; and if attempted to be got out it will be a vast expense, as well as a great injury to the growing crops." In fact, it is probably not too much to assert that the damage done to a broad-cast crop by a thorough spring-weeding, is probable to equal that to be expected from the presence of the weeds. All the winter crops, equally with the wheat, exhibit a healthful and luxuriant appearance, giving the best possible proof that the last or autumnal season has agreed perfectly well with them. The old report is fully confirmed with regard to turnips, mangel-wurtzel and potatoes. These crops have generally failed. The turnips are thin on the land, light and small in size, and—that which is indeed an uncommon occurrence—the Swedes have succeeded best, both as to size and substance. The mangel is described not only as a lost crop, but as an article getting out of repute in the country; on this point then, the opinion of the London cowkeepers is at issue with that of the country feeders, since the former assert that mangel wurtzel is the best cow food, most productive of milk, and of milk that will keep longest in the dog-days, that has ever been introduced into England. The autumnal grass has proved an excellent and lasting crop, and it is said of more substance and power of nutrition than usual at this season; since, notwithstanding the showery weather we have had, the lands have been by no means inordinately sodden and impoverished. Thus the short crop of hay has been most profitably spared, the stock finding even to the present time plenty of keep abroad. When this supply shall become exhausted, an event to be daily looked for, hay, however short in quantity and valuable, must come into request, yet obviously with the need of all possible economy; as one mode of which may be recommended Mr. Laurence's old method of stacking oat straw and hay in alternate layers. The lands generally are said to be either laid up in sufficient forwardness, or fallowing at present for the operations of spring.

Of live stock, sheep and mutton have certainly not escaped that exorbitancy of price which was apprehended in the breaking out and continuance of the rot, yet prices are no doubt sufficiently high; but should we be so fortunate as to escape a return of the rot, two more lambing seasons will recruit our stock. Beef has been of moderate price, our times considered, for the Christmas markets, and much of it of real fine quality. Pork, at least the best of it, in the London markets, maintains a high figure in price, considering the vast depression of the pig markets in the country, conse-

quently on the overwhelming imports from Ireland, where they certainly, of late years, have much improved their breed, both in form and quality. They continue to write from the country of the immense bearing of apples, though it was stated early in the autumn, that half the crop was in a few days and nights blown off the trees. The great crop however remaining, affords cheerful views for cider drinkers, their favourite beverage being now on sale in the cider countries, at 4d. to 6d. per gallon, rich and most excellent in quality. It is further asserted that no season during the last fifty years, has equalled the late, for the quantity and excellence of the fruit.

The London cattle shew has passed this year with the full of its accustomed *éclat*, in regard to number and excellence of stock and the number of visitors. Its funds too, are boasted of, as in an affluent state. The noble Lord Althorp continues his patronage to this institution, although nearly all its numerous titled frequenters, in former days of agricultural prosperity, have long since deserted it. The wool trade, heretofore so much and so long depressed, since its revival has continued to prosper, and the sales of foreign wool in London have made clearances at most satisfactory prices to the sellers. Of the vast number of farms given up or the tenants ejected, and of much of the land actually left uncultivated, we are not prepared to speak at present: this must have a fearful increase. Horrible *incendiarism* yet defiles the columns of our newspapers. On this national disgrace, we never could, from the first, restrain our indignation and contempt—we have heard this transcendent and most bootless wickedness palliated, even encouraged! and we insist it took courage and increased from such immoral and contemptible encouragement. Pitiable and disgraceful negligence and cowardice have completed the catastrophe. Why slumber ye, over such a precipice, Grey, Brougham, Althorp? Ye, who have encountered and successfully, so many political perils.

The dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone, of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 8d. Mutton, 2s. 6d. to 4s. Veal, 3s. 8d. to 4s. Pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. r ade dull and declining.

Corn Exchange—Wheat, 36s. to 59s. Barley, 24s. to 32s. Oats, 16s. to 22s. Hay, 48s. to 84s. Clover ditto, 75s. to 95s. Straw, 25s. to 32s.

Coal Exchange—Coals in the Pool, 14s. to 19s. 6d. per ton, delivered to the consumer, at an additional expence of 9s. to 12s. per ton.

Game at Leadenhall Market—Grouse season over. Pheasants, 3s. each, birds 4s. 6d. a brace. Hares, Scotch, 2s. 6d. English, 4s. to 4s. 6d. each. Wild ducks, foreign, 6s. English, 6s. to 7s. the couple. Widgeons, 4s. 6d. Teal, 4s. the couple. Woodcocks, very scarce, 10s. and Snipes, 5s. the couple. Wild rabbits, 14s. to 16s. a dozen. Turkies particularly fine, full market and brisk trade, three weighing 91lbs. returned three guineas each—and one, eighteen months old, weighed 32lbs. made the same price. The Christmas markets were well supplied, and both turkies and other good poultry were sold at reasonable times' prices.

Middlesex, Dec. 23, 1833.

BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,
JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE MINISTRY AND THE PARLIAMENT.

The second session of the first Reformed Parliament is on the eve of commencing. The campaign will be begun before these sheets are in the hands of our country readers. The eyes of the nation are intently fixed on the pending conduct of their representatives. Never did a legislature meet under circumstances of greater interest. The situation of the country is critical in the extreme. Distress and discontent, to a far greater extent than a superficial observer would suppose, exist at home; while our relations with foreign powers wear a most ominous aspect. The well-being of Britain and the peace of Europe, will, in a great measure, depend on the proceedings of the approaching session.

For our own parts, we look forward to the deliberations of the legislature with fear and trembling. The past conduct of the ministry and the parliament unhappily affords too much ground for our apprehensions. The expectations of the country from a reformed government, and a reformed legislature, have been grievously disappointed. If the ministry and the parliament do nothing more in accordance with the spirit and exigencies of the country in the approaching session than they did in the past, their own dissolution will be one of the consequences least to be regretted.

Hitherto their measures have been little better than a mockery of the people's demands. The abuses in the church are numerous and flagrant. Her dignitaries, while performing no duty, wallow in wealth. The curate, on the other hand, whose labours are most arduous and incessant, is doomed to receive a pittance so miserable as to be scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. There is the crying anomaly of pluralities—that monstrous principle which recognizes the right of an individual to receive the emoluments of several livings, the duties of more than one of which it is impossible, from their respective localities, he can discharge; while the probability is, that none of them will be attended to by himself, but be all entrusted to deputies, whose qualification for the office will be estimated by the lowness of the terms on which they are willing to undertake it. The circumstances under which church preferment usually takes place are equally objectionable. Piety, learning, and a scrupulously conscientious performance of clerical duty, go for nothing. Every rich living in the church is disposed of to political or family friends. Public opinion has been long and loudly raised against these and other glaring abuses: it has demanded their immediate and radical correction. How far have the ministry and the parliament complied with that demand? As yet they have not proceeded a single step in the work of church reform in England. In Ireland they have pretended to do something of the kind; but it is only pretence. It is a gross misappropriation of language to apply the term "reform" to any thing that has yet been done to the church of Ireland. The Irish establishment, indeed, is so thoroughly a mass

of corruption that nothing but its annihilation can meet the exigency of the case.

Even the sham reform, if we must give it the name of reform, which ministers and the parliament have operated on the church of Ireland, has been forcibly wrested from them. It was from stern necessity, not from choice or from principle, that they consented to it. It was only brought forward as a set-off against their Coercion Bill. Without something of the kind they knew that a measure so unpopular as the Bill of Coercion could never be enforced in Ireland, except at the hazard of a general insurrection. How congenial the latter measure was to the minds of ministers, and how reluctant they were to interfere, even in the slightest degree, with the abominations of the church, may be inferred from the celerity with which the former passed both houses, compared with the snail-like pace at which the latter was suffered to move its slow length into a law.

Other proofs, confirmatory of the same fact, are at hand. The despotic measure lost none of its harsher features in its transit through parliament. The little there was of good in the Church Reform Bill, when first propounded, was extracted before it accomplished its passage through the lower house.

Next came the Slave Emancipation Bill. The people, from one end of the country to the other, demanded the abolition of colonial slavery. They loudly proclaimed in the ears of ministers and the parliament, that a system, alike disgraceful to the country and revolting to humanity, should no longer be tolerated in William the Fourth's dominions. To evade the question by putting it off till another session, would most certainly have been to ministers the loss of office, and to many honourable members, whenever another election should take place, the loss of their seats. Both parties saw this: for both are remarkably quick-sighted whenever their own interests are immediately concerned. Hence a bill must be brought in with the professed view of abolishing slavery. At first sight, the bill seemed passably good; but, in proportion as it became better understood, its commendable qualities disappeared. What was sufficient to awaken the country's suspicions as to its real character, was the way in which it was received by the planters. Supposing, before the development of the measure, that it would be, not only what justice, humanity, and the unanimous voice of the people of Great Britain demanded that it should, but what their own consciences—we mean such of them as had consciences—whispered that it ought, they were in an agony of terror at the forthcoming bill, and, accordingly, were one and all most exemplary in hurling their anathemas at the heads of ministers. The measure was brought forward—when, all of a sudden, their sorrow was turned into joy; their visions of ruin into bright prospects of prosperity; and, as a natural consequence, their rancorous abuse of ministers gave place to the language of friendship and fulsome adulation. They lost no time in announcing their willingness to co-operate most cordially with the Grey Administration, in carrying the provisions of the measure into effect. And well they might; for, in addition to the boon as it was called, and as in truth it might be called, of 20 000 000*l.*, which is more than the actual value of all

the human bodies in their possession, they secured for a lengthened period their interest in, and control over, the wretched creatures on their estates; while at the time the bill was brought forward, they were in the hourly dread of being, by a simultaneous insurrectionary movement among the slaves, not only deprived of them, but of their estates also. Shakspeare asks "What's in a name?" To many people there is a great deal; to some, every thing. Ask the negroes in the West Indies the question, and they will answer, "Nothing." They find to their cost that slavery is as bitter a draught under the name of "apprentices" as it was under the old and plainer appellation of "slaves." The West India bill, in one word, is a flagrant outrage on humanity, a mere mockery of the wrongs of the slaves, and a gross delusion on the people of this country. And to aggravate the misconduct of the ministry which could propose, and the parliament which could sanction, such a measure, this perpetuation of slavery under the name of "apprenticeship"—the perpetuation of a system which, in a few short months, would, from its own native rottenness, have fallen to pieces, is purchased at the expense of 20,000,000*l.*, to be wrung from the pockets of a people already pressed to the ground by a more than Atlasian load of taxation.

The modification effected in the East India Charter is, perhaps, the best of the great measures accomplished by the reformed ministry and reformed parliament. Yet it falls far short of what the circumstances of the case demanded, and the nation expected. To perpetuate, or rather renew, the charter as it then stood, was seen to be out of the question. The partial abolition of the monopoly so long enjoyed by the "four-and-twenty princes of Leadenhall Street," was felt to be a measure of indispensable necessity, unless ministers had chosen to encounter the inevitable alternative of expulsion from power. Even the Tories themselves had long entertained this conviction in its fullest force; for the Wellington government contemplated a measure of reform for India as extensive, if not more so, as that which Lord Grey's ministry has carried into effect.

The Bank Charter Bill is now universally denounced as a measure of unqualified evil to the country. The genius of Toryism, even when in its most high and palmy state, could scarcely have produced a measure more replete with the elements of national mischief. The country demanded that a monopoly, which conferred on two or three irresponsible individuals the power of contracting or extending the currency at their pleasure, and, by consequence, of influencing the credit and commerce of the empire to any extent that suited their own caprice, should be utterly and unceremoniously abolished. The country moreover asserted its right to all the advantages of a free trade in banking: how far have its wishes been acceded to? Let the fact, that the commercial destinies of the country are as much as ever in the hands of the Directors in Threadneedle-street, answer the question. The ministerial journals one and all confess that the perpetuation of the odious monopoly of the Bank was a most unjustifiable measure on the part of ministers and the parliament. No Tory administration, under the circumstances, would have dreamed of such a thing. Whether Ministers knowingly truckled to the Bank, or

were over-reached by the Directors, does not affect the merits of the question. In either case the consequences to the country are the same; in either case ministers stand convicted of unfitness for the offices they hold.

So much for the leading measures of the reform ministry, and the first session of the reformed parliament. The enumeration of their negative misdeeds—of the things they ought to have done, but have left undone—would present a catalogue of frightful extent. What has been done to avenge the wrongs of unhappy Poland, and to chastize Russian haughtiness and Russian aggression? What to prevent its meditated conquest, and consequent possession of Turkey? What has been done, even in the way of remonstrance, to promote the cause of liberty in general, in any of the despotic countries of Europe? What, of any consequence, has been done to forward the same holy cause even at home? What for the emancipation of the Jews from their civil disabilities? What for the relief of the Dissenters from their oppressive burthens? What has been done to remedy the evils of Ireland? What to relieve the commercial and manufacturing interests of England? What for the better promotion of the ends of good government? The answer to each and all of these questions is, "Literally nothing."

Not only have ministers refused to do any thing themselves in the respects above enumerated, and in many others which might be added, but they have interposed all the obstacles in their power—we regret to say with too much success—to its being done by others. The instances in point crowd upon us. Take a few:—They procured the defeat of Mr. Fergusson's motion on behalf of Poland—of Mr. Grote's, for the vote by ballot—of Mr. Tennyson's, for shortening the duration of Parliaments. Their extraordinary conduct in causing the Commons to rescind their vote, a few days after it was given, for the partial repeal of the malt tax, must be fresh in the recollection of all. Nor is the country likely soon to forget how, by Lord Althorp's promises of ministers taking the subject into their consideration, Mr. Hume and others were cajoled into a postponement of their intended motions for the abolition of the assessed taxes. Not less unprincipled was the conduct of government in the infant-slavery question. A thousand commendable deeds will not wipe out the foul stain which attaches to their character in defeating Lord Ashley's great measure of humanity after it had once passed the lower house. To the Commons' share of the inhumanity of that transaction, is superadded the reproach of inconsistency. But why wonder at any instance of inconsistency on the part of the Commons after the specimen of it exhibited in the case of the malt tax? Never did any unreformed parliament exhibit itself in so pitiable a light, as did our present representatives on that memorable occasion.

In frustrating the great objects in question, ministers and the parliament not only incur the grievous charge of defeating the ends of justice and good government, but they stand convicted of a palpable dereliction of their own principles, uniformly and unequivocally avowed, during the entire term of their previous public lives. Europe, before the Reform Bill had passed, and at the very moment of its

passing, resounded with vehement denunciations by the Whigs in office and the Whigs in parliament, not only of those who immediately inflicted on Poland her flagrant and manifold wrongs, but on those also in this country who were accessory to the infliction of those wrongs. Triennial Parliaments is well known to have been a standing toast at every Whig festival, as well as a topic in every Whig harangue to the mobocracy, ever since the faction had an existence. The propriety of repealing the assessed taxes and the malt tax, and of effecting the other objects referred to, are equally well understood to have been essential parts of Whiggery.

How ministers and the parliament attempt to justify to their own minds this glaring apostacy from their principles, we know not, nor is it material to inquire. One thing is plain—that no sophistry, however refined, will ever satisfy the people that they have not been grossly betrayed by them.

To the abandonment of principle with which ministers and the parliament are chargeable, is to be added the crime of ingratitude. Who placed Lord Grey and colleagues in power? Who secured the passing of the Reform Bill? And who put our present representatives, if so they must be called, into Parliament? The people. And for all this they are rewarded with a scornful rejection of their petitions, with a haughty refusal to forward the objects most dear to their hearts. This is ingratitude with a vengeance; but a day of reckoning will come: if the signs of the times be not delusive, it is not far distant.

So long as the ministry and their Whig supporters had an object to be gained, and which could be gained most conveniently by the people, or not at all without them, so long the people were the god of their idolatry; but the moment they fancied themselves secure in their places, they practically repudiated all connexion with the millions, and paid the most servile and ignoble court to the Tory aristocracy. Every day of Lord Grey's ministerial career has afforded a fresh illustration of this. His lordship individually, and his cabinet collectively, have submitted to acts of obsequiousness which every manly mind would spurn at, with the view of ingratiating themselves with the most influential of the Tories in both houses.

And with what success have all these efforts at conciliating the adverse party been made by the Grey administration? Why, their approaches have been met precisely in the way they deserved. Their treatment has been of the most cavalier kind. They have been laughed to scorn by the persons to whom their homage was offered; the Tories have, as if instinctively, shrunk back from their advances. They seem to think there would be pollution in the contact. There are symptoms at this moment of a disposition on the part of Ministers and their friends to throw themselves again into the arms of the people. Will the people receive them? Not they. They have been so deceived and betrayed already, that they have not now a particle of confidence to repose in them.

It is urged by the apologists of Ministers, that the reason why they have done so little, is, because of the obstacles interposed by the Tories. It is, of course, meant to be inferred, that the reason why they

have paid court to their opponents, was, with the view of disarming them in some measure, if not wholly, of their hostility. The premises are unfounded; the inference, as a matter of course, is unjustified. That the Tories have been zealous in their efforts to thwart Ministers, or rather would have been so, had Lord Grey brought forward any measure which they deemed worthy of their special hostility, is at once admitted; but this admission is very far from being tantamount to one, that such hostility would have been successful. It were a sorry commentary on the power to do good, conferred on Parliament by the Reform Bill, to find the first beneficial measures proposed, after it had passed, unavoidably frustrated by the conservative faction. But such an assumption is altogether groundless. Ministers, had they pleased, could, for all beneficial measures, have commanded large majorities in the Lower House, and if, in the Lords, such measures had been pertinaciously resisted, Lord Grey either was, or ought to have been, on his second acceptance of office, armed with the power to neutralize their opposition by an ample addition to the peerage. The simple circumstance of knowing that Earl Grey possessed such power, and that he had the energy of character to exercise it, if need were, would have spread dismay among the Tory noblemen, and taught them the prudence, if they are not to be taught the justice, of yielding to the nation's wishes. The reason, therefore, why the Ministry did not accomplish a greater amount of good last session, was not because of the obstacles interposed by the Tories, but because they themselves lacked the will. Even the little that they did do was not spontaneous; they were forced to it by the resistless current of public opinion.

As to the pretext, that the reason why Ministers evinced so great an anxiety to concilitate the Tories, was to modify their hostility, and thus be enabled to effect a greater amount of public good,—we put no faith in it. Our conviction is, that Earl Grey was so anxious to be on a friendly footing with the Conservatives, either from a greater sympathy with them than with the people, or from some other cause with which we are unacquainted, that to accomplish that object he would have compromised the past principles of his life to any extent that would not, of necessity, have caused such a burst of public indignation as would, at once, have annihilated both him and his Ministry.

It would be gathered from the tenor of these remarks, even had we not made an observation to the effect in the outset, that we have no great confidence in ministers. When we say this, however, we chiefly confine the observation to their *dispositions*. We are not without hope that they may, however reluctantly, accomplish a tolerable amount of good in the course of the approaching session. If they are only possessed of anything approximating to average shrewdness, they must see that the retention of place is altogether out of the question unless they pursue a more liberal line of policy than they have hitherto adopted; and such is their love of office, that they will rather do any thing than put their places in jeopardy. There will be no possibility of giving the go-by to any of the great questions which are now agitating the empire from one extremity to

the other, and which must come on for discussion at an early period of the session. If ministers will not settle these questions themselves, and settle them to the satisfaction of the country too, they must vacate their seats to make room for men who will.

And here we may observe that their legislation of the last session was as deficient in sound policy for themselves as it was devoid of principle. Had they only met the righteous demands of the people half way, the people would have been satisfied; but this they refused, and the consequence has been that, with the refusal, the people's demands have been raised. Had the Dissenters been last year relieved from the payment of rates to support a church of which they disapprove, and from which they derive no benefit whatever, they would have been contented; and the church might have existed for some time to come. Now, however, unless we are grievously mistaken, nothing will satisfy the country short of the overthrow of the church as an establishment. It is the same with tithes and other matters, to which we need not particularly refer. It is surprising that Earl Grey could have been blind to all this. It needed not the aids of profound philosophy to point it out; the fate of his predecessors in office, and the causes of that fate, were before him. It was the refusing to grant a little reform, when that little would have sufficed, that led to that large and universal demand for it, the resisting of which crushed the Wellington government, and in which the Tories have been since forced, however reluctantly, to acquiesce.

The rock on which ministers are in most danger of splitting, is an over-estimate of their own strength. In their late manifesto,* that strength is greatly magnified. In a counter pamphlet entitled, "A Protest against the Reform Ministry, and the Reformed Parliament, by an Opposition Member" (understood to be Mr. J. Kennedy), it is proved that the ministry, so far from being strong, possess the elements of weakness in so great a degree, that their holding together so long is rather a matter of wonder than any thing else. On most of the great questions which came before Parliament last session, their majorities were so small as to be tantamount to a defeat. On Mr. T. Attwood's motion for a committee to inquire into the distresses of the country, they had only a majority of 34, out of a house of 354. Their majority against Mr. Robinson's motion for a committee to inquire into the present system of taxation, with the view to the substitution of an equitable property tax, was only 66, out of a house numbering 376 members. Mr. Tennyson's motion for the repeal of the Septennial Act, was lost by the small majority of 49, in a house of 381. Their Slavery Bill was carried by no larger a majority than 58, though the members present numbered 370. Against Mr. Buckingham's motion for the abolition of impressment of seamen, they could muster no greater a majority than 5. In several most important instances, the ministers were left in an actual minority. Sir William Ingilby defeated them on the malt tax, by

* The pamphlet entitled "The Reform Ministry, and the Reformed Parliament."

a majority of 10. On one of the essential clauses of the Irish Coercion Bill, they were left in a minority of 36. Lord Ashley's motion for a committee on the Factory Bill, was carried against them, by a majority of 23, though the measure, owing to the trickery of Lord Althorp, aided by the servility of some hon. members, and the stupidity of others, was afterwards lost. And, to mention no more instances, they were in a minority of 9, on Mr. Ruthven's important motion for the reduction of taxation, and the abolution of sinecures. In the Lords, as already mentioned, the ministers were still weaker. There, had it so seemed good to the Tories, they were liable to be defeated at any time. Several of their leading measures, the Local Courts Jurisdiction Bill for example, were unceremoniously thrown out. That they carried any measure at all, was altogether an act of sufferance on the part of the conservatives. The latter faction, indeed, openly declared, that they permitted Lord Grey to remain in power because "the pear was not ripe for eating;" in other words, because they did not conceive the time had yet arrived for their own resumption of office. They deemed it the better course to suffer the Whigs to blunder on and betray the people a little longer, until, the measure of their folly and iniquity being complete, the nation might become so thoroughly ashamed of and disgusted with them, as to put their return to office at any future time beyond the range of possibility.

On whatever course Ministers may decide the approaching session will be a most eventful one. The great battle of liberty and justice, against oppression and injustice, not only as concerns this country, but in a great measure Europe generally, is about to be fought. The struggle may be severe, and it may be more protracted than most people apprehend; but there cannot be a doubt of the issue: the great principles of liberty and right must and will triumph, if not in the persons of the present Ministers, in those of the men who will succeed them.

It will possibly be inferred by some that we are hostile to Earl Grey's government as individuals. The inference is altogether groundless. It is to their measures, not themselves, that we are opposed. We have no wish to see them displaced: what we desire is to see them sympathize with the wishes of the people, and set themselves, forthwith and in earnest, to redress their grievances. Let them only do this—which, we repeat, they will find to be the best policy for themselves—and they shall not only have our best sympathies, but all the support it is in our power to give them.

THE GIPSY-CAMP.

One autumnal evening, while travelling through Lincolnshire, I halted at a lonely inn, which stood at least three miles from the nearest village. There was something peculiarly remarkable in its solitariness, situated on a long broken line of rugged hills, called the cliffs, and beautifully relieved by sweeping woods, extending far as the eye could measure. Below, spread a fertile valley dotted with kine and sheep, while in the distance rose a spire, as if looking upon the silent sky. At intervals, the cold boom of a passing-bell smote my ear, broken by the low tones of ring-doves, that cooed from the neighbouring woods.

There is an awful calmness in the dim-striding hours of twilight, amid the hush of darkening trees; the stealthy gliding of a fox, the rustle of an affrighted hare, or the whurring of a startled pheasant, in my mind, always adds to the loneliness of the time and scenery, as if they seemed conscious that the unwelcome foot of man had no right to intrude upon their solitude. As I wandered on in the dreary stillness of a grassy lane that abruptly separated two mighty woods, I was surprised, by seeing in the distance, the ruddy glare of an immense fire, which cast its red light upon the variegated foliage. While hesitating whether to proceed or return, the rich swell of mingled voices came floating on the air in sweetest harmony;—the stilly night, the echoing woods, and the murmuring of a brook, were all in beautiful accord, and sank deeply into my soul, like mysterious music which fancy hears alone in dreams. The song ceased, and a merry peal of laughter followed the chorus; then it died away in faint echoes among the distant hills. As I neared the cheerful fire which illuminated the dusky scenery far around, I could perceive various figures moving to and fro, or standing in dark relief before its crimson light.

Mine host had cautioned me against wandering too far, as a gang of gipsies had encamped somewhere in the neighbourhood. "If," said he, "yo get among them chaps, an happen to hev any muny on you, they'll hev it afore yo know where yo are. They're rum fellows; one dosent deny 'em ought, cos if they axe for any mander o thing, an we'll not give 'em it, it's allos wos for us i'th' end; but there's some good-ens among 'em, an when they hev muny, they spend it as free as rain. I wonder where the devil they allos pick up sich a lot o' pretty lasses; I think th' wenches must be mad to leav their humes, an gue wi' them, sleeping i' camps, in woods, and lanes, as they du."

There is a wild freedom in the unstudied motions of the gipsies, which I greatly admire; an untamed lordliness in their erect deportment, nowhere met with in the busy city. They are seen to advantage but in the solitude of grassy lanes and silent heaths. They have always an eye to the romantic, erecting their camps in situations the most beautiful; the wind-shaded glen, the hawthorn-screened hollow, or the oak-sheltered corner of a common, is to them, a welcome home.

The way in which I should first introduce myself to these wild denizens of the forest was far more difficult to me than if I had been compelled to enter into the presence of my monarch; I knew they shunned the haunts of men that they might enjoy more freedom, and would look suspiciously on an intruder like myself. I was not a stranger to their habits; for when a boy, hungry and weary with bird-nesting, I have fearlessly entered their camps, partaken of their food, played with their children, rode upon their dogs and donkeys, or buried myself beneath their tent-blankets. I was now a man, and came as an observer, yet no less resolute to mould myself to their ways, throw aside all restraint and be as happy as circumstances would allow.

"You've been very merry," said I, approaching the large stick fire and lighting a cigar. The deep and angry salutation of watch-dogs was the only answer to my remark; until a few kicks, and "lay down, Lounger, Snap, and Guider!" had had the effect of soothing stout and faithful defenders, who still continued growling, as if dissatisfied with the terms of peace.

"Yase, sir, we're not often sad," replied a lovely sun-burnt girl; "will you sit down?" I sat down beside her upon a bundle of straw; but not without receiving a searching glance from a young man, who was busily employed in carving the head of an immense stick.

"Have you got any pipes, old friend?" The man whom I addressed had knelt down several times before the fire, to light a short pipe, which appeared to contain very little tobacco.—"Yes," was the reply, "plenty, but very little *backer*." I then produced a large pouch full, and bade all partake who choose; and setting the example, by throwing my cigar into the fire and seizing a short black pipe. While we sat smoking around the cheering blaze of a crackling fire, with the deep blue midnight for a canopy, and the stars hung above for chandeliers, I shall endeavour to make my readers better acquainted with my companions, and their residence. The three tents stood in the shape of a triangle, each entrance fronting the fire. They were erected after the manner in which carrier-carts are tilted; in the centre flamed a large fire, and around, for the space of eight or ten feet, were bottles or sheaves of straw placed for seats. This was barricaded to the height of four or five feet; huge stakes were driven down for supporters, and covered with long grass and reeds, of which plenty grew in the adjacent woods; the shattered trees that grew near plainly showed from what quarter the stakes and fuel came. There was a slight curtaining which divided the outer work and a tent; this, too, was covered in with grass and weeds, and appeared to form a distinct couch from the rest. The cackle of cocks and hens often arose from some of the outer-works, and I once fancied I heard the distinct grunt of a pig; but deemed it wise to ask no questions. The faces of sun-burnt children emerged at times from their dirty blankets; but they no sooner met my glance than they were again invisible. In the centre sat a dark, tall, thin, aged woman, busily engaged in watching the progress of three skinned hedgehogs, which she was frying for supper: there seemed to be no lack of lard in her frying-pan, no doubt, fortune-telling had drawn that from some well-fed

farmer's substantial pantry. An old man, whose face was familiar to me, sat apart with folded arms, the flickering flame at intervals lighting his olive forehead, which was deeply furowed with care; I had seen him about eight years before; he had then a young woman with him, whom he called his wife; but I had heard that she had absconded with his only son. I thought once his eagle-eye penetrated my thoughts and as our eyes met, his ridgy brow contracted; but in another moment, all again was darkly calm, as yet he had not uttered one word.

Three dark-eyed young women sat together at the entrance of the largest tent. One whose hair fell on her olive shoulders, dark as the longest night, was rocking her beautiful form like a blooming flower pressed by the passing breeze. She chaunted some wild notes, nor ceased until the naked infant upon her knee closed its little bright eyes in soothing sleep; the other two sat smoking, and throwing green branches upon the fire, as others fell down in ruddy embers. Apart from these sat a blue-eyed girl, fair as the mountain-daisy; her white fingers seemed buried among her chesnut ringlets, and sorrow had settled on her interesting features; she made a sign which I could not understand; but I fancied that we had been acquainted; her face seemed to rise before me like the dim recollection of a distant dream. One man, whose athletic form would have done no discredit to Hector, lay stretched out at the entrance of the camp, playing with the dogs, who in return showed their affection by licking his face, which was not one of the cleanest; two other daring young fellows I had dispatched to the inn (which was near upon four miles distant), with a written order for ale and liquors.

"They are a long time before they bring you drink," said I, jocosely; "I hope they have not got murdered on the road."

"It is na two nor three, as could either murder or frighten Israel and Jonathan," replied the young mother, "beside, they've got Guider with 'em, and he can tear any man down."

At the mention of murder; the old man who sat in the shadow of his tent blanket, involuntarily shuddered; again our eyes met. This was too much; he arose, threw his pipe angrily in the fire, and left the camp bare-headed.

"The spirit is in Black Boswell again," whispered the old woman, as she continued mashing some potatoes in a bowl; "he often arises from his tent at midnight, when he thinks we are all asleep, and hurries down the fox-heath, where he will walk backwards and forewards before an old blasted pine. We have watched him unperceived for hours; he has never been happy since Mary ran away with his son Nash.—Heigho!" This information was received in silence by us all, saving the young mother, who shook her head and exclaimed—"All can't be right!" Much talk occurred, and speculations were hazarded on Black Boswell, till Israel and Jonathan arrived laden with victuals and drink.

"Well," I interrogated, "what did the old landlord say?"

"O! he only told us to keep sober, and said as he need'nt sit up on yo' as this drink would last us till the cock crow'd and longer."

"Where is Black Boswell?" exclaimed Israel, sharply.

"Gone to the d—— heath," was the answer.

"What, the devil, can't he never make himself comfortable? it's a sad heart as never rejoices; he must be fetch'd."

"But who'll fetch him?" interrogated the old beldame. "Not I! not I!" was echoed from every lip but mine and the blue-eyed lass's.

"How far is it to the heath?"

"About a mile," was the answer; "it opens at the end of these woods."

"Well!" said I, "if any of you dare go with me, I'll try to persuade the old man to return."

"Go with him Vinah," said the old woman, "you have less fear than any of 'em." The fair girl arose, don'd her red cloak and round straw-hat; and away we went, arm-in-arm, while Lounger ran barking before us.

We wandered on in silence, until the camp was hidden from our sight by an abrupt turning between the woods—a silence which neither of us felt inclined to break. This continued until we came opposite a fine open glade, through which the moonlight streamed like a flood of transparent silver, which was beautifully contrasted by the darkning forest-trees, retaining their unbroken gloominess.

"What a delightful country this is!" I exclaimed; "there only wants a rolling river, like the Trent through yon distant heath, to make this wild scene a romantic retreat."

"Do you know the Trent?" interrogated my fair companion, timidly.

"Not better than you do, Lavina, or as I should say, Vinah; for so it seems you choose to be called in the gipsy-camp." The moon now shone full upon her beautiful face; she blushed deeply; then stood like a tranquil statue motionless, with her large blue eyes rivetted on the grass.—I proceeded:—

"I little deemed, Lavina, when I last saw you a sweet, innocent girl, leaving the village-school, that our next meeting would be in a gipsy's-camp. It is not my business to inquire what ill-fated passion has compelled you to leave your parents and join these wanderers; but I shall be afraid to look on your dear father and mother again, lest that I should find them broken-hearted."

She withdrew her arm from mine with all the pride of injured innocence, and looking intently upon my face, while tears chased each other rapidly down her crimson cheeks, replied:

"I am still innocent; it was my parents who compelled me to this, by nearly forcing me to wed with a man whom I abhor. Had I taken up my residence in any town, I should soon have been discovered—it is only in the solitude of these woods that I can shun the only man I really hate. You ought to be the last to feel astonished at my being acquainted with gipsies; it was you who first led me to their tents, when I rambled with your Mary through the scroggs. I have been familiar with them from childhood. They would sooner perish one by one, than any harm should befal me. I whispered old Abigail who you were; but her keen eye had recognized you at the first glance. I have only been with them two days—I am far from feeling comfortable—I have slept in that small tent which is divided from the rest—the three faithful dogs have been my centinels; they are

attached to me from my constantly feeding them whenever they passed our door. I would sooner marry with a gipsy than that wretch who ever haunted me like a spirit until I found freedom by flight."

"You say, Lavina, that I alone am censurable for first making your acquaintance with these gipsies. I was then but a mere boy, ill-calculated to judge of any consequences; I feel your situation acutely. You know—you always knew—that, next to my dear Mary who is now in heaven, you are nearest my heart."

"And am I yet?" she murmured.

"Yet!" I answered, "and ever shall be if such should be your wish." She lifted her dear eyes towards heaven, and exclaiming, "Thank God! I am happy," fainted upon my bosom. Several minutes elapsed before she recovered, and ere we had walked much further, she spoke and looked like a different being. The clouds of sadness had left her beautiful face, and were replaced by smiling happiness.

We had now reached that expansive heath, over which the full moon poured her cloudless light with uninterrupted splendour. Scarce a tree arose to form a shadow; all appeared an illimitable scene of softest light, save where the ends of the woods stretched along on each hand. They alone where in shade. I now perceived Black Boswell, walking rapidly to and fro within the space of ten or fifteen yards. His long matted hair was uplifted by the night-wind, and waved about his aged head like dead grass on a ruined tower. At times his arms were uplifted, as if he addressed some invisible being in passionate language—then, again, they were folded upon his bosom, and his face turned towards the ground. Still that lonely blasted pine appeared the spot towards which all his feelings were drawn. I bade Lavina follow me into the wood, but above all things not to let the dog escape. I purposed making a short circuit that we might come out opposite the withered tree. After some difficulty arising from the close-woven underwood and armed briars, we reached the hedge-side before which Boswell was striding in all the despair of a demon.

We heard him moan deeply, as if a thousand convulsing tortures tore his bosom asunder. At intervals he muttered dark words, which sounded on our ears like indistinct thunder; at length his feelings were aroused to their highest pitch; then he exclaimed—

"'Tis past! 'tis past! The deed is done; it can never be recalled. A wife—a son—both gone!—O! my deeds are black—ah! did ye call, Mary! Nash? no, no! they will call no more. That frightful tree—those blasted arms bend over me like an accusing witness. O! what a hell of eternal torture boils within me. Would that this night were the last I had to live; I will confess my crime. I will—no! no! to be hung amid the hissing scoffs of the unfeeling multitude, I cannot, I cannot!—I would not hang my poor dog Lounger." At the mention of his name the noble dog sprang through the hedge, and in a moment was at his master's feet. This was a signal for us to retire; we made our way through the entangled boughs, and again entering the heath, approached the miserable old man. We met him

with affected glee, although our hearts felt heavy. When we solicited him to return, he answered us in words gentle and submissive as a child,—

"Yes," said he, "I'll go with you, and try to feel happy; many days have rolled over since I was."

We each took hold of an arm, and walked with him. Reflection had given him eloquence. O, how his remarks made my heart bleed. He spoke of the folly of yielding to headstrong passions, which caused us to execute in one rash moment what a whole eternity could never recal; of the direful effects of jealousy, which left nothing in its track but desolation; of the misery which ensued from those who married unequal in their ages. As he proceeded, the big tears trickled down his care-furrowed cheeks. We had by this time reached the camp; the bottle passed merrily round, and every eye seemed lighted with joy, saving the old man's: he sat apart in silent meditation. The old woman told her best tales; the gipsy girls sang their sweetest songs, while their lovers or husbands took up the chorus; the raven flew croaking above our heads; the startled owl hooted at our midnight merriment; and the echoing woods again responded the immortal ballads of Robin Hood and Chevy Chace. After the merry din had a little subsided I was requested to sing.

"Come, then," said old Abigail, "let's have one of your own melancholy songs; for I have heard say that ye have made a many on the death of your poor Mary; Heaven rest her soul!"

Vinah, too, solicited; and every ragged callant would hear any thing but no. I sat opposite the old man, on whom a fearful change had within this last hour been visible. The women whispered one to the other, and the men regarded him with superstitious fear. I felt curious to mark the effect that my singing would produce on his desponding feelings. He held a full glass in his hand, but as I proceeded let it rest upon his knee untasted. All around sat listening in death-like silence, as I thus commenced:—

Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,
In solemn silence wave;
Beneath thy shade we meet no more,
My Mary's in her grave.
Come, Death and bear me to her tomb,
Beside yon wood-crown'd hill;
Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,
Thy shadow turns me chill.

"What is the matter, Boswell?" interrogated Abigail.

The old man sat with his eyes turned towards heaven, his hands shook like the trembling water-flag. "Nothing, nothing!" he murmured; "sing on."

Shine on, ye bright sky-cradled stars,
Ye bring to mind her eyes,
And oft have shone on her pale cheek
When no moon walked the skies;
Sing on, thou lonely nightingale—
Oh, how thou mak'st me thrill!
Thou sang so when my Mary liv'd,
I hear thee and turn chill.

Weep on, ye sweet bell-folded flowers,
I love those tears ye shed;
It is not dew that gems your eyes;
O, no!—ye know she's dead;
Altho' ye sigh not deep like me,
Ye silently instil
A lesson of sad speechless grief—
I read it and turn chill.

Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,
Near thee we last did part,
Her last deep sigh was near thy shade—
But thou wilt break my heart.
I shiver 'neath the breath of night,
That pipes so cold and shrill;
Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,
Thy shadow turns me chill.

As the last words trembled on my tongue, the old man fell from his seat. His iron frame seemed convulsed with internal agony; his eyes glared wildly on all around—his hour had come!—"Ha, ha!" said he, "are they here?—stay, Mary—Nash, do not frown so—wait! wait!—I knew ye would come!—Abigail! Israel! (they bent over him) bury me—on—on the heath—it's night—the tree's shadow, the fatal pine, not on the other side. *They*—lie there—at twelve.—O, God! for——" He gave another deep gasp, and all was over—the old man had gone to his last account. Lavina lay senseless before the camp fire;—all was tumult—the dogs howled, and seemed conscious he was no more. The children had arisen from their straw couches, and mingled with the mournful group—naked and sorrowful.

Daylight already crimsoned the east, as Lavina and I took our departure from this melancholy scene. We promised to be at the old man's interment before midnight, and wandered with aching hearts from the gipsies' camp.

I arose about noon considerably refreshed, and bade the servant call Lavina. While we were dining in the parlour of the inn, a healthy-looking old farmer put up his horse and came in.

"Well, what news?" said my inquisitive host."

"Nothing very particular," replied the farmer; "as I rode past the wood-end this morning, I saw two gipsies very busy digging a grave."

"Hey!" exclaimed my host, laying down his knife and fork, and staring in astonishment, "hey! why thev been modering sumbody."

"Not exactly so, neither," said the farmer; "Black Boswell's dead."

"Black Boswell dead!" echoed mine host and hostess, "why you dunt say su?"

"I have said so," replied the farmer, smiling; "dead or not, they're going to bury him upon suspicion."

Mine host heard not this last remark; he sat looking with vacant eye upon his plate, and kept repeating in various tones—"Black Boswell dead, whoiver thote he wud die!"

The waiting-maid, who came in during the consternation which the

news created, had borne the tidings into the kitchen. Nothing was heard within the house but "Black Boswell's dead!"

At twilight we again set out for the gipsy-camp. Lavina appeared rather alarmed at the thought of witnessing the solemn ceremony. The moon was only visible at intervals, owing to the large masses of dark clouds which were sailing rapidly towards the west; every thing around foreboded an approaching storm; that deep hollow murmur, which is a certain herald, was heard in the woods, and before we reached the camp a smart shower had commenced, ushered in by the faint sounds of distant thunder. The air was close and sultry; a vivid flash lighted even the dark recesses of the wood; and a loud peal of thunder burst forth, causing the earth to shake beneath our feet. All nature appeared agitated. Peal followed peal, without cessation, saving those moments when the whole atmosphere appeared one mass of sheeted fire. By the time we reached the camp the rain poured down in torrents, and sounded through the dreary woods like the distant roar of the wind-lifted ocean.

We entered the camp without exciting the slightest notice. All appeared unconscious of the elemental din by which they were surrounded. Where but the previous night had crackled the cheering fire, was laid the corse, upon a rugged bier of green boughs. All, saving the head, was stitched up in white linen. Around were seated the mourners, in various positions, all chanting some low, lone, melancholy dirge, which I did not understand. The children had been dispatched early to rest on this occasion; the powerful mastiffs lay quietly, as if they, too, felt a portion of that sorrow which encompassed all.

"Abigail," said I (she lifted up her head, but made me no answer), "it will be midnight by the time we reach the heath."

All arose in silence. The bier was borne by four of the men, the rest followed in death-like stillness. At times nothing was visible through the gloom but the white linen that enshrouded the dead. Then, again, the glancing lightning unveiled the slow-moving group; still we pressed forward. Although the thunder growled out his funeral hymn, and the red flashes were his torch-bearers, not one, saving Lavina, appeared to quail. They laid him down softly in his damp grave. There was no hollow sound when the earth was thrown upon his coffinless corse;—no priest mumbled the cold ceremony for the dead;—nothing but sighs and tears was his requiem. There they rest upon that lonely heath—the murderer and the murdered. The blasted pine is alone their monument! Last summer I took my dear wife, Lavina, to visit its solitudes. No trace remained, saving the lonely tree, to tell of what had been. Upon their silent graves bloomed a thousand purple heath-bells; the merry birds filled the surrounding woods with music, the wild bee flew murmuring from flower to flower. We wandered in silence up the grassy lane, over which the disturbing wheels but seldom pass; all was tranquil as if the foot of man never invaded its solitude. No sign—no trace remained to point out the ever-remembered Gipsy-Camp.

T. M.

THE NIGHT-WALK.*

A BALLAD.

It is no fiction I record,
No common tale I pen,
But misery—ah! woe is me,
Alone from other men.

Alone! alone! I've been alone,
Where no house you could see,
Alone upon a wide, wild heath;
And a dying man with me.

The dark destroying angel came,
Flapping the poison'd air,
I saw his black plumes hovering,
For I alone was there.

And we set out at early morn,
The sun all glorious shone;
We were, I ween, wayfaring men;
But I return'd alone.

I saw him take his fond wife's hand,
And kiss his little child;
Joy beam'd, like sunshine, from their eyes,
While hope serenely smil'd.

I heard that last heart-rending word,
That yet sounds like a knell:
"Good bye!" "Good bye!" and on went we,
Within us peace did dwell.

Our step was light as mountain roe's;
The sun, the morn, the flowers,
Drove Care from off his cank'ring throne,
No hearts more blythe than ours.

Our course lay thro' sweet fertile fields,
Our path was crown'd with trees;
The merry birds sang jovially,
And loudly humm'd the bees.

The bright-brow'd sun stood in the sky,
As if he had unfurl'd
His richest ray, that seem'd to say
Death dwells not in the world.

He could not dwell amid those fields,
Where flowers were seen to bloom;
Nor bask on banks by sunshine lit,—
Ah, no! he loves the gloom.

* It may perhaps add to the melancholy interest of this narrative to state that it is true—even to the very words spoken. The heath is situate between Nottingham and Newstead Abbey.

And who could deem, when eyes were bright,
And hope went whisp'ring on,
From street to street, from town to town,
"The pest, the pest has gone!"

And who could deem, that saw those flowers
In blue and crimsom wave,
Or felt that gentle morning breeze,
That they were near the grave?

And who could deem, that heard those birds
From glen and green wood sing;
And saw those rainbow'd insects soar,
That night would sorrow bring?

And who could deem, that heard those brooks,
Soft rolling, gurgle by;
And saw those little fishes glide,
That aught that day could die?—

That Death had grasp'd his deadliest dart,
And rose with morning light,
With us to cross those flowery fields,
And streams of purling light?

* * * * *

Our hearts were gay, our steps were free,
As o'er that heath we stray'd;
The children lay upon the grass,
Or with the house-dog play'd.

The village milk-maid on us smil'd,
When ask'd to be a bride;
While she tript gaily with her pail,
And we walk'd by her side.

The shepherd carol'd like the lark,
As, with his curly dog,
He trampled down the sun-lit moss
Or rush-engirded bog.

We would not deem we were alone
When trees were green and gay,
For Nature humm'd her thousand songs
All on that sunny day.

On, on we went, care was forgot
'Mid summer's golden store;
'Tis then alone, amid her charms,
We feel no longer poor.

At length we reach'd our journey's end,
Mine host brought out good cheer;
Pledged us in home-brew'd sparkling ale,
And cried, "You're welcome here."

We went to labour with a heart
Free as the human will,
But soon that man who shared my toil
Exclaim'd, "O! I am ill."

I bade him then go rest awhile—
On me his eyes he roll'd,
Then fix'd them straightway on the ground,
And said—"I feel so cold!"

Said he, "I'll walk down Abbey lane,
And up by Newstead wood—
Lend me Childe Harold, and I'll read—
A walk may do me good."

No doubt he deem'd the sun and flowers
His spirits would revive:
In sooth, it was a charming day—
All Nature seem'd alive.

And where that spire look'd on the sky,
Childe Harold's corse was laid;
And o'er the wood *his* towers were seen,
Which Time's cold hand hath gray'd.

And he now walk'd those far-fam'd fields
Where Byron oft had been;
Trod the same long, lone, silent woods,
And deep dells, darkly green.
* * * * *

He came not back until the sun
Went down o'er Annesly hill,
Then briefly told how bad he'd been,
And said his limbs were chill.

I saw his sadly-sunken face,
And mark'd each ghastly eye;
I something said about his look,
But he made no reply.

The sun had set, the sky look'd black,
I bade him go to bed:
"O, no!" he cried, "we must go home;"
And shook his painful head.

"We must go home—I'm better now,
But thirsty—give me drink;
Were I to stay away all night,
What would my dear wife think?"

I mention'd the long dreary miles;
Mine host did plead also;
But to see home he seem'd resolv'd,
And said alone he'd go.

"And canst thou walk six dreary miles,
So ill as thou dost seem?"
"I will," he cried—"I must—my wife!"—
Then stood, and seem'd to dream.

Tho' distant far his wife and child,
Yet did his eye unfold
A smiling ray, that seem'd to say
I with them converse hold.

" Well," answer'd I, " if you're resolv'd
To reach your home to-night,
I, too, will your companion be ;"
He smiling said, " That's right.

" Tho' I am ill, and very ill,
My wife will wait on me ;
Fear not, we soon shall walk six miles ;"
So onward journey'd we.

The night was dark, the rain fell fast,
His home then fill'd his mind ;
He walk'd as if he walk'd for life,
I follow'd close behind.

On—on we went a dreary mile,
Adown a dark, wild lane ;
But soon we were compell'd to halt,
He could not walk for pain.

There was a house, a low lone house,
The last we had to pass,
Before we enter'd that wild heath,
Where gorse o'ertops the grass.

He bade me once more fetch him drink,
And feel his parched tongue ;
I drew drink from that cottage-well,
He o'er the white gate hung.

The cottager came out to see,
And sadly shook his head ;
No doubt he deem'd Death's hand was there,
But not a word he said.

And now upon a wild wide heath
None others could you see ;
Alone, alone we journey'd on,
A dying man with me.

Nor house, nor solitary cot
On that wild heath did stand ;
The rush, the fern, and armed furze
Alone grew on that land.

Upon my arm he heavy hung,
Away we went—tramp, tramp ;
But, oh ! we had not journey'd far,
Before he cried, " The cramp !"

I knelt amid that golden broom,
Amid that rain-drenched fern,
And rubb'd his chilly, knotted limbs ;
His face look'd dark and stern.

Then on we went across that heath,
And stopt as fresh pains came ;
Sometimes he mutter'd to himself,
" My wife !"—I heard her name.

At length the moon broke thro' a cloud,
And o'er that wild heath shone;
The rain-drops gleam'd on blue-bell buds,
Like gems around a throne.

Said I, his gloomy thoughts to chase,
"The moon shines bright, dost see?"
He turn'd his eyes to look, then said,
"She'll shine no more on me."

He stood and paus'd a little while,
But not a word spake he;
And then upstarted, as men start
From idle reverie;

And seiz'd me firmly by the arm,
"Dost think yon moon," said he,
"Contains our souls when we are dead,
Or where can heaven be?"

And then he murmur'd "wife and child!"
Ah! me, I knew his fears,
And glancing sidelong on his face,
Saw heart-wrung hopeless tears.

"And dost thou think we meet our kin
In heaven? O God! this pain!"
Then down I knelt on that wild heath,
And rubb'd his limbs again.

"We must reach home—on, on," he cried;
His look, his words were stern.
He walk'd as tho' he tramp'd on death,
Then fell amid the fern.

And there he lay on that drear heath,
Amid that heathery bloom;
The sky his only canopy,
His couch the furze and broom.

His hands were clench'd, his lips were black,
His face was dark likewise;
His cheeks were fallen dreadfully,—
But, oh! his glassy eyes,

Rolling upon the sailing moon,
Then glaring fixed on me;
Stretch'd groaning on a wild wide heath,
'Twas dreadful but to see!

Again I bore him from the ground,
While deeply he did sigh;
Then bow'd his head, and sadly said,
"But wait, I soon shall die."

He ground his teeth, it was not rage,
But that deep writhing pain
That chill'd and froze his stagnant blood;
Then came the cramp again.

Alone! alone, we were alone,
None others could you see;
Alone upon a wild wide heath,
A dying man with me.

* * * * *

Two dreary miles, two dreary miles,
As yet we had but come;
And four more we must traverse o'er
Before we reach his home.

"And dost thou think, thou dying man,
With eyes so ghastly wild,
That thou shalt see thy waiting wife,
Or kiss thy list'ning child?

"Ah, no! ah, no! thou dying man,
Death's near—it cannot be;
Thou shalt not kiss thy listening child,
Nor yet thy dear wife see.

"Thy mother in yon village lives,
That from us yet doth lie
A dreary mile; she knoweth not
Thou'rt coming there to die."

Tramp, tramp, on, on, away went we
Thro' fern and piercing gorse;
We crush'd the broom beneath our feet,
And trampled deep the moss.

"Cheer up," said I, "and cross this stile;"
Said he, "I'm short of breath:"
We paus'd—I held him in my arms,
He seem'd to conquer death.

We left that heath o'er which at morn
We had so blithely stray'd:
But where were now the sun and flowers,
And fish that gladly play'd?

And where were those sweet-singing birds?
Alas! they all had gone
To slumber on the leafy boughs:
Alone we journey'd on.

And does thy wife yet wait on thee?
Alas, thou canst not come!
Thy child asks where thou art in vain?
Thou canst not reach thy home.

And o'er that stile I lifted him,
There was no help at hand,
And bore him on far up that lane,
Ah, me! he could not stand.

"I feel a thirst, there is a brook,
I see it shining clear;"
It was the rain shone on the grass,
Alas! no brook was there.

" On, on," said " I, thy mother's home
Is but a little way;
I see the distant village spire,
Dim in the moonlight gray."

Ah me! it was a rugged road
As ever man did see;
Sometimes he mutter'd, " wife and child!"
And then prayed fervently.

Again he cried, " The cramp, the cramp!"
Then fell amid those stones;
And as he lay stretch'd out in pain,
O! dreadful were his groans.

The hooting owl raised her dread voice,
The bat wheel'd round his head;
The chilling notes came on his ear
Like voices from the dead.

The night-wind murmur'd thro' the trees,
The bended boughs did sigh;
And as he lay, they seem'd to say
We've come to see him die.

A mournful voice was in the brook,
As slow it roll'd along,
And gurgled through the shadowy banks,
With sad funereal song.

I saw his life was ebbing fast,
Ah, me! he could not walk;
In silent wo we journey'd on,
Our minds too sad to talk.

And now I bore him in my arms,
Big drops oozed from my brow;
I bore him onward till I felt
My knees with weakness bow.

His writhing frame was dark and cold,
And droop'd his aching head;
He laid as coldly in my arms
As does the silent dead.

At length I reach'd his mother's cot,
And cross'd that garden green,
Where oft in childhood he had play'd
But would no more be seen.

And in that garden doubtless stood
Trees which his hands had rear'd,
And flowers he oft had gaz'd upon,
But would no more, I fear'd.

I laid him on his mother's couch,
She weeping stood beside;
He turn'd on me his sunken eyes;
And gazing on me—died.

Ah, woe is me! three dreary miles
I must ere day-break go;
Alone, alone, and all alone,
My heart was fill'd with woe.

The heath, the lane, the dying man,
Alone swam in my head!
I saw his eyes still glare on me,
Although I knew him dead.

I wander'd up the forest-hill—
A race had been that day;
I saw the lights gleam in white booths,
Which in the moonshine lay.

Ah, me! I heard the laugh and song,
And pensive shook my head;
Sing on, thought I, ye have not been,
Like me, to 'tend the dead.

As on I went, I thought awhile
Of tidings I must bear
To that lone widow, who for him
Would let fall many a tear.

Ah, me! thought I, and thou wilt up,
Like bird from bosky-bourn,
And gladly open wide thy door,
To welcome his return.

And yet I must the sad news tell—
My heart was beating sore;
And, O, my hand struck tremblingly
The panels of that door.

What could it mean?—all still within—
Loudly I knock'd again;
A woman from a window look'd,
And cried, "You knock in vain."

"You knock in vain!" What did she mean?
I stood in the moonlight.
"You knock in vain, there's no one there—
That woman died last night."

Pensive I leant against the wall;
O, what a sound—a thrill
Ran through my heart!—my trembling limbs
Were cold, my blood ran chill!

"Has not her husband come?" said she;
The tears gush'd from my eyes:
"Ah, no!" said I, "he'll come no more,
For he is dead likewise."

"Good God!" she cried—the window clos'd,
But no more sleep had she;
I heard her husband say, "Good God!"
There was no soul with me.

And Death had all things clear'd away,
All fears how I should tell
My tidings in the softest way,
And what to him befell.

And where was my long studied tale,
Which I to tell felt fear?
Had Death, to save a broken heart,
Hurl'd his cold arrow there?

All pensively I sought my couch,
But, ah! no rest could find;
The heath, the moon, and dying man
Alone absorb'd my mind;

For still I saw his clenched hands,
His moon-lit ghastly eyes;
His grinding teeth, and black dry lips—
Ah, me! it call'd forth sighs.

In sleep I bore him in my arms,
Or saw his visage grim;
Or knelt amid that piercing furze
To rub the cold cramp'd limb.

In sleep I heard his piercing groans
Sound o'er that heath so damp;
Or fancied ringing through my ears,
The dying man's lone tramp!

Alone—alone—I've been alone,
Where no house you could see;
Alone, upon a wide wild heath,
A dying man with me.

T. M.

THE WIVES OF THE CÆSARS.

"Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit
Hac comite, atq. duæ pariter fugêre soroes."
JUVENAL, *Sat.* 6.

Cossutia.—Cornelia.—Pompeia.—Calpurnia.

WHILE the Roman republic retained the austere and frugal manners essential to its liberty, the domestic virtues of its females were the honourable sources of their personal celebrity. In the youth of the aspiring commonwealth, it was rather the effect of primitive antonomy, than that of law or regulation, that the females were excluded from all concern or influence in state affairs, and destined to the cares and occupations of domestic life. Tradition had, however, transmitted from the earlier times of the "immortal city" examples of the chastity and courage of its females; and the memorable virtue

of Lucretia,* Clælia, and the vestal Claudia, continued long to animate the generous emulation of the Roman ladies. Fame was a laudable solicitude; honourable alike and advantageous to the bold yet simple genius of a rising people; it was, accordingly, the inspiring love of glory which impressed the early ages of the commonwealth with that distinctive character of lofty pride which we shall seek in vain in the declining periods of the empire. Emulation was the mighty source of Roman grandeur; but, if a laudable ambition was the secret spring and common parent of the pristine virtues of the Roman state, the guilty objects of that passion, in the latter ages of its history, were as infallibly the causes of its fall. The extent of conquest, and the consequent exuberance of wealth and foreign luxury, destroyed a fabric raised in poverty and warfare. Nor did the infection first assail the *limits* of the Roman domination; the corruption rankled at the core, and spread to the extremities; for the greatness of its power was yet discernible in the remotest regions of the empire, when the certain principle of ruin was visible at home.—The oppressive usurpations of the first triumvirate had raised a multitude of selfish passions, inimical to the common welfare of the empire; and the open rupture of its chiefsac hieved the consummation of the

* The indignant spirit of Lucretia disdained a life which Tarquin had forcibly despoiled of its matronal purity. "Vos inquit videritis, quid illi debeatur; ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero. Nec ulla deinde impudica Lucretiæ exemplo vivet. Cultrum, quem sub veste abditum pabebat, eum in corde defigit: prolapsa que in vulnus, moribunda cecidit."—*Liv.* l. 1, c. 58. The noble virgin Clælia, the daughter of Poplicola the consul, was a hostage in the camp of king Porsenna. Fortune favoured her escape; she deceived the watch of the Etrurian army, and at the head of a band of virgins swam the Tiber, amidst the javelins of the pursuing enemy. The king's ambassadors reclaimed the leader of the daring enterprize, and Clælia was accordingly restored; but Porsenna, admiring her intripid character, permitted her to choose a certain number of the Roman hostages, and generously dismissed them, with Clælia at their head, in freedom to their country. The heroine's election proclaimed the sensibility and prudence of a virgin. The wise republic, studious to inspire the imitation of such exemplary virtue, commemorated the *novelty* of her glorious actions by a *novelty* devoted to their renown. "Productis omnibus, elegisse impubes dicitur; quod et virginitati decorum, et consensu obsidum ipsorum probabile erat, eam ætatem potissimum liberari ab hoste, quæ maxime opportuna injuriæ esset. Pace redintegrata, Romani novam in fæmina virtutem novo genere honoris, statua equestri, donavere. In summa Sacra via fuit posita virgo insidens equo."—*Liv.* l. 2. c. 13. The preceding facts are credible of any age or country where the austerity of virtue was sacred; or where, as Livy tells us, "ergo ita honorata virtute, fæminæ quoque ad publica decora excitatæ" (l. ii. c. 13), the females were affected by incentives of renown. But the fame of Claudia, reposing on a miracle, may challenge our mistrust. "Annibale Italiam devastante, ex responso librorum Sibyllinorum, mater Deûm e Pessinuhte arcessita: cum adverso Tiberi veheretur, repente in alto stetit; et cum moveri nullis viribus posset, ex libris cognitum, castissimæ demum felinæ manu moveri posse. Tum Claudia, virgo vestalis, falso incestus suspecta, Deam oravit, ut si pudicam sciret, sequeretur: et zona imposita navem movit."—*Sez. Aur. Victor de Vir. Illust.* 46. The solemnity with which the marvel is recorded is amusing; yet a miraculous tradition, at once attesting the prophetic verity of the Sibylline books and vindicating virtue by celestial agency, was a pious fable, neither unimportant to the popular system of belief, nor irrational, as it disclosed by means divine the innocence which human slander or suspicion had impeached, and the sacred sanction of a Deity had wondrously confirmed.

national calamity. The republic still was teeming with the sanguinary instruments of Sylla, Marius, and Cinna; a desperate and odious multitude, inured to the depravity, and stained with all the crimes of the proscriptions. By such a mass of unemployed iniquity the recurrence of domestic discord was looked on as the advent of licentious outrage, violence, and spoliation; every criminal appetite was to be indulged by the purveyance of the sword. An avenue was opened to the dissolute rapacity of a redundant and demoralized capital which revelled in the vice of sensuality, and spurned at once the impotence of law and the annihilated bonds of honour, order, and religion. The aristocracy had meanly tampered first, and afterwards had taken the more fatal step of fleeing from the bold usurper of supreme authority; the subtle policy of Cæsar debased the reputation and neutralized the power of the patrician order,* while his persuasive eloquence, and the superior lustre of his military fame, united with the prompt decision of his measures, attached the bold and reckless to his fortunes. Venality, encouraged by the leaders of the hostile parties, was recompensed with prodigality; patriotism was sacrificed to faction. All was changed; depravity became the standard of the Roman character; and, in such a state of wide abandonment, the virtues of the Roman matron perished with the piety and morals of the citizens.

It was at such a season of prevailing profligacy that the influence of the Roman females was brought into extended operation on the system of society; and, unfortunately for their character, it is drawn from previous seclusion but to strike us with examples of ambition, cruelty, and prostitution. It is true that there occasionally breaks on us an isolated instance of chastity or heroism; but so dissociated is it from the vulgar prevalence of vice, that it more forcibly illustrates by its contrast the gross degeneracy which surrounds it. Well might the indignant satirist† of later times advert to the pudicity and frugal virtues of the sylvan reign of Saturn and the youthful Jove: well might he, when he looked upon the sensual usage of his day, indulge in fancies of that rural modesty and peace, when the caverns of the wilderness afforded homes and temples to an unsophisticated race; when a wife, the hardy native of the mountains, spread with rushes, leaves, and skins of beasts her husband's bed. Striking as the contrast is between a state of such primæval purity and hardihood, and the abandoned manners of the time in which he lived, it transcends but little, if at all, the comparison a moralist may draw between the toils and strict economy of infant Rome, and that

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* "Senatum supplevit (Cæsar) patricios adlegit; prætorum, ædilium, quæstorum, minoruum etiam magistratuum numerum ampliavit; nudatos opere censorio, aut sententia judicum de ambitu condemnatos, restituit."—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæs.*

† "Cum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemq. Laremq.,
Et pecus, et dominos communi clauderet umbra;
Silvestrem montana torum cum sterneret uxor
Frondibus, et culmo, vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus." Juv. *Sat.* 6.

voluptuous and costly luxury which originated with the Cæsars, and carried its destructive influence through the declining ages of the empire.

The early Roman people were alternately employed in husbandry and warfare—pursuits which equally conduced to individual vigour, abstinence and independence: and so exclusively devoted were this wise and simple people to the tillage of the soil, and the contingent perils of the camp, that five hundred years elapsed before the dawn of foreign arts on its austere and grave community.* The continent and sober morals of the men were faithfully reflected in the modest virtues of their wives and daughters. The duties of the wife and mother were the studies of the Roman matron; ignorant of artificial or refined amusement, her occupations centred in familiar offices alone; her pleasures were the pleasures of utility; her glory was to give a race of labourers and soldiers to the state. Her very recreations were essentially domestic. The spindle, web, and loom, and the garment of the thrifty conqueror, by turns the tiller and defender of his native soil, was invariably the produce of his wife, his daughters, and the maidens of his household.

With what a wise concern the rude but politic Romans strove to cherish and perpetuate the native manners of their rising state, is variously attested by their institutions; by an austere and lasting tutelage, the magisterial censorship, tribunals of domestic law, provisions touching dowry, and sumptuary regulations on points of luxury and decoration; all directly levelled at the maintenance of feminine decorum and simplicity. Besides, they had their temples dedicated to a goddess who presided over modesty and the peace of married life; a divinity whose worship could propitiate the affection and fidelity of husbands. The senate dignified, by its decrees, the females who had served the state; as in the instance of the wife and mother of Coriolanus, who prevailed upon a son and husband, who had spurned the power of the fathers and the prayers of the priesthood.† Rome was ransomed by the females of the city from the spoliation

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* The pleasures of imagination, taste, and luxury were foreign to the early Romans, who avoided till the later periods of the commonwealth the open system of concubinage which they afterwards obtained. Their effect on the Athenians, with whom, notwithstanding, the purity of wives was held in sacred reverence, is thus described by M. Thomas, in his eloquent, generous, acute, and learned *Essai sur les Femmes*. "Enfin les lois et les institutions publiques, en autorisant la rétraite des femmes, mettaient au grand prix à la sáinteté des mariages; mais dans Athénes, l' imagination, le luxe, le goût des arts et des plaisirs étaient en contradiction avec les lois. Les courtisanes venaient donc, pour anisi dire, au secours des mœurs. Le vice répandu hors des familles ne révoltait pas; le vice interieur, et qui troublait la paix des maisons, était un crime. Par une bizarrerie étrange et peut-être unique, les hommes étaient corrompus, et les mœurs domestiques, austères. Il semble que les courtisanes n'etaient point régardées comme de leur sexe; et par une convention, à laquelle les lois et les mœurs sepliaient, tandis qu'on n' estimait les autres femmes que par les vertus, on n'estimait celles lá quepar les agrémens.

† "Cunque nullis civium legationibus flecteretur, à Veturia matre, el Volumnia uxore matronarum numero comitatis, motus. * * * ibi templum Fortunæ muliebri constitutum est."—*Sex Aur. Victor. de Vir Illust.* 19. The commentator adds, "Senatus populusque decrevere; quia e mulieribus salus urbi fuerat."

and ferocity of Brennus;* subsequently to the massacre of Cannæ,† the same exalted spirit of a female achieved a service to the commonwealth, commemorated and requited, at the same time, by the solemn gratitude of senatorial decree. Such, indeed, was the effect of moral habit in the women of the rising state, that the penal sanctions of domestic law were obsolete; the power of life and death existed in the husband; yet the matron in her household exercised unlimited authority; the legal option of divorce, adapted to the manners of a dissolute community, was utterly repudiated by the continence and virtue of an undebauched society; and the ascendant of the Roman females privately yet forcibly prevailed, till the restraints and safeguards of seclusion were removed, when the free communion of the sexes introduced facilities of evil, and was gradually fatal to the common chastity. In the progress of refinement, the distribution of domestic offices effected an important alteration in the manners of the Roman females; the previous occupations of the matron devolved upon the members of a menial establishment; and the wives and daughters of the wealthier citizens, engrossed no longer by the thrifty duties of a simple household, sought, in the pleasures of external commerce, the recreations and amusements of a rank exempted from the meaner business of life. The inequality of ranks, the exorbitance of private fortunes, and the ridicule—in such a state of full-blown luxury—attached to primitive frugality, conduced to that consummate state of dissolute profusion which rose and grew with the dominion of the Cæsars. But that which chiefly hastened the corruption of all orders of the state, and more especially the depravation of the Roman females, was their passion for the splendours of the theatre, and the consequent rivalry that raged among them for pre-eminence in public retinue, in brilliance of costume, and all the like various accessaries of venal and ambitious beauty. The public spectacles were thronged by audiences of gross licentiousness and open infamy. The Roman wives unblushingly contested the possession of a player and gloated on the prurient gestures of a lusty mime. Enormous patrimonies were lewdly lavished on a player on the flute, whose hireling vigour was suborned to furnish heirs to the descendants of the Scipios and Æmilii; and such was the fecundity arising from this shameful commerce, that the criminal causes of abortion were a common study. The languor of exhausted passion was stimulated by expedients of Asiatic usage; eunuchs soon became the instruments and ministers of odious enjoyment; and a vitiated appetite, the consequence of foul excess, luxuriated in varieties of sensual invention. The vice of the community surpassed the powers and influence of laws.

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* "Mille pondo auri pretium populi gentibus mox imperaturi factum. Rei, fædissimæ per se, adjecta indignitas est. Pondera ab Gallis allata iniqua, et tribuno recusante, additus ab insolente Gallo ponderi gladius; auditaque intoleranda Romanis vox, 'Væ victis esse.' * * * Matronis gratiæ 'actæ, honosque additus, ut earum, sicut virorum, post mortem solennis laudatio esset."—*Liv.* l. 5. c. 50.

† Eos, qui canusium perfugerant, mulier Apula, nomine Busa, genere clara ac divitiis, mœnibus, tantum tectisque acceptos, frumento, veste, viatico etiam juvit; pro qua ei munificentia postea, bello perfecto, ab senatu honores habiti sunt."—*Liv.* l. 22. c. 52.

When Septimius Severus, with the designs of a reformer, succeeded to the empire, he was daunted in his salutary projects by three thousand cases of adultery inscribed upon the rolls of criminal impeachment.—To this depraved condition were the morals of the Roman females rapidly advancing, immediately anterior to the dictatorship of Cæsar; a change, indeed, from that austere simplicity, when the elder Cato struck from the list of senators the man who had invaded modesty so far as to kiss his wife in presence of his daughter.

Julius Cæsar had four wives. We know but little of the first of them, Cossutia, who was rich and of equestrian family. Cæsar was affianced to her in his boyhood, when predilection had but little part, on either side, with the alliance. Accordingly he repudiated her before cohabitation, and espoused Cornelia, Cinna's daughter. By this connection Cæsar made himself obnoxious to the power and enmity of Sylla, whose ascendant, at the moment, was of paramount authority in Rome. As he was the mortal enemy of Cinna, he neglected neither menace nor persuasion to dissolve an union so repugnant to his politics and personal objections. But Cæsar, independently of the inflexible spirit which strengthened his persistence, had been educated by his aunt,* the wife of Marius, and had consequently the additional incentive of party hatred to confirm him in a step, at once evincing his affection for Cornelia, and his resolute devotion to the Marian cause. Besides, if neither pride nor conjugal fidelity had influenced his conduct, the power of Cinna was extensive; and his character † was too emphatically known, by its vindictive violence, for Cæsar to imagine he would calmly acquiesce in the dishonour of his daughter.‡ His resolute demeanour was, however, visited by Sylla with extreme severity. He deprived him of the priesthood, of his own and of his wife's estate; annulled his right of family succession; and would probably have carried his resentment to the last extremity, but for the momentous crisis of his fortune, which led him to postpone the punishment of Cæsar's contumacy, to the prosecution of more comprehensive measures, and the ruin of more formidable adversaries. The vestal virgins, too, had joined their supplications with certain of the most distinguished citizens of Rome in behalf of the unyielding Cæsar; and Sylla was accordingly content to yield a cold concession to the prayers, which it was impolitic, perhaps, and even dangerous to deny. At the same time, his penetrating mind foresaw the future grandeur of his enemy, and foretold the evils he would one day bring on the republic; and though he

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* Educatus luim Cæsar apud Aureliam matrem, C. Cottæ filiam, et Juliam amitam, Marii conjugem. Unde illi, patricio, amor plebeiæ factionis, quæ Mariana dicta, et odium Syllanæ, quæ ab optimatibus erat. Comm. *Bern. in Sueton.*

† "Lucius Cornelius Cinna flagitiosissimus, Rempub. summa crudelitate vastavit."—*S. Aur. Victor. de Vir. Illust.* 69. "Cinna, seditione orta, ub exercitu interemtus est, vir dignior, qui arbitrio victorum moreretur, quam iracundia militum; de quo vere dici potest, ausum eum, quæ nemo, auderet bonus, perfecisse, quæ a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent, et fuisse cum in consultando temerarium in exequendo virum."—*Vell. Paterc.* l, 2. c. 24.

‡ "Neque ut repudiaret a Dictatore Sylla ullo modo potuit. Quare et sacerdotio, et uxoris dote, et gentilitiis hæreditatibus multatus, diversarium partium habebatur."—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæs.*

acquiesced, to all appearance, in the wishes of his partisans, he neglected not to waken their suspicions; for, defending, upon public principles, the project he abandoned, at the instances of private intercession, he emphatically told his partisans, that "*there were many Mariuses in the person of the youthful Cæsar.*" Cornelia died as Cæsar was about to leave the capital, to take on him the duties of a quæstorship in Spain. He deeply felt the loss of this exalted female, whose spirit was adapted to the peril of the times; and, though hitherto the honour of a public eulogy had been restricted to the funerals of *aged* women, Cæsar delivered from the tribune * an oration on Cornelia, who had perished in the prime of life. Such was the impressive sorrow and devotion which pervaded his address, that the Roman populace retreated from the forum in perfect admiration of his chaste and animated eloquence, which formed at once the eulogy and lamentation of a wife, so justly honoured and so tenderly beloved. Cornelia left a daughter, Julia, the future wife of Pompey.

If the affectionate fidelity of Cornelia endeared her memory to Cæsar, it was poignantly impressed on his remembrance by the character of Pompeia, his succeeding wife. She was the daughter of Q. Pompeius Rufus, and the niece of Sylla; remarkable alike for beauty, gaiety, and the susceptibility of her complexion. It is probable that her connexion with Cæsar was rather the result of a political arrangement than that of passion or esteem; her affection or her fancy was engrossed by Publius Clodius, a Roman of illustrious family, ascending in antiquity above the origin of Rome itself. He was in the flower of life; opulent, profuse, and brave; possessing some attractive graces of the mind, a lively and satiric wit and an ingratiating and polite address. He was a person of ungovernable passions, prone to turbulence and even peril; remorseless in his enmities, and utterly indifferent to reputation. His countenance, though eminently handsome, was expressive of his character, and combined with an intrepid air, the profligacy of a reckless libertine. Such was his contempt of censure † and opi-

* The tribune from which Cæsar spoke his funeral oration on Cornelia, was destined to commemorate the mutual cruelty and triumph of prevailing parties. It was stained by turns with the illustrious blood of either faction, in the days of the proscriptions and triumvirates. Beyond the satisfaction of a sanguinary vengeance, these horrible examples were designed to awe the Roman populace. The heads of the decapitated chiefs, the trophies of a stern ferocity, were exultingly exhibited to the disgust and terror of the wondering people. It was here that Marius exposed the head of Mark Anthony, the grandfather of the triumvir—an orator, who once had graced the self-same rostrum with triumphal spoils. Sylla had similarly stained it with the blood of the younger Marius; and Mark Anthony, the triumvir, with greater infamy displayed upon that tribune, sanctified by eloquence and patriotism, the head and hand of Cicero.

† "Qui non pluris fecerat Bonam Deam, quam tres sorores, impunitatem est eorum sententiis assecutus, qui cum tribunus plebis (Milo) pœnas a seditioso cive perbonos viros judicio persequi vellet, exemplum præclarissimum in posterum vindicandæ seditionis de Repub. sustulerunt."—*M. T. C. P. Lentulo Imp, Epist.* l. 1. A long, an eloquent, but an elaborate epistle from Cicero to Lentulus, which, while it exhibits the doctrine of political flexibility, a judicious view of the respective strength of parties, and a vivid sense of personal insecurity, displays the writer as a temporizing master of expedients; in which sincerity, patriotism and courage are postponed to objects of individual advantage.

nion, that his incestuous commerce with his sisters was a fact of vulgar notoriety in Rome; which, far from striving to conceal, he vaunted in convivial moments to his dissolute associates. In the prosecution of his objects, he had openly defied the magistracy and the laws; he was lavish of remuneration to his creatures, and a prodigal corrupter of authority, where money could prevail above the sense of duty, equity, and honour. A disposition of such outrageous profligacy, sustained by the appliances of rank and ample fortune, was cherished and confirmed by the examples of surrounding vice; and the natural audacity of Clodius, who never shrunk from the indulgence of such appetites as gold or daring criminality could gratify, impelled him to the enterprise on Cæsar's wife, Pompeia; who, apparently, was favourable to his passion, and shared the infamy and peril of its satisfaction.

The character and person of the sanguine Clodius were calculated to prevail upon the temper of Pompeia. He urged his suit, accordingly, with gradual success; and his eventual triumph was but delayed by the vigilant suspicions of Aurelia, Cæsar's mother. The increasing inclination of Pompeia had not eluded the perception of that austere and virtuous matron; who contiuued, upon all occasions, to accompany Pompeia, as a safeguard, to the uniform frustration of the successive schemes of Clodius. Aurelia was, however, ultimately overreached by the devices of Pompeia, and by the participation of her lover, in a plan, involving such unprecedented rashness and impiety, that no suspicion of a mind acquainted with the merely common passages of guilt could have been directed to a stratagem so doubtful of success, so daring and improbable.

On the annual sacrifice to Fauna, the *Bona Dea* of the Romans, for the safety of the people, the mysteries of the divinity were held in the mansion of a consul, if in Rome; and, in the absence of that dignitary, in the dwelling of a prætor. The chastity of the goddess was so tenaciously respected, that not only all men whatever were excluded from the scene of worship, but the male ancestral statues of the house were veiled from the inspection of her devotees. Whatever was expressive of the sexual intercourse was rigidly prohibited in these nocturnal adorations; the women who were present at the sacred ceremony were clothed in garments of the purest white, and the ornament of myrtle even was expressly interdicted, from its being sacred to the deity of love and beauty. The wife or mother of the consul or the prætor, assisted by the vestal virgins, presided over these solemnities. On this occasion the mysteries of Fauna were performed in Cæsar's house; and the peril of the enterprise augmented, rather than decreased, the desperate temerity of Clodius. Pompeia would appear in the religious company in all the splendour of her beauty; Aurelia's vigilance would be defeated, and, in defiance of the sacred mysteries, an opportunity so favourable to the hopes of Clodius inspired the ungovernable lover with the resolution to profane them.

The arrangement for their meeting was concluded through the medium of Abra,* a confidential female servant of Pompeia, whom

* She is called *Abra* by Plutarch, in his life of Cæsar and Cicero. Cicero, on the other hand, calls her *Seprulla*. " P. Clodium, Appi F. credo te audisse, cum

Clodius had engaged by liberal donations, to aid him in the difficult and impious enterprise. The lover was to enter Cæsar's house, in feminine attire, among the crowd of females; the soft and youthful features of the disguised adventurer were not at variance with his assumed costume; and the darkness of the hour and vestibule were favourable to his concealment. The hour of the sacrifice arrived; and Clodius trusted boldly to his fortune. Abra was punctually ready to receive him; she led him to the chamber and having left him there, proceeded instantly to seek Pompeia, and to intimate the safe arrival and attendance of her lover. But Abra, when in quest of her, was met by Cæsar's mother, who detained her in some occupation for a time beneath her personal direction. The patience of Clodius was exhausted; he began to fancy various causes of Pompeia's absence and delay; his natural impetuosity was stung by disappointment; and, without adverting to the chances of discovery, he rushed from Abra's room, and hurried indiscriminately through the chambers of the mansion. Clodius, by this mad precipitation, utterly confounded all Pompeia's well-digested plans; his anxiety and rage were so apparent, that his dress no longer saved him from suspicion; he shunned the lights; avoided those he met; and, as he constantly concealed his face, the singularity of his demeanour raised the curiosity of those who witnessed it. A servant of the household having found him in some obscure recess—agitated, as it seemed, and shunning observation—asked him, "who *she* was, and what *she* sought?" The promptness of the interrogatory so disconcerted Clodius, that, for a time, his tongue refused its office. When at length he answered, that he "looked for Abra," his embarrassed countenance and masculine voice belied his habit and revealed his sex; the terrified attendant instantly proclaimed the presence of a man and the violation of the mysteries; and consternation seized the whole assembly. Abra, amidst the general confusion, used her utmost efforts to recover Clodius, whom at length she found, and hid a second time in her apartment. The sacrifice was, notwithstanding, interrupted—the ceremonies were suspended. Pompeia, who foresaw the unavoidable exposure which awaited her, was pale and tremulous. Her eye wandered—her speech faltered, and her whole deportment manifested trouble and dismay. Aurelia ordered the immediate closure of the doors, and, flambeaux being brought by her command, proceeded with a company of matrons to a strict investigation of the various apartments. Clodius, attired as has been stated, was found in that of Abra, and ordered to depart. On the ensuing morning, the criminal audacity of Clodius became the topic of discourse through Rome; and Pompeia, whose illicit prepossessions had been long suspected, was generally mentioned as the paramour, by whose contrivances the daring youth had been admitted to indulge a mutual passion, and defile the mysteries of Fauna. Cæsar readily perceived, by all the features of the case, that his wife was privy to the enterprise, and calmly visited her infidelity with repudiation.

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veste muliebri deprehensum domi C. Cæsaris, cum pro populo fieret, cumque per manus seprullæ servatum."—*Cic. Attico Epl.* I. 12.

A tribune of the people instituted the impeachment of the impious offender; and Clodius was accordingly cited to be heard in his defence. He assumed a fearless air, and strenuously denying all the facts alleged against him, offered to demonstrate by sufficient evidence his absence from the city thoughout the day and night on which the sacrifice to Fauna was performed. But this decisive impudence was unavailing, as many credible witnesses appeared to controvert the falsehood of his declarations; and the testimony of Cicero, who deposed to Clodius's consulting him in Rome upon the very day of asserted absence, was fatal to the credulity of the accused himself, as well as to the mass of venal evidence by which he was prepared to meet the formal imputations of his crime. This unexpected deposition on the part of Cicero, struck Clodius with amazement. In the tumultuous dangers of the Cataline conspiracy,* Clodius had accompanied the Consul on every perilous occasion: he had visited the insults shown to Cicero with the resentment of a friend, participating their disgrace; and, in many instances of factious violence, the person of the orator was saved by his intrepid zeal. These, indeed, were services which might at least have stayed a voluntary accusation on the part of Cicero; his defection, for the moment, covered Clodius with astonishment, but in the sequel filled him with that implacable abhorrence which subsequently drove him to the exile of Dyrrachium.† In behalf of Cicero, it has been said that he was urged to that ungracious measure by his wife Terentia;‡ a woman of imperious temper, who had long conceived a jealousy of Clodia, the sister of the accused. She was a lady of distinguished charms, and entertained the warmest admiration of the Roman orator. Her passion was clandestinely imparted to him through the medium of one Tullas, at once the intimate associate of Cicero and Clodius. As it was obvious Clodia's wishes could be accomplished but by the repudiation of Terentia, the latter eagerly embraced an opportunity, by which the growing fondness of her rival might be checked, and the familar, intercourse of both their houses might be converted into open animosity. The present crisis seemed to offer the occasion she required; and, as her influence on Cicero was boundless, she impelled him to a step which, as it seemed gratuitous, might fairly be denounced by Clodius as an act of palpable ingratitude.

No sooner was the accusation against Clodius set on foot, than the difficulty of his situation was augmented by accumulated imputations, several specifying acts of infamy or outrage, sufficiently indicative of his depravity. But the æra of the commonwealth was come when authority no longer rested on the justice of administration. The

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* Plutarch in vita Ciceron.

† Alluding to the rupture of Cicero and Clodius, Paterculus significantly asks, "Quid enim inter tam dissimiles amicum esse poterat?" He then relates the measure carried by Clodius as a tribune of the people; and implies that Cæsar and Pompey, if not declared abettors of the banishment of Cicero, at least connived at his oppression. "Ita vir optime meritus de Repub. conservatæ patriæ pretium calamitatum exilii tulit. Non caruerunt suspicione oppressi Ciceronis Cæsar et Pompeius."—*Vel. Paterc.* l. ii. c. 45.

‡ Plutarch in vita Ciceron.

noble ascendant of the patrician order had gradually declined among the crimes and low impurities of faction, the tribunals were polluted with venality; the laws were impotent or feeble; and as the safeguard of the state, the splendid power of the patricians, waned, the brutal spirit of democracy had risen into terrible and reckless despotism. Clodius, by flattering the basest passions of the populace, had kindled such seditious fires in Rome, that the degenerate Senate feared to stir the embers of the dying conflagration; and the judges were reduced to the expedient of sparing an offender's guilt beneath the ambiguities of an extorted absolution.

The relatives and friends of Cæsar were observed to take considerable interest in these proceedings. He, on the contrary, maintained a calm composure. Already well informed of the complexion of Pompeia, he was far from thinking her intrigue with Clodius the only error of her prurient disposition. When interrogated as a witness on the case, his answers were devoid of inculpation and reproach; and when the accuser asked him, "Why he had repudiated Pompeia?" he replied with dignity, "Because the wife of Cæsar should be as free from suspicion as from guilt."*

Shortly after the repudiation of Pompeia, Cæsar became the husband of Calpurnia, the daughter of Lucius Piso, whom he had eminently served in his solicitation of the consulate. The political results of this alliance were reprobated with severity by Cato,† who obtested the immortal gods to witness the prostration of the commonwealth to an insidious traffic of connexion, by which the offices and dignities of state were shamefully obtained. But Cæsar, in his election of Calpurnia, had aimed at the possession of a female endued with all the virtues of a better age, and ornamented, at the same time, with the graces and acquirements of refinement. The beauty of Calpurnia was her least distinction. Her origin was lineally traced to the pious, wise, and philosophic Numa, the second king of Rome; and the genuine virtues of the peaceful monarch were splendidly revived in his remote and amiable descendant. To a mind of native strength and vast expansion, she added the advantage of a pure and cultivated eloquence, surpassed by that of few of the distinguished orators of ancient times. These inherent qualities were joined with a reserved and simple majesty, with the commanding charms of purity and beauty, and conspired to form a personage whom Cæsar duly reverenced and loved. Nor did the character of Cæsar assert a less direct ascendant on Calpurnia's mind. She beheld in it a combination of exalted passions, co-operating in subservience to the love of fame. The passages of Cæsar's life, in boyhood even, were dignified by heroism. His conjugal alliances had proved him mindful of his glory and sensible to female worth. His repudiation of Cossutia, at the sacrifice of wealth, was the effect of justice to her merits; he had left a memorable example of a husband's tenderness throughout his union with Cornelia; he had visited the frailty of Pompeia with the simple mea-

* Plutarch in vita Cæsar.

† "Nec immerito, frustra licet, vociferatus tum Cato, rem intolerandum esse, 'nuptiarum lenociniis imperia Vendi et Rempublicam prodi.'"—*Comm. Bern. in Sueton.*

sure of divorce; and where an ordinary spirit would have used the means of legal persecution, Cæsar had displayed the noble lenity of pity and forbearance. His demeanour had been marked throughout with magniminity. When Rome was crouching fearfully beneath the power of Sylla, and the emissaries of his wrath were stealthily employed in quest of even latent enmities, the intrepid Cæsar had produced upon the tribune—in his funeral oration on his aunt and wife—the images of Marius, who, with his adherents, had been proclaimed a public enemy to Rome. He had skilfully discharged the duties of his various gradations, as a quæstor, as a prætor, as an ædile, when monuments of his munificence and taste were visible throughout the city. All the actions of his life were fraught with an aspiring genius. Calpurnia dwelt with admiration on his energy, when he replied to the benediction of his mother, as he left her to solicit the pontificate—"This day, my mother, thou shalt see thy son the pontiff, or an exile." His glory was associated with the military fame and senatorial * eloquence of Rome. His victories, external or domestic, were adorned with clemency. Taste and refinement were conspicuous in his pursuits; he was a philosopher and scholar, a triumphant advocate in senates, an invincible leader in the field. If glory was the object of a woman's passion, the allurement could have nowhere shone with such resplendance as in Cæsar; and if the meaner passions of the temperament prevailed, his expressive countenance, commanding stature, and symmetrical proportions presented an unusual conformation of comeliness and manly beauty. Through Cæsar's rapid progress to consummate rule, the increase of his fame, and the submissive acquiesence of the people in his power, affected not Calpurnia's equanimity; and though she shared, to some extent, the eminent distinctions lavished on her husband by indiscriminating flattery, yet the same redundant spirit was profuse of special honours to herself; and the inventions of servility and adulation were exhausted to extol, by title or devotion, the mortal wife of the "divine usurper." Yet the moderation of Calpurnia was conspicuous in every condition of her fortune; the splendid elevation of her husband had neither changed her modest affability of manners, nor the wholesome temper of her serene and stedfast mind. But if Cæsar's exaltation had raised her admiration, it also had alarmed her love; still, apprehensive of his danger, she was studious of his fame; and though his noble nature little needed such suggestions, Calpurnia fed the flood of his abundant clemency by the generous effusions of her own. She is said to have interceded warmly for Ligarius; but Cæsar saw an absolute necessity of sacrificing such an adversary, and proceeded to the senate, inexorable to her prayers. The exquisite defence of Cicero disarmed his wrath and caught his generosity; and when he reached that touching passage of his speech, "*Nihil habet nec fortuna*

* Tacitus comparatively distinguishes the eloquence of Cæsar by its *splendour*: "At strictior Calvus numerosior Asinius, *Splendidi or Cæsar*, amarior Cœlius, gravior Brutus, vehementior et plenior et valentior Cicero."—*De Orat.* In the same masterly dialogue he observes: "Concedamus sane C. Cæsari, ut propter magnitudinem cogitationum et occupationes rerum minus eloquentia effecerit, quam divinum ejus ingenium postulabat."—*Id.* Praise, indeed!

tua majus," the dictator dropt the act of condemnation from his grasp. The orator, alive to this emotion, concluded his harangue—Ligarius was acquitted; and Calpurnia thought that momentary triumph of his mercy over justice, the sublimest instant in his great career.

The unostentatious temper of Calpurnia prescribed the even tenor of her life. The successive years of her cohabitation with her husband multiplied the causes of their mutual affection; but no peculiar incident occurred by which Calpurnia's history is varied from a course of systematic quietude and virtue. The well-known prodigy which roused Calpurnia's fears was urged by her on Cæsar as an omen of his fate. In her dream,* she saw the dome upon his house thrown down, and held him, at the same time, in her arms, a mangled corpse. Awakened by the dreadful vision, the doors and windows of her chamber were abruptly opened, by no *apparent* agency. Calpurnia's fears were followed by suspicion; her penetrating mind was led to the interpretation of the suppressed yet labouring earnestness that had for some time marked the countenance of many of the chiefs of Rome. An air of such profound concern imported some momentous enterprise to which her husband was a stranger; and her inference, assisted by precarious yet emphatic hints, anticipated the event which quickly followed. When she intimated her misgivings to her friends, they joined with her in unavailing supplications to her husband to defer his presence at the assembled senate. Cæsar wavered; but the subtle raillery of Decius Brutus fixed him in his first determination.† The paper of Artemidorus, and the admonition of Spurinna, were neglected. In the senate, Cimber gave the sign for slaughter; and three-and-twenty wounds achieved

" The foremost man of all this world."

It would be hazardous, perhaps useless, to arraign a deed which has for ages been the theme of qualified applause; but the murder, or the sacrifice, of Cæsar, in spite of declamation, can never be regarded as an act of patriotism unmixed with odious perfidy, or free from the suggestions of personal malevolence. The parricide of Brutus—for the commerce of Cæsar and Servilia justifies the imputation‡— is indefensible, save on the questionable ground of patriotic impulse. The victor of Pharsalia spared his life, and gave him his protection; he had favoured his advancement; and the prætorate of Brutus, and that of his associate Cassius, were derived from the beneficence and patronage of Cæsar. A philosophic student of the history of Rome will separate the abstract fact of Cæsar's usurpation, from the eminent necessity of some effectual government, by which the fearful anarchy of conflicting factions, and the still

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* " Et Calpurnia uxor imaginata est, collabi fastigium domus, maritumque in gremio suo confodi; ac subito cubiculi fores sponte patuerunt,"—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæs.*

† " Libellum que insidiarum indicem, ab obvio quodam porrectum, libellis cæteris quos sinistra manu tenebat, quasi mox lecturus, commiscuit."—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæs.*

‡ " Macrobius (l. 2. c. 2.) has preserved the jest of Cicero, on Cæsar's libertine connexion with Servilia and her daughter Junia Tertia. The latter was the wife of Caius Cassius; the former was the mother of Marcus Brutus.

more terrible assumptions of a vitiated democracy, might be repressed. The disorganized polity of Rome, no longer able to control the turbulence of a seditious generation, was hastening to a state of utter dissolution; the voice of moderation was derided in the tempest of rapacity, vengeance, and ambition; and where the elements of power were casually concentrated, its pernicious strength was wielded by the selfish purpose of pretensions sufficient to sustain distraction, but utterly inadequate to the establishment of permanent tranquillity. In such a state of desperate necessity, Cæsar stood alone. If he descended from his eminence, he sealed his fate. His perceptive mind beheld the prospect of perpetuated discord in a dissolute republic, where liberty was but a name—the spell by which the democratic despotism was inflamed, to the absolute extinction of security and internal peace. The state was daily at the mercy of any popular incendiary who had pandered to the fitful vices of the people, or the rapacious hopes of a licentious soldiery. The polity of ancient commonwealths was ill adapted to *extensive* states in eras of refinement. It is true, their theory developed a fantastic freedom, which involved in all its operations the principle of self-extinction. And certain is it, that the scourge of tyranny was never wielded with such bloody cruelty and insult to its victims, as in those republics of the ancient world where poetry and eloquence conspired to glorify an image incessantly beset by turbulent ambition, and frequently destroyed by popular insanity. Cæsar may have contemplated the condition of his country with a melancholy sense of its necessities, and with a daring resolution to relieve them. He may have stepped above the forms of law in order to restore and to amend it, and have seized a paramount authority with which to quell the morbid discord that incessantly arose among the fractious disputants who clamoured for republican equality. His intrepidity and skill had triumphed over every obstacle; he had disdained the menaces of enmity, and disregarded the suggestions of mistrust.* His great achievements gave him a distinct superiority, to which the multitude were willing to submit; his comprehensive genius was the source of hope and expectation to a people wearied with the rapid alternations of precarious tyranny. His magnanimity had spurned the prosecution of individual enmity, and he appeared, on the assumption of his powers, to have sacrificed the recollection of his adversaries to the propitiating spirit of universal clemency.† He was at once the hero and the statesman; the admiration of the wise and brave; informed by long experience, and fired with the ambition of a fame reposing on the welfare of his country.

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* "Subscripsêre quidam L. Bruti statuæ '*Utinam viveres.*' Item ipsius Cæsaris statutæ: "Brutus quia Reges ejecit, Consul primus factus est; *Hic* quia Consules ejecit, Rex postremo factus est.' Inscriptiones hæ admodum fuere *loquaces*, ni mens Julio Cæsari læva fuisset."—*Christ. Matth. Theat. Hist. C. Jul. Cæs. Imp. Rom.* cap. 3.

† The concurrence of historians on all important points of Cæsar's character, when he had reached the summit of authority, exhibits an unrivalled instance of the purest magnanimity. "Ignoscendo amicis, odia cum armis deposuit; nam Lentulum tantum, et Afranium et Faustum Sullæ filium jussit occidi." Such is the testimony of Aurelius Victor. de Vir. *Illust.* 78. That of Suetonius, who mentions Lucius Cæsar in the place of Lentulus, reduces the ascribed se-

The conspiracy of Brutus was rashly undertaken: he was a man of feeble means. The commonwealth was *not* restored; the murder of "a mild and generous usurper produced a series of civil wars, and the reign of three tyrants, whose union and whose discord were alike fatal to the Roman people."* When Cicero laments to Atticus† the state of Rome, he vividly, yet briefly, gives the history of its distraction and its crimes.

The tragical catastrophe of Cæsar involved Calpurnia in profound and lasting grief. She is said to have pronounced a funeral eulogium on her husband, and to have excited universal tears and admiration by her pathetic eloquence. She afterwards indulged her sorrow in retirement, in the house of Mark Antony, to whom she gave all Cæsar's papers, and the treasures she posssessed, with which to prosecute the chiefs of the conspiracy. Her life was an unbroken course of virtue: she was generous, modest, pious, and magnanimous; and her example was worthily transmitted to posterity as the noblest illustration of a Roman matron.

HORATIO SPARKINS.

"Indeed, my love, he paid Teresa very great attention on the last assembly night," said Mrs. Malderton, addressing her spouse, who, after the fatigues of the day in the City, was sitting with a silk handkerchief over his head, and his feet on the fender, drinking his port; —"very great attention; and, I say again, every possible encouragement ought to be given him. He positively must be asked down here to dine."

"Who must?" inquired Mr. Malderton.

"Why, you know who I mean, my dear—the young man with the black whiskers and the white cravat, who has just come out at our assembly, and whom all the girls are talking about. Young —— dear me, what's his name?—Marianne, what *is* his name?" continued Mrs. Malderton, addressing her youngest daughter, who was engaged in netting a purse, and endeavouring to look sentimental.

"Mr. Horatio Sparkins, ma," replied Miss Marianne, with a Juliet-like sigh.

"Oh! yes, to be sure—Horatio Sparkins," said Mrs. Malderton. "Decidedly the most gentleman-like young man I ever saw. I am

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verity of the dictator. "Nec ulli periisse, nisi in prælio reperiuntur, exceptis duntaxat Afranio, et Fausto et Lucio Cæsare juvene; *ac ne hos quidem voluntate ipsius interemtos putant;* quorum tamen elpriores post impertratam veniam rebellaverant: * * * * * denique, tempore extremo etiam quibus nondum ignoverat, *cunctis* in Italiam redire permisit, magistratus que et imperia capere. Sed et statuas L. Syllæ atque Pompeii, aplebe disjectas, reposuit."—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæsare.*

* Gibbon.

† O dii boni! vivit tyrannis, tyrannus occidit? ejus interfecti morte lætamur, ejus facta defendimus? * * mori millies præstitit quam hæc pati, quæ mihi videntur habitura etiam vetustatem.—*Cic. Attic. Epl.* l. 14. 9.

sure in the beautifully-made coat he wore the other night he looked like—like——"

"Like Prince Leopold, ma,—so noble, so full of sentiment!" suggested Miss Marianne, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration.

"You should recollect, my dear," resumed Mrs. Malderton, "that Teresa is now eight-and-twenty; and that it really is very important that something should be done."

Miss Teresa Malderton was a little girl, rather fat, with vermilion cheeks: but good humoured, still disengaged, although, to do her justice, the misfortune arose from no lack of perseverance on her part. In vain had she flirted for ten years; in vain had Mr. and Mrs. Malderton assiduously kept up an extensive acquaintance among the young eligible bachelors of Camberwell, and even of Newington Butts; on Sunday, likewise, many "dropped in" from town. Miss Malderton was as well known as the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and had about as much chance of "going off."

"I am quite sure you'd like him," continued Mrs. Malderton; "he is so gentlemanly!"

"So clever!" said Miss Marianne.

"And has such a flow of language!" added Miss Teresa.

"He has a great respect for you, my dear," said Mrs, Malderton to her husband, in a confident tone. Mr. Malderton coughed, and looked at the fire.

"Yes, I'm sure he's very much attached to pa's society," said Miss Marianne.

"No doubt of it," echoed Miss Teresa.

"Indeed, he said as much to me in confidence," observed Mrs. Malderton.

"Well, well," returned Mr. Malderton, somewhat flattered; "if I see him at the assembly to-morrow, perhaps I'll ask him down here. I hope he knows we live at Oak Lodge, Camberwell, my dear?"

"Of course—and that you keep a one-horse carriage."

"I'll see about it," said Mr. Malderton, composing himself for a nap; "I'll see about it."

Mr. Malderton was a man whose whole scope of ideas was limited to Lloyd's, the Exchange, Broad-street, and the Bank. A few successful speculations had raised him from a situation of obscurity and comparative poverty, to a state of affluence. As it frequently happens in such cases the ideas of himself and his family became elevated to an extraordinary pitch as their means increased; they affected fashion, taste, and many other fooleries, in imitation of their superiors, and had a very becoming and decided horror of any thing which could by possibility be considered *low*. He was hospitable from ostentation, illiberal from ignorance, and prejudiced from conceit. Egotism and the love of display induced him to keep an excellent table: convenience, and a love of the good things of this life, ensured him plenty of guests. He liked to have clever men, or what he considered such, at his table, because it was a great thing to talk about; but he never could endure what he called "sharp fellows." Probably he cherished this feeling out of compliment to his two sons, who gave their respected parent no uneasiness in that particular.

The family were ambitious of forming acquaintances and connexions in some sphere of society superior to that in which they themselves moved; and one of the necessary consequences of this desire, added to their utter ignorance of the world beyond their own small circle, was that any one, who could plausibly lay claim to an acquaintance with people of rank and title, had a sure passport to the table at Oak-Lodge, Camberwell.

The appearance of Mr. Horatio Sparkins at the City assembly had excited no small degree of surprise and curiosity among its regular frequenters. Who could he be? He was evidently reserved, and apparently melancholy. Was he a clergyman?—He danced too well. A barrister!—he was not called. He used very fine words, and said a great deal. Could he be a distinguished foreigner come to England for the purpose of describing the country, its manners and customs; and frequenting City balls and public dinners, with the view of becoming acquainted with high life, polished etiquette, and English refinement?—No, he had not a foreign accent. Was he a surgeon, a contributor to the magazines, a writer of fashionable novels, or an artist?—No; to each and all of these surmises there existed some valid objection.—"Then," said every body, "he must be *somebody*,"—"I should think he must be," reasoned Mr. Malderton, with himself, "because he perceives our superiority and pays us so much attention."

The night succeeding the conversation we have just recorded was "assembly night." The double-fly was ordered to be at the door of Oak-Lodge at nine o'clock precisely. The Miss Maldertons were dressed in sky-blue satin, trimmed with artificial flowers; and Mrs. M. (who was a little fat woman), in ditto ditto, looked like her eldest daughter multiplied by two. Mr. Frederick Malderton the eldest son, in full-dress costume, was the very *beau-ideal* of a smart waiter; and Mr. Thomas Malderton, the youngest, with his white dress-stock, blue coat, bright buttons, and red watch-ribbon, strongly resembled the portrait of that interesting though somewhat rash young gentleman, George Barnwell. Every member of the party had made up his or her mind to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Horatio Sparkins. Miss Teresa of course was to be as amiable and interesting as ladies of eight-and-twenty on the look out for a husband usually are; Mrs. Malderton would be all smiles and graces; Miss Marianne would request the favour of some verses for her album; Mr. Malderton would patronize the great unknown by asking him to dinner; and Tom intended to ascertain the extent of his information on the interesting topics of snuff and cigars. Even Mr. Frederick Malderton himself, the family authority on all points of taste, dress, and fashionable arrangement—who had lodgings of his own at "the west end," who had a free admission for Covent-Garden theatre, who always dressed according to the fashions of the month, who went up the water twice a week in the season, and who actually had an intimate friend who once knew a gentleman who formerly lived in the Albany,—even he had determined that Mr. Horatio Sparkins must be a devilish good fellow, and that he would do him the honour of challenging him to a game of billiards.

The first object that met the anxious eyes of the expectant family,

on their entrance into the ball-room, was the interesting Horatio, with his hair brushed off his forehead, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling, reclining in a contemplative attitude on one of the seats.

"There he is, my dear," anxiously whispered Mrs. Malderton to Mr. Malderton.

"How like Lord Byron!" murmured Miss Teresa.

"Or Montgomery!" whispered Miss Marianne.

"Or the portraits of Captain Ross!" suggested Tom.

"Tom—don't be an ass," said his father, who checked him upon all occasions, probably with a view to prevent his becoming "sharp" —which, by-the-by, was very unnecessary.

The elegant Sparkins attitudinized with admirable effect until the family had crossed the room. He then started up with the most natural appearance of surprise and delight: accosted Mrs. Malderton with the utmost cordiality, saluted the young ladies in the most enchanting manner; bowed to, and shook hands with Mr. Malderton, with a degree of respect amounting almost to veneration, and returned the greetings of the two young men in a half-gratified, half-patronizing manner, which fully convinced them that he must be an important and, at the same time, condescending personage.

"Miss Malderton," said Horatio, after the ordinary salutations, and bowing very low, "may I be permitted to presume to hope that you will allow me to have the pleasure——"

"I don't think I am engaged," said Miss Teresa, with a dreadful affectation of indifference—"but, really—so many——"

Horatio looked as handsomely miserable as a Hamlet sliding upon a bit of orange-peel.

"I shall be most happy," simpered the interesting Teresa, at last; and Horatio's countenance brightened up like an old hat in a shower of rain.

"A very genteel young man, certainly!" said the gratified Mr. Malderton, as the obsequious Sparkins and his partner joined the quadrille which was just forming.

"He has a remarkably good address," said Mr. Frederick.

"Yes, he is a prime fellow," interposed Tom; who always managed to put his foot in it—"he talks just like an auctioneer."

"Tom!" said his father, "I think I desired you before not to be a fool."—Tom looked as happy as a cock on a drizzly morning.

"How delightful!" said the interesting Horatio to his partner, as they promenaded the room at the conclusion of the set—"how delightful, how refreshing it is, to retire from the cloudy storms, the vicissitudes, and the troubles of life, even if it be but for a few short, fleeting moments; and to spend those moments, fading and evanescent though they be, in the delightful, the blessed society of one individual—of her whose frowns would be death, whose coldness would be madness, whose falsehood would be ruin, whose constancy would be bliss; the possession of whose affection would be the brightest and best reward that heaven could bestow on man."

"What feeling! what sentiment!" thought Miss Teresa, as she leaned more heavily upon her companion's arm.

"But enough—enough," resumed the elegant Sparkins, with a theatrical air. "What have I said? what have I—I— to do with

sentiments like these? Miss Malderton," here he stopped short—"may I hope to be permitted to offer the humble tribute of——"

"Really, Mr. Sparkins," returned the enraptured Teresa, blushing in the sweetest confusion, "I must refer you to papa. I never can without his consent, venture to—to——"

"Surely he cannot object——"

"Oh, yes. Indeed, indeed, you know him not," interrupted Miss Teresa—well knowing there was nothing to fear, but wishing to make the interview resemble a scene in some romantic novel.

"He cannot object to my offering you a glass of negus," returned the adorable Sparkins, with some surprise.

"Is that all!" said the disappointed Teresa to herself. "What a fuss about nothing!"

"It will give me the greatest pleasure, sir, to see you to dinner at Oak Lodge, Camberwell, on Sunday next, at five o'clock, if you have no better engagement," said Mr. Malderton, at the conclusion of the evening, as he and his sons were standing in conversation with Mr. Horatio Sparkins.

Horatio bowed his acknowledgments, and accepted the flattering invitation.

"I must confess," continued the manœuvring father, offering his snuff-box to his new acquaintance, "that I don't enjoy these assemblies half so much as the comfort—I had almost said the luxury—of Oak Lodge: they have no great charms for an elderly man."

"And, after all, sir, what is man?" said the metaphysical Sparkins—"I say, what is man?"

"Very true," said Mr. Malderton—"very true."

"We know that we live and breathe," continued Horatio; "that we have wants and wishes, desires and appetites——"

"Certainly," said Mr. Frederick Malderton, looking very profound.

"I say, we know that we exist," repeated Horatio, raising his voice, "but there we stop; there is an end to our knowledge; there is the summit of our attainments; there is the termination of our ends. What more do we know?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Frederick—than whom no one was more capable of answering for himself in that particular. Tom was about to hazard something, but, fortunately for his reputation, he caught his father's angry eye, and slunk off like a puppy convicted of petty larceny.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Malderton the elder, as they were returning home in the 'Fly,' "that Mr. Sparkins is a wonderful young man. Such surprising knowledge! such extraordinary information! and such a splendid mode of expressing himself!"

"I think he must be somebody in disguise," said Miss Marianne.—"How charmingly romantic!"

"He talks very loud, and nicely," timidly observed Tom, "but I don't exactly understand what he means."

"I almost begin to despair of *your* understanding any thing, Tom," said his father, who, of course, had been much enlightened by Mr. Horatio Sparkins' conversation.

"It strikes me, Tom," said Miss Teresa, "that you have made yourself very ridiculous this evening."

"No doubt of it," cried every body—and the unfortunate Tom reduced himself into the least possible space.—That night Mr. and Mrs. Malderton had a long conversation respecting their daughter's prospects and future arrangements. Miss Teresa went to bed, considering whether, in the event of her marrying a title, she could conscientiously encourage the visits of her present associates, and dreamt all night of disguised noblemen, large routs, ostrich plumes, bridal favours, and Horatio Sparkins.

Various surmises were hazarded on the Sunday morning, as to the mode of conveyance which the anxiously-expected Horatio would adopt. Did he keep a gig—was it possible he would come on horseback—or would he patronize the stage? These, and various other conjectures of equal importance, engrossed the attention of Mrs. Malderton and her daughters during the whole morning.

"Upon my word, my dear, it's a most annoying thing that that vulgar brother of yours should have invited himself to dine here to-day," said Mr. Malderton to his wife. "On account of Mr. Sparkins' coming down, I purposely abstained from asking any one but Flamwell. And then to think of your brother—a tradesman—it's insufferable. I declare I wouldn't have him mention his shop before our new guest—no, not for a thousand pounds. I wouldn't care if he had the good sense to conceal the disgrace he is to the family; but he's so cursedly fond of his horrible business, that he will let people know what he is."

Mr. Jacob Barton, the individual alluded to, was a large grocer; so vulgar, and so lost to all sense of feeling, that he actually never scrupled to avow that he wasn't above his business; "he'd made his money by it, and he didn't care who know'd it."

"Ah! Flamwell, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?" said Mr. Malderton, as a little spoffish man, with green spectacles, entered the room. "You got my note?"

"Yes, I did; and here I am in consequence."

"You don't happen to know this Mr. Sparkins by name?—You know every body."

Mr. Flamwell was one of those gentleman of such remarkably extensive information that one occasionally meets with in society, who pretend to know every body, but who, of course, know nobody. At Malderton's, where any stories about great people were received with a greedy ear, he was an especial favourite; and, knowing the kind of people he had to deal with, he carried his passion of claiming acquaintance with everybody to the most immoderate length. He had rather a singular way of telling his greatest lies in a parenthesis, and with an air of self-denial, as if he feared being thought egotistical.

"Why, no, I don't know him by that name," returned Flamwell, in a low tone, and with an air of immense importance. "I have no doubt I know him though. Is he tall?"

"Middle sized," said Miss Teresa.

"With black hair?" inquired Flamwell, hazarding a bold guess.

"Yes," returned Miss Teresa eagerly.

"Rather a snub nose?"

"No," said the disappointed Teresa, "he has a Roman nose."

"I said a Roman nose, didn't I?" inquired Flamwell. "He's an elegant young man?"

"Oh, certainly."

"With remarkably prepossessing manners?"

"Oh, yes!" said all the family together. "You must know him."

"Yes, I thought you knew him, if he was anybody," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Malderton. "Who d'ye think he is?"

"Why, from your description," said Flamwell, ruminating, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "he bears a strong resemblance to the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne. He's a very talented young man, and rather eccentric. It's extremely probable he may have changed his name for some temporary purpose."

Teresa's heart beat high. Could he be the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne? What a name to be elegantly engraved over two glazed cards, tied together with a piece of white satin ribbon! "The Honourable Mrs. Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne!" The thought was transport.

"It's five minutes to five," said Mr. Malderton, looking at his watch: "I hope he's not going to disappoint us."

"There he is!" exclaimed Miss Teresa, as a loud double-knock was heard at the door. Every body endeavoured to look—as people when they particularly expect a visitor alway do—as if they were perfectly unsuspicious of the approach of any one.

The room door opened—"Mr. Barton!" said the servant.

"Confound the man," murmured Malderton.—"Ah, my dear sir, how d'ye do? Any news?"

"Why, no," returned the grocer, in his usual honest, bluff manner. "No, none partickler. None that I am much aware of.—How d'ye do, gals and boys?—Mr. Flamwell, sir—glad to see you."

"Here's Mr. Sparkins," said Tom, who had been looking out at the window, "on *such* a black horse!"—There was Horatio sure enough, on a large black horse, curvetting and prancing along like an Astley's supernumerary. After a great deal of reining in and pulling up, with the usual accompaniments of snorting, rearing, and kicking, the animal consented to stop at about a hundred yards from the gate, where Mr. Sparkins dismounted and confided him to the care of Mr. Malderton's groom. The ceremony of introduction was gone through in all due form. Mr. Flamwell looked from behind his green spectacles at Horatio with an air of mysterious importance; and the gallant Horatio looked unutterable things at Teresa, who tried in her turn to appear uncommonly lackadaisycal.

"Is he the Honourable Mr. Augustus—what's his name?" whispered Mrs. Malderton to Flamwell, as he was escorting her to the dining-room.

"Why, no—at least not exactly," returned that great authority—"not exactly."

"Who *is* he then?"

"Hush!" said Flamwell, nodding his head with a grave air, importing that he knew very well; but was prevented by some grave

reasons of state from disclosing the important secret. It might be one of the ministers making himself acquainted with the views of the people.

"Mr. Sparkins," said the delighted Mrs. Malderton, "pray divide the ladies. John, put a chair for the gentleman between Miss Teresa and Miss Marianne." This was addressed to a man who on ordinary occasions acted as half-groom, half-gardener; but who, as it was most important to make an impression on Mr. Sparkins, had been forced into a white neckerchief and shoes, and touched up and brushed to look like a second footman.

The dinner was excellent; Horatio was most attentive to Miss Teresa, and every one felt in high spirits, except Mr. Malderton, who, knowing the propensity of his brother-in-law, Mr. Barton, endured that sort of agony which the newspapers inform us is experienced by the surrounding neighbourhood when a pot-boy hangs himself in a hay-loft, and which is "much easier to be imagined than described."

"Have you seen your friend, Sir Thomas Noland, lately, Flamwell?" inquired Mr. Malderton, casting a sidelong look at Horatio, to see what effect the mention of so great a man had upon him.

"Why, no—not very lately; I saw Lord Gubbleton the day before yesterday."

"I hope his lordship is very well," said Malderton, in a tone of the greatest interest. It is scarcely necessary to say that until that moment he was quite innocent of the existence of such a person.

"Why, yes; he was very well—very well, indeed. He's a devilish good fellow: I met him in the City, and had a long chat with him. Indeed I'm rather intimate with him. I couldn't stop to talk to him as long as I could wish though, because I was on my way to a banker's, a very rich man, and a member of Parliament, with whom I am also rather, indeed I may say very, intimate."

"I know whom you mean," returned the host, consequentially, in reality knowing as much about the matter as Flamwell himself.

"He has a capital business."

This was touching on a dangerous topic.

"Talking of business," interposed Mr. Barton, from the centre of the table. "A gentleman that you knew very well, Malderton, before you made that first lucky spec of your's, called at our shop the other day, and——"

"Barton, may I trouble you for a potatoe," interrupted the wretched master of the house, hoping to nip the story in the bud.

"Certainly," returned the grocer, quite insensible of his brother-in-law's object—"and he said in a very plain manner——"

"*Flowery*, if you please," interrupted Malderton again; dreading the termination of the anecdote, and fearing a repetition of the word "shop."

"He said, says he," continued the culprit, after dispatching the potatoe—"says he, how goes on your business? So I said, jokingly—you know my way—says I, I'm never above my business, and I hope my business will never be above me. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mr. Sparkins," said the host, vainly endeavouring to conceal his dismay, "a glass of wine?"

"With the utmost pleasure, sir."

"Happy to see you."

"Thank you."

"We were talking the other evening," resumed the host, addressing Horatio, partly with the view of displaying the conversational powers of his new acquaintance, and partly in the hope of drowning the grocer's stories; "we were talking the other day about the nature of man. Your argument struck me very forcibly."

"And me," said Mr. Frederick. Horatio made a graceful inclination of the head.

"Pray what is your opinion of women, Mr. Sparkins?" inquired Mrs. Malderton. The young ladies simpered.

"Man," replied Horatio, "man, whether he ranged the bright, gay, flowery plains of a second Eden, or the more sterile, barren, and I may say common-place regions, to which we are compelled to accustom ourselves in times such as these; man, I say, under any circumstances, or in any place—whether he were bending beneath the withering blasts of the frigid zone, or scorching under the rays of a vertical sun,—man, without woman would be—alone."

"I'm very happy to find you entertain such honourable opinions, Mr. Sparkins," said Mrs. Malderton.

"And I," added Miss Teresa. Horatio looked his delight, and the young lady blushed like a full-blown peony.

"Now it's my opinion——" said Mr. Barton——

"I know what you're going to say," interposed Malderton, determined not to give his relation another opportunity, "and I don't agree with you."

"What!" inquired the astonished grocer.

"I am sorry to differ from you, Barton," said the host, in as positive a manner as if he really were contradicting a position which the other had laid down, "but I cannot give my assent to what I consider a very monstrous proposition."

"But I meant to say——"

"You never can convince me," said Malderton, with an air of obstinate determination. "Never."

"And I," said Mr. Frederick, following up his father's attack, "cannot entirely agree in Mr. Sparkins' argument."

"What!" said Horatio, who became more metaphysical, and more argumentative, as he saw the female part of the family listening in wondering delight. "What! is effect the consequence of cause? Is cause the precursor of effect?"

"That's the point," said Flamwell, in a tone of concurrence.

"To be sure," said Mr. Malderton.

"Because if effect is the consequence of cause, and if cause does precede effect, I apprehend you are decidedly wrong." added Horatio.

"Decidedly," said the toad-eating Flamwell.

"At least I apprehend that to be the just and logical deduction," said Sparkins, in a tone of interrogation.

"No doubt of it," chimed in Flamwell again. "It settles the point."

"Well perhaps it does," said Mr. Frederick; "I didn't see it before."

"I don't exactly see it now," thought the grocer; "but I suppose it's all right."

"How wonderfully clever he is!" whispered Mrs. Malderton to her daughters as they retired to the drawing-room.

"Oh! he's quite a love," said both the young ladies together, "he talks like a second Pelham. He must have seen a great deal of life."

The gentlemen being left to themselves a pause ensued, during which everybody looked very grave, as if they were quite overcome by the profound nature of the previous discussion. Flamwell, who had made up his mind to find out who and what Mr. Horatio Sparkins really was, first broke silence.

"Excuse me, sir," said that distinguished personage. "I presume you have studied for the bar; I thought of entering once myself—indeed I'm rather intimate with some of the highest ornaments of that distinguished profession.

"No—no!" said Horatio, with a little hesitation, "not exactly."

"But you have been much among the silk gowns, or I mistake?" inquired Flamwell, deferentially.

"Nearly all my life," returned Sparkins.

The question was thus pretty well settled in the mind of Mr. Flamwell.—He was a young gentleman "about to be called."

"I shouldn't like to be a barrister," said Tom, speaking for the first time, and looking round the table to find somebody who would notice the remark.

No one made any reply.

"I shouldn't like to wear a wig," added Tom, hazarding another observation.

"Tom, I beg you'll not make yourself ridiculous," said his father. "Pray listen, and improve yourself by the conversation you hear, and don't be constantly making these absurd remarks."

"Very well, father," replied the unfortunate Tom, who had not spoken a word since he had asked for another slice of beef at a quarter past five o'clock P. M., and it was then eight.

"Well, Tom," observed his good-natured uncle, "never mind; I think with you. *I* shouldn't like to wear a wig; I'd rather wear an apron."

Mr. Malderton coughed violently. Mr. Barton resumed—"For if a man's above his business ——"

The cough returned with tenfold violence, and did not cease until the unfortunate cause of it, in his alarm, had quite forgotten what he intended to say.

"Mr. Sparkins," said Flamwell, returning to the charge; "do you happen to know Mr. Delafontaine of Bedford-square?"

"I have exchanged cards with him; since which, indeed, I had an opportunity of serving him considerably," replied Horatio, slightly colouring, no doubt at having been betrayed into making the acknowledgment.

"You are very lucky, if you have had an opportunity of obliging that great man," observed Flamwell, with an air of profound respect.

"I don't know," whispered Flamwell to Mr. Malderton confidentially as they followed Horatio up to the drawing-room. "It's quite clear, however, that he belongs to the law, and that he is somebody of great importance, and very highly connected."

"No doubt, no doubt," returned his companion.

The remainder of the evening passed away most delightfully. Mr. Malderton, relieved from his apprehensions by the circumstance of Mr. Barton's falling into a profound sleep, was as affable and gracious as possible. Miss Teresa played "The Falls of Paris," as Mr. Sparkins declared, in a most masterly manner, and both of them assisted by Mr. Frederick, tried over glees and trios without number; they having made the pleasing discovery that their voices harmonized beautifully. To be sure they all sang the first part; and Horatio, in addition to the slight drawback of having no ear, was perfectly innocent of knowing a note of music; still they passed the time away very agreeably, and it was past twelve o'clock before Mr. Sparkins ordered the mourning-coach-looking steed to be brought out—an order which was only complied with upon the distinct understanding that he was to repeat his visit on the following Sunday.

"But, perhaps, Mr. Sparkins will form one of our party to-morrow evening?" suggested Mrs. M. "Mr. Malderton intends taking the girls to see *St. George and the Dragon*"—Mr. Sparkins bowed and promised to join the party in box 48 in the course of the evening.

"We will not tax you for the morning," said Miss Teresa, bewitchingly; "for ma is going to take us to all sorts of places, shopping. But I know that gentlemen have a great horror of that employment." Mr. Sparkins bowed again, and declared he should be delighted, but business of importance occupied him in the morning. Flamwell looked at Malderton significantly.—"It's term time!" he whispered.

At twelve o'clock on the following morning the "fly" was at the door of Oak Lodge to convey Mrs. Malderton and her daughters on their expedition for the day, They were to dine and dress for the play at a friend's house, first driving thither with their bandboxes; thence they departed on their first errand to make some purchases at Messrs. Jones, Spruggins, and Smith's, of Tottenham-court-road; after which to Redmayne, in Bond-treet; and thence to innumerable places that no one ever heard of. The young ladies beguiled the tediousness of the ride by eulogizing Mr. Horatio Sparkins, scolding their mamma for taking them so far to save a shilling, and wondering whether they should ever reach their destination. At length the vehicle stopped before a dirty-looking ticketed linen-draper's shop, with goods of all kinds, and labels of all sorts and sizes in the window. There were dropsical figures of a seven with a little three-quarter in the corner, something like the aquatic animalculæ disclosed by the gas microscope "perfectly invisible to the naked eye;" three hundred and fifty thousand ladies' boas, *from* one shilling and a penny halfpenny; real French kid shoes, at two and nine-pence per pair; green parasols, wth handles like carving-forks, at an equally cheap rate; and

" every description of goods," *as* the proprietors said—and they must know best—" fifty per cent. under cost price."

" La ! ma', what a place you have brought us to !" said Miss Teresa ; " what *would* Mr. Sparkins say if he could see us !"

" Ah ! what, indeed !" said Miss Marianne, horrified at the idea.

" Pray be seated, ladies. What is the first article ?" inquired the obsequious master of the ceremonies of the establishment, who, in his large white neckcloth and formal tie, looked like a bad " portrait of a gentleman" in the Somerset-house exhibition.

" I want to see some silks," answered Mrs. Malderton.

" Directly, ma'am.—Mr. Smith. Where *is Mr.* Smith ?"

" Here, sir," cried a voice at the back of the shop.

" Pray make haste, Mr. Smith," said the M. C. " You never are to be found when you're wanted, sir."

Mr. Smith thus enjoined to use all possible despatch, leaped over the counter with great agility, and placed himself before the newly-arrived customers. Mrs. Malderton uttered a faint scream ; Miss Teresa, who had been stooping down to talk to her sister, raised her head, and beheld—Horatio Sparkins !

" We will draw a veil," as novel writers say, over the scene that ensued. The mysterious, philosophical, romantic, metaphysical Sparkins—he who, to the interesting Teresa, seemed like the embodied idea of the young dukes and poetical exquisites in blue silk dressing-gowns, and ditto ditto slippers, of whom she had read and dreamt, but had never expected to behold—was suddenly converted into Mr. Samuel Smith, the assistant at a " cheap shop ;" the junior partner in a slippery firm of some three weeks' existence. The dignified evanishment of the hero of Oak Lodge on this unexpected announcement could only be equalled by that of a furtive dog with a considerable kettle at his tail. All the hopes of the Maldertons were destined at once to melt away, like the lemon ices at a Company's dinner ; Almacks was still to them as distant as the North Pole : and Miss Teresa had about as much chance of a husband as Captain Ross had of the north-west passage.

Years have elapsed since the occurrence of this dreadful morning. The daisies have thrice bloomed on Camberwell-green—the sparrows have thrice repeated their vernal chirps in Camberwell-grove ; but the Miss Maldertons are still unmated. Miss Teresa's case is more desperate than ever ; but Flamwell is yet in the zenith of his reputation, and the family have the same predilection for aristocratic personages, with an increased aversion to any thing *low*.

THE BURIAL OF ST. JOSEPH.

BY JOHN GALT.

The sun had set to rural Bethany;
But on the towers of high Jerusalem,
Still beam'd the glory of his amber light;
And spires, and vanes, and glitt'ring pinnacles
Crested with stars, like sacred torches round
Some gorgeous cenotaph or sainted shrine,
Environed the temple; which, sublime,
Shone in the azure of the cloudless sky,
A bright apocalypse of domes in heaven.

Beyond the gates, and forth the city walls,
The cypress grove and field of sepulchres
Charm'd with the murmurs of a gath'ring throng:—
There hung in clusters on the lab'ring trees
Expecting children; and apart in groupes,
With faces veil'd, deploring matrons stood:
While hoarsely fierce, insensate as the waves
That chafe the sands of Joppa's sounding shore,
Bands of rash youths and sallow artizans.—
A raging multitude, roll'd to and fro.

When, from afar, slow issuing from the gate,
Appear'd the funeral train.—The angry crowd,
With yells and cries, and shouts of blasphemy,
Swift turning, rushed to whelm the solemn rites.
But still the dead was borne serenely on:—
As in her course, amidst the wrack of storms,
The holy moon holds her accustom'd way.
And yet the uproar grew.—Vengeance and wrath
Were there; and fury, with extended arms,
Grasp'd for her victim; but he meekly rais'd
His pitying eyes.—The coming deluge stay'd:—
Hush'd was the insolence of voice and vow;
And back, receding to the right and left,
The aw'd and trembling multitude retir'd,
Forbid, rebuk'd, and wither'd in their daring.

THE COTTAGE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM ILLUSTRATED.

The general distress which has arisen from the unequal distribution of property, and the great pressure of the national debt, has long forced itself on public observation, and remedies of every description have been prescribed, either to remove the evils altogether, or to counteract their injurious effects. Such violent projects as an Agrarian law, or a spunging off the national debt, will meet with few supporters; but there are other less sweeping measures well calculated to relieve existing necessities, and, therefore, deserving consideration.

Of all these, the Cottage System is, perhaps, the most unexceptionable, offering the greatest advantages at the least risk; it has been tried in various parts of the country, and daily spreads more and more widely, "bearing before it in its course the relics" of those prejudices which once opposed its introduction. Simple as it seems to give a man, whose sinews are his only inheritance, so much land as will occupy his unemployed hours, many objections have been made to the principle, partly by a particular class of philosophers, ever haunted by the phantoms of over-population; and partly by men who dread the establishment here of a cottier-tenantry like that which has long crowded the estates of Irish landlords.

Of population so much has been written in modern times, that we shall not enter on it now further than to express our conviction that it cannot be restrained; neither moral check nor physical suffering will repress it, because the former is opposed to the strongest passions and feelings of human nature, and the latter experience has shewn is unequal to the task, unless carried to a barbarous extreme. Look at China, a country filled with a mass of people that would stock a dozen European kingdoms; there the harpy famine constantly hovers over their heads, and is only kept at bay by unceasing toil; they spend their lives in a constant struggle to live; they breed fish-spawn—they turn lakeweeds into gardens—they rake up the vilest offal for food—they ransack earth and water, seeking what they may devour, and, after all, barely succeed in satisfying the cravings of hunger;—yet population, like the poet's river, still rolls on its ceaseless tide, and we wait in vain for the failing of the waters. Common privations, then, will not check the growth of nations; it may be that there is a degree in the scale of misery below which the natural instincts are frozen, but no one yet ascertained this zero of wretchedness, nor has any one yet been found cold-blooded enough to propose it as a remedy. The principle of increase can never be restrained in countries where men have the shadow of freedom; toil, suffering, and despair can barely accomplish it in a land of slaves.

The problem, therefore, to be solved is, how to provide subsistence, not how to prevent consumers; and to this the plan we are considering affords a direct, though partial solution. The Cottage System, properly so called, consists in the allotment of land in small portions

to agricultural labourers; its object is to increase the respectability and comfort of the labourer, by enabling him to employ his spare time to the best advantage, by giving him a resource during any temporary loss of employment; by rendering him less dependant on his daily earnings when wages are good; and by preventing the necessity of applying to the poor-rate when wages are too low for subsistence. It has many advantages. In the first place it is not a political regulation, to be improved by the fiat of government; but a social change, to be effected by the influence of private interest.

The landlord suffers no loss, since the cottager pays the same rent as the farmer, and cultivates his land better.

In all parishes where wages are made up out of the poor-rates, the latter will immediately be relieved by adopting this plan; and where no such practice exists, still the rates will indirectly be lessened, as the condition of the poorer classes is improved. And when to these considerations we add the happiness conferred on numbers now struggling with poverty, surely the arguments against the system should be strong indeed to counterbalance such great advantages.

So many objections have been made to the small farmer, and these are so frequently applied to the cottager, that it becomes necessary to mark the difference between the two classes by a plain and simple distinction. A cottager, then, is one who depends for subsistence mainly on his labour for others, and looks upon his land, if he have any, merely as a collateral resource—a means of making up the deficiency of his wages, or of providing himself with a few additional comforts. The small farmer, on the other hand, depends entirely on his farm, or, if he does condescend to work for others, it is only on special occasions, and by no means in his ordinary occupations. On this account the quantity of land allotted should always be small, because the intention is to benefit the labourer as such, not to raise him to a higher grade.

It is not surprising, when so simple and easy a mode of relief was brought forward, and success had attended every experiment, that attention should daily be more and more directed to it, and new trials entered on by the more intelligent landholders. Every where we hear of allotments of land in roods or acres, and always with the same gratifying result; in the south of England they are particularly numerous, and as the practical benefits become better known, more ground still will be devoted to the same purpose, until there is not a cottage in the country without its little enclosure. But as illustration is the fashion, I will relate a case in point. It has, likewise, this recommendation—it is true. How much happiness will be the result, and how many a tale will be told like the following narrative!—

An old couple, of the name of Baker, long occupied a small farm in Berkshire, which they held on a lease for their own lives, at a very moderate rent. The easy terms of the lease, and their own frugality, had enabled them to accumulate more than 200*l.* in the bank; and as there could be no doubt that the whole of this would go, on their decease, to their only child, Mary Baker was considered a good

match by the young men of the neighbourhood. She was a well-looking girl, of a cheerful, lively temper, which attracted general regard; before she was seventeen, half-a-dozen suitors had made their bows; but all were rejected by the little damsel, who had perversely given her heart to the wrong man, a mere labourer on her father's farm. How John Robinson contrived to win her, I never heard. For some time, however, matters went on smoothly; but at length a discovery was made by a busy neighbour, which changed the face of affairs. The farmer and his wife were of that class so numerous in England, whose leading idea is to be respectable; that is, to pay your way, go to church regularly, do as others do, and be in good repute with your neighbours. It had long been their ambition that Mary should marry a substantial farmer in an adjoining parish, and when they found their hopes disappointed, and their respectability lessened by her attachment to Robinson, it is not surprising that their anger should be extreme against both parties. The old man discharged Robinson on the spot, with the most violent reproaches; and the old lady lectured poor Mary in the regular style used by dowagers on such occasions. The feelings of the two parties, however, remained unchanged in this reverse of fortune. Mary endeavoured to soften her parents' hearts by tears and entreaties; but the blue eyes of eighteen, and the spectacled ones of sixty, see things in very different lights, and she only brought on herself a fresh storm of indignation. Robinson then manfully determined to work harder than ever; and as soon as he could save from his wages sufficient to rent a garden, near Reading, to take Mary without her fortune, if old Baker chose to keep it.

In this manner a year passed away, and at the end of it Robinson found he had saved but a small sum, notwithstanding all his frugality; but he looked forward to a rise of wages, and hoped for better times next year. When that had passed, however, he found his savings were still less, and it required all Mary's rhetoric to cheep him up, when he thought of the time that must pass before he could accumulate the requisite sum. "You will have better news next time," she said, as they parted in the shrubbery before the house; and then you will not come with that long face, to tell me we have nothing to hope for. Good night." And John went home with a fresh stock of resolution. The third year had come and gone with few opportunities of seeing each other. In these Robinson always spoke despondingly, and, therefore, on the last day of the year, when they had agreed to meet in the little shrubbery, and talk over their plans, Mary was not surprised to find him in his gloomiest mood. "It's no use," he said, striking his hand against a tree, "its no use at all; if I was to work my arms off, I could'nt save a sixpence. It's no use, I say."

"But what makes you think so, John? If times are bad, we must look forward to better ones; but you are always so faint-hearted."

"You don't know how it is, Mary; wages have been low enough, God knows, this long time; but now I can't get work at any price."

"Not get work! Why, have you quarrelled with farmer Jones, or what is it?"

"I haven't quarrelled with anybody; but the magistrates, you see, have made a scale of wages; so much for single men, so much for families; and the farmers say they can't give so much, so it must be made up by the parish."

"Well, at any rate, you will be as well off as others; and I don't see how that is to prevent your getting work."

"Why, because there's more want work than can get it."

"But you're not likely to be one; you have worked for farmer Jones a long time, and why should he send you away to take in a stranger?"

"Because they know I've got some money; those that have none, if they have nothing to do, come upon the parish, so they give them work; but as I have saved money, the parish is not bound to help me, and that's the reason they won't employ me."

"That's hard," said Mary, after a pause, "very hard, not to give work because you've been industrious and saving."

"I am glad you think so at last; I told you it was no good to work, and now you see the little I did hoard up must all go. It's no use, Mary, we must give it up."

"For the present," she replied, "I see no help for it; but you must bear up like a man; and if the worst comes to the worst, 'tis but waiting a few years longer."

Poor Mary!—though herself greatly disappointed, she did all in her power to keep alive her lover's hopes, and when he left her she bid him farewell with unusual affection, and forgot to count the kisses he took at parting.

Misfortunes never come alone, is a common saying, and in this case a true one. Old Baker was taken ill suddenly, and died after a fortnight's illness; his wife never left him day or night, but when the excitement that supported her was gone, she fell into a low fever, attended with delirium, requiring all Mary's care and nursing to overcome it. In a few days, however, Mrs. Baker recovered so far as to sit up in an easy chair, and Mary wandered out in the evening for a little fresh air. On her return she was extremely shocked to find her mother lying on the floor in a fainting-fit. An open letter by her side shewed the cause—the bank had failed. Mrs. Baker was again confined to her bed, from which she never arose. A lingering illness of two months succeeded, and she died at length, in great distress of mind at leaving Mary a destitute orphan.

When the last duties had been paid, and the time was come for Mary to form some plan for the future, Robinson, who had been her only comfort in these mournful scenes, was of course consulted; he immediately proposed that they should marry. To Mary this appeared downright madness; but he spoke quite seriously, and urged many reasons to induce her to consent. He said a married man was allowed higher wages by the magistrates, and was, besides, more likely to get work, because, if unemployed, both himself and wife were thrown on the parish; that there was no hope of saving any thing towards the garden, nor any other way to prevent her going

out to service, which he was sure she would not like; and, in short, that marrying was the best of all plans under the circumstances. But suppose he got no work?—Oh! then they must come upon the parish, as many others did nowadays. To this Mary could not at all consent; she felt the greatest dislike to the bare idea of receiving parish aid, and had not Robinson's indifference on the subject; he pressed her for some time to marry him, and let things take their chance; but she answered every solicitation with a gentle, yet firm refusal. He seemed greatly dejected; said he should never see her again, when she once went away to service; that it wasn't fair to tie her down to a man, like him, who could never offer her a home; so the best thing to be done was to part at once, and he would do what he could for himself. In this way he went on expressing his own bitter feelings, and showing how completely he had given way to despair; it was true, when he saw how much it distressed Mary, he assumed a more cheerful manner; but it was evidently only for her sake, and she dreaded to think what this reckless temper would lead to. Notwithstanding all her efforts to inspire him with better hopes, he went away in the same moody humour, after promising to see her again before her departure; and, with a heavy heart, poor Mary turned to her preparations for leaving the cottage. Her father's landlord, Mr. Parker, had procured her a situation with a lady at Marlborough, which she had thankfully accepted.

The next day, after finishing what she had to do, the clear bright evening tempted her abroad; she put on her straw-bonnet, and stepped out on the grass-plot before the door, to take one more look at the spot where she had lived from childhood. To-morrow she was to go among strange people and strange places; and to take leave of John, who would be so unhappy; she wondered whether he would come then, or in the morning; at last, to divert her thoughts, she set out for a moonlight walk towards the village. Robinson's lodgings were just at the entrance, and, on passing, she looked up to the window of his room; it was quite dark, so she continued her stroll, until the noise from the village alehouse made her turn. There was no one in the street, and she was walking slowly back, thinking of the next day, when she was startled by coming close on a man lying down under a gateway; she thought he was asleep, for he never stirred as she went by; but after going a few yards, the idea struck her that he might be ill, and she went back to see; she stepped cautiously up, and turned back his collar—it was John Robinson! She half screamed, and for a moment leaned back against the wall, drawing her breath hard; the next she was on her knees beside him, trying to make him answer. "John, John, what is the matter with you? why do you sleep here? why don't you speak? don't you know me, John?" He turned slowly on his back, half opened his eyes, and made a sudden effort to rise; he threw out his arms and legs, rolled over, and at length got upon his feet, striking her a severe blow in the struggle; there he stood reeling and wavering about, and Mary could no longer doubt that he was dreadfully intoxicated. She looked round—not a soul was to be seen—his lodgings were near, if she could but get him safely in; she took his arm, and tried to force him on; but a drunken man is always

obstinate; she spoke to him, she pushed and pulled him forwards, until they reached the door; a little boy was the only one in the house, and he pointed out the lodger's room; she got him in at last, and down he fell on the floor in a dead sleep; it was quite dark; she groped about for the bed, and taking off all the clothes, threw them over him; she then closed the door softly, got out of the house, and ran all the way home, without stopping till she reached the garden gate. There she rested a moment to recover breath; the cottage was before her, but father and mother were both gone; the shrubbery, too, where she and John had met so often—but to-morrow she was to leave all; and John—it overcame her at length—she threw her apron over her head, and gave way to a flood of tears. It was only for a few minutes, however; she had that cheeriness of heart that rallies quickly under sorrow; she dried her eyes, threw back the hair from her forehead, and looked up at the stars almost with a smile. For a short time she remained absorbed in thought, and then re-entered the cottage with a light step and open brow.

On the morning of the following day as Mr. Parker, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, was sitting in his study, the servant announced that a young woman wished to speak with him. The old gentleman desired her to be shown in, and immediately recognized her as the daughter of his late tenant, Farmer Baker. He made many inquiries about her plans; told her she was welcome to stay in the cottage another month or two, if she pleased; spoke of the lady into whose service she was going in the highest terms; and expressed his readiness to assist her in any thing she required. Mary acknowledged his kindness, and said she did not know how to trespass on him further; but she had no other hope; and then she told him the state of affairs between Robinson and herself, with the exception of last night's scene; she related all his struggles and disappointments, and concluded with asking, would Mr. Parker give Robinson the cottage, and only two fields behind it, at any rent he might think proper?

"This is a very sudden request of yours, Mary," said Mr. Parker, "how is it you never mentioned it before?" Mary hesitated and coloured, and at length confessed what had occurred the previous night. "It is a bad habit," replied Mr. Parker, gravely.

"Not a habit, sir, indeed, it is not a habit; he was always sober and industrious as long as he could get work; but they have driven him to spend all that he hoarded up for my sake, and that and my going away has put him quite out of my mind."

"You mean to marry him, then, if I were to give you the cottage?"

"Yes, sir."

"I really do not know what to say; small holdings are very bad things; and the fact is, I intended to have thrown your father's land into one of the other farms; a cottager's is still worse, he has no capital to stock or work his——"

"Oh! sir," said Mary, "I know nothing about that; but if you do not help me, John will be ruined; only try us for a year. I know we shall be able to pay you—we shall, indeed; even if you did lose a little money by your kindness to an orphan girl, you would scarcely

be the worse for it either here or hereafter; but you will gain doubly, I am sure, for we will pay you both in money and in gratitude."

She had thrown herself before him in the ardour of the moment; her upturned face, flushed with eager expectation, contrasted beautifully with the old man's look of calm benignity; his eyes glistened, and his hand shook, as he patted her gently on the head, and said, in his quiet way, "You shall have the land, Mary."

If you ever travel on the road between London and Bristol, you may remark, a few miles from Reading, a thatched cottage about fifty yards from the road side. Ivy and clematis, and all sorts of creepers, are tangled about the porch and low windows; there is a small plot of grass in front, and a shrubbery round it, with an arbour on one side; and every thing has that look of general neatness and comfort, so peculiarly English, that if you were suddenly dropped from the clouds, turned round three times, and bid to guess what country you were in, you would point to the cottage, and say at once, oh! England, England! Should you pass on a summer evening, about sunset, stop your carriage for a minute, and look at the group in the arbour; a stout good-looking man is sitting on the bench, with a mug of ale before him, and a little child lolling against his knee; beside him is his wife, dancing about a crowing baby, and looking so happy that the very sight "fills one's eyes with pleasant tears;"—then think of the story I have just related: that young and happy mother was the destitute orphan Mary; that hale and hearty yeoman was once Robinson the pauper. T. C.

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

The solemn hours of midnight may oppress
With fear the minds of others: but to me
The silence is a luxury of soul.
It is the nurse sincere of meditation.
Others may find their only happiness
In busy scenes and noises that control
The thought serene and pangs of memory;
But the Bard lives in spiritual creation.
'Tis when all outward objects by a veil
Are from the senses hid, the fertile mind
With greater vigour can the visions hail,
Which on the inward mirror are design'd:—
'Tis in the mind all bliss or evil lies;
The body has no wings to reach the skies.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

"Oh! you exquisite creature! you transcendant incarnation of loveliness! could Venus herself have been more perfect, she had been less pleasing! Radiant and witching girl, my heart bows to thy sovereign beauty! How gracefully she steps forth—how nobly she carries her head, conscious of empire—how elegantly she disposes that favoured shawl around the living ivory of her swelling shoulders! Alas! she is gone, and I am divided from the heaven of her presence!"

Of such shape were my thoughts, on one most particular Tuesday evening, as I stood (by the rarest accident in the world) among the throng at the pit-entrance of the King's Theatre, surveying the various deposits made at that inviting *embouchure* by the vehicles which successively drew up. The mental inanity I had previously felt (in common, I dare say, with the rest of the crowd) was banished by the first glance at the fair being indicated in the above faint apostrophe. When she had alighted, and entered the house (with two elderly persons, her companions), I stood transfixed (as far as the undulation of the crowd would let me), and her image filled my mind to its utmost capacity. Never had I beheld human form so enchanting! never before had I made so instant a surrender of my heart! Oh! those envious walls, interposing their eclipse between the sun of her charms and my poor external sense! Should I enter, and so partake of the light of gladness else denied? I felt my right-hand pocket, and my present funds were not below the requisite half-guinea. I rushed into the hall of the temple of harmony.

"Pay here, sir."—"Oh! by all means—there."—"Stay, sir—won't do—not dressed—mustn't go in—out of the question, sir."

True it was that my costume was of a non-conforming character: a green coat with gilt buttons, a parti-coloured cravat, and drab *smalls*, with elongators *en suite*, were not within the pale of even the lax code which preceded Mr. Monck Mason's. There was no course but to retire—which I did with a heaviness that doubtless stamped on the man's attention the extra fact of my "walking shoes." I could not have denied that I was no figure for the occasion—yet, with the obstinacy of thwarted feeling, I regarded that man at the moment as the most hateful of all "exclusives."

I stood again among the out-of-doors company, my person jostled about as much as my uncertain mind. Should I go home, and qualify myself to return? I lived at the farther end of Cheapside; but what of that?—I was engaged at my musical club, and they had no other first flute.—Well, there was *something* in that—and yet——

Here I was shaken out of the *adhesive* part of my perplexity by the peremptory "move on there!" of a surly sentry, who seemed determined to prove himself "a full private," by the rigorous enforcement of his brief authority. I turned away from the door, as Adam turned from that of Paradise!

My way back to the City presented nothing but the all-absorbing

idea of the beauteous unknown, save when some porter's burden brought its nuisance into the neighbourhood of my eye, or an unforeseen passenger roused me by the shock of passing collision. Oh! that fair concentration of nature's best attributes! Shall I describe her? A height, which just touched the point of dignity, and went not a hair's breadth beyond—a form, which no sculptured modification of Phidian marble had presented a rival to—eyes of an intense azure—lips of a pure carnation—complexion, lustrous as a vernal atmosphere—looks, heaven's own interpreters—and hair (I am particular in hair), of that hue which is the attributes of Phœbus's locks, which is most reflective of glorious light, which is most participant of gorgeous gold—I mean *auburn;* such were her native charms—charms which no dress could enhance, and, therefore, I will not dwell upon her dress. Her voice—my ears had caught a few tones of its silver effusion—might have defeated the opium-eater's impression of the syren, Grassini. To my raptured fancy, every object I had seen in connexion with her acquired a more elevated character: the respectable pair who accompanied her appeared like a couple of superior intelligences; the hackney-coach, from which she had descended, seemed to brighten into a similitude of Cinderella's fairy-chariot; and the very rabble, who had beset the doors, acquired a semblance of higher station and more harmonious demeanour.

I have never been able fully to explain to myself, why I did not go back after I reached my lodgings, and try, in re-considered costume, to place myself in contiguity with the object of my sudden but fixed adoration. I did commence laying out some matters from my wardrobe; but a baneful doubt, the blight of genial impulses, checked my hand and chilled my purpose. Why should so honest a thing as love be diffident? I know not; but I put back my "purple and fine linen" into their lavendered places, took up my flute, and walked—not to the scene of enchantment, but to my club in Billiter-lane.

I was usually the life and centre of this little civic knot of practising musicians, and, I *will* say, was instrumental in qualifying oftentimes, into something not absolutely shocking to humanity, the distempered sounds which they jointly emitted, in common, perhaps, with such amateur societies generally. That evening, however, I was as dull as a dromedary, while my flute,

"Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps,"

was as dissonant as the best of them. Even Mr. Cheekes, our clarionet-player (who was always out of tune), complained of me for violation of harmony, and taxed me with "spoiling the effect." The horn-player, too, a German of the name of Puffendorf, who was himself invariably a quarter of a tone flat, had the impertinence to "blow me up." This roused my temper: I told the mal-administrator of the horn that he was a fellow of brazen habits, and below what he pretended to; and I am afraid I forgot myself so far as to threaten to "knock the wind out of him." A "suspended harmony" was the result for the evening, leaving me to return home with my head full of anger; for in my *heart* there was no room for it, owing to the fair image that held full possession there.

Oh, what a night I then passed! It was a vision with unclosed eyes, a waking dream of brightness in the midst of darkness. As I lay all consciously entranced, and gazed in fancy on my lovely incognita, my peerless Opera-visitant, "She is herself," I whispered to my pillow, "nature's *opera-prima!*"

I rose the next morning like a captive; for I felt that the truest liberty, that of the heart, had left me; and then, in renewed force, there was the cruel thought that my enslaver was not accessible—that she, the gaoler of "my bosom's lord," was absent with the keys of my *chest*—absent I knew not where, and, perhaps, never to return and give release! This depressing idea haunted me at my breakfast, which was any thing but a light meal, although what I ate was but a mere nothing. I did manage to mumble through a muffin: but it seemed to hang like a dead weight at my heart, from whence not all the influence of two large cups of strong tea could avail to dislodge it. Sorrowfully I took up my hat, and walked to my daily occupation, that of confidential clerk to a colonial house in Bishopsgate-street Within.

It were needless to say how much the vague and dreamy notions inspired by Cupid, the deity of distraction, are at variance with counting-house habits of business. The plumed arrows from the quiver of that perverse little divinity will not run parallel with the feathered implement which the goose gives forth from her quivering wings. When the head is busy in the service of the heart, it resents being summoned to any other employ. When love comes in at the door, business jumps out of the window. In short, I could do nothing all that day at my desk, at least, nothing which could (to use the established phrase) "give satisfaction." The head of the firm, who had his eye on me, was astonished at my absence. Hitherto, notwithstanding the innate enthusiasm of my temperament, I had yielded, with no bad grace, to the discipline of City habits, insomuch that my very nature seemed "subdued to what it worked in." The regularity of a dial, the despatch of a mail-coach, and the penetration of a corkscrew had been hitherto my characteristics: the present contrast was not likely to escape the notice of Mr. Marks, our principal. He spoke (for the first time with *justice*) in terms of acceleration. I mended my pen, and its pace too; but the progress made was at the expense of errors too glaringly obvious. It was a heavy post-day, and the letters to correspondents formed, as usual, my department of duty. Some of the mistakes and substitutions which I made, derived as they were from the immediate state of my faculties, were entirely too absurd: I shall, therefore, not expose myself by mentioning them; but will only add that nothing escaped Mr. Marks, who, indeed, had no slight trouble in correcting the letters before he could sign them. But what to me was, at that moment, the displeasure of my principal? Nothing—not the spurt of a pen! In fact, *she* was my principal—she, the mysterious centre of my soul's attraction—and I almost disdained to recognize any other.

Upset as I was, there remained one uncertain hope of setting myself right again. The King's Theatre stood where it did, and the queen of my secret homage might again grace it with her exquisite presence.

Hard was the struggle to hold back my impatience till the next Opera night. Then, then was I at the portentous portal, with eye of hawk, and heart of dove. I had dressed myself (though *I* say it) unexceptionably, and was at the door almost as early as the self-important sentinels, and the semi-official, nondescript, ragamuffin hangers-on, who are wont to plant themselves at the spot. Every successive hackney-coach that drew up caused me a fresh palpitation of the heart, and a new dizziness of the head; till I was sick with expectation.

"Stand back, sir, and be d—d to ye. How can I open the coach-doors when you're a-shoving for'ard in this here sort o' manner?"

"There, there, never mind, my good man; there's a trifle for yourself."

"Thankee, sir; you're a gentleman. I say, Jack, twig his tights, and his swell squeeze!"

"Ah! there, there, there she is! Those auburn tresses, lovelier than the morn!—those shoulders, fashioned like the——! Miss! madam! I beseech you—one moment—nay—I implore——"

"Sir-r-r-r-r! If you are a *gentleman*, behave yourself *as* such!"

"Dear me, I really—now that you turn round—I beg pardon, madam—a thousand pardons—I took you for somebody else."

"If you don't take yourself off, I shall take you for an impertinent fellow, and treat you accordingly," was the reply of the male companion of the lady whom I had, on a first back-view, mistaken for the adorable object of my anxiety. The impetuosity of my feelings—the sudden rush of emotion, had certainly caused me to lay the hand of detention upon her somewhat more positively and abruptly than was altogether courteous, and I should probably have involved myself in a quarrel but for the confusion of the intervening throng, and the peremptory "move on there!" of the janitorial authorities.

When I had hovered about the spot till the racketty process of setting down the company seemed nearly at an end, I entered within the precincts, where I yet lingerly hoped to find my restorative in the discovery of *la belle inconnue*. Oh, how I longed, while I made the circuit of the pit, for the multiplied optics of Argus, aided by all the opera-glasses of all the company present! As it was, I strained my own poor pair of peepers, till they reproached me, by their aching, for the unwonted labour of the search-warrant, with which they were commissioned; but it was all in vain. Among fifty thousand heads I should have recognized, as I thought, those auburn tresses, the rich denotements of my bosom's empress, the fairest and surest index of her radiant presence; but, alas! they gleamed not on my yearning sense, they waved not to the summons of my earnest hope. In the anxious prosecution of my purpose, I believed I must at length have stared about me with an intensity provocative of strange conjectures; for I recollect an observation audibly whispered by an old lady with a Roman nose and green spectacles, to a younger lady sitting next to her. The words were "That poor man ought *not* to be here." Averted eyes on the part of those ladies whom I was led particularly to scrutinize, might also have told me that I was engaged in the awkward office of committing myself; but I took no note of any corrective indications. Strange to say, in the whole feminine

array that graced the pit, and the boxed partitions above, as far my eye could discern, I could not make out one individual woman with auburn hair, although of carotty ladies (I mean no offence) there was a sufficient number to make, if tied together, an entire bunch! Warmly as I admire, nay adore, auburn locks, I deprecate those of a carotty suffusion with the utmost powers of antipathy. Red hair is, with reference to auburn, the *reductio ad absurdum*, the spoiling of a good thing by excess: the one is the genial glow of a nature within bounds; while the other seems the ardent extravagance of we know not what: or, perhaps, it may be said that the one seems the representative of a beautiful idea, enthusiasm—the other that of a shocking one, anger. With these notions on capillary matters, I need scarcely say how deeply I was disappointed in the course of the scrutiny now described.

I went home in a state of semi-extinction, threw myself on my couch more dead than alive, and only revived in my sleep by dint of dreaming. Methought the beauteous Perdita (for so I christened her during my intelligent slumbers) floated or flitted before me, as spirits are signified to do, and gladdened with her golden locks the cold twilight of my mental state. After contemplating me with that aspect of benignity which female loveliness is alone privileged to express in its highest degree, she extended her arm movingly towards me, and uttered in accents emphatic, yet soft (while the cock was crowing in a contiguous back-yard), these three words—"*the morning herald!*" Having thus simply said, she began to recede with an aërial glide—a gentle undulation, a floating grace, was discernible in her unsubstantial vestments, and was responded to, in mysterious sympathy, by a waving movement of my bed-curtains—her looks and her locks appeared to beam with a new harmony of smiling light, and she vanished into thin air!

"She fled, I woke, and day brought back my night!"

The disquiet of my feelings was very little soothed by this singular vision, however placidly conducted—for what was its tendency, what its interpretation? A benignant purpose was to be inferred from the gracious manner of the sweet visitant—but what purpose? I was tossed and whirled in the clouds of conjecture. Could my dear Perdita (too late revealed to me, and lost too soon) have paid the debt of nature, and only glanced again upon this sorrowful earth as a monitress to myself—a moral messenger on my unworthy behalf? Was this likely on so slender an acquaintance? True, she was as familiar to *me*, through mental mediation, as any object that I most cherished; but then she had but once (in body corporate) set eyes on me, and how did I know (not being a vain young man) that she had ever thought of me afterwards? At all events, if it was her spirit that had now come, disembodied, on a reforming mission, why not tell me so? I preferred much, however, to indulge the idea that it was "a spirit of *health*," a spirit belonging to a living earthly tenant, how far soever it might have wandered from its owner. I ventured to hope that it *might* have so wandered for the purpose of

directing me to that owner, its adorable mistress. But then, why not speak plainly in the indicative mood, and *give me her address* at once? Had the ambassadorial spirit forgotten part of its errand on the way—chilled into oblivion, perhaps, by the night-air, or scared by the shout of some homeward-bound bacchanalian? The words it *had* uttered could surely have nothing to do with its commission? To say, at the moment when the cock was exerting his throat, "the morning herald!" was to say nothing at all. I knew well enough before that chanticleer was known by that periphractic *alias*. As a person of good education, and of more reading than is the wont of modern clerks, I could not be ignorant of a thing which was, *au reste*, sufficiently obvious of itself.

These and other like and unlike speculations but added to the nervous and fidgetty state which had now usurped me quite, and had entirely superseded that orderly routine of mechanical habit so essential to a civic situation. After all my efforts to qualify myself for counting-house employ by smothering all my school-acquired tendencies towards literature—after having, by the force of arethmetical progression, worked myself down, as I desperately thought and abjectly hoped, into *a machine*—behold all my labours overthrown, my clerkly aspirations nullified, my figures reduced to a cipher! Vainly and blindly had I proposed to harden my soul against all external motives, affections, senses, passions, and to devote all my bachelor energies to the unceasing service of Messrs Marks, Wheeler, Goudby, and Pennyfather. Alas! I was spoiled for that employ—wedded already—wedded to an image—to a *copy of a woman*, taken, it is true, from the life, but giving a mere shadow of the contentment to be expected from the original.

Oh! how anxiously did I linger through the several dragging days that followed that dream! How ardently did I long for some further vouchsafement, on each succeeding night, from the same darling source! But no, it came not. The slightest glimpse of it was denied to my aching suspense, although I strained every faculty to obtain that privilege, and even took a highly indigestive supper at last, in the half-frantic hope of increasing my predisposition to see any thing, or to dream any thing, that might favour my object.

Finding that nothing would do, and that in the mean while I could do nothing, I threw up my situation with Marks and Co., and renounced whatever advantages might belong to the machine-state, to wander forth like a wild animal, whithersoever I might list, but listless whither—Mr. Marks previously deducting a month's amount from my salary on the score of deficient notice; by which act of cool arithmetic, by-the-by, the concern gained an immediate trifle, seeing that they engaged a person to fill up my place on the following day. It scarcely needs to be added that I withdrew also in disgust from the musical club. Once it had been a satisfaction, once a week, there to forget, in a "pastoral movement," or an "air, with variations," the dull reign of the civic monotonies. But now—now—I retained no idea of harmony, save with her whose image was

"Concordant with the life-strings of my soul!"

But I must not dwell, or I shall, perhaps, grow fatiguing; and, indeed, as the mighty Avonian bard has it, "why should calamity be full of words?"

In my daily wanderings forth, and goings hither and thither, to indulge my sad fancy with the ever-present image of my lost Perdita, and peradventure, by an anxious scrutiny of the passing thousands, to find her, I could obtain no clue to discovery, although my efforts that way led me into more than one little *fracas* in the kings highway. After some time I bethought me of a chance of communication by the newspapers. "If L. N. will kindly favour Q. Z. with the opportunity of a single interview, &c." was a mode of refuge for the destitute which, to judge from its repeated occurrence (in those or similar terms) in the columns of the diurnals, might be expected to prove of some efficacy. In my case I could not commence with initials; but I gave (in the *Times*) such a description of the dear desired as the now unchecked current of my poetical predispositions impelled me to, and ended with the promise that if the lady answering to the particulars named would appoint a meeting with the advertiser, she would "hear of something to her advantage." The resource proved abortive—procuring me generally nothing but disappointment, and, in particular, the pain of an interview, not easily terminated, with five several ladies distinguished by *red hair*, that base counterfeit so quickly detected by all connoiseurs in the genuine original, auburn. Whether these young ladies thought that the colour employed in my advertisement was a mere substitute, by complimentary custom, for *red*, or whether they were really under the delusive, but by no means uncommon impression, that their own flaming tresses might bear an auburn interpretation, is a point beyond my power of deciding. All I know is, that they *answered* my advertisement, however little they corresponded with it. I bowed them out with all my disposable civility, but could scarcely afford, in my then condition, to pity them.

Nothing now seemed capable of saving me from that cruel and unusual fate—death from love at first sight. I am not going to be pathological about my symptoms and feelings, farther than to say that I had become as melancholy as a watch light, and as thin as a shotten herring. I had dropped nearly all my friends—for I found myself, in relation to them, very much in the predicament of Job—and was almost an isolated being. One rather elderly man, more cheerful than the rest (although a junior clerk in a hide and tallow house), used, however, to hunt me up of an evening, and try to divert the busy sadness of my thoughts.

"What is the use," said at length this good-natured pen-driver—"what is the use of you wasting yourself thus in pursuit of a shadow? You roam about the town like a figure of eight, going in and out and coming back again to where you begin. You keep up a running account with the house of Hope (he spoke figuratively), but when you come to strike a balance, you'll find the account is a *Flemish* one—all against you. I'll tell you what, now: since it seems you can't *be a man again and settle to the desk*, you had better *marry*."

"Doleman," replied I, with emphasis, "this universal globe in-

cludes in its vast cincture but one created being with whom I would associate my condition."

"For my part," he rejoined, "I know very little of the matter—never had time, you know, to think of them—but I should suppose one woman to be much the same as another."

"Ah, Doleman! herein you speak indeed without instruction, being of the City, civic."

"Never mind that. I see plainly enough that *you* will never be fit for any thing till you're matched. You're but a *cipher* now: put a female *unit* before you, and you'll make a respectable figure, eh?"

"Psha! you know I go into no society, supposing even that I *could* for a moment tolerate an idea of conjugation, in which my Perdita had no part. You know I don't."

"Wheugh! There's another way of arranging the business. It is what *I* shall do, if ever my salary should allow me to think of a wife—and you know I am not fifty yet. It's merely this—a regular, accurate, matter-of-business, straight-forward plan—*Advertise* in one of the papers."

"Advertise! Pooh! I've had enough of advertising. Haven't I signally failed to discover my lost enchantress through that very channel, although the description I gave of her was as clear as a bill of parcels?"

"Nay, but don't be so unreasonably limited in your speech. See if you can't find another as good or better than her that you're so unsettled about. Try the "*Morning Herald.*"

The *Morning Herald!* The words vibrated through my ears with an impulse full of new significance. The spirit of my lost love, when its thrilling and departing accents left with me those three abiding words, perchance indicated by them the very means of access to my living but latent treasure! 'Twas the broad sheet dotted o'er with the signs exponent of the morning's news, that was meant by those precious syllables, and *not* the matin bird of the shrill clarion, *not* the gallinaceous disturber of spirits and of men! 'Twas the newspaper and *not* the cock! Yes, it might, could, should, and *must* be so!

I thanked my friend and hurried him off, being impatient to be left to my own meditations on this new inlet to the tide of hope. "Yes, thought I," as I fell into conversation with my pillow, "I *will* try the *Morning Herald*, but only in the hope of finding a clue to the 'whereabouts' of my Perdita!" In a happier mood of mind, which somehow connected my amative thoughts with Goldsmith and pastoral poetry, I sank into a slumber, and deliciously dreamed of walking with my Perdita, amid the soft-breathed odours, and the bowery recesses of

"Sweet *Auburn*, loveliest village of the plain!"

Ere I despatched a hasty breakfast next morning, I imagined, composed, rough-drafted, and fairly copied out the momentous announcement which was to serve (so my heart throbbingly suggested) as the lamp to light me to long-desired felicity. In the description it contained of my own moral and physical advantages, it were immo-

dest to say that no exaggeration prevailed; for I felt that it was a matter both of course and of necessity to write up to the fixed standard of matrimonial advertisements generally. As for my *wants*, the lady was required to possess certain stated personal qualifications, which were in fact precisely those of my adored Perdita; whilst the quite unusual intimation was added, that *money was no object* (for indeed I was in the mood to hug poverty itself, if it should prove to be one of *her* attributes); and it was particularly requested in a P.S. that, in order to save trouble, no absolutely *red-haired* lady would apply. In tip-toe expectation I tripped along to Catherine-street. Five-and-twenty shillings were demanded for my advertisement: for I found it was the custom to tax hymeneal aspirants at a somewhat higher rate than people of ordinary business—perhaps because they are discovered to be regardless of expense. But let that pass.

As the two-penny post time advanced, my agitation was excessive. Not being a vain man, I am afraid to say how many answers I received to my advertisement. I have destroyed nearly twenty; and the remainder—but no matter. To their credit, be it said, they (the respondents) did not *all* lay claim to every charm specified in the requisition. They invariably, however, (with *one* exception) warranted their capability of becoming excellent and truly affectionate wives.

Several of the letters resulted in interviews with the fair epistolizers. Alas! all the tremours of previous suspense were rewarded in these cases with nothing beyond the confirmation of a vexatious fact —that of the imperturbable obtrusiveness of red hair. And then three of the parties, in spite of the evidence of my burning eyes, *would* stand me out that their hair was *not* red! Was this the innocence of self-delusion, or the wilfulness of desperation?

I was now again preparing to sink into despondency; but that one reply which I have above alluded to, as specially differing from the rest, was yet unresponded to. Its laconic dignity, however lady-like, had perhaps a little offended *my* sense of importance. Should I nevertheless appoint an interview with the fair principal? I did so —and oh! raptures of heaven upon earth—I beheld, in full bodily presence the sweet, unconscious monopolist of all my affections—my peerless Perdita, with all her charms about her, including, in luxuriant pre-eminence, those incomparable auburn tresses!

Having arrived at such a climax, I can scarce descend into subsequent particulars. The story of my passion and its romantic endurance through every obstacle was not thrown away upon her, who was the adorable object of it. We were married the next day. To describe my happiness would be to portray paradise—I have no terms for it.

I am not a superstitious man; but after *such* a passage in my life, *can* I refuse to think that visions are less visionary than they are commonly taken for? No: I certainly am now for Dr. Johnson and a moderate faith in dreams. Neither shall I be henceforward insensible to the impression of curious coincidences; for it is a decided instance of this nature that the real name of my bride proved to be Catherine, in remarkable accordance with that of the street where it is well known the *Morning Herald* yields its daily oracles to the world. Rich

in the possession of my Catherine, I can hardly bring myself to make any mention of "metal *less* attractive." She has, however, in monetary means, nearly two hundred a-year, derived from her deceased parents, and husbanded for her till lately by that very respectable old gentleman (her guardian), with whom and his wife she had chanced to be on the identical evening when I first beheld her at the pit entrance of the King's Theatre.

If I have now renounced for ever the trammels of City clerkship, and the martyrdom of desk and ledger, it is not *wholly* on the strength of my dear Catherine's property. I have, in fact, expectations from a distant aunt—but let that pass—and I have thoughts of attempting to write something for the about-to-be regenerated British stage—something pertaining, in short, to the legitimate drama.

Experience confers the best title to give advice. If any respectable young man, of taste and capacity for a domestic life, but not having the ordinary opportunities of getting married, should particularly wish to do so, I would say unto him, "Advertise in a respectable newspaper." Since the success attendant on my own experiment, I have been led to make some rather nice inquiries on this delicate subject, and I learn that among the papers whose columns lend particular support to the altar of Hymen, the *Sunday Times* occupies a distinguished place. I would, however, decidedly say, in the words of my friend Doleman, and in the spirit of my own feeling, "Try the *Morning Herald !*"

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

THE WAVE OF TREES BY TWILIGHT.

Shook by the wind the trees wave awefully,
And bend their branches in the twilight air;
They seem to whisper solemn mystery,
And tidings of half-hidden warning bear.
Is there a Seer who plainly can descry
What secrets of our fate they would declare?
Th' obeisance low, the flutter and the sigh,
The semblance of a prophet's murmurs wear.
And now the light grows strong, and in the glare
Of day-beams they put off their witchery!
'Tis in the dark or twilight spirits dare
The magic of their fearful arts to try!
But fearful though they be, the visions seem
To trick me thus, as in a fairy dream!

HISTORICAL BALLADS.—No. II.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

" The White Rose o' Scotland."

LAMENT ye maidens a',
Frae Athol to the main,
For the White Rose o' Scotland
You'll never see again:
Your bonnie Katie Gordon,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Now weeps a lanely widow,
A foreign hold within.
Then greet, O greet for me, ladies!
Greet, O greet for me!
For here I lie in prison strong,
An' a baby on my knee.

O, he is a bonnie boy,
Of royal mien and eye;
Yet he is styled a traitor,
And cruelly doomed to die.
There's nae e'e in heaven hee,
There's nae e'e below,
To pity a poor widow,
Held by her deadly foe.
Then greet, O greet for me, ladies! &c.

O! gin I had the wings
Of the eagle or the dove,
To bear away my bonnie brood
Unto the land I love!
But I will cherish hope,
Forlorn although I be,
That the gracious Queen o' England
Will some day pity me.
Then greet, O greet for me, ladies! &c.

Dear Scotland! fare ye weel;
Fareweel sweet banks o' Spey!
My youthfu' joys are faded
For ever and for aye.
My bonnie baby's smile
Sae thrills my heart wi' pain,
That the towers o' Castle Gordon
I'll never see again.
Then greet, O greet for me, ladies!
Greet, O greet for me!
For here I lie in prison strong.
An' a baby on my knee.

SCOTTISH POETRY.*

In James the First's writings, we see the commencement of the Scottish rustic poetry; his "Peblis to the Play," written in the early uncouth, northern verse, is full of rural festivity and glee, everywhere distinguished for its quiet pleasant humour, and easy, harmonious lines; the former, so unexpected in the writings of a royal bard—and the latter, so unlooked for, when we consider the barbarous period in which the Poet wrote; a period in which little but rapacity and cruelty prevailed.

Before King James, Scotland could boast of no lyrics, or poetry of a pure descriptive kind; the "Bruce" of Barbour, and the "Wallace" of Blind Harry, are, in fact, the only poems the country could speak of. Though pieces of great merit, they tincture rather strongly of fictitious Guy of Warwick adventures, peculiar to the writer's supertitious age, they may be called chronicles in verse of the true and fabulous deeds accomplished by, and awarded to, existing heroes, and can make little or no pretensions to the higher classes of poetry. Imaginative poetry, of a very high kind, came into Scotland with Dunbar, Gawain Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay; the Thistle and the Rose of the former may, for poetic beauty of expression, be placed with almost any piece of Chaucer's; in truth, Dunbar had a true feeling for poetry, as very many of his poems clearly show. From the death of Chaucer till, according to Sir John Denham,

"Like Aurora Spenser rose,"

we "Southrons" can bring forward none that have any pretensions to be called poets; while Scotland produced many great men, we had only the names of Lydgate and Gower!

It is a singular circumstance that the next, and very successful cultivator of the rustic muse, was James the Fifth—his "Christ's Kirk on the Green," his two songs, the "Gaberlunzie Man," and the "Jolly Beggar," by many degrees surpass the productions of his royal ancestor. No songs partake so much of true drollery and fun; their graphic power even the wondrous muse of Burns never excelled. There is a vividness and glutting humour of language about them impossible for mortal to surpass; the Gaberlunzie man's introduction to the Gudewife's daughter is inimitable:—

"The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayout the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang;"—

a picture so powerfully described, that no painter has skill to draw up to it.

The coarseness and vulgarity so strongly shown in the songs of the

* The Works of Robert Burns, with Life, by Allan Cunningham, in 6 vols. Vol. I. London: Cochrane and M'Crone.

fifth James, we find lost in the verse of his immediate successors, Alexander Scott and Montgomery; tenderness and sweetness appear to have taken the place of broad graphic humour, and feebleness stept forward instead of strength.

As yet the Scottish muse had given us but small expectations of our ever seeing a lofty noble-minded spirit step from the plough, and astonish us with his enchanting ditties; we had been taught to look for life and glee in the high born and courtly. The rustic poetic maid frequented the courts and palaces of the great more than the plough-tail and the village ingle. It was not a love of low life that excited the royal bards to give their composition the pure breath of the country. The exploits and night adventures in which the fifth James was frequently engaged, were entered into rather for the love of seeing the happiness of his subjects, and releasing his mind from the gorgeous splendour of his courts, than a real effection for low ill-bred company; his "gauding wi' the lassies" was more imaginary than real;—the first James Stuart probably observed the superiority of nature over art, home-born truth to mere affectation, the "reaper and the waving corn" to the tinselled glitter of tournaments and camps.

With William Drummond, of Hawthornden, a taste for the polish of the Italian school of poetry entered into the Scottish literature; like our English Howard, of Surrey, he had, by travelling much abroad, became acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Dante, and Ariosto; many of the sonnets which have been left to us clearly show an extensive knowledge of Petrarch's art, and the refinement of versification in his noble panegyric, "The Forth Feasting," entitles him to be considered as an early cultivator of melodious lines. Waller informed Dryden that he owed whatever harmony his numbers had to the translation of Tasso by Fairfax, so that in our Elizabethian poets much of the smoothness of Denham and Waller may be traced on very good authority.

In Ramsay and Fergusson we have too well known forerunners of Burns; lyrics were poured out by the former equally good, and in greater profusion than before; but it is not in the songs of Ramsay that we see much of Burns— the "Gentle Shepherd" was the Ayrshire Bard's great favourite; in this the only true pastoral of nature is found—that poetic beauty of expression, and glowing flow of language, to attain which was all along Burns' greatest ambition —an end he not only gained but surpassed. But to Fergusson,

> "Whose glorious parts
> Ill suited law's dry musty arts,"

we are chiefly indebted for many hints to the rustic muse of his noble successor.

Burns rose like a sun on a winter morning, to cheer the hearts of the noble and the humble. The "luckless star that ruled his lot" forced him to come before the world as an author; compelled, not so much to gratify his love of ambition, as with the hope that the publication would bring money enough to convey him over the Atlantic. Thus, Burns was given to his country at a time when

> "Hungry ruin had him in the wind;"

and he was on "the tiptoe to Jamaica," where he hoped the novelty of West Indian scenes would make him forget the contemptuous neglect of the world.

The works of Burns have run through editions and editions again, but not in the Poet's life-time. Success he certainly met with, but not the success he merited. Harley and Wolcot were hailed by the world as poets of the first order, while the Ayrshire ploughman was considered as an intruder on the mount of Parnassus, where only collegians had a right to sit and deal poetic licence. Burns' proud independent spirit was worn down to the ground by seeing the ignorant lordlings of the land, "a set of dull conceited hashes," elbowing the sons of genius from the places which nature had intended for them—by seeing villains and knaves ripen in "posts and pensions," while he was left to starve in wretched misery. At his death, his papers were left in heaps for the first comer; luckily, one fit for the task of carefully inspecting and editing them was found in Dr. Currie—a man with a true feeling for poetry, and the untimely fate of the poet. He wrote his life and edited his works in Liverpool, giving the profits to the author's afflicted family; and there are none who admire Burns, but must feel the generosity of Currie deeply. Cromek, with an all-searching eye, discovered many pieces of Burns' muse which had escaped the first editor, and published them under the title of the "Reliques of Robert Burns;" but no good chronological edition had appeared till Mr. Cunningham came forward, whose fitness for the task it is our duty, as critics, to discuss.

Allan Cunningham has, for a long period, been known to the world as a very successful song-writer. He next came forward as an editor of the songs of his native country, published in 4 vols., with critical examinations of the lyric poems, characters and notes, historical and illustrative. Though we are not always pleased with his alterations of the olden songs, yet he has often brought their meaning clearer, and exalted their poetical excellence nearer to lyric perfection; his characters are chiefly distinguished for honest impartiality, perfect knowledge of the author's works, and a general fitness from his own poetical powers. In his romances of "Paul Jones" and "Sir Michael Scott," his wildness of fancy generally oversteps the truth of nature; they partake more of the old English specimens given by George Ellis, than our modern mock romances. Mr. Cunningham's admirable "Lives of the Painters," written in the style of Johnson's "Lives," and suitable companions to them, conclude, with one or two exceptions, Mr. Cunningnam's works. Our readers, who require any knowledge of Allan Cunningham, will, we should think, have gained now sufficient information of his fitness for appearing as an editor of Burns. Who could we find more adapted than a poet, a biographer, and a fellow-countryman, who knows more of Burns than any other we could select?

The penning of English biography, which Johnson so much lamented, cannot be regretted in the case of Burns. The ardent admiration of millions has collected all the knowledge of Burns' Life it is possible for us to possess: and these facts have been related by such men as Scott, Campbell, Jeffrey, Lockhart, Currie, and Dugald

Stewart; so that it was merely left to some accomplished hand to give us all the information in a compact three hundred pages, which, we need hardly add, Mr. Cunningham has successfully done.

The same great writer who lamented our want of biographical materials, tells us that criticism has been used by most people in discovering the faults of the living and the beauties of the dead. In the former of these we fear the point is too true; the hireling spirit that is every where shown so forcibly in the writings of the mere underlings of literature, and the irritability so characteristic of authors, causes the venom to fall in profusion from their mouths. The success of one writer generally brings forward the enmity of another. In a far different spirit from this we intend to run through a hasty narrative of Burns' life, adorning our skeleton sketch with some of Mr. Cunningham's pithy, interesting paragraphs, and offering such remarks of our own as we think will time in with the subject.

But first we should let Mr. Cunningham speak for himself:—

"With something of hope and fear," he observes in his short and manly preface, "I offer this work to my country. I have endeavoured to relate the chequered fortunes, delineate the character, and trace the works of the illustrious Peasant with candour and accuracy: his farming speculations —excise schemes—political feelings—and poetic musing are discussed with a fulness not common to biography: and his sharp lampoons and personal sallies are alluded to with all possible tenderness to the living and respect for the dead. In writing the Poet's life I have availed myself of his unpublished journals, private letters, manuscript verses, and of well-authenticated anecdotes and traits of character supplied by his friends."

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, raised by his father's hands, on the banks of the Doon, in Ayrshire. "The auld claybiggin" a few days after his birth was crushed in about his ears. "The unconscious Poet," Mr. Cunningham says, "was carried unharmed to the shelter of a neighbouring house." Of the supposed strong jacobitical feelings of the Poet's father, Mr. Cunningham speaks at length—an example not lost on Burns, for his biographer adds—"The feelings of the Poet were very early coloured with jacobitism."

Soon after the Poet's birth, William Burness leased a farm of a hundred acres called Mount Oliphant, an inhospitable spot, where he was not destined to succeed. In Robert's seventh year he removed to a larger farm, in the parish of Tarbolton: but here usual ill-success proceeded with him; indeed, the Fates never intended William Burness should meet with prosperity.

The impediments which the youthful muse of Burns encountered have been detailed by many writers, and are known to all who are acquainted with either the author's misfortunes or his works. Burns' father was a steady, sober person, but met with no success in life; like his son afterwards, he placed himself on a barren spot, where the stones very nearly concealed the mould. With all his trying circumstances, William Burness never failed to instil into his sons the duties of religion. He sent them to the neighbouring schools, where they were made to write, read, and cypher. Young Burns also began to read, he tells us, "a little of the adventures of Telemachus, in Fene-

lon's own words."—But of French," Mr. Cunningham says, "he could have known little in a fortnight." From his studies he was called away to the harvest; still the Poet found time to read and admire some of Addison's writings, the History of Wallace's Acts and Deeds, and the Life of Hannibal.

But of all the books which he read at this period, the works of Allan Ramsay were the most likely to attract his attention; these, with the tales and songs which Jenny Wilson taught him, formed the man's after-mind. He pored over them driving his cart, or walking to his accustomed labour—"song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true tender or sublime from affectation and fustian."

Burns was now groping his way about, "unfitted with an aim;" he knew not which way to turn his hand; the labours of the field first made him acquainted with his own turn for poetry, where he had "a bonnie sweet sonsie lass" for his partner, "the tones of whose voice made his heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp." He was so struck with her beauty, as he pulled "the cruel nettle-stings and thistles from her head," that he composed a song upon her. These are one or two of the verses:—

"O, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And while that honour warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.
* * * * *
She dresses aye sae neat and clean,
Baith decent and genteel,
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel."

This was in his fifteenth year; "and thus," he says, "began with me love and poetry." Of this piece Lockhart said, that it contained "here and there lines of which he need hardly have been ashamed at any period of his life."

Speaking of Burns at this time, Mr. Cunningham writes:—

"He looked around, and saw no outlet for his ambition. Farming he failed to find the same as it is in Virgil—elegance united with toil. The high places of the land were occupied, and no one could hope to ascend save the titled or the wealthy. The church he could not reach without an expensive education, or patronage less attainable still. Law held out temptation to talent, but not to talent without money, while the army opened its glittering files to him who could purchase a commission, or had, in the words of the divine,

'A beauteous sister or convenient wife,'

to smooth the way to preferment. With a consciousness of genius, and a desire of distinction, he stood motionless, like a stranded vessel whose sails are still set, her colours flying, and the mariners aboard. He had now and then a sort of vague intimation from his own heart that he was a poet; but the polished and stately versification of English poetry alarmed and dismayed him: he had sung to himself a song or two, and stood with his hand on the plough and his heart with the muse."—p. 19.

While the Poet was full of these reveries of ambition, "both his mind and his body were in danger of being crushed, as the daisy was in the Poet's own immortal strains, beneath the weight of the

furrow."—p. 20. William Burness still continued in his great difficulties; and Robert, at the ages of fifteen and sixteen, was obliged to be the chief labourer in the farm, for his father's body was beginning to sink under sickness and sorrow.

In midsummer, 1781, in his twenty-second year, Robert was sent to learn flax-dressing; he still continued despairing of ever making a figure in the world; the pursuits he was engaged in little accorded with the talents which nature had given him. He wished to be at the bar, for there he imagined he would shine; indeed, wherever Burns had been placed, his genius would have broken out in some way or another. Flax dressing could not have suited his "whim;" but he was soon away from it, for the shop took fire during one of their carousals, and he was left, as he said, "like a true poet, without a sixpence."—His father died about this time. "Stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility," Burns said, "are disqualifying circumstances in the paths of fortune."

Soon after the death of the elder Burns, Robert and his brother Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline—of one hundred and eighteen acres "at an annual rent of ninety pounds;"—but, as Mr. Cunningham says,

"He who pens an ode on his sheep when he should be driving them forth to pasture—who stops his plough in the half-drawn furrow, to rhyme about the flowers which he buries—who sees visions on his way from market, and makes rhymes on them—who writes an ode on the horse he is about to yoke, and a ballad on the girl who shews the whitest hands and brightest eyes among his reapers—has no chance of ever growing opulent, or of purchasing the field on which he toils."—Pp. 25, 26.

The two brothers met with no success in the farm of Mossgiel—though Burns himself tells us that he read "farming-books, calculated crops, and attended markets;" all this was to no purpose; the first four years of the farm were wholly unprofitable. The frost lay very long on the ground, and the spring was late; so that they were obliged to give up the farm with the loss of a considerable portion of their original stock. Mr. Cunningham has a copy of "Small on Ploughs,"—with "Robert Burns, Poet"—written in, but no memoranda. It is likely that he thought more of poetry than farming: in the one he saw distinction, in the other mere quiet undistinguished homeliness;—in those days he delighted in scribbling on bank notes, and writing with a diamond on drinking glasses, on which he boasted of his love for drinking, and desired to be remembered as a great debauchee. His love for distinction was so great, that he joyed in having an illegitimate child, adopting at the same time for his motto, "The mair they talk, Im' kenn'd the better."

The first pieces which brought Burns into notice were written upon the Old and New Light Controversy. The Poet sided with the "New Light-ites," for, as Mr. Cunningham tells us, "he was not educated closely in the tenets of Calvinism; and his own good sense taught him that faith without works was folly."—Moreover, "Gavin Hamilton, of whom he held his lands, was a martyr in the cause of free-agency;" but the greatest reason that can be advanced is, that

Burns loved liberty of speech, and his own morals were not over pure; one side wished for "humility," the other for free-will.

The satiric labours of Burns in aid of the New Light, were "The Holy Tulzie," "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Kirk's Alarm," and "The Ordination," all sufficiently caustic, but written on subjects of a temporary nature, therefore, possessing little attraction to many of his readers; indeed, the poet wished these controversial pieces to die. "The Ordination" alone was admitted into his works. The poems that brought Burns into notice are now little heeded.

"These satiric rhymes established the fame of Burns in his native place: his company was now courted by country lairds, village lawyers, and parish school-masters, and by all persons who had education above common, or kept some state in their household." P. 58.

And Mr. C. adds that he was

"pointed out at church and at market, and peasant spoke of him to peasant as a wild witty lad, who lived at Mossgiel, and had all the humour of Ramsay, and more than the spirit of Fergusson."—P. 59.

We subjoin the biographer's description of Burns at this period;—

"His large dark expressive eyes; his swarthy visage; his broad brow, shaded with black curly hair; his melancholy look, and his well-knit frame, vigorous and active—all united to draw men's eyes upon him. He affected, too, a certain oddity of dress and manner. He was clever in controversy; but obstinate, and even fierce, when contradicted, as most men are who have built up their opinions for themselves. He used with much taste the common pithy saws and happy sayings of his country, and invigorated his eloquence by apt quotations from old songs or ballads. He courted controversy, and it was to this period that Murdoch, the accomplished mechanic, referred, when he told me that he once heard Burns haranguing his fellow-peasants on religion at the door of a change-house, and so unacceptable were his remarks that some old men hissed him away. Nor must it be supposed that, even when listened to, he was always victorious.—'Burns, sir,' said one of his old opponents, 'was a 'cute chield and a witty, but he didna half like to have my harrow coming owre his new-fangled notions.'"—Pp. 59, 60.

The fame which the New Light verses brought to the poet, led him to think very much of himself; he gave his manners a brush, and resolutely set about altering his name from Burness to Burns, and put his name also as Poet in many of his books. The last time that the Bard wrote his name Burness (which Mr. Cunningham could discover) was on the 10th of March, 1786; and his biographer thinks that up to this period "he imagined he had achieved nothing under the name of his father deserving to live."—P. 66.

This remark may be very true, but Burns before March, 1786, had written many of his best epistles in verse to Smith, to Lapraik, and to Sillar; his "Address to the Deil" was written in the winter of 1785; and "Death and Dr. Hornbook" was the offspring of the same year. Either the biographer or the Poet were unfortunate in their judgment.

In 1784, Burns became acquainted with Jean Armour, and about the same time, or a little after, with "Highland Mary." Mary

Campbell, was a native of Ardrossan. Unlike Burns' other heroines, she appears to have had many personal attractions.

"That she was beautiful, we have other testimony than that of Burns: her charms attracted gazers, if not wooers, and she was exposed to the allurements of wealth. She withstood all temptation, and returned the affection of the Poet with the fervour of innocence and youth."—Pp. 88, 89.

We extract what Mr. Cunningham has said of Miss Armour:—

"To the charms of Jean Armour I have already alluded. This young woman, the daughter of a devout man and master-mason, lived in Mauchline, and was distinguished less for the beauty of her person than for the grace of her dancing and the melody of her voice. Burns seems to have been attached to her soon after the loss of his Highland Mary. How the Poet and his Jean became acquainted is easily imagined by those who know the facilities for meetings of the young which fairs, races, dances, weddings, house-heatings, and kirn-suppers afford; of the growth of affection between them it is less easy to give an account."—Pp. 90, 91.

Love and poetry, now, Burns began for a time to throw aside, and of

"The threshers' weary flinging tree,"

he had become tired. The farm did not prosper with him, and he longed to try his hand at something congenial. To make three pounds perform the duty of five, Burns and all men have found impossible. It was at this period that he thought of going to Jamaica. Mr. Cunningham has spoken of this part of his history with great feeling:

"But bodily discomfort was not all: he might, to use his own language, have braved the bitter blast of misfortune, which, long mustering over his head, was about to descend; but sorrows of a tender nature, from which there was no escape, came pouring upon him in a flood.

"In protracted courtship there is always danger; prudence seldom takes much care of the young and the warm-hearted: Jean was not out of her teens, and thought more of her father's ungentleness than of her own danger; the Poet's respect for sweetness and innocence protected her for a while—but he was doomed to feel what he afterwards sung:—

"'Wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
Wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am!'

"These convoyings home in the dark, and meetings under 'the milk-white thorn,' ended in the Poet being promised to be made a father before he had become a husband. This, to one so destitute and utterly poor as Burns, was a stunning event: but that was not the worst; the father of Jean Armour heard with much anguish of his favourite daughter's condition; and when, on her knees before him, she implored forgiveness, and showed the marriage lines—as the private acknowledgment of marriage without the sanction of the kirk is called—his anguish grew into anger which overflowed all bounds, and heeded neither his daughter's honour nor her husband's fame. He snatched her marriage certificate from her, threw it into the fire, and commanded her to think herself no longer the wife of the Poet."

We also add an extract from an unpublished letter to David Bryce, shoemaker, Glasgow; the mirthful mood in which he wrote the verses on his departure to the West Indies, is lost in this cheerless strain; the date is June 12, 1786:—

"I am still in the land of the living, though I can scarcely say in the place of hope. What poor ill-advised Jean thinks of her conduct, I dont know; but one thing I do know—she has made me completely miserable. Nover man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her: and, to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all. My poor dear unfortunate Jean! It is not the losing her that makes me so unhappy, but for her sake I feel most severely: I foresee she is in the road to, I fear, eternal ruin. May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and purjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her; and may his grace be with her and bless her in all her future life! I can have no nearer idea of the place of eternal punishment than what I have felt in my own breast on her account. I have tried often to forget her; I have run into all kinds of dissipation and riots, mason-meetings, drinking-matches, and other mischief, to drive her out of my head, but all in vain. And now for a grand cure: the ship is on her way home that is to take me out to Jamaica; and then farewell, dear old Scotland! and farewell, dear ungrateful Jean! for never, never will I see you more."—P. 99.

It was in this afflicting period of Burns' life (July, 1786), that he published a volume of poems at Kilmarnock, with the hope that he would be able to raise a little money to waft him over the Atlantic; and in "this trying hour of adversity," he found many friends to aid him; he threw off six hundred copies, "having got subscriptions for three hundred and fifty." The poems, he thought, "had merit, and it was a delicious idea to him that he should be called a clever fellow." The poet had judged rightly, the six hundred copies were soon disposed of; and "twenty pounds and odd remained in the pocket of the wondering bard, after defraying all expenses." "The first use," says Mr. Cunningham, "he made of his good fortune, was to renew his application for a situation in the West Indies." But his friends, Hamilton and Aikin, detained him with the hopes of a situation in the Excise, "an evil which awaited him on a later day." The fame of this volume soon spread far and wide; but nothing could be done for him.

"He now looked seriously to the West Indies, procured the situation of overseer on an estate in Jamaica belonging to Dr. Douglas, and prepared for departure. Of this all his friends seem to have been aware, but no one interposed. It was now the middle of November, and the sound which his poems had raised in the country began to die away."

The many follies he had been guilty of, Burns said, would prevent him from enjoying a situation in the Excise even if it could be procured; he determined still to go abroad, sent his chest on the way to Greenock, and wrote the last song he was to measure in Caledonia, when, "well for the world" and "perhaps unfortunate for Burns," an encouraging letter from Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh arrived, that upset his Jamaica expedition, and made him turn his face towards

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat."

The hopes which Blacklock held out were that his poems were much sought after in Edinburgh, that a copy could not be prcoured, and advising that a larger impression should be immediately printed, while the sections of the author's friends would circulate copies everywhere. With these expectations, Burns proceeded on his way to Edinburgh.

The biography of Burns, Mr. Cunningham has divided into four parts;—Ayrshire—Edinburgh—Ellisland—and Dumfries;—we like this, because, in a long narrative, the account is likely to become tedious, and the mind and eye like to be relieved; the divisions of chapters, as in Mr. Lockhart's life of the Poet, come far too often; the parts are more to our taste.

The situation of Burns in Edinburgh was most remarkable: the way in which his company was courted, as the lion of the day, is not to be wondered at, for the "cry of the cuckoo" had not for a long while been heard so beautiful and so melodious; the hopes of Blacklock were not lost, for Burns had not been long in Edinburgh before two thousand eight hundred and odd copies of his poems were subscribed for, by about fifteen hundred subscribers; and—

"Cards to invite, flew by thousands each night,"

from the titled and mighty of the land. Even the dullest owned the attractions of genius.

What a strong and vivid picture of Burns returning from the balls of the high-born and courtly to his own sanded floor has Mr. Cunningham given us!—

"Those who were afraid that amid feasting and flattery—the smiles of ladies and the applauding nods of their lords—Burns would forget himself, and allow the mercury of vanity to rise too high within him, indulged in idle fears. When he dined or supped with the magnates of the land, he never wanted a monitor to warn him of the humility of his condition. When the company arose in the gilded and illuminated rooms, some of the fair guests—perhaps

'Her grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,'

took the hesitating arm of the bard; went smiling to her coach, waved a graceful good-night with her jewelled hand, and, departing to her mansion, left him in the middle of the street to grope his way through the dingy alleys of the 'gude town' to his obscure lodging, with his share of a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed, at eighteen pence a week."—p. 131.

This is sufficiently wretched; but Burns' eyes were not open to these invitations that arose "from a wish to relieve the ennui of a supper table, where the guests were all too well-bred to utter any thing strikingly original or boldly witty." With all these gay gilded parties, it is gratifying to hear that Burns found time to write some excellent poems; the "Brigs of Ayr" was the production of this period, as was also the "Address to Edinburgh," besides numerous beautiful lyrics.

Through the great success of his poems, Burns was enabled to make three tours into the highlands, and one to the border; of all which he kept journals, and from some, as yet unpublished, Mr. Cunningham has given us many highly pleasing extracts.

Through Lord Glencairn and Mr. Grahame of Fintray, Burns also obtained a situation in the Excise, worth thirty-five pounds a year; and on the 13th of March 1788, after bargaining for Ellisland, he bade adieu to Edinburgh.

"The literati of Edinburgh were not displeased, it is likely, when he

went away; nor were the titled part of the community without their share in this rejoicing."—p. 202.

The nobility of the land had done nothing for him, "they had proved that they had the carcase of greatness, but wanted the soul."

"He turned his back on Edinburgh, and from that time forward scarcely counted that man his friend who spoke of titled persons in his presence. Whilst sailing on pleasure's sea in a gilded barge, with perfumed and lordly company, he was, in the midst of his enjoyment, thrown roughly overboard, and had to swim to a barren shore, or sink for ever."

In April 1789, he reached Mauchline, and married his Mauchline Jean.—"Never man loved," he observes "or rather adored a woman more than I did her, and I do still love her to distraction." Professor Walker had been led into a belief that Burns married Jean Armour from a sentiment of duty rather than affection. This imaginary belief Mr. C. has successfully upset. Burns was wearied of the gay splendour of the Edinburgh dames, and married his Jean from pure, ardent love: indeed, he would have married her before his "Edinburgh expedition" had she not declared her intention of never seeing him again, and had he been sufficiently rich in this world's golden coin to have maintained her.

In the month of May 1788, Burns made his appearance as a farmer in Nithsdale; the farm, amounting to one hundred acres, is

"part holm and part croft-land; the former, a deep rich loam, bears fine tall crops of wheat; the latter, though two-thirds loam and one-third stones on a bottom of gravel, yields, when carefully cultivated, good crops, both of potatoes and corn; yet to a stranger the soil must have looked unpromising or barren; and Burns declared, after a shower had fallen on a field of new-sown and new-rolled barley, that it looked like a paved street."

Poetry was still cultivated by Burns in the productions of "Tam O'Shanter," "The Whistle," and many of his best lyrics; his Excise business went on smoothly through the continued kindness of Grahame, and the attention of Mitchell and Findlater; but the farming went off sadly, and, in December 1791, it was generally known that he would relinquish Ellisland, and his merits as a farmer were eagerly canvassed by the husbandmen around—

"One imputed his failure to the duties of the Excise; to his being condemned to gallop two hundred miles per week to inspect yeasty barrels, when his farm required his presence; another said that Mrs. Burns was intimate with a town life, but ignorant of the labours of barn and byre; a third observed that Ellisland was out of heart, and, in short, was the dearest farm on Nithsdale; while James Currie, a sagacious farmer, whose land lay contiguous, remarked, when I inquired the cause of the Poet's failure:—'Fail! how could he miss but fail, when his servants ate the bread as fast as it was baked, and drank the ale as fast as it was brewed? Consider a little: at that time close economy was necessary to enable a farmer to clear twenty pounds a year by Ellisland. Now, Burns' handy-work was out of the question: he neither ploughed, nor sowed, nor reaped like a hard-working farmer; and then he had a bevy of idle servants from Ayrshire. The lasses were ay baking bread, and the lads ay lying about the fireside eating it warm with ale. Waste of time and consumption of food would soon reach to twenty pounds a year."

and in this way he removed his wife and children, with his humble furniture, to a house in the Bank Vennel of Dumfries; he now only had the Excise to depend upon, the labours of which—

"led him along a barren line of sea-coast, extending from Caerlaverock-castle, where the Maxwells dwelt of old, to Annan water. This district fronts the coast of England; and from its vicinity to the Isle of Man, was in those days infested with daring smugglers, who poured in brandy, Holland-gin, tea, tobacco, and salt, in vast quantities."

Still his pen continued to write with its wonted ease; he contributed many, very many songs to Thompson's Museum, and would receive no money for them; "to talk of money," he magnanimously said, "would be downright prostitution of the soul."

"From musing on woman's love and man's freedom, Burns was rudely awakened. An inquiry regarding the sentiments which he entertained and the language in which he had indulged concerning 'Thrones and Dominations' was directed to be made by the Commissioners of Excise, pursuant to instructions it is said received from high quarters. It will probably never be known who the pestilent informer against the Poet was; some contemptible wretch who had suffered from his wit or who envied his fame gave the information on which the Board of Excise acted, and he was subjected to a sort of inquisition."

But it is pleasing to turn from this Excise examination, and we will do so by quoting part of an epistle to Graham of Fintray which is new to us, and we have to thank Mr. Cunningham for it. It is a capital companion to "The Twa Carlines."

"'Fintray, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend of my muse, friend of my life,
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then wi' uncouth kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlin's,
And bent on winning borough-toons,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
And kissin' barefoot carlins.

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry's 'buff and blue' unfurled,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled
To every Whig defiance.'

"The Poet then proceeds to relate how his grace of Queensberry forsook the contending ranks—

"'The unmannered dust might soil his star;
Besides, he hated bleeding.'

but left friends, soft and persuasive, behind to maintain his cause and and Millar's :—

"'M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
(The enamoured laurels kiss her brows)

Led on the Loves and Graces;
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all conquering, played his part
Amang the wives and lasses.
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core,
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour
Like Hecla streaming thunder;
Glenriddel, skilled in mouldy coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under.'"

Mr. Cunningham thus speaks of the corps in which Burns enrolled himself himself:—

"I remember well the appearance of that respectable corps; their odd, but not ungraceful dress; white kerseymere breeches and waistcoat; short blue coat, faced with red; and round hat, surmounted by a bearskin, like the helmets of our Horse-guards; and I remember the Poet also—his very swarthy face, his ploughman-stoop, his large dark eyes, and indifferent dexterity of handling his arms."—Pag. 319.

In midsummer 1794, Burns removed from the house in the Bank Vennel to Mill-hole-brae, now called Burns-street; and where Jean Armour the Poet's widow still resides:—

"Here he arranged his small library, fixed his table, and placed the chair on whose hind-legs, as he relates, he poised or swung himself, when conceiving his matchless lyrics. Here, too, I have heard his townsmen say, while passing by during a pleasant afternoon, they could see, within the open door, the Poet reading amongst his children; while his wife moved about, set matters in order, and looked to the economy of her household."—P. 321.

But death was hanging over Burns, marking him for his prey: and of this he himself was conscious, by several letters to Thomson, his cousin, and Mrs. Dunlop; indeed the letter to Mrs. Dunlop has been said to be the last words he wrote; but Mr. Cunningham says,

"There are yet later, and of higher import and meaning. As the day of life darkened down, Burns began to prepare for the change: he remembered that he had written many matters, both in verse and prose, of a nature licentious, as well as witty. He sought to reclaim them, and in some instances, succeeded; he had, when his increasing difficulties were rumoured about, received an offer for them from a bookseller; but he spurned at fifty pounds in comparison of his fair fame, and refused to sell or sanction them. That such things were scattered abroad troubled him greatly; he reflected that the mean and the malignant might rake them together; and, quoting them against him, triumph over his fame, and trample on his dust. Perhaps he felt some consolation in believing that his other works transcended these so far in talent and in number, that the grosser would be weighed down, cast aside, and forgotten. What troubled him most was the imputations of disloyalty to his country, which had been thrown upon his character: he trembled, lest he should be represented as one who desired to purchase republican licence at the price of foreign invasion. He had defended his character and motives in a letter, uncommonly manly and eloquent, to Erskine of Mar; but he had requested it to be burnt, and was not aware that it was fortunately preserved. He still retained the letter on his memory, and it was the last act of his pen to write it out fair, and with comments, into his memorandum-book."—P. 340.

This letter, which has hitherto been neglected by the biographers of the Poet, may be found in "Cromek's Reliques."

"Burns died July 1796. His interment took place on the 25th of July; nor should it be forgotten, in relating the Poet's melancholy story, that, while his body was borne along the street, his widow was taken in labour and delivered of a son, who survived his birth but a short while. The leading men of the town and neighbourhood appeared as mourners; the streets were lined by the Angushire Fencibles and the Cinque Ports Cavalry, and his body was borne by the Volunteers to the old kirk-yard, with military honours. The multitude who followed amounted to many thousands. It was an impressive and a mournful sight; all was orderly and decorous. The measured steps, the military array, the colours displayed, and the muffled drum—I thought then, and think now—had no connexion with a Pastoral Bard. I mingled with the mourners. On reaching the grave into which the Poet's body was about to descend, there was a pause among them, as if loth to part with his remains; and when the first shovel-full of earth sounded on the coffin-lid, I looked up, and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The Volunteers justified the surmise of Burns by three ragged and straggling vollies; the earth was heaped up, and the vast multitude melted silently away."—P. 345.

We would gladly quote Mr. Cunningham's able and judicious critique on Burns, as a poet and a man; but the space we have already occupied precludes a more lengthened notice—we must hasten to conclude our remarks.

In writing the life of the Poet, Mr. Cunningham must have met with many obstacles and many advantages, owing to his coming after Currie and Lockhart. Currie was the first to draw attention to Burns' extraordinary career, and this he did in a pleasing and readable narrative, rather disfigured by commencing his own account with Burns' letter to Dr. Moore, then giving us Gilbert Burns' letter, then his own, and lastly Mrs. Riddells; but with these disfigurements, Currie pleased us many years back, and these delights are sometimes difficult to overcome, even when more correct narratives have been given to the world. In 1828, Mr. Lockhart's life appeared, laden rather heavily with "he says," and "she says"—and on that account confused and intricate; but the manly style in which it is written ought not to be passed over, and on the whole it is one of our finest pieces of biography. On the appearance of the life by Mr. Lockhart, the country seemed to say, "that they now had the life of Burns they required, and were content;" but this strong feeling in favour of Mr. Lockhart will, we think, be thrown aside, on a perusal of the life now under our notice; though in many places blemishes are apparent, they are rather the effect of general style, than a hastiness of composition, but these we are willing to look over—for they are to be found in every work, of whatever taste in the public estimation.

The lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects taught us what to expect from Mr. Cunningham's Life of Burns, and the expectations which we raised, we are pleased to say, have not been disappointed; Mr. Cunningham's is by far the most correct of all the lives, and gives us the clearest view of Burns' afflicting situations; added to this that one-third of the volume is matter new to us, our readers will be disposed to think highly of what Burns' present biographer has done.

Though, sometimes we could differ from the character of Burns as a man, we could advance nothing to shew him in a different situation from what Mr. Cunningham has reasoned upon,—and where the point comes to a matter of opinion it is perhaps better for parties to be silent:—In Mr. C.'s view of Burns, as a poet, we cordially agree; the station which he has given him next to Shakspeare for manliness and ease, is what his writings merit; the daring boldness of Burns' genius would have fitted him to give laws to Parnassus,—his want of scholastic learning was what made him the great man.

"A set of dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes;
They gang in stirks, and come out asses
Plain truth to speak;
And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint of Greek!

Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire,
Thats a' the learning I desire;
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

We have been entertained and instructed by the perusal of Mr. Cunningham's book, and we are bold enough to say, that we need never expect to see a biography of the great bard superior to the one now before us. It is but justice to those concerned in the mechanical portion of the work, to state that we have seldom seen a volume better or more tastefully executed.

LETTER FROM BRITTANY.

Whilst the pencil and the pen have been continually exerted to convey an adequate idea of the scenery of Switzerland and Italy, there are many places as rich in natural beauties, and scarcely inferior in historical associations, of which, comparatively speaking, little notice has been taken.

One of the most remarkable of these is the little town of Clisson, in Brittany, on the vicinity of which nature has lavished her choicest gifts, and which has been embellished by art with the most appropriate taste. It is not, however, mere picturesque scenery that gives Clisson a claim to the traveller's attention: there are associations connected with it, to the influence of which few can be insensible; for who is there that will not view with intense interest groves through which the beautiful, the faithful, the loving, and beloved Heloise has wandered; rocks which have echoed her sighs; and a stream whose glassy surface has reflected her lovely image?

It was during the summer of 1818 that I made a pilgrimage to this enchanting spot; and though ten years have since been passed in pursuits but ill calculated to preserve romantic feelings, the remembrance of the delight I experienced there is still vividly impressed on

my memory. Accompanied by an accomplished friend, I left Nantes early in the morning, and, after a delightful ride of three hours, reached Pallet, the birth-place of Abelard, to visit which was one of the objects of our excursion. Pallet is a village destitute of any thing remarkable, and derives its only interest from having been the birth-place of the hero of romantic love in 1079, and from being the retreat to which he conveyed Heloise during her confinement, when menaced with the vengeance of her incensed uncle. Here, under the care of Abelard's sister, Dionisia, she gave birth to a son, whose beauty suggested the name of Astrolabe. The site of the castle, which belonged to Berenger, the father of Abelard, is said to be a little cemetry at the back of the church, which is now marked by some mouldering walls; and it was during her sojourn there that she is presumed to have wandered to Clisson, three miles distant, and in its charming scenery to have found a temporary consolation for her absence from her lover. Having indulged in the associations which Pallet creates, we proceeded to Clisson.

Just before entering the town a partial view discloses some of the numerous beauties around it. The Sevre glides smoothly at the bottom of the valley, almost enclosed between two hills, whose summits form a boundary to the horizon. Towards the south, the town appears rising like an amphitheatre, the walls of the houses in which are so slightly elevated that they can scarcely be said to interrupt the view of the gently-sloping ascents; while the verdure appears almost to intrench on the tiled roofs, thus forming a variety of tints which harmonize perfectly. The gray walls of the ruins of an ancient castle form a prominent feature, over which the trees wave their branches, and shelter the traveller from the meridian sun. A little estuary flows at the back of the castle, which there discharges itself into the Sevre; and avenues of large poplars ornament the centre of the valley, whose undulating tops indicate the direction of the winds, which seldom disturb the tranquillity of the vale.

Clisson is situated at the confluence of the Sevre and the Moine, six leagues from Nantes. Before the Revolution it contained three thousand inhabitants, five churches, two priories, two convents, a chapter of canons, a hospital, and a court of justice which was under the jurisdiction of Nantes. The war of La Vendee obliged the inhabitants to desert the town, which was many times taken, and the houses reduced to ashes; but the two churches and an hospital still remain, and the population now consists of about twelve hundred persons. Traversing the banks of the Moine, a very short distance leads to an almost impenetrable thicket of chesnut-trees, and the river losing its tranquil character, rushes over the fallen rocks, which are heaped in wild confusion.

Returning to the town, the Grotto of Ossian becomes the chief object of attention. Shattered masses of granite strew the foreground, interspersed with the gray trunks of trees, the ramifications of whose branches form a canopy, which excludes the broad glare of daylight from the landscape; and paths, hewn out of the rocks, lead to a little labyrinth where the mingled heaps of varied soil bear witness to the early revolutions in the natural world. The Grotto is here conspicuous, and the descriptive scenery assists the illusion of the name, al-

though a cursory glance at the verdant carpet, decked with innumerable roseate gems, contrast strangely with the sterility of the Scottish wilds. The masses of rock which predominate here are perfectly in unison with the scenery: they divide themselves into enormous blocks, which, viewed in every position, present new beauties. Often are their summits concealed by flowering shrubs, while their bases are only discovered by the rushing of the river over those masses which have been hurled from the height above; and the roar of these waters alone interrupts the stillness of their solitude.

It is, however, in La Garenne, the seat of the late celebrated sculptor, Mons. Le Motte, that the traveller will derive the highest grtification. To approach it, the bridge of the town, and of that dedicated to St. Anthony, must be crossed, whence the conjunction of the rivers is discernible. A grove rises on the right bank which is crowned by a temple consecrated to Friendship, and which is introduced into the accompanying view. The hospital is also visible with its fertile garden forming a peninsula which the Sevre has left undisturbed; and the path, with some slight curves, follows the course of the river, which here almost stagnates, and its great depth impresses the beholder with awe: the very trees seem influenced by the tranquillity of their situation, the oaks let fall their huge branches into the river and appear to borrow the drooping elegance of the weeping-willow. On a massive block, close to the river's side, in a circle of rocks, are cut the appropriate verses which Jean Jaques Rousseau wrote on Ermenonville.

" O limpide rivière! O rivière chérie!
Puisse la sotte vanité
Ne jamais dédaigner ta rive humble et fleurie;
Que ton simple sentier ne soit point fréquenté
Par aucuns tourmens de la vie;
Tels que l'ambition, l'envie,
L'avarice, et le fausseté
Un bocage si frais, un séjour si tranquille,
Aux tendres sentimens doit seul servir d'asile;
Ces rameaux amoureux, entrelacés exprès,
Aux muses, aux amours, offrent leur voile épais,
Et ce cristal d'une onde pure,
A jamais ne doit réfléchir,
Que les graces de la nature,
Et les images du plaisir.

Following a winding path, a gently rising slope leads to a natural grotto. It is here that the mind dwells most on Heloise, to whom, with great propriety, it is dedicated; and the lines which are inscribed on its side happily express the ideas which present themselves:

" Héloise peut-être erra sur ce rivage,
Quand aux yeux des jaloux dérobant son séjour,
Dans les murs du Pallet elle vint mettre au jour
Un fils, cher et malheureux gage
De ses plaisirs furtifs furtifs et de son tendre amour.
Peut-être, en ce reduit sauvage,
Seule, plus d'une fois, elle vint soupirer,
Et gouter librement la douceur de pleurer;

Peut-être, sur ce roc assise,
Elle rêvait à son malheur,
J'y veux rêver aussi: J'y veux remplir mon cœur
Du doux souvenir d'Héloise!"

In following the banks of the river many groups of rocks are perceptible; on the face of one of which is inscribed this forcible line,

"Sa masse indestructible a fatigué le tems."

The opposite hill appears in perspective; and the eye follows with pleasure the course of the Sevre, which, after a circuitous route, touches again the town of Clisson, and then flows under the arches of a distant bridge. If ruins be an absolute constituent of beauty in a landscape, they are here to be seen in perfection, for few can compete with those of the castle, which are never wholly lost sight of. Tracing the pathway through the narrow glen, a plain opens to the view, whose distinguishing feature is the Museum, which a Mons. Cacault established. Above this smiling plain is an antique tomb, with the simple and well-known inscription of Poussin—

"Et in Arcadia ego."

That great painter is said to have taken many of his scenes from this place, and the landscape in his picture of Diogenes breaking his cup, is an exact view of the castle of Clisson. Another prospect of equal interest succeeds; the Sevre divides itself into several estuaries which encircle numerous small islands: these estuaries are encumbered with innumerable rocks with islands clothed with verdure; and here a column strikes the eye which was originally placed in the castle of Madrid, built by Francis the First. Farther down the river recedes, and forms a bay embellished with shrubs and trees: this place is called Diana's bath; and the deep shade renders it a cherished retreat from the heat of the sun, while the sound of a neighbouring cascade gives an imaginary freshness to the air before its revivifying powers are actually felt.

A paper mill is another object of interest, with its groups of trees, and its cascade rushing over broken rocks, and whitening them with their foam. To the left, perpendicular masses of granite rise one above the other to a considerable height, and a circular edifice crowns their summit. The rude wildness of these masses forms a contrast to the elegant Grecian structure called "the Temple of Vesta," which commands the view, so magnificent as a whole, yet so simple in its details. A picturesque cottage, constructed of the rough trunks of trees cemented with mud and flints, is the last attraction which I shall notice: a shady and serpentine walk leads to two rocks which are nearly hidden by the thick foliage amidst which they stand, and on one of them is an inscription at once simple, elegant, and analogous to the sentiments which the cottage inspires:

"Consacrer dans l'obscurité
Ses loisirs à l'étude, à l'amitié sa vie;
Voilà les jours dignes d'envie!
Etre chéri vaut mieux qu' être vanté!"

The castle of Clisson, which frowns majestically over the little town at its base, is now a beautiful ruin, bearing ample evidence of its

former strength and importance. Its history is identified with that of the province, from having been the property of one of the most illustrious houses in Brittany, and from the sieges which it has withstood. There is, moreover, a melancholy interest attached to it, from a well in the middle of the court being the grave of no less than three hundred victims of the Revolution, who having concealed themselves in the adjoining recesses, were torn from them and cruelly murdered. A single cypress rises in funereal grandeur from their remains, and forms a simple and affecting memorial of their fate.

THE MONOMANIAC.

"Canst thou administer to a mind diseased?"—SHAKSPEARE.

GOD knows, there are enough of stimulants to the heart-ache every where, but if there be one incentive to melancholy stronger than another, it is the view of a being whose mind is ruined and whose reason is shattered: for in that we see the wreck of a thing which man's hands made not—the ruin of our Creator's works, before which palaces and towers crumble into insignificance. The contemplation, also, is *equally* exciting to the commiseration of *all* classes; for, as the maniac can have no influential opinions upon either religion or politics, party interest will possess no voice in witholding the tribute of pity for his condition. In many cases, too, youth, innocence and beauty are the victims of insanity; and a rosy cheek, a bright eye, often blooms and glitters over the grave of reason, like wild-flowers and dew-drops on the osier-bound turf of some loved being who has sunk into the eternal slumber. Neither does the *cause* of lunacy affect our sorrow, as the sight is equally painful, whether produced by passion or prejudice; joy or sorrow; a crushed spirit or an over-heated imagination: the effect is still the same; we see sense and instinct placed in juxta-position only to destroy each other, and we deplore the event.

I have had considerable intercourse with the mad; and, for a long period, dwelt in a country town, where was situated a receptacle for the bereaved of intellect, to which I had easy access. By that means I gleaned numberless particulars possessing both interest and singularity; and—in the unaffected hope that the relation of a few prominent cases may soften, at least, one heart which selfishness may have steeled against the misfortunes of others—will trace the details for those eyes to whom the incidents may prove new.

I have seen all kinds of madness, from the harmless petitioner for snuff to the naked maniac, that rose at my approach like a beast in his den, and, for music to his ravings, had the clank of heavy chains; but I never witnessed a case which struck me more than that of one who, with every sense sanely developed, believed himself to be mad—who, while the fruitage was sound, deemed the sap distempered. He was formerly a wealthy merchant, much esteemed

for his integrity in business, and admired for his attractive manners and sound sense in general society. His wife was fair and exemplary; his children numerous, and his circle of friends many and sincere; so that altogether his lot might be termed truly enviable—Alas! for the evanescence of joy! One evening Mr. Hill (the name I shall bestow upon him) took his family to Drury-lane Theatre, for the purpose of witnessing the unrivalled Kean, and scarcely less gifted Rae, in the characters of King Lear and Edgar, and that evening afforded a striking testimony to the knowledge our Shakspeare possessed of nature. In that scene where the banished king falls a victim to Edgar's deceit, Hill felt strangely and painfully interested; he drank in every visionary word, he watched every turn of countenance, until, as the eye of Kean brightened with the lurid ray of madness, his soul, mind, reason and all rocked with fearful motion in in his brain; his ideas ran riot after strange and wild imaginings; and, casting a maniac's glare upon his wife, he muttered, "Take me away! I, too, am mad."

Nothing could banish this conceit from the mind of Hill. Every effort of skill was useless in the attempt to restore him to himself, and he was at length consigned, at his own peremptory desire, to imprisonment in a madhouse. I shall not soon forget my first interview with him. Having the range of the place, I visited his room alone, and found him buried in profound abstraction; my approach, however, roused him, and he surveyed me for some time with a look rather of surprise than phrenzy. At last he rose, and, in a tone of expostulation, said, "This is very injudicious of you, sir; how can you think of coming here unaccompanied by the keeper?"

As my object was to trace the workings of his unsettled brain, I resolved to treat him as a sane person, and accordingly inquired why the presence of another person was necessary to my safety.

"For every reason of prudence in the world. I am mad."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed, sir!—Ay, mad as a March hare; and had I been in one of my frantic fits when you entered, your corse might have now been lying piecemeal at my feet," said Hill, his eye-balls rolling wildly.

"Then it is only at intervals that you are mad," I observed.

"Hush," cried he, pressing his finger to his lip, "I think I'm asleep now, so speak softly.—With regard to the remark you have just made, it is not so: reason has, unhappily, fled for ever, and I am doomed to quit my family and home to keep watch over myself, lest I do any mischief."

"But how is this?" I asked, "you appear to consider yourself as divided: as two persons."

"Well, sir!" said Hill, "en't I *mad?*—Did you never read in Joe Miller's book of jests how a person, named *Man*, met a maniac, and, thinking to terrify him, told him not to approach, as he was a Man by name and a man by nature; but the insane with a wit, truly Sheridanic, replied, 'I am a man *beside myself*, so we two will fight you two.'"

I could not smile at this jest—it was too bittter, so I changed the subject, and found him sensible and well-informed in all matters,

save on the one point relating to his madness. As this conviction impressed itself on my mind, I conceived the idea of recurring suddenly to his condition, and by confronting him, as it were, with his own intelligence, startle the morbid thoughts which had possession of him, and convince him, if possible, that his disease was imaginary. In pursuance of this, I said, "And so you are unquestionably mad?"

He sighed, and said, "Unequivocally!—As mad, sir, as was Nat Lee, when he desired Jupiter to snuff the moon."

"And you are never reasonable for an instant?

"Which do you mean: me, or myself?" inquired Hill.

I was fairly foiled, but replied, "whichever of you is most sensible."

"Ah, that's me," returned Hill; "but I wish you would be more consistent in conversation: you first question my mad self, and then, all in apparent continuation, interrogate my sane self. Now that would fidget my wits to death at another time; nevertheless, feeling clear-headed at present, I'll reply to both. Touching the former query, I repeat, that not one spark of Heaven's mysterious gift to man remains; on the other hand, and regarding your latter interrogatory, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus;' nor never (as you seem to suspect) lapse into madness. Mercy knows that I should be sadly off, indeed, were that ever the case, for we should fall a quarrelling, and, in all probability, either me kill I, or I kill me."

"Are you, then, so dangerous?" I asked.

"Dangerous!—I tried to kill my keeper the other day, but fortunately I was present, and prevented myself. Sad thing! no one can manage me but I.—Four white walls and a straw bed!—Horrible!—Doomed to this, whilst in full enjoyment of all my intellects, because I am raving mad, and will suffer none to approach, unless I am by. I might just as well be deranged myself; for you see my imprisonment is all the same. Oh! none but those accustomed to such scenes can conceive what it is to watch the appalling writhings of a maniac, and be condemned to listen to no sound but his meaningless words, or his idiot laughter. The grave itself is a more cheerful refuge. I am ill, I am weary, I am worn down with gloom; still I cannot desert myself—*I will not.*"

The broken-hearted tone in which all this was uttered, pierced my very soul; and when I pressed his hand, from an impulse of feeling, I could not restrain the tear which fell upon it. He looked up with a glow of affection on his face, and, wringing my hand in return, said, "you pity me; I see you do—strange thing that pity should enter here!—But depart; this bright drop from your eye has purchased my love, and I would not that you should incur the risk of meeting my fate, by longer stay with a lunatic. Go: you'll lose your senses if you remain with me."

Not wishing yet to leave him, I said, "You forget that your insanity still sleeps; I am, therefore, in no immediate danger."

"True," said Hill, "I had indeed forgotten it—speak low there, and I shall feel favoured by further conversation. What promoted your visit to this den of wretchedness?"

" I wish to learn the various causes of so deplorable a divorce as that of reason from the mind." I answered.

" Various, indeed—a melancholy object! I'll tell you the cause of *my* derangement: it was sheer infection. I saw delirium so faithfully portrayed that my brain blazed as though it had been ignited at a living flame; the distorted demon of phrenzy throned himself on my temples, and plugged each artery leading to the seat of knowledge with lead; he drew back the strings of my eyeballs till they nearly cracked—he tightened every tendon, and deadened every pulse—he tickled into fearful excitement all my nerves—he palsied every vein—he made to bubble with fire every drop of life blood, and when my head shot, quivered, and whirled under these tortures he placed his mouth to my ear—shrieked forth a peal of maddening laughter, and thrusting his fingers into the quick of my brain crushed it into ten thousand particles—dispersing on each precious fragment a million ideas which reason, thought, and instruction had garnered there, and forming in their place a hollow for himself and Idiotcy, his bride, to dwell in!—I feel them now gambolling with hideous mirthfulness!—I hear them laugh!—they rouse me from my slumbers—ha! ha! ha!—avoid me—avoid me!"

I stepped aside in shew of compliance, but perceiving him to stagger with feebleness, occasioned by his over-wrought imagination against the wall, I felt encouraged again to approach. He waved me off, and for some moments a deep silence permitted his recent ravings to ring with ten-fold horror on my memory, but Hill suddenly interrupted it by exclaiming. " What you are still here, in spite of my cautions."

" Yes," said I, " for I feel assured that you will not attempt to attack me."

" Oh, but I don't know that," rejoined the Monomaniac; " I feel one of my most dreadful paroxysms coming on; however, I will bind myself up, so that, if you keep your distance, you may remain unhurt." I now prepared myself for something terrible, and removing to a point whence I could easily escape in case of real danger, I watched his proceedings intently. My expectations were not fulfilled: Hill with an expression of blended sense and cunning gathered up a wisp of straw from the ground, and putting his arms behind him, twisted it round his wrists. He then hitched the frail handcuff (so to term it) on a peg in the wall, and began to writhe and contort himself in a manner far from terrific; sometimes stamping, sometimes jumping; at another moment he wagged his elbows backwards and forwards and distorted his features; then struggled as if to release himself and fell to stamping again—in short the whole exhibition could only be likened to the impotent fury of a child, who, in sport, wishes to frighten its nurse by pretending to fall in a passion,—making wry faces and beating the ground with its feet to heighten the effect. Yet the sense-deprived Hill fancied himself worked by uncontrolable rage; for he kept exclaiming,—" Is not this deadful?—Isn't it awful?—I am now almost unmanagable—I should injure you if I was not tied up—only look now!—see!—listen!—how shockingly I rave—I shall burst a blood-vessel—I must

beat myself into submission!" and, with that, he tore away from the wall, and struck himself about the head open-handed, but so gently that the blows could not have hurt a babe. The description appears ridiculous, but it was a mournful sight, and my heart sickened.

Having continued this mummery for some time, the patient again became calm, and without previous intimation took a seat near me and resumed the conversation, venting many feeling ebullitions against the hard fate which consigned him to so much misery, and expressing the strongest pity for his *other* self, whom, he remarked, was still more unfortunate. This mockery of reason by madness, became too much for me to bear, and I offered to depart, but he now pressed me so earnestly to stay, and painted so vividly his dejected state when left "alone with himself," that I was constrained to lengthen the period of my visit. Whilst engaged in discourse, the attendant entered, bearing Hill's dinner (for he always insisted upon dining in his own room), and then, at my request, left us again together. I remarked that the table was spread as if for two.

"Now," said Hill, "I shall experience further annoyance before I can swallow my victuals. You have just witnessed my frantic humour; you shall now see me in a sulky mood:" whereupon he folded his hands upon his knee, shook his shoulders like a wayward schoolboy, and drooped his head in silence. This continued but for a minute, and looking up, he added—"There, you see, I won't eat. Here is a most excellent meal—would that all my fellow-creatures had one equally good!—and yet I am so obstinate that I won't taste a mouthful; myself is of course a sufferer through such mulishness, as my own dinner is getting quite cold, for it would be unfeeling to commence first."

"It is indeed silly thus to self-impose the fate of Tantalus. What remedy shall you employ to bring yourself to your senses?" I asked.

"None; my senses have gone from me, and can neither be brought to me, nor I to them; they are irrecoverably lost, for I sent the crier round every day for a month, offering a large reward for their restoration, but, alas! when the bellman returned, he said, '*Oh no!*' to my inquiry concerning his success.—The dog could not say '*Oh yes!*' when he was *wanted*."

"You misapprehend me; I mean, how do you bring yourself to eat?—by coaxing and wheedling?"

"No; I make threats of another beating, and then feed myself as I would an infant—you shall see." Assuming a sullen, morose expression of countenance, Hill then relapsed into a silence of several moments; after which he shook his fist in his own face and muttered some unintelligible sound. "I have conquered!" he cried triumphantly, and without further ceremony placed a portion of meat on both plates, and took a mouthful alternately from each. Presently he smiled and said, "I told you so—I knew it was all humbug. Not eat, indeed! I hate such d——d nonsense; but you see, a little wholesome admonition soon brought me about." With these and like interjections he devoured his dinner, and I shortly afterwards quitted him.

I paid him many subsequent visits; but a further description of

his hallucinations would prove tedious. Several very eminent men occasionally attended him, yet his disorder experienced any thing but a decrease. At length I ventured to suggest, that as sympathy alone had caused the sufferers lapse from reason, the same action of the mind might be found a successful agent in restoring him. The hint was at once adopted by his afflicted relations, and in furtherance of the plan, a gentleman of excellent literary abilities was employed to sketch a short dramatic piece in which the hero was represented as losing his senses, precisely in the same manner as Hill. The plot then thickened—intricacies and fresh characters were introduced, calculated to take strong hold of the attention. A new hero also appeared, whose misfortunes excited powerful interest, and really awoke feelings in the breast far from a selfish nature—in short, *self* was entirely forgotten, whilst witnessing the representation. This was just what was wanted; troubles and sorrows now press faster and harder on the young Hubert (the last mentioned hero), but with admirable strength of mind, he repels every approach of distraction, and manfully rises superior against even the attacks of poverty. At this crisis the friends of the dramatic madman, are supposed to meet with Hubert, and knowing that he has not the means of earning a crust of bread, make him an offer of a handsome salary, provided he becomes a companion to the maniac, and endeavours to restore his senses. The proffer is agreed to; Hubert takes his patient every where, and engages him in frequent conversation; at first humouring him, but after a time, insinuating doubts as to the wisdom of letting fancy divide the brain in the manner he does. The maniac listens; offers a feeble opposition, which Hubert stoutly combats; he at length gives way to the convincing arguments of sound sense, and acknowledges himself to have been in error when supposing himself as it were separated *from* himself. Of course, an entire cure is thus effected, and the ex-madman is made to deliver a learned and comprehensive—at the same time, lucid discourse on mental diseases, and to comment upon the ridiculousness of the ideas entertained by the mad. Finally, he laughs heartily at his former illusions, and pleasantly remarks that a jest-book would cure any insane person in the world, were he to deliver himself up to its tickling influence, and quit his own stupid notions in order to do so.

The time-serving production was admirably executed, displaying both skill and judgment in the writer; fortunately, too, a strolling company of players had at the time, fitted up a large outhouse in the town as a theatre, and very readily agreed to enact our drama, especially as they would be well paid for their services. It was not, however, deemed prudent to entrust the principal characters to men, who, whatever their abilities, could not be expected to enter with real feeling into the parts, or more properly speaking, accommodate themselves to whatever circumstances might arise; the heroes were therefore entrusted to two talented young men, who were related to the patient. One was a surgeon, who, from having constantly been in the habit of visiting asylums for the insane, and possessing great penetration and observation, was exceedingly well calculated to fill the madman, and portray those minute characteristics which a general observer could scarcely be expected to catch, yet, which were so

necessary, considering the state of the principal spectator. Hubert was undertaken by a gentleman preparing for holy orders; nor let us blame the action: no common motives, no pleasurable inducements urged him to it; the charitable hope of restoring to a darkened mind the light of reason, was his sole impeller, and, as the character required one, uniting urbanity of manners with a mild deportment, yet impressive in gesture and commanding in tone, a better representative could not perhaps have been selected. The undertaking may be censured by a rigid few, but the motive will plead its own justification.

There now remained but one difficulty to surmount; this was to induce Hill to attend the representation; I undertook the task.

My frequent visits to the patient had established, as far as circumstances permitted, an intimacy betwixt us, and I acquired considerable influence over him, insomuch that I was often enabled to curb his extravagant behaviour. With a determination to exert this power, I entered his room on the appointed afternoon, and after the usual salutation, told him I had come to beg a favour at his hands.

"Ask it of heaven, sir," said he, "I am a creature now of so little weight in the scale of creation, that a grain of sand could as easily assist a sub-marine island to emerge from the water as I be of service to you."

"A grain of sand, in conjunction with some millions more, might assist in forming an island," I replied; "therefore nothing in this world can be entirely useless."

"True; what can I do for you?" cried Hill, promptly.

"Nay, I must have an assurance first; your solemn promise to grant my request," I exclaimed.

"Of one so fallen as I, you will ask nothing impossible. My hand and word to whatever you desire," returned Hill.

"I am satisfied: a friend of mine takes a benefit this evening, and has requested my interest in procuring a full house; now as I have very few acquaintance here, yet do not wish to disappoint the poor fellow, I have walked hither to request that you will take a ticket and make one of our number."

"Benefit!—Ticket!—In the name of heaven, what mean you?" cried Hill, in violent agitation, "where would you have me go?"

"To the theatre," replied I, with as much appearance of carelessness as possible.

"To the where?" he shouted.

"To the *theatre*," repeated I.

"To the hell of devils!" screamed the monomaniac; "don't you know that I lost my senses there?" he added, then pressing his elbows to his sides he shook himself violently, and exclaimed, "See what a fury you have thrown me into! may you run mad every night for this!—Bring me a strait waistcoat, do!"

"I think one is quite necessary, when you fly out at such trifles," returned I, calmly; "had you heard me through, the proposition might not have appeared so preposterous to your distempered imagination. However, I shall know how to depend upon you another time."

My words wrung his heart, but it was a necessary cruelty, for he became quiet immediately, and, with a look and tone which ever added interest to his words, begged me to proceed. I complied, and briefly stated the facts which ought to weigh with him as inducements to go. I adverted to the state of lassitude his confinement had brought on, and reminded him that if his health failed, his madness would be deprived of an attentive guardian. Less of vacancy was in his eye than customary, as he replied—

"Then, sir, there would be one sufferer less in the world; there would be one sufferer more about to leave it, as I could not survive myself; but it would be suicide not to take every means for the preservation of life in my power; so, if they will admit me, delirium and all, have with you."

"Psha!" cried I, "cannot you leave your insanity for one night? I will answer with my life, that it shall be taken every care of until you return."

"On that condition I will go," said Hill, "but we must employ a little finesse to separate us: I tell you what do, if the trouble be not too great, and my liberty in asking you not too impertinent, get up, softly, on that stool, and close the shutters; I shall then think that it is night, and compose myself for slumber. The instant I have dropped off, shall be the signal for our departure on tiptoe; we can send hither the keeper, and hey for the temple of Thespia!"

I expressed my approbation of this plan, and obeyed him in every particular. In a few moments I had the satisfaction to hear him say, "I'm as fast as a church, can you see me?" This the darkness prevented me from doing, so I answered accordingly, and he replied, in a whisper, "Never mind, you know your way to the door, off with your shoes and follow me out." We effected our retreat with great caution, but when, on reaching the anti-room, the light of day once more reflected its lustre upon us, forming a vivid contrast to the gloom we had quitted, Hill turned to look into his dreary apartment. and with a sigh exclaimed, "How sadly is the lot of life divided! One man glides through an evening at the theatre, hilarity sporting round him, music melting his soul, splendour delighting his eye, and the poet's outpourings touching his heart; whilst another lulls his distempered senses to quiet in darkness, and in a mad-house: solitude his only companion; gloom the only light that meets his gaze, and his own groans the only music that salutes his ear. Oh, fate! where, where is your impartiality?"

I strongly rebuked the unfortunate man for dwelling on such thoughts at that time, and hurried him away. Once in the open air, his spirits rose wonderfully, and he indulged in that species of gossip which never springs but from a gay humour. His wife and family, who occupied a residence near the asylum to enable them to visit him more frequently and conveniently, were rejoiced on perceiving his cheerfulness, and used every exertion to promote it. Hill seconded their endeavours, caressed his wife, played with the children, and conversed with his friends in a style so natural, that one of them called me apart, and suggested a postponement of our experiment; adding, that the sudden change of scene which Hill had experienced,

together with his re-introduction into society, appeared to have effected a perfect cure. I shook my head, but not wishing to damp the rising hope, merely remarked, as I resumed my seat, that judgment on the case ought for a short time to be suspended; promising, however, to be guided by circumstances.

Scarcely had I spoken, when Hill abruptly said, "I say, when is this play you were talking about, to begin? I am very anxious about myself, yonder, and shall be in a fever till it is over. Ha! ha! how aptly shall I symbolize the passage of life and death this evening; a walk from the theatre to a mad-house! a draught of honey, with gall at the bottom! but I won't dash my spirits by thinking of it. Let us enjoy the present hour as it flies, and cast all thoughts of the future aside. By-the-by, I can scarcely preserve a proper connexion between my sentences, through being so accustomed lately to the disjointed language which I use *n'importe;* no one here will mind it." These and similar incoherencies caused an interchange of glances too easily understood, and the party delayed not another moment in preparing for the entertainment. "I hope it is not King Lear," said Hill, as he took his hat from the servant.

There are times when passing events assume a paramount interest over the incidents of other periods, whatever their magnitude; there are moments when all the aims of life give way to one object; there are stakes which occupy the mind more than the struggle for a kingdom. Such was the present hour and venture, and I am certain that no one interested in the affair, would have paused to contemplate or wonder at an earthquake: so entirely was every feeling absorbed by the die about to be cast. For myself, I confidently aver that no circumstance of my life, no personal consideration, ever impressed me more deeply than the momentous experiment in which accident had engaged me. I had visited theatres with the grave, the fair, and the gay; to dispel ennui, gratify curiosity, and idle away an hour—nay, for instruction; but never before in the society of a lunatic, or to seek for lost sanity! I looked forward with avidity to the result.

As the theatre was small, we placed Hill in the centre front box, so that nothing should escape his observation, whilst the short distance from the stage would enable him to see every turn of countenance in the actor; and combined advantage not to be met with in a larger place of amusement. Curiosity (for the circumstances were pretty generally known) drew a full attendance, and its unconscious object attracted general notice. At length the entertainment commenced, and a hush pervaded the audience more resembling the silence of a court of justice than aught else. The actors proceeded with much spirit; and the amateurs acquitted themselves admirably, particularly *our* representative of Leon, the maniac; inasmuch that when he feigned to lose his senses, Hill turned to me and said, "That is very natural; the author understands the sympathetic weaknesses of humanity well, and the actor knows how to depict them with fidelity; just so did I lose *my* senses, and just so did I look and speak at the time.—Heigho!"

During these few words, the actors suspended operations until Hill's attention became again fixed, simply filling up the space by an

extempore sentence or two, so that he should not lose a syllable, and then went on with increased ability. As the drama proceeded, the insane merchant became more powerfully enthralled, and leaning his hands on the front of the box, he rocked himself backwards and forwards with visible emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and in a short time dwelt with a steady gaze upon what was going forward, instead of wandering with ceaseless motion on vacancy as they were wont.

"Do you think all these things could happen in real life?" he asked me, as Hubert's rhetoric appeared to prevail on Leon.

"Certainly," I answered, "I am informed that the circumstances are founded upon facts."

"You don't say so? Then perhaps—celestial thought!—perhaps after all *I* am not mad; I too am labouring under a delusion."

"I am *sure* that such is the case," replied I, eagerly.

"Well, well; we shall see," he added, returning to his former attentive posture.

Skillfully now was the scene proceeded with. At one period, as the light of returning sense flashed from Leon's eye, Hill started up and exclaimed, "Hold—stay—hold! No, no, go on." And again sinking into his seat, he pressed both hands to his temples. The important time had evidently arrived; Hubert no longer addressed himself to Leon; but fixing his piercing eye upon Hill, pointed every look and word solely to him, in tones so impressive, and with action so enforcing, that even I forgot that it was not reality. Hill was worked up to the most powerful pitch of excitement. He seemed, while straining his ears to catch every sound, to turn his thoughts back upon themselves and question their soundness; first closing his eyes—then opened them—knit his brow—rapidly tapped his forehead successively with the fingers of his right hand, while his left seemed to grasp at something in the air. Listened again—drew back—paused—contracted every feature—expanded them once more as if some conviction had struck him, and exclaimed aloud, "Tell me, lest my brain burst with intense anxiety, what am I to infer from this? Am I mad, or does reason still hold her empire in my temples?"

"You are not mad: a reprehensible eccentricity, which must immediately be shaken off, alone caused others to think so," returned with promptitude the gentleman who performed Hubert.

"But I thought—"

"All thoughts unsanctioned by common sense are erroneous, and, if indulged in, lead to lunacy; it therefore behoves you, as you prize the inestimable gift of reason, to banish those inexcusable fallacies which have hitherto overpowered your mind, and cease to make yourself ridiculous in the eyes of the world."

"I shall go mad with joy," cried Hill, springing towards his wife. "Look at me, loved partner of my days," he continued; "answer me, on your soul!—my pulse I know beats quick,—but is the meaningless look of madness on my features still?—does one gleam of sense escape from beneath my eyelids?—does sober reason curb the grin of idiotcy on my lips to smiles? Do I—Ha! ha! ha! Do I laugh like a madman now?"

"No, no," cried his agitated wife, "you are as sane as any here."

"Then the divine essence is still in my brain. Sing to the Lord a new made song!" joyfully shouted Hill, and clapping his hands exultingly together, he sunk back in a swoon. We were not grieved at this temporary suspension of his faculties, as it prevented the excess of happiness from becoming dangerous. The entertainments, as may be supposed, were terminated without the principal performers, and Hill was conveyed home to bed before means were taken for his recovery; proper restoratives were then used, and, on his again coming to himself, congratulations were poured in on all sides; his late illusions laughed at; and the vagaries of fancy, with its submission to the magnet of deception, duly discussed, until our patient was fairly ashamed to think himself otherwise than perfectly sane, aud joined in the laugh against his own folly. He was then bled; a cooling draught administered, and we left him to repose.

The next morning I accepted the invitation of a friend to visit his shooting-box some miles distant from where I resided, and remained absent for several weeks. On my return I instantly repaired to the house of Mr. Hill, to learn how he was going on, being anxious about the decided success of my scheme. I found him in his library reading a volume of Shakspeare, open at the tragedy of Lear. He knew me immediately, and, shaking hands very heartily, desired I would be seated.

"Here I am, you see, my dear sir," he said, "as happy as a king, and in the full enjoyment of my reason."

"I am delighted to hear it," I replied; "You are, then, perfectly cured?"

"O yes; I went to the madhouse on the day you quitted us, and found myself raving at my absense; but I soon brought myself to my senses, I assure you, for I beat my shoulders till they were black and blue, and called myself all the names I could lay my tongue to for my stupidity. This produced the desired effect, and I came home quietly, without giving way to any more tantrums."

"And now?" I said, dreading the next sentence.

"And now I am as you see me; I am certainly obliged to keep myself a little in subjection for fear of a relapse, though there is small likelihood of such an occurrence. But, come, I must introduce you to myself, I ought to be acquainted with one who took such kind interest in me during the obscuration of my intellects."

Hill then rose, bowed, and formally introduced me to himself.—Poor fellow! he was as mad as ever; mad for no other reason than because he thought himself in his senses!

This harmless and unimportant delusion lasted until the termination of a long life. On all other points the monomaniac was sane!

THE ANTI-MALTHUSIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE O'HARA TALES.

"Arrah, Moya, my pet, do you know what they say
About what we're for doing next marrying day?*
They say, that to go to the Soggarth,† that way,
Is a shame and a schandle—faith, that's what they say!
Is a shame and a schandle—faith, that's what they say!"

"A-thin, how's it a shame and a schandle, Paudeen?"
"There's too much of us in it, already, petteen,‡
And to go to the priest, is to go in the way
Of more of us coming—and that's what they say—
Of more of us coming—and that's what they say."

"And how would some more be too many, Paudeen?"
"Sure the gintleman makes it quite plain to be seen—
For—if more comes than's wantin', or call'd for, says they—"
"Och! Paudeen, the bastes! and is that what they say?
If more comes than's call'd for!—Is that what they say?"

"No—but more than there's room for, or ating, or drink"—
"Och! ould Ireland, Paudeen, can hould more than they think,
And the Lord never lets a new mouth see the day,
But he sends something for it—for all they say!
For all that from morning to night they can say!

"And so we must shame our poor people of ould,
Or wait till the love goes away, or grows could?
Is that what they say, Paudge? Is that what *you* say?
Och, Paudeen, is that what yourself means to say!
Och, Paudeen, is that what yourself means to say!"

"In one thing they're right, pet, as I understand;
Sure enough, we're too many for *them* in this land—
But, they'll see a few more of us, day after day,
Ere we make ourselves scarce for them—that's what I say!
Arrah, Moya, my darlent, and that's what I say!

"Ere the name that we got from our mothers, to give
To our wives and our daughters, as long as they live,
Has a spot to be seen in the sunniest day—
By St. Bridget, the vargin! and that's what I say!
By St. Bridget, the vargin! and that's what I say!

"Ay—or wait till the love goes away, or grows could,
And be doin' God's will when we're bother'd and ould;—
So—*heccum-pothe lanna!*§ next marryin' day
To the face o'the priest there's some more that I'll say!
To the face o'the priest there's some more that I'll say!"

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* The eve of Lent—a day and night of great increase to the Irish Soggarth.
† Priest.
‡ A diminutive of *Pet*, as is Paudeen of Paudge, or Pat—both terms of endearment in this sense.
§ Give a kiss, my dear.

THE REGRETTED WATCH.

"Watch! watch! watch!"—*Obsolete Cries of London.*

START not, mistaken reader!—Although inveterately inimical to the manifold glaring abuses of the New Police system, I am, or rather was, equally opposed to the ludicrous incompetence of the "good old" Watch, who are now happily, become as obsolete as the "Tom and Jerry" boys with whom they will be associated in all time to come, and with whom they are now "locked up" in the "dark hole" of the grave, awaiting alike their "turn" to be "called up" before the great "magistrate" of the world, who, I trust, will "dismiss" them without even the "usual penalty for being drunk and disorderly" in their sublunary and erring probation. Peace be to their manes!

No!—mine is a tale of a watch at sea.—

And yet will I bet thee, still miscalculating reader! that thou art now fancying in thy mind's ear the monotonous sound of the "spinning" of some "long yarn" of log-line-breadth escapes from the imminent deadly rock, or other moving accidents or disastrous chances on the perilous ocean.

Still, still, impatient reader! art thou widely "out of thy reckoning," albeit on such wonders I might slightly touch for thy better understanding of "my whereabouts."—But read, that thou mayest be satisfied.

Some fifteen years ago, being suddenly stricken with a violent itch for adventure and an uncontrollable desire to better my fortune in foreign countries, I hastily converted all my disposable effects into cash, which, under the guidance of an old merchant, a friend of my father's, I invested in dry goods suitable to a market of one of the cities of North America. Having completed my purchases, I shipped them and myself on board the good ship ——, which was on the eve of her departure. In the hurry of embarkation I had forgotten the injunction of my old friend to take out a policy of insurance on my property, which, I afterwards had the "glorious uncertainty" to feel, was, like myself, altogether at the mercy of the winds and waves, or dependant on the staunch timbers, or competent knowledge of the captain and officers of the good ship ——.

I consoled myself, however, with the idea that if my bales of broad-cloths and muslins were destined for the wardrobes of Davy Jones and his attendants, I should at all events "be there to *sea*"—as Cowper wished to be at the next race of his friend, John Gilpin; and that if we both arrived "in good order and condition," the premium would be so much more money in my own pocket.

There were three cabin passengers besides myself, and about sixty in the steerage—emigrants from their native land; so, among such a diversity of persons, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the little space allowed to human freight on board a merchant-ship of three hundred tons, it may easily be supposed there was by no means a

lack of either company or amusement. Indeed the time passed away with me, at least, more speedily and merrily than it had ever done before, or has ever done since. Alas! how little did we dream that such merriment was to end – and in a moment as it were—in such a frightful scene of horror and devastation!

We had been out about twenty-five days, during all which time we had most propitious, but rather heavy, winds, before which we had scudded along like an eagle in its pride of flight, when we were one morning overtaken by a sudden and violent squall, which carried away our masts, long-boat, and cabooze, and did other serious damage. The wind lulled into a perfect calm, during the day, and as we lay, about ten at night, motionless as a "painted ship upon a painted ocean," all hands were ordered on deck, the ship having sprung a leak, and making water faster than the pumps could throw out. In an instant all was consternation and confusion among the passengers, fore and aft. But the presence of mind of the captain and his officers, and the ready activity of the crew, tended, however, in some degree, to restore confidence to the greater number; while the rest, especially the females, gave vent to their fears in hurried queries, piteous exclamations, and broken sobs. All on board capable of assisting at the pumps, were divided into gangs, for the relief of each other. The hatches were opened, and men sent below to endeavour, if possible, to discover and stop up the leak; and every thing was done that was in the power of mortals to do—but all in vain. The water in the hold gradually increased to such a degree, that the pumps were useless, and every one was ordered to assist in heaving the cargo overboard, to lighten the ship, as the only resource to keep her afloat until morning, when succour might be had. Signal lights had already been put up, and the awfully-appealing sound of the minute gun was every now and then booming far away over the star-lit bosom of the motionless ocean into the distant horizon.

As I had been the last shipper, my uninsured bales aad packages were the first offerings of the sacrifice; and no one was more active than I was in assisting at their disembaraktion. Out into the sea they went, followed by many a larger and more valuable shipment, until it was deemed prudent to desist from the useless labour, and all hands were ordered to assist in preparing rafts for those who could not be accommodated in the three remaining boats.

While these were being constructed, the stern-boat, by secret instructions from the captain, was quietly lowered, provisioned, and equipped by the steward, second mate, and my fellow cabin passengers, and kept close in under the cabin windows; and, as day began to dawn, and every provision had been made for the two other boats and the rafts, and the vessel was expected to be swamped every moment, the captain, myself, first mate, cook, cabin-boy, and such of the crew as had been picked out to accompany us—the rest being left to superintend the launching and take command of the other boats and rafts—one by one withdrew ourselves without observation, and, getting out of the cabin windows, joined our awaiting companions, and rowed silently off from the fast sinking vessel.

The moment it was discovered that we had abandoned the ship,

the frightful scene that we had dreaded and provided against, for our own chance of escape, took place in all its horrors. Shrieks, prayers, and denunciations instantly filled the air, and all for a moment seemed to have forgotten that they had within reach similar means of abandoning the vessel. Many threw themselves into the sea in despair, and several swam off in hope of being taken into our boat—only one of whom was allowed to join us, as our complement was even more than exceeded. Notwithstanding the exertions of the crew we had left on board, seconded by some few of the male emigrants, not to overload the two boats and the rafts, the moment they were launched the rush to them became so general, that down they sank with their unequal burthens, and were only recovered to be instrumental in hastening, instead of preventing, destruction; until, in the repeated conflicts for life, they were either rendered altogether useless, or borne away untenanted by the waves that were now cresting to the morning breeze.

Destruction to all on board was now inevitable and immediate; and despair, in all its innumerable moods and madnesses, now pervaded all, undisguised and uncombatted. But despair, like other varieties of insanity, is not without its cunning—cunning which reason and wisdom can neither parallel, comprehend, nor circumvent—and infinite were the schemes, individual and in concert, that were every moment being made to escape from the doomed vessel, and which were only frustrated by the quickness of detection on the part of others, with less ingenuity, who, by rushing in crowds to seize on the same means of possible salvation, hastened their own destruction, together with that of the projectors, who might, by a possibility, have otherwise, after a time, been picked up in safety from the ocean-desert by some passing vessel, or thrown, by the current, on some friendly beach.

In this manner every barrel, chest, hen-coop, tub, spar, plank, and basket that could be found—every thing, in short, that could possibly assist in preserving life upon the waters, had been launched with their burthens, and, like the boats and rafts, immediately swamped by the fatal additional weight of contending strugglers for the last chance of existence.

The scene that now ensued baffles all conception of the frightful and piteous. Some, under the combined influence of madness and intoxication from liquor, were singing and dancing in the most grotesque manner—others howling up to the sky, or committing horrible excesses at which the soul sickens. Some had arrayed themselves after the most incongruous and fantastic fashion, and were parading the deck in all the abandonment of idiotic vanity. Men, women, and children were alternately screaming and filling their mouths with food. Mothers were holding up their babes to heaven, or clasping them wildly to their bosoms. Husbands and wives, parents and children, were locked in each other's embraces, awaiting the approach of certain and immediate death; while, every now and then, others, unable longer to endure the horrors of suspense, would throw themselves from the rigging into the sea, seeking the danger they could not avoid. One man, in order to escape a watery death, had hung himself from the end of the broken bowsprit, and his lifeless body was dangling in

the air immediately above the waves. But enough—I can dwell upon the scene no longer. A loud, wild, universal, unearthly shriek announced the approach of the catastrophe—and in a moment the doomed-vessel and its tenants were engulphed beneath the waters !

Having detained thee, indulgent reader ! longer than I intended in this preliminary, but I hope not to thee uninteresting, detail, I shall now proceed forthwith to enlighten thee on the real subject-matter of this narrative of the Regretted Watch.

A party, consisting of the surviving officers, passengers, and crew of the doomed vessel, were enjoying themselves after partaking of a farewell dinner, in an hotel in New York, to which port we had been brought by an American vessel, with which we had fallen in the day after the disaster. We had been recounting our various personal losses—of which mine own, as thou must remember, intelligent reader, was no little matter ; and were confessing to such particular articles of mere sentimental regard, as we most esteemed or valued among our unsaved effects. Portraits, locks of hair, letters—in short, all gifts or memorials, however otherwise trifling and valueless, of distant objects of affection, were, with one single and singular exception, the universal theme of regret and lamentation; for it is when in distant lands unknown, uncherished and alone, that the heart most clings to such memorials, the only visible links that bind us to the absent and the beloved ! and they only who have been separated by the mighty waters from the objects of their affection, and felt the priceless value of such cherished mementos, can conceive the poignant affliction occasioned by their irretrievable loss !

One of the late cabin-passengers was an American gentleman of considerable fortune, who had large estates somewhere south of the Potomac, and was on his return from a lengthened tour over Europe. He had had a classical education, was not without taste, and had collected in his travels, a great variety of rare books, curiosities, and objects of *virtù*, all of which had shared the fate of my muslins and broad-cloths. Although possessing an immensity of information upon all sorts of subjects, he was always exceedingly reserved and extraordinarily silent; in short, he was cold and phlegmatic, without being particularly disagreeable. The only object in the world that seemed to have awakened the slightest interest in his affections was a gold watch, a repeater, of somewhat curious workmanship, for which he had paid an enormous sum to an ingenious artist in Geneva, and the merits of which was the only subject upon which he had ever condescended to be communicative and eloquent. This highly-prized watch had been left suspended in his state-room, on the first alarm occasioned by the discovery of the leak, and, *incredibile dictu !* was unthought of until after the going down of the ship, when its loss was discovered, and appeared to be the sole and entire object of regret to its owner.

At the farewell dinner alluded to, the loss of this watch was the only theme of his remarks and lamentations, and the recovery of it, could such a thing be possible, seemed the only thing on earth that could restore him to his wonted phlegmatic reserve and silence.

Now it so happened, that being among the last who got into the

boat, through the cabin window, on that fearful morning, on my way thither I espied this identical repeater hanging up in its owner's state-room, which I had to pass, and remembering the immense value he attached to it, I hastily thrust it into my pocket, intending to give him an agreeable surprise, should we be fortunate enough to escape with our lives; and this was the occasion I had chosen to make the, to him undreamt-of, restoration.

"You desert us early, sir," said I to this Widower of the Watch, as we had christened him, observing that he was about to take his leave; "what o'clock is it?"

"I should think about nine," replied he, putting his right hand to his empty fob, and giving an expressive shrug. "Ah, my fine repeater! Had I only saved that, I should'nt have cared a fig for all the rest. I can never get such another. I will never wear a watch again."

"Nay, sir—do me the favour to wear *this one* in remembrance of a fellow-sufferer, who deeply sympathizes in your loss," said I, taking the so much regretted repeater from my pocket, and handing it to him across the table.

A shout of surprise and wonder broke from the astonished company, as they beheld the identical watch restored to its disconsolate owner. But imagine, dear reader! the transports of the Widower of the Watch himself, on finding his beloved thus miraculously, as it were, restored to him from the fathomless depths of the ocean, in all its pristine beauty and unimpaired accomplishments! Fancy him overwhelming the saviour of his precious treasure with heart-felt acknowledgments of gratitude, and reiterated assurances of friendly assistance with purse and influence! Depict to thyself the effect of such a surprise on one of so reserved a disposition, displaying itself in unwonted outbreakings of sociality and good-humour, delightful to behold!—But imagine, and fancy, and depict till doomsday his probable acknowledgments and conduct on the occasion, thou canst conceive nothing that can possibly equal his actual deportment.

Taking the watch, and scrutinizing it for a moment with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, and then looking from it to me directly in the face, he exclaimed, with an air of hasty rebuke—"DAMN it! YOU'VE BROKEN THE GLASS!"—and putting it in his fob, wished us a hurried farewell, and I never saw him more. W. B. H.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir.—After an existence dating nearly from the commencement of the world, and flowing uninterruptedly in a constant stream of honour, I found some time since a cruel tide of invective turned against me in the public papers, in consequence of my having put my foot, a wet foot they say, into the tunnel which the Londoners, without regard to my repose, were boring under my bed. Now, Sir, if strangers will uncautiously grope under the beds of others, they may chance to fall in with more than they look for, and this has been the case in the present instance. A due regard to character has induced me to address this circular to my friends, whose curiosity is probably whetted on the subject; and I trust, under the explanation I shall offer, my conduct will on the whole be found perfectly justifiable.

Now, Sir, I am a quiet fellow myself, rolling on peaceably and quietly, in my own way, and there is no character I dislike more than that of a bore; one of these bores very wantonly undertook to undermine my reputation; in fact he hired 400 conspirators to perpetrate his under-hand designs; but, thank my stars, I have been a match for him, and by the blessings of providence have been able to throw cold water on his vile attempt. My natural end, Sir, as I am well aware, will be by fire, whenever the clever fellow appears, endowed with adequate powers to let me off like a squib. That such a man is expected, is, I apprehend, quite clear, as I have heard repeated exclamation, from Richmond and Blackwall parties, to the effect that "*he* will never set the Thames on fire." To this fate, whenever it comes, I must of course submit, and in that case trust that in quitting the world, I shall go out with that decency which is always expected from old age and good character.

Apropos, Sir, do you number among your acquaintance or contributors any one competent to perform this extraordinary feat? I have a personal feeling on this subject; I spoke to a passenger, a gentleman of your craft, whom I had on my back last week, who told me I had not at present much to fear; he added, too, that with regard to the *New Monthly*, he could answer for it, that the ladies and gentlemen connected with that distinguished periodical were much too benevolent ever to attempt my life. Do not by this inquiry imagine that I fear to die; I know that I must at last disembogue myself into the great sea of eternity. Moreover, such is my contempt of death, that I even assist all the dyers from one end of my territory to the other, to say nothing of my former exploits at "Old London Bridge," and all the little boys and girls I swallow fishing, bathing, or making love together.

Shakspeare says that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken in its flood leads on to fortune;" but, Sir, in the affairs of rivers, to which branch of business I belong, there are two tides, and whether you take them at their flood or at their ebb, if you take them at

the bottom, they lead to misfortune; as to my bed, I made it myself, and have a right to lie how I please. If people complain that it is soiled and a little torn, they should have looked to that before they tried to pull my bed from under me. They bored a hole beneath me with a vengeance; they were to drive carts, and waggons, and armies, if necessary through it, and thought to do all this work without disturbing me; but who made the biggest hole? All the putty made, ever made, was not enough for a stopper to this newly discovered decanter. No—bunglers as they were, they never hit on a bung fit for the purpose. But, joking apart, it was an atrocious attempt on my life; not content with my ancient source, they were for giving me another, which has happily for me turned out to be the source of trouble, and converted their expected profits, their dividends, and imagined wealth into nothing but floating balances. I was attacked, and attacked clandestinely; but justice has prevailed, and whilst I have a drop of water remaining, I will take care they shall not complain of drought.

And now, Sir, excuse this long and winding epistle, from a very aged person. Garrulity is the privilege of years. I am as old as Adam, and indeed am related to the people who brewed that ancient gentleman's ale. Should you be coming my way, or your wife, or any of your amiable children, I shall be happy to give you a drink such as I can, for I have enough and plenty to spare, notwithstanding the tunnellers. Do me the favour to contradict all their reports, which, as far as they relate to me, are evidently groundless; and wishing that people may place no badly constructed and arch impediments to your rise in the world, as they are continually doing to mine, or that no undermining bore may disturb your rest, permit me to subscribe myself your much injured and hardly worked—

OLD FATHER THAMES.

IRISH SONG.

YES! discord's hand to the last it was
In every field of our story,
Which did our country's fortunes cross,
And tear down all her glory—
And this we saw, and this we felt,
Yet still the warning slighted,
Till a clinging curse was to us dealt—
The curse of the disunited!

Ay! by the fate we shall weave for her,
To atone for the fate we wove her!
By those, her name who hate and slur—
By ourselves, who deeply love her!
By manhood's worth! by the sacred flame
On her hearths and her altars lighted—
By her present shame—by her ancient fame—
We are— we *are* United!

THE DREAM OF MARIEZZO.

To Lieutenant John Skirrow, *Bombay Engineer Corps, these lines are most affectionately inscribed by his friend,*
W. T.

I had a dream:—That when the light
First smiles on our pilgrimage here,
Another soul, in all the might
And power, with which our own appear,
Is doomed some other human frame's compeer.

And that one yearning love, unknown,
Mysterious, changeless, and deep,
Is o'er these likened beings thrown,
Which they must still unconscious keep:
Anent this darkened world's unhallowed steep.

That when their sun sets on its day;
When life's fleeting current is spent;
These clayey things seek other clay,
These spirits are together sent
To those unfathomed realms—perhaps, wherefrom they went.

My dream was changed:—a form I found,
Whose soul wore the semblance of mine:
Which seemed with like affections bound:
As if, at some lone, hidden shrine,
Fate stood, and did one destiny consign.

As I would stray—so could it stray—
Secluded apart from the world:
To wonder on things far away;
To view this mystic curtain furled:
And all, from bursting clay, to brightness hurled.

To search 'neath Earth's obscurest guise,
For knowledge availably sought:
Our sole immortal nature's prize!—
'Mid throes of darkest passions bought,
We'd sadly tread unbidden paths of thought.

As my heart—proudly beat its heart
With attributes mournfully just—
Which from aught earthly ne'er might start,
Save such development: I trust
So like! yet formed of how much gentler dust!

I saw a father bless his son;
An exile to India's shore;
Perchance the last his child hath won:
Ah! few can tell what feelings tore
Those hearts at parting—perhaps, to meet no more!

I marked a boat; where, wrapt in gloom,
That sire from a high vessel stepped;
The son looked forth, as from a tomb,
As 'neath the port he slowly swept:
No sound was there:—they only gazed and wept.

We parted: but 'twas like the parting,
Where one passed the gates of the grave;
And one breast alone was smarting:
It little knew the pang it gave!
Or that, methought, 't had deemed it well to save.

My dream was changed:—a viewless space
Of time had been flitting away;
And I had striven with the base,
In the vast crowd, without a ray
Of solace; but I yet had won my way.

I stood beside that form I'd left;
The still fatal softness it wore:
That soul—too true, it had been reft
Of thoughts *few dared in*:—now no more
The strangely fearful thing it was before.

It had entered its bark alone,
On the world's wild, billowy sea;
And the waters had drowned its moan,
As they hurried on heedlessly:
Ay, it was now a wreck of all to me.

The past came o'er me; 'twas a look
Of bitterness; for I had been
Long nursed in woe: my spirit shook;
My life's leaf withered—yet but green—
Whose sapless heart was scathed with tears unseen.

My brain, *flung loose*, whirled maddening on,
On—swollen and blackening in strife.
Had some lost star of hope but shone!
Some rock with swift destruction rife!
All earth was hell:—and still I clung to life.

One sad gaze more I met in pain;
It brought a fond sigh on the past;
And yet there was no sigh again!
My soul recked not of this at last;
And soon its silent tide 'gan ebbing fast.

Anon it changed:—I felt as one
Entire burning chaos of thought.
Mortal, mortality had gone;
All—save remembrance, ever fraught
With deeds of yore, when bosoms vainly wrought.

But in that world we yet were two;
The only two of their lost race,
That should have met again; where grew
Such joyless solitude of place:
Once all we madly wished: now all we trace.

In sooth, it was a mournful land:
A universe cursed with a blight.
There Nature paused at Time's dead hand:
There arched no sky:—but one cold light
Gleamed far around, to show us endless night.

And we knew all things:—we had seen
The merited portion of crime.
Yea! we knew all things:—few, I ween,
Of mortal ken may brook *their* chime;
Which thrilled the souls, such knowledge dared to climb.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE PLAYS ALD POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE, WITH LIFE AND GLOSSARIAL NOTES, BY A. J. VALPY, M. A. 15 VOLS. LONDON: VALPY.

MR. VALPY'S Shakspeare is a valuable acquisition to our library; we had felt for a long period the great want of a clear typed, unsophiscated! edition of this great man's works. The successive labours of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Farmer, Warton, Johnson, Stevens, Malone, Reed, Chalmers, and a host of other commentators, had in a great measure, we may say, concealed "the livelong monument" Shakspeare "piled" to his own memory. The immensity of their notes served rather to burthen the pages of the poet than render to his writings any great service, by bringing their meaning clearer to our view. One editor would wrangle about the reading of a passage, while another harpied over the ignorance of a predecessor. This party warfare may have been pleasing to the supposed victors, but became harassing to the general reader. Where are the admirers of Shakspeare who regard or particularly value Malone's twenty-one ponderous tomes? We certainly do not, and we are extravagant admirers of this, the greatest of all poets, the man who had the deepest insight into the workings of the human heart, whose female creations (his Silvias, his Julias, his Rosalinds), are as dignified and beautiful in their minds as they must have been lovely in their persons; whose men stand before us "their own selves proper."

Mr. Valpy's task (by no means a difficult one) has been executed with great exactness and good judgment; in the fifteen volumes the notes most required have been preserved, and the historical memoranda are reduced into a neat attracting compass; we are not withheld from reading them by their length or by the diversity of their opinions: all is now proper, and Shakspeare has been given to us in the way we most wished to see him.

The little that is known of Shakspeare, Mr. Valpy has collected into his biographical notice; though regarded by his contemporaries as a great wit, and therefore considered to be a great man, scarcely ought concerning him, save that he lived, wrote, and died, can be told with truth. The small respect shown to men of genius in those days (at the present it is but scantily better), and the want of taste for fully appreciating the works of the great writers, cause people to be careless about the talent which the country produced. Rowe gathered all that can be told of Shakspeare, and his character as a poet was so forcibly drawn by Dryden that it was left to succeeding writers merely to expand it.

In compliance with the prevailing and *portable* fashion of the day, the work has been produced in the Scott and Byron school. The text is illustrated with clever outline engravings from Boydell's

costly collection. Several of these plates are given with each volume. The work is much to our taste, and it affords us much pleasure to commend it.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE LATIN PRIZE POEMS. SECOND SERIES. LONGMAN, 1883.

Prize poems are proverbially but indifferent efforts; that is, as poems. The language may be appropriate enough, and sometimes vigorous; the verse smooth, and sometimes sonorous; the subject interesting, and sometimes inspiriting—yet we cannot account for it, we know of nothing so dull and heavy in the bulk as a collection of prize poems. To be sure, it is expected of the young aspirant for university honours, that he will display to as much advantage as possible whatever learning it may have pleased providence to put in his way in compositions of this nature; and that to a degree prohibitory, altogether, of natural feeling and simplicity of expression. We can imagine the shrugs, raised hands and eyes, that would be brought into active play at a conclave of doctors, if a young poet, in the true sense of the word, were on the occasion of his contending for the prize, to violate so far the rules of prize writing as to warm into something like an outburst of human passion. Oh, the scandal! Oh, the shameful libertine! and Professor Coldasice would draw his robes about him, link his hands, and cushion them on his good round belly, fetch a long breath, and fast incontinently into a reverie, chiefly concerning the depravity of human creatures, and the unprecedented infamy of the youth before him; diverging from the strict line, however, now and then, into a pleasing retrospect of by-gone years, with himself in the distance, and full in perspective the incomparable charms of Dolly Mayflower. No, no, Doctor, not a word of that; don't be alarmed—we are as mum as the dead; but you know——well, well, there is an end of it.

Speaking generally, if you have read one of these poems, you have read them all; they are all alike—the same verse, the same style, the same character of thoughts, the same mythological allusions, the same apostrophes to the fallen greatness of Rome, Greece, or Carthage—in fact, without any particular stretch of a man's organ of credulity, he might very well believe them all to have been written by one and the same man. They are all paraphrases of things we have read a thousand times, penned a thousand years ago; yet not, in themselves, without merit either—of what particular order that merit may be, is left to be considered.

There can be no doubt that it is not every man who could write after the fashion of these poems; of course we speak of every man of education. There can be no doubt, likewise, that the amount of talent required to accomplish writings of this character, is so largely shared in an equal degree by a minority, bearing no inconsiderable proportion to the whole body of gentlemen brought up either at our universities, or elsewhere, where the same proficiency is to be attained, that such powers can never be considered to be of a very high order, or deserving of high approbation; though, undoubtedly, very estimable, very honourable, and very interesting. Moreover, these productions

are written at a very early age, when the order and vigour of the youth are as much more likely to lead him into extravagance and bombast than grandeur and sublimity; that is, if he trade upon his own bottom, and brings into the business some little capital of brains, and a spirit of originality. That brains have not been wanting in some of these fellows, is pretty evident by the owner's names affixed to each poem; among which we find the present Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Stanley, the Earl of Rippon, Mr. Milman, Mr. Bowles, &c.; to which array we can only reply, that the ink was an acorn, and these exalted personages (we believe this is the phrase, for we are no courtiers) were once young men, and manifested, as far as we can judge, no very wonderful powers in the muse's line. Though we are speaking of such men we cannot lay aside our terrible commission; we cannot doff the cap, and stand submissive, as one in the presence of the great, "with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness;" no! we think these prize poems little more than paraphrases, and we say so. We think we could never refer to them as evidences of remarkable poetic excellence—and we say so; we think that they may claim for their authors a thorough acquaintance with the ancient writers, and a great facility in imitating them—which we say also; and, lastly, we say, that not one of them gives earnest of that high mental superiority which has procured for all of them a just celebrity, and, for some, the highest offices in the state.

Let it not be supposed that we entertain disesteem for the scholar-poet. How few poets there are but that have been scholars! Where the scholar so deeply learned, and so profoundly schooled, as your poet? Was Milton no poet? Was Milton no scholar? Was Spencer no poet? Was Spencer no scholar? Were Ben Johnson, and Beaumont, and Fletcher, no poets?—were they no scholars? They, however, rendered their learning subordinate to the great end of nature. Gray, seated in his classic study, could sit down, and, in beautiful simplicity of heart, could write his "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." It would be folly to expect another elegy among the prize poems; nor, to speak candidly as we think, if that itself "done into latin" had been presented, it would have received the prize; especially if some antagonist had luckily languished into something about Endymion waiting, in anxious expectation, for his mistress the moon, she, imprudent young lady, having made an assignation with the said young gentleman precisely at eight, punctually, at the hill, there to carry on an intrigue. If this, now, had been "dished up," and served cold—and it must be cold as a Russian winter to take the doctors—we have little doubt that Gray would have been unsuccessful.

But there are other ways to distinction, it appears, than penning poesy, and, undoubtedly, ways more prolific of the good things of this life. Why, the muses' best sons might write themselves blind before they would contrive to secure, tight and fast in the interior of their breeches' pockets, one tithe of the current coin of the realm, which some of these gentlemen-amateurs, who figure in this volume, button up, close and fast, each merry quarter. In sooth, such a sum, glittering and ringing to the ear "the most exquisite music," would drive

the distraught son of song clean out of his senses, or, his senses out of him, which is much the same thing. A man had infinitely better be a tailor, for the matter of that: for the knights of the needle, say what you please, *are* the ninth part of men, which the unhappy wretch who is divided between, and devoted to, the Nine, can upon no known principle boast.

THE PARLIAMENTARY POCKET COMPANION. WHITTAKER.

THIS little work which had long been a desideratum amongst our annual publications, and yet only made its appearance with the opening of the Reformed Parliament, gives another proof of the assurance with which industry, properly directed, may calculate upon patronage. A work like this must tell amongst a people so inquisitive as ours. It is a manual of political gossip of a most interesting, and at the same time, of a most useful nature. It tells "who is who" in the classes just now most particularly inquired after. It may be looked upon as a series of political crayons, touched off in a few bold masterly strokes, and yet presenting all the fulness and *vrai-semblance* of a complete picture.

To the readers of newspapers this index of the House is an absolute necessity, more especially at a time when we find the speeches and votes of members so seemingly contradictory. Hoping for more consistency in the ensuing session we shall not, at present, refer to instances, satisfied that the reader's memory will easily suggest them. To the man of the world it is equally indispensable. Indeed, we have known more than one instance in which, from an intimate acquaintance with the Parliamentary Companion, a man of bold and adventurous address has acquired the reputation of being conversant *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—including in the latter a knowledge of the business of the House greater than could be acquired from a severe study of Halsett's precedents though aided by the commentaries of Mr. Manners Sutton himself.

We need scarcely recommend the book, for its own success verifies the old tavern motto—"Good wine needs no lustre."

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY—ENGLAND. BY HENRY NEELE. 3 VOLS.—VOL. III. pp. 329. BULL AND CHURTON.

ANOTHER volume of this pleasant melange fully bearing out our former opinion. Mr. Neele has most successfully skimmed the cream off antiquity, and we are charmed with the art that can extract so much amusement from musty records. Independently of the value of this work as a text-book for schools (although we apprehend, from its pretty illustrations and fanciful binding ,that such was not intended as its *ultimatum*), it presents irresistible attractions to the rising generation, and will instil into them a love of true history which we of the olden time scarcely deemed could be achieved. It is now needless to predict that this will be a popular periodical,—it is so already. In fact, it is one of those books with which critics have but little to do saving to point them out to the notice of the patrons of literature.

THE RHETORICAL SPEAKER AND POETICAL CLASS BOOK, &c.—BY R. LIMINGTON, pp. 359. SOUTER.

THE author in his dedication "To Sir Hugh Palliser Palliser, of Castle Palliser, Bart." says—"It is with much pleasure and *confidence* that I submit the present work *for* public approbation." After this, criticism may "go hang." We have not been able to discover any particular novelty in the introductory essays on elocution. Knowles, Hartly, &c. have been before Mr. Limington. The work contains the usual quantum of readable extracts, and is altogether very useful after its kind.

THE ANTI-SPELLING BOOK; BEING A NEW SYSTEM OF TEACHING CHILDREN TO READ WITHOUT SPELLING. BULL AND CHURTON.

THIS, we fear, is sad nonsense—children cannot master the nice points deduced for their instruction in this school-book. Give us the old "C. A. T., cat," and this author "B. I. R. C. H., birch."

CHOIX EN PROSE EN VERS. BY J. C. TURNER. SOUTER.

The reputation of M. Turner as a French *littérateur*, and teacher is of itself a sufficient recommendation to this work. The judicious selection he has made from the best author's of France, renders it a most interesting book to the general reader, and particularly valuable to the French student.

THE LIFE OF GRANT THORBURN (THE ORIGINAL LAWRIE TODD), WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. LONDON: FRASER.

MR. GALT'S far-famed novel has given this worthy a celebrity which certainly his importance does not warrant. The only portion of Lawrie Todd that we did *not* like was that transcribed from Mr. Thorburn's M.S. While Galt was confined to that, he wrote in fetters; but when he got rid of the little nail-maker, and was at his own will, "his foot was on his native heath, and his name was Macgregor!"—We do not exactly agree with Mr. Thorburn's notions respecting the speciality of Providence—at all events, we deprecate the ceaseless mention of the sacred name as connected with every pettifogging business transaction. There is much *cant* in this.

Yet we cannot take leave of this book without characterizing it as a pleasing gossiping production, with much shrewdness and occasional brightness in its pages.—Mr. Thorburn, however, seems to have so good an opinion of himself, that the praise or blame of the "critic craft" will fall unheeded on his tympanum. He has declared war against all who advocate opposite principles to his own, and argues the matter with a passion and an energy quite conclusive.—Were Mr. Thorburn a man of more consequence than he really is, we might look grave on his abuse of "England and the English"—it savours of the renegade; but we laugh at his illiberality—laugh at his misrepresentations—wilful or ignorant—and like his book wonfully after all.

Mr. Thorburn, for all he is "a fiery ethercap—a fractious chiel," seems, from his portrait, to be naturally an amiable and benevolent man.—A lady of our acquaintance remarked, on seeing his good-

humoured frontispiece, that "his face was the best part of the book." Fraser's *Croquit* has drawn him to the life.

FRANCIS BERRIAN; OR THE MEXICAN PATRIOT. BY W. FLINT. THREE VOLUMES. LONDON: 1834. NEWMAN AND CO.

VERILY we had feared that the publishing glories of the East had been totally eclipsed by the effulgence of the West—that the long sustained fame of Leadenhall-street had been forgotten in the new-won honours of Burlington and Albemarle streets, and departed for ever! But, "like a giant refreshed with wine." lo! here we have Masters Newman and Co. armed cap-a-pée for adventure in the guise of a Mexican Patriot, whose heart of "flint" will bear him gallantly on through "perilous path" to victory. In plain words, these are three exceedingly original and entertaining volumes, and are worth a dozen of some that we wot of "that have been praised, and that highly too."

THE BABOO, AND OTHER TALES, DESCRIPTIVE OF SOCIETY IN INDIA. TWO VOLUMES. LONDON: 1834. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

THESE interesting volumes come before the public under circumstances so peculiarly calculated to insure them a kind reception, that the reviewer can have little else to do respecting them than conscientiously and heartily to recommend them to notice. They are the first productions of a young man in the civil employment of the East India Company, who died on his passage home, and are published by his widow, in a laudable spirit of admiration for his talents, as a monument to his memory. They evince a fine imagination, considerable tact, and great facility of language; and the only faults that we can discover in them are only such as a little more experience would have wholly rectified. They consist of sketches illustrative of life and manners in India, which, although sometimes exaggerated, are always deeply interesting or highly entertaining. They portray characters and depict scenes of which we, in this northern clime, can have no idea but from sketches such as these, and with which we are as yet but very imperfectly acquainted; and we cannot sufficiently lament the premature loss of one who, had he lived, might have produced an East Indian companion on our shelves to the Gil Blas of Spain, and the Hajji Baba of Persia.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE, by the AUTHOR of PELHAM. The delay in the publication of this costly work has arisen from the desire of giving to the Illustrations the highest possible degree of finish.

Mrs. Jameson, the authoress of "*Characteristics of Women*" is about to publish her VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The new novel from the pen of the author of "*Mothers and Daughters*," is to be entitled "THE HAMILTONS."

A new Edition is just ready of *Capt. Marryat's* amusing novel of "*Peter Simple.*"

Miss Pardoe is preparing a new Edition of her "*Traits and Traditions of Portugal.*"

Sir Egerton Brydges' new biographical work on an original plan, will appear early in February, it is to be entitled "*Imaginative Biography.*"

A work from the pen of a Lady will appear on the first of February, entitled "*The Language of Flowers;*" the plates are coloured after nature.

Of Mr. Lodge's Peerage, a new Edition for 1834 is ready.

Lays and Legends of Various Nations, illustrative of their Traditional Literature and Superstitions, by *W. J. Thoms.* The first monthly part, containing Lays and Legends of Germany, ready in March.

National Education, as it exists in Prussia. Translated from the Official Report of M. Victor Cousin, Pair de France, Conseiller-d'état pour l'Instruction Publique, &c., by Sarah Austin, under the immediate direction of M. Cousin, with Original Matter.

A Series of Sermons on Good Principle and Good Breeding, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

The Geography of Sacred History Considered, &c., by Charles T. Beke, Esq.

Morris's Flora Conspicua, consisting of Sixty Coloured Engravings from Living Plants.

Caremes' Royal Parisian Cook, Pastrycook, and Confectioner; Translated by *John Porter*, late Cook to the Marquis of Camden, the Senior United Service and Travellers' Clubs, are now of the Oriental; in one volume, post 8vo. with plates, price 12*s.*

FRENCH LITERATURE.

We are indebted to Victor Jacquemont's correspondence for an acquaintance with parts of India of which previously little was known. He was sent out by the French Geographical Society, and fell a victim to the climate at Bombay, on his return from the dominions of Runget Sing. The domain of natural history will be materially extended by his researches.

Dumortier, Recherches sur la Structure comparée, et le Developpement des Animaux et des Végétaux, 4to. 12s.

Connaissance des Tems ou des Mouvemens Célestes à l'usage des Astronomes et des Navigateurs, pour l'an 1836, 8vo. 9s.

Correspondance de Victor Jacquemont avec sa Famille et plusieurs de ses Amis, pendant son Voyage dans l'Inde (1828—1832), 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.*

Roux Ferrand, Histoire des progrès de la Civilisation en Europe depuis l'ère chretienne jusqu'au XIXe siècle, tome I. 8vo. 9s.

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Hegewisch, Essai sur l'époque de l'Histoire Romaine la plus heureuse pour le Genre Humain, traduit de l'Allemand par Ch. Solvet, 8vo. 8s.

Le Bon Jardinier, Almanach pour l'année 1834, 12mo. 7s.

De Vauzelles, Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de François Bacon, Baron de Verulam et Vicomte de St. Alban, etc. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.*

Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde, Répertoire Universel des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts, avec des notices sur les principales Familles historiques et sur les Personnages célèbres, morts et vivans, etc. tome second, premiere partie (ANQ—ASS,) 8vo. 6s.

Adolphè Bronigiart, Historie des Végétaux Fossiles, ou Recherches botaniques et géologiques sur les Végétaux renfermés dans les diverses couches du Globe, 8e Liv. 4to. 13s.

Collection complète des Oiseaux d'Europe, dessinés et coloriés d'après nature, par E. Swagers, 10e Liv. 4to. 3s.

Giovanni Rosini, Luisa Strozzi, Storio del Secolo XVI. 4 vols 8vo., 1*l.* 12s.

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GERMAN LITERATURE.

Eschwege. Brazilian Pluto. The Germans have made to Brazil a literary and scientific present. Colonel Eschwege was already advantageously known by his articles in the Corres Braziliense; his present work is a pendant to Martin and Spix's splendid work on the Natural History of the Brazilian Empire.

Eschwege, Pluto Brasiliensis, (Brazilian Pluto,) gr. 8vo. plates, 1*l.* 8s.

Guerike, Handbuch der allgemeinen Kirchengeschichte, (Manual of Universal Ecclesiastical History,) 2 Bde gr. 8vo. 1*l.*

Steiner, über die geometrischen Constructionen (Geometrical Construction,) 8vo. 3s.

Bucholtz, Geschichte der Regierung Ferdinand des Ersten (History of the Reign of Frederick the First,) 4r Bd. gr. 8vo. 1*l.*

Instruction für die öffentlich angestellten Aerzte und Wundärzte (Instructions for the public Examination of Physicians and Surgeons,) 4to. 2s. 6d.

Hahn, Monographie der Spinnen (Monography of Spiders,) 6 Hefte, 4to. col. 2*l.*

Raumer, Sammlung ungedruckter Urkunden zur Brandenburgischen Geschichte (Collection of unpublished Records on the History of Brandenburg,) 2 Thle, 4to. 1*l.* 10s.

Heinrich, Commentar über de Gffenbarung Johannis (Commentary on the Revelation of St. John,) 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Possart, Grammatik der Persischen Sprache (Persian Grammar,) 8vo. 9s.

MUSIC.

Every day shows us more and more the necessity of having a national opera. There are, we may say, not more than four principal theatres in London, and these are opened for the performance of foreign operas, spectacles, burlettas, plays, and melo-dramas, and not more than two composers are employed amongst them all.

At Drury Lane and Covent Garden Mr. T. Cooke is engaged to direct the music, which, to be properly conducted, requires at least two directors. At the Olympic there is no composer. At the Adelphi Mr. Rodwell is compelled to write numbers of trifling scraps of music in a given time, which, as a man of taste and genius, he must feel cannot do him credit.

English composers are *excluded* from Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Why? because Mr. Bunn, the lessee, who knows nothing, and who cares nothing about music, will not pay English composers to write for those two theatres, while he can procure foreign operas *for nothing;* we do not wish to blame Mr. Bunn for preferring getting his music without paying for it, to employing persons whom he *must* pay; taking into consideration his want of feeling for the art in all that does not concern his pocket.

The Adelphi and Olympic are theatres for melo-drama and intrigue, and the proprietors of them can satisfy their audiences without good music; what then becomes of our dramatic composers? Those who have been educated in the art of writing for the stage, who have expended their all, and devoted their lives to that particular style of writing—they must either starve or submit to the drudgery of teaching for a mere pittance.

There are now in England many composers of first rate abilities, some who have already been before the public, and who have succeeded, as far as the managers would allow them, by the position in which their works were placed; others, who have written operas in the vain hope of having them performed, but who have invariably met with disappointment and rejection. Among the former are Mr. Bishop, who is obliged to wander about the country because he cannot find sufficient employment in London; Mr. Burnett, who is about to quit England in disgust, because, in addition to his not being engaged to write for any theatre, he is even shut out from the common privileges of the theatre which belong to those who have written successfully, namely, the *entrée* to them; Mr. Wade, who is starving in a prison, &c. Amongst the latter are Messrs. E. Loder, Henry Smart, C. Packer, G. Macfarren, &c. &c.

It might be asked why these composers did not offer their works, and meet with encouragement at Mr. Arnold's theatre, the English Opera? The answer is, that there is no more encouragement for the English composer at that theatre than at any other. The licence was granted by George III. to Mr. Arnold, father to the present proprietor, for a national English opera house, in which nothing foreign should be made use of, nor foreigner employed in it; the very materials were to have been English. How far Mr. Arnold has kept to those restrictions, the public can judge. From the time of his

producing the Feirchütz downwards none but foreign operas have been performed at that theatre. Mr. Arnold has, therefore, forfeited his license.

It being then found that neither at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Olympic, Adelphi, nor at the English Opera, the composer of music can find employment for his genius, it suggests itself naturally that he must have a national opera built for the exclusive performance of English works, and where all those who profess talent will find a market for it, and without prejudice; for such a theatre Mr. Barnett petitioned the King and the Chamberlain, but neither his Majesty or the Duke of Devonshire entered into the interests of the musicians: his Majesty, is in truth, no patron of the arts, and the Duke dislikes every thing that is not foreign. Mr. Rodwell published a pamphlet, endeavouring to rouse the energies of his sleepy brother musicians to do something towards establishing the opera, but nothing has of yet come of all this. We should recommend Mr. Barnett, if he can find speculating friends, who will between them put down so much money as may be required to build a national opera, to build it in spite of the want of taste and feeling of the King towards artists, or the fastidious coldness of the Lord Chamberlain; for we cannot but feel that an art must not go down, and a whole class of people either be driven from their native homes or be exposed to want in them, because two *individuals* say, "we set our face against you." The question would, no doubt, be taken up by Parliament, and a bill would be brought in for the establishment of a theatre that would bring music to a high pitch of excellence in England, and reward English composers with honour and remuneration.

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AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

On a retrospect of the past year, the seasons seem to have consisted of alternate drought and deluges of rain; of a constant setting of the wind in the north-eastern and northern quarters, or of sudden alterations between those and the south-western: the atmospheric changes, likewise, between heat and cold, being in perfect unison. Thence the unfortunate effect on human health. On the whole, however, easterly and northerly winds may be said to have been most prevalent during a considerable length of time; that is to say, from the commencement of the late sickly seasons. Now, it is characteristic and habitual with the atmosphere, for the wind having blown for any great length of time from a particular quarter to change to the nearly opposite quarter; where, as if by way of an atmospheric balance, it continues during a considerable or nearly equal length of time: thus, the change having arrived, the wind suddenly veered about to the southern and western boards, where it has continued with considerable steadiness during several weeks, bringing with it almost constant daily or nightly rains. In the beginning of last month it was remarked in various quarters, with a degree of surprise, how little damage the rains had occasioned, and in what a small degree cultivation in general had been impeded; but from what we have seen within these few days, on going over considerable breadths of strong and heavy land, we have no reason to congratulate ourselves on the condition of such, or to expect that they will be very soon ready, whether for cleaning, of which they stand miserably in need, or for cultivation.

The accounts from all low-land parts of the country, in consequence of the deluges of rain which have fallen, are most melancholy; the immediate losses sustained, great; and the effects which may be too probably expected of retarding and embarrassing the spring culture, must be highly injurious to the interests of the farmer. Considerable damage has also been sustained in the country from the hurricanes of wind which have so long and frequently prevailed; but, as some degree of atonement for this misfortune, it has generally been observed, that the constant high winds have been extremely beneficial to the water-logged and sodden lands, by promoting absorption. The accounts from Ireland, with its naturally moist climate, are of an infinitely more disastrous complexion than those from our own country; detailing, indeed, scenes of havoc and destruction, from the inclemency and unseasonableness of the weather, but too likely to entail utter ruin on a great part of that already sufficiently oppressed and unfortunate country. The thunder and lightning, in *January!* on our own southern coasts, have been terrific.

The wheats, nevertheless, upon firm and good soils, where sheltered from the storm, and not flooded or too much drenched with moisture, have a healthy and promising aspect, as neither too rank and thick-set to be styled winter-proud, nor the least defective in plant. Their colour, also, is healthful and good; and it is a disheartening reflection to augur on the deplorable change which these now fine and promising crops may have to endure anon, from a cold spring and blighting summer season, the too usual sequences of a mild and moist winter. But a truce to miserable anticipations; for the farmer may well say, "sufficient unto the present day are the evils thereof." As to our own stock of bread-corn, we have proved that the crop of wheat of 1832 was a full average; of the last crop, an opinion worthy of dependence cannot yet be formed, since the vast quanti-

ties crowded npon the markets towards the end of last year were the mere result of a general want of money in the country. Hence the imports from the Continent, and recourse to the bonded corn, have been trifling, and even exceeded by our exports. Letters from Dantzic and other parts of the Continent remark upon this as probable to have a considerable effect on their prices, although their stocks of wheat, in no parts, are held to be superabundant. The prices of wheat in our own markets have had very little variation of late; but the samples, of all but the finest and dryest corn, have been much deteriorated as to the *hand*, by the constant moisture of the atmosphere. Nor is much variation probable, until some speculative judgment shall be formed as to the success of the future crop.

Our chief imports of late have been seeds, linseed, and clover, with eight or nine hundred quarters of peas, and some tares. In barley and malt there is little variation of price. Beans seem most saleable. Peas, oats, and seeds are awaiting purchasers. In fact, all articles of the first necessity, in our own country, which ought to be the happiest on the face of the earth, are in exuberant plenty, and at prices which must be deemed low, since, in few instances, do they produce profit, or can they be afforded. In consequence, we read of public meetings and of fine speeches, conveying an endless variety of propositions, and remedies for the cure of our financial maladies, and the improvement of our national circumstances. After all, the sum of this matter, of such profound national importance, lies in a nut-shell; it is but to reduce our whole fiscal and national expenditure to an honest and fair standard—but the *how* to achieve this? that is the only *desideratum* of real consequence.

Nothing can at present be said, with any degree of certainty, of the state of the lands intended for the spring crops; on that head we must refer to our next report. The provision markets of the metropolis have been amply supplied, and prices generally tending downwards; in good truth and good hopes, there seems a general tendency in old England towards that cheapness of living enjoyed in former days; an additional public blessing would be, the exchange of a gin-drinking for a beer-drinking population—surely, in case of excess, the least of two evils. Wool continues a selling article at a fair price, and all the imported fleeces find a ready market. This certainly speaks well for our staple manufacturers.

The dead markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.; Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 10d.: Veal, 3s. 4d., 5s. 4d.; Pork, 3s. to 4s. 4d.; best dairy, 5s.

Game, at Leadenhall Market.—Pheasants, 9 to 10s. the brace, scarce; Partridges, particularly scarce, selling readily from 4 to 5s. a brace; Hares, 3s. 6d. to 4s. each; Wild-fowl, scarce—ducks, 5s. to 6s. the couple; Wigeon, 4 to 5s.; Teal, 1s. 6d., 3s.; Woodcocks, 10s. a couple; no Snipes at market; Wild Rabbits, from 18s. to 21s. a dozen, and in great plenty.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 38s., 60s.; Barley, 24s., 32s.; Oats, 16s., 24s.; London Loaf, 4lbs., fine bread, 8½d.; Hay, 60s. to 84s.; Clover ditto, 70s., 95s.; Straw, 25s. to 32s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 14 to 20s. per ton; delivered to the consumer at an additional expense of 9 to 12d. per ton.

Middlesex, Jan. 27.

BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,
JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF LORD TENTERDEN.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

Lord Tenterden died on Sunday, 4th of November, 1832, aged seventy years, and about three weeks. No abler or better judge ever presided over the King's Bench. His knowledge of the law was profound and unerring. He had a natural solidity of judgment, and he had improved it by the highest cultivation. He had distinguished himself at the University of Oxford, as a perfect classical scholar; and he wrote Latin poetry to the last. As a judge he was eminently skilful in seizing the pith of the question, and throwing off the distraction of all irrevelant or collateral matter. Retaining this sole clue, he simplified all arguments and debates, nor could ever be drawn astray by wild oratory or ingenious sophistry: his sole object was to *de*-the law, not to *make* it. He did not enter into assumed meanings or intentions: he took it as it was. He allowed no prejudices to operate, he patiently waited till the case arrived at the stage where the point became developed, and from that nothing could divert him. He allowed no dust to be thrown into his eyes, however bright the eloquence that threw the sparks.

He was a master, first, of all the principles of the law, and secondly, of all its technicalities; in him one was made to assist the other; the latter were guide-posts which aided the memory, and gave precision to the rule. The laborious office of a Chief Justice of England in these days is too great to be even conceived by a common mind.

There have been judges who have loved display, and attempted to grapple with irrelevant matter. There is more than enough for any, the strongest mind, to do in deciding on the true question at issue, in the innumerable cases which call for a chief's judgment. As ornament is a mark of weakness in literary composition, so is discursive argu- of ignorance in a judge: where he only guesses instead of knowing, he argues. Lord Tenterden knew the whole law, both in its fountains and its forms, and never resorted to these artifices. He was more able, therefore as a judge than as an advocate. He came to the bar with all the advantages of long and regular culture and established reputation. At school he had been eminent for classical erudition from an early age: thence he obtained a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1781; and here he first obtained the under graduate's prize, in the University, for Latin verses; and afterwards the Bachelor's prize for the English prose-essay .He was about that time tutor to Judge Buller's son, and, by the recommendation of that eminent judge took the profession of the bar instead of the church.

Thus he entered himself of the Middle Temple about 1788, being then A. M. And though he came thus late, with the fame of an eminent scholar, he patiently submitted, at the recommendation of Judge Buller, to occupy himself a few months in the office of Sandys and Co. eminent solicitors in Craig's-court, that he might become acquainted with the first forms of practice. He then became a pupil of

Mr. Wood (afterwards a baron of the Exchequer), one of the most eminent special pleaders; and, after the terms of his pupelage expired, practised himself as a special pleader under the bar. About 1795 he was called to the bar, and went the Oxford circuit. He was counsel for Lockhart Gordon on the prosecution of the celebrated Mrs. Leigh (a natural daughter of old Lord Le Despenser), for abduction, and saved him by one single sagacious cross-question to the witness. The native quality of his mind displayed itself as an advocate; he was eminent for his solidity and skill, but not a flourishing orator: he therefore addressed a court with more effect than a jury. He thus continued in moderate and certain, but not the leading practice, for nearly twenty years, when, early in 1816, he was promoted to the bench of the Common Pleas, and thence, in a few months, to the King's Bench, on the death of Justice Le Blanc, and, as a rare instance, he was, on the resignation of Lord Ellenborough, in November, 1818, advanced, by the favour of Lord Eldon, to the chief-justiceship, but without a peerage. There never was a more virtuous, just, and uninfluenced appointment. It had not the remotest connexion with political weight or intrigue; the promotion was solely on the ground of pure merit and fitness. It need not be said that he discharged that high and most laborious office for fourteen years, with unequalled ability, skill, learning, and integrity, because, even during his life, it was universally admitted. In 1827, when his majesty's ministers thought proper to elevate to the peerage two other eminent members of the law, Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Plunkett, Mr. Canning, the premier, in a few beautiful words of high acknowledgement of the merits of the chief-justice, also offered, in his majesty's name, the peerage to him, as due to the exalted station he filled, and the exemplary, able, and honourable manner in which he had discharged its duties; and he was accordingly raised to the title of Lord Tenterden, a small town in Kent, of which his mother was a native, and from whom, if talents and virtues are inheritable, he derived his talents and virtues.

He was himself a native of Canterbury, born in a house directly opposite to the great west-end of the cathedral; which house had had an extrrordinary fate, as it had been formerly the birth-place of the Countess of Salisbury (Miss Keate), grandmother of the present marquis. Lord Tenterden, at nine years old, was sent to the public school of that city, founded Henry VIII. (then under Dr. Beauvoir, an eminent classical scholar), and from his very entrance distinguished himself by industry, talent, and correct conduct. At twelve years old, 1775, he began to write Latin verses, and always kept at the head of his class. In 1795 he married Miss Lamotte, daughter of John Lamotte, Esq., then of Basledon, in Berkshire, afterwards of Thorn-Grove, near Worcester, by whom he has left two sons and two daughters. A few years ago he bought a seat at Hendon, in Middlesex, that it might be within reach of his official duties. Many years past, in the early part of his practice at the bar, he published a Treatise on the Law of Commercial Navigation, which has had several editions, and is in high estimation and authority. It is not a crude collection of cases, like most in this science, but a methodical and

well-digested arrangement of principles, fortified by the decision of the courts, and written in a perspicuous, brief, and elegant style.

Lord Tenterden was of the middle height, with nothing striking in his features or expression. He had an even temper, strict morals, and severe and unbending integrity. His conversation was, like his mind, rather solid than brilliant: he was more inclined to keep on the respondent than on the advancing side of an argument, in which he was acute, and instantly saw a weak part. He was prudent and economical in every transaction of life. No man had more ballast in his mind: he had no ostentation, no vanity; and was not in the smallest degree inebriated by his high station. His Latin and even English compositions prove that he did not want fancy; but he was rather a severe and exact critic. He had not much mercy for the wildness and irregularity of modern literature. Like Dr. Johnson, he always exercised his reason rather than his imagination; and never allowed himself to wander much in the fields of romance. His friendships were not lightly taken up, nor ever abandoned, unless for some insuperable cause: when once fixed they were generous, warm, pure, and benevolent. As, from the age of twenty-six, he steadily pursued the most laborious of all professions, so he had no time to mix much in general society, or relax himself by any of the pleasures of the world. He, therefore, retained somewhat of the manners of the scholar and the lawyer, which do not make that conversational display, or exhibit those artifices of amusing triteness, seizing upon light circumstances, just touching them and then flying away, like a bee extracting honey from flowers, for which they, who study only to please, acquire such skill. His mind was occupied with great things, and they who do great things well, seldom do little things gracefully. It was among his high virtues that he abstained from taking a political part: as a judge it added to the unshaken confidence in his integrity, and stern regard to the pure and strict law. He had political opinions: they were those of the moderate Tories, in which he had been always brought up, and from which he never swerved. He had been reared under the patronage and shadow of the church: he had looked from his earliest infancy on the mighty structure of its magnificient metropolitan cathedral; he had been taught, as a child, to venerate its ancient and noble institutions: thence he had imbibed his learning; they were like plays of his boyhood; there he nursed the hopes and ambitions of his youth. He passed a glorious career, though in toil and anxiety; and in latter years in great occasional bodily pain. How gratifying to hear a universal acknowledgment of the masterly manner in which he executed his supreme judicial office! He never let a witness prevaricate or a counsel wander from his subject. He had not a shewy mind, and those who did not know him intimately and deeply were surprised at his superiority. He threw no mist round his subjects, and never grasped at shadows. The first thing he did was to reject all vagueness, and bring the question or halo to the highest degree of precision. He at once, by a sort of brief directness, put an end to all that uncertainty, or impartial apprehension, or ignorance, or artifice, which deals in superfluous words. Perhaps, therefore, he was a little more inclined to the laconic, the sarcastic, and the contemp-

tuous, than was always pleasant to others.—Such was he to the last, —*qualis ab incepto.* The present writer knew him from the age of twelve years. Even at that early age the same mental characteristics displayed themselves. He kept his friend in order in the same way, as he afterwards kept the court in order. That friend always knew, felt, and bowed to his superiority. In his presence, he always had the awe that his own momentary ebullitions, and the temporary warmth in which his imagination dressed a subject, would be detected and dispelled by a speed which he could not resist. Lord Tenterden's turn of mind, from boyhood, was grave, reflecting, and rationative. It was strict intellect. He was not gifted with any striking talent of humour, wit, imagination, or fancy. It was a mistake to suppose him slow; he exercised deliberation as an imperious duty: but was gifted with an extraordinary native sagacity. His laboriousness was the more virtuous, because he did not lose labour for labour's sake, as some do. He had no enthusiasms, no predilections, no peculiar bents. He cultivated in every thing what is called good sense, and rectitude of mind. Propriety therefore, correctness, polish, and elegance, are the characteristics of his compositions, rather than great elevation, or splendour, or eloquence. In this attempt at the most conscientious discrimination the writer conceives that he is doing the memory of the departed WORTHY the most honour.

All high-flown and general praise goes for nothing with the public. It receives nothing favourably which does not meet the assent of its judgment and knowledge. But that praise which finds an echo in the bosoms of the intelligent will remain there unforgotten. Since the time of Lord North, no such Chief as Lord Tenterden has sat upon that bench. It is for the honour of Kent that it produced another of the greatest judges of the land,—Lord Hardwick.

The present writer is not sure that he is entitled to give the following specimen of Lord Tenterden's Latin poetry in his latter days, and still less the whole relation of the origin of his Lyrics on a different subject, *viz.* "Botanical Descriptions."

"John Williams* of the norther circuit, now the queen's attorney general, who is an admirable scholar, sent me four or five Greek epigrams of his own. I had a mind to thank each of them, and found I could do so with great ease to myself in ten Hendeca-syllables. This led me to compose two trifles in the same metre on two favourite flowers, and afterwards some others (now I think twelve in all) in the different Horatian metres; and one an Ovidian epistle, of which the subject is the 'Forget Me Not.' One of the earliest is an

* Lord T. prefaces this by saying "I must tell you how this fancy of recommencing to humour Latin metres, after a cessation of more than thirty years, began. Brougham procured for me from Lord Granville a copy of some poems printed by him under the title of *Nugæ*, chiefly his own, one or two I believe of Lord Wellesley, written long ago; and a piece of very good Greek humour by Lord Holland."

Ode on the Conservatory in the Alcaick metre, of which the last stanza contains the true cause and the excuse of the whole, and this I will now transcribe,

> ' Sit fabulosis fas mihi cantibus
> Lenire curas ; sit mihi floribus,
> Mulcere me fessum senemque,
> Carpere quos juvenis solibam."

15th September, 1830.

Sir Egerton Bridges, in a poem privately printed 1831, entitled " Modern Aristocracy," has the following address to Lord Tenterden :

O thou, from whose firm course thy steadier heart,
No wildering fires would dazzle to depart,
By force concenter'd, reason, memory, toil,
Who keep'st one pace, nor art. nor hate could foil !
O thou, with whom one task, in boyish days,
One friendly rivalry, one aim of praise,
One sport, one taste, of summer's suns one shade,
One growing theme, by winter's fires essayed.
By better hopes and fairer prospects crown'd—
How wide the lot thy happier age has found ;
Plac'd at Ambition's summit—on the seat,
Where Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, Honour meet ;
The toil by day, the nightly sleep that draws ;
A nation's loud concurrence of applause ;
A conscience pure and high, that proudly knows
From no base act the lofty grandeur flows.
The thought that if the toil intense is pain,
For public good thou labour'st not in vain !
Th' assurance, when this scene is clos'd by fate,
Honours thy long posterity shall wait ;—
O what a bright career of just renown,
That pays thy virtues with an earthly crown !

DOMUS CONSERVATORIA.

BY LORD TENTERDEN.

Haud nos, ut orbem, Flora, per inclytum
Olim Quirites, te colimus deam
Tritumve cælatrumve numen
Marmoreis domibus locamus,
Quas impudicis vocibus ebria
Lascivientûm turba jocantium
Festis salutatura, donis,
Saltibus et strepitu revisat;

Sed rure aprico te vitrea excipit
Œdes, remissis pervia solibus,
Quâ videas imbres nivales,
Et gelidis hyemem sub arctis,
Secura jam non hospitio minus,
Nostro tepebis, sub Jove candidum,
Quam si benigno tu Tarentum, aut
Niliacum coleres Syenen.

Cœcis pererrat tramitibus domum
Ardor, propinquis missus ab ignibus,
Aut per canales unda clausos
Et fluit, et refluit, recentes,
Secum calores perpetuo rotans
Gyro; quietis læta laboribus
Servire, jucundoque curas
Auxilio tenues levare,

Ergo sub auris plurima non suis
Ardentis Austri progenies viget,
Neve occidentales Eois
Addere se socias recusant,
Herbæve, plantæve; aut patricium dolent
Liquissa cœlum; fervidus abstulit
Si nauta, mercatorve prudens,
Aut peregrina petens viator

Misit colendus; gentibus exteris
Mirandus hospes, salvus ab æstubus
Uligenosis, nubibusque
Letheferâ gravidis arenâ
Non tali monstrum naribus igneos
Spirans vapores cessit Tasoni,
Nec tali donum sævientis
Conjugis ennocuam Creontis

Natam perussit: nue vagus Hercules
Tam dira visit, perdomuit licet
Hydrosque centrumvosque clavo, et
Semiferum validus gigantа——.
Sit fabulosis fas mihi cantibus
Lenire curas, sit mihi floribus
Mulcere me fessum senemque
Carpere quos juvenis solebam.

Cœl. Feb. 1828.

THE CONSERVATORY.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF LORD TENTERDEN.]

Flora, no more, as in old Rome,
To thee we raise the marble dome,
And place upon the glittering shrine
An image of thy form divine.
Whither the laughing crowd resort,
With wanton glee and drunken sport,
To crown thy altars, bright with flowers,
While mirth re-echoes from thy bowers.
But on the open sunny plain
We lodge thee in a glassy fane,
Pervious to every genial ray
That vivifies our brightest day,
Through which, unmoved, you see, driven forth
By the fierce wind that rules the north,
The bounding hail and snowy shower,
And all stern winter's spells of power.
And here, beneath our fostering care,
You bloom as fresh, and look as fair,
As if Tarentum's glorious sky,
In all its cloudless brilliancy,
Or far Syenas, by the Nile,
Was beaming on you all the while.
Transmitted from th' adjacent stoves,
The heat around thy dwelling roves.
In many a secret devious course,
Or water from the hidden source,
In leaden channels firmly bound,
Ebbing and flowing, spreads around
Incessant heat, a genial glow
Such as more favour'd climates know;
And still the gentle element
Rejoices in the favour lent,
Well pleased by its sweet ministry.
To spread around felicity,

And hence to breezes not their own,
The children of the burning south
Exhale their sweets, while India's zone
Sends flow'rs and plants from Ganges' mouth.

In all their Eastern beauty drest,
To vie with those that deck the West;
Nor grieve they for their native skies.
And if enamour'd of their dyes,
The sailor or the traveller bore
Them home to grace his native shore,
Safe from the perils of the deep,
From suns that scorch and winds that sweep.
The crowd in admiration gaze
At the new wonders he displays—
More wond'rous than the beast that came,
With eyes of fire and breath of flame,

Beneath stern Jason's conq'ring hand,
Or that destroying, fatal brand
Medea, in her fury wild,
Sent to King Creon's hapless child:
Nor did the wand'ring son of Jove,
Though with his fatal club he clove
Hydras and Centaurs, ever see
So wonderful a prodigy.

Thus let the vet'ran chase away
The cares of life's declining day;
Let him a pleasing hour employ
In the sweet dreams that sooth'd the boy,
Culling the gay delicious flowers
That bloom within the Muse's bowers.

DR. CHALMERS—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS.

Dr. Chalmers' late visit last autumn to the metropolis created a sensation in the religious world. We were among the thousands whom his fame attracted to Regent Chapel. We think highly of his eloquence—his piety none will call in question; but in his judgment our confidence is limited indeed.

His discourse on religious establishments, which discourse has since been published, is altogether an extraordinary production. It is extraordinary no less for the illustrations it contains of the reverend gentleman's positions on the subject, than for the positions themselves.

But surprised as we are at the Doctor's notions on religious establishments, we are still more so at the ground he takes with respect to the Church of England. He says "he felt quite assured that if the wealth which is still in reserve for the elements or the reward of an elevated scholarship be enervated, or even transferred to the support of the church's homelier and humbler services, then will England cease to be that impregnable bulwark of orthodoxy, which she has heretofore proved, in virtue of her many ecclesiastical champions, among the nations of Protestant Christianity.

This is startling enough, without controversy: it is more extraordinary as coming from a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland. We had thought that none but a bishop could have used such language: we could scarcely credit the fidelity of our auricular organs when the words first fell on our ears in Regent Chapel. The Doctor defends the English hierarchy as it is. His vision can discover no blemish either in the Church's constitution or working. It is not enough that she be allowed her enormous revenues; but those revenues must not be more equally distributed among her clergy. If any part of the church's wealth, that is to say, the incomes of her bishops, be "transferred to her homelier and humbler services," then both the church and religion will be ruined to a certainty—"Eng-

land will cease to be the impregnable bulwark of orthodoxy she has has hertofore proved."

There is something so very gross in this, that one scarcely knows how to grapple with it. Nor is it necessary that we should controvert the position at any length. Not to talk of one's common sense, there is something in every unsophisticated breast that rebels against the doctrine that "orthodoxy" can only be upheld by lavishing year after year some 10,000*l.* on an average, on each of twenty or thirty "dignitaries," as the Scotch divine calls them, for doing little, so far as the interests of religion are concerned, but a world of mischief to the body politic; while the thousands of inferior clergy, who labour in their vocation "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," scarcely get more remuneration than is received by mechanics for their industry. That must be a suspicious "orthodoxy" which can only be supported by so gross and perpetual an outrage on all one's innate notions of moral right.

We have said that Dr. Chalmers is a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland. If his position be true, that the enormous revenues of the Church of England—which in the Reverend Gentleman's vocabulary just means the bishops' fees—are indispensable in their present unequally distributed state, for the maintenance of "orthodoxy," then it follows that there can be no such thing as "orthodoxy" in the Church of Scotland, for she has no dignitaries, no bishops, within her pale, while in the pay of her clergy there is no difference worthy of the name, when the comparative cheapness of living on the different glebes is taken into account. Does the Doctor not see the awkward predicament in which his arguments place both his Church and his Country?

It were a bad look out for the "orthodoxy of England" if its existence depended on the bishops. Had it been left in their keeping, had it depended either on their practical conduct or their "ponderous erudition," to use Dr. Chalmers' expression, it would have been numbered among the things that were long ago. The Rev. Thomas Scott, the best part of whose life was spent in an obscure curacy, worth liitle more than 50*l.* a year, has done more for the "orthodoxy" of England, in Dr. Chalmers' acceptation of the term, than all the bishops that ever lived put together.

The Scotch theologian not only defends, with knight-errant temerity, the revenues or wealth of the Church of England, but he vindicates, with equal boldness, in an after-part of the sermon, the indolence, or, as he calls it, "the *indulgence* of our established dignitaries." If Dr. Chalmers be consistent, he must be very severe in his condemnation of the Church of Scotland, inasmuch as she tolerates no idlers or drones among her clergy. And if he does blame her for having no wealthy or lazy "dignitaries" within her pale, why does he not at once come out from her, and join a church which is so largely blessed in its idleness?

But we have not yet given the bishops credit for one half the merit to which, in Dr. Chalmers' apprehension, they may lay claim. Among other signal general services they have rendered the cause of "orthodoxy," is the particular one of "keeping from the borders of

church both the Arian and Socinian heretics." This is new to us. Can the Reverend Gentleman be serious, when he insinuates that these "heretics" have not crossed the borders of the church? Impossible. He must know that the Church of England numbers within her communion, a host of Arians and Socinians. He must know that she has done so ever since she was a church. Nor can he be ignorant of the fact, that Arianism and Socinianism (particularly the latter) are at this moment making the most rapid progress within the boundaries of the church. And if they are either to be expelled, or their further progress stayed, the "dignitaries ecclesiastical" are the last persons to whom we would look for such a consummation. They are notoriously much more tinctured with Arianism and Socinianism than the inferior clergy. We think it scarcely admits of doubt, that a large majority of the present bishops are Socinians, or, to employ the term by which the class of christians meant to be characterized, proper to be designated: viz. "Unitarians."

The Doctor, who seems determined to give the English bishops *credit for every thing*, next informs us that they have distinguished themselves above all other men as the successful defenders of Christianity against the attacks of infidels. Here again the Rev. Gentleman speaks without a book. We hold that not only the greatest number but the most triumphant defences of Christianity, for which the Church can claim credit, have been produced, either by the inferior clergy or by lay members. It is a singular fact, too, and one which but ill assorts with the Scotch divine's assumed union of "orthodoxy" with the "ponderous erudition of bishops," that those of the bishops and clergy generally who have most distinguished themselves by these works on the evidences of Christianity, have belonged to the class of Christians whom he brands with the epithet of Socinian. Bishops sButler, Watson, and Dr. Paley (not to mention a host of others) are instances in point.

But so far from the bishops having any right to monopolize the credit of being the only defenders of our faith, we deny that the Church has any exclusive claims to such credit, even when she adds her "clergy and lay members generally to her dignitaries." Religion is, in this respect, under infinite obligations to the despised dissenters; and here again, though the writer makes the admission with a sort of regret, chiefly to those whom Dr. Chalmers calls Socinians. It will suffice, in proof, to mention the names of Dr. Lardner, Leland, Leslie, and Priestley.

Dr. Chalmers, in the plenitude of his zeal to eulogize the English bishops as the great and only champions of Christianity, does great injustice to his own church. Who wrote the most triumphant exposure of the sophistry of Hume, in his Essay on Miracles? Was it not Dr. Campbell, of Aberdeen?—Who wrote the second best reputation of the errors of the infidel just mentioned?—Was it not Dr. Beattie, of Aberdeen? And have not the clergy and lay members of the Church of Scotland, in various other instances, done themselves immortal credit, by their vindication of Christianity when vilified and misrepresented by infidels?

There is a distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland, whose

name we have not yet mentioned as among those to whom Dr. Chalmers, in his blind admiration of the Bench of Bishops, does an unpardonable injustice. And who does the reader suppose that clergyman to be? He is none other than the worthy Doctor himself; for no one, without question, since the appearance of Paley's Evidences, has produced so masterly a work in defence of Christianity, as Dr. Chalmers,—which work, as most of our readers are aware, first appeared in Brewster's Encyclopedia, but has been since published and gone through many editions in a separate form.

And yet the Doctor, and all the other persons whose names we have mentioned or referred to, have not only not had the "advantages of wealthy endowments," but have not had that "leisure" which he considers indispensable "to vindicate the substance of our faith;" for such of them as were ministers of the Gospel had their weekly pulpit labours to perform, and such of them as were not had the duties of their several professions to attend to.

Dr. Chalmers' discourse proceeds throughout on the assumption that the "ponderousness" of a clergyman's condition, and the soundness of his faith, are altogether dependent on the extent of his "endowments" and the amount of his "leisure." It follows, according to the Rev. Gentleman's hypothesis, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, having at least fifty times as much "leisure and wealth" as the average run of the inferior clergy, must be fifty times as erudite and orthodox as any and every one of that body. Happy and admirable Archbishop of Canterbury! Ill-fated and "to be pitied" clergy!

Seriously, we had not believed, until the conviction was forced upon us—first by the testimony of our ears, and afterwards by that of our eyes—that Dr. Chalmers came under the category of those referred to by Pope, when he says,

> "'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,
> A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn," &c.

Dr. Chalmers, in an after-part of his sermon, lays down the position, that the bishops are the great bulwarks of christianity. It were a waste of time, and an implied censure on the understanding and intelligence of our readers, seriously and at any length to controvert such an assumption. The Doctor, if he knows aught of public opinion on the subject, either in or out of the religious world, must be aware that that opinion is, that if Christianity had no better props than the bishops to support her, she must long since have gone to the wall. Positive good they, as a body, are perfectly innocent of ever having done revealed religion. We wish we could acquit them of having done it much actual mischief. The doctrines of many, and the lives of still more of them, have, we apprehend, done more injury to the cause of Christianity than all the assaults of Voltaire, Hume, Gibbons, Paine, and the nameless lesser fry of avowed infidels.

On the unseemly and anomalous spectacle of a clergyman of the Church of Scotland going so far out of his way to become the indiscriminate and zealous apologist of a church that differs in so many respects, and on matters of so great importance, from his own; on this unsecurely and anomalous sight it is not necessary we should

make any remarks. It has only to be seen to inspire in every breast, be the sentiments of the individual what they may, a feeling of unmingled disgust. Can it be that the object of the Rev. Gentleman was, by his fulsome adulation, to ingratiate himself with the Bench of Bishops, and certain lords temporal, at any price, even that of his sense of propriety, if not his convictions of truth. We hope better things of the Doctor; but there are, we fear, many who will trace his conduct to this—some, possibly, to a worse motive.

The most zealous, if not the most judicious, individual among the clergy themselves, who has of late years undertaken the defence of the Church, is the Bishop of Ferns. Perhaps he is among the boldest champions who have ever entered the lists in her favour. It is edifying to witness the amazing temerity of this Right Reverend Father in God. Others of the friends of the Church have admitted that corruptions, though of a slight kind, have somewhat marred her beauty; and that she might be made to undergo the process of purification with advantage to herself. Not so with this redoubled champion of the hierarchy. He boldly maintains that there is nothing, either in her constitution or administration, susceptible of the slightest improvement, fearlessly offering that she is a paragon of perfection, and that *all* her clergy are immaculate in their morals.

The Bishop of Ferns, whose valour no one will dispute, undertakes the defence of the hierarchy on the sense of her unequally divided revenues, as well as on all other points. In his view, the enormous diversity which exists in the salaries of "the servants of the Church," is the perfection of wisdom. Hear him on the subject.—"The incomes," says he, "allotted to the clergy are designed to induce men to enter into the Church with the hope that it will afford them a maintenance, and eventually a competence, or even an affluence. Seen in this light," he continues, "I will appeal to the experience of all men, whether unequal emoluments, varying through very different degrees, will not be more attractive than the long uniform income which an equal division would afford to each individual."

Dr. Elrington deserves our thanks for the point-blank manner in which he utters his sentiments. He does not, like the other friends of the Church, so construct his sentences as purposely to conceal his meaning. He speaks so plainly as that he who runneth may read. We dare say, certain of his right reverend brethren will not thank him for his plainness of speech. There is no help for that, but what shall we say touching the purport of the extract we have given; a mere humiliating admission, or one betraying a more utter destitution of every high and commendable principle of action, it were impossible to conceive. The only consideration which Dr. Elrington here recognizes, as inducing men to enter into the Church, is one of pounds, shillings, and pence. Personal religion, moral qualifications in the person aspiring at the clerical office, are, according to this bishop's showing, altogether out of the question. It is not that men improve the morals and promote the spiritual interests of those intrusted to their care, that they assume canonicals: no, no; but that they may secure to themselves a competency of the good things of this life, and if possible rise to affluence. If this be not what is called

pushing fortunes in the Church, we should like to know what is. If any other person than a bishop expressed such language as we have quoted, the clergy would at once have branded him as a calumniator, and viewed him as an incorrigible swindler. Now, however, the thing stands recorded by the pen of no less a personage than Dr. Elrington: it dropped from his goose-quill in an evil hour: a wicked world will make their own use of it. To what a deplorable state must the Church be reduced, when her "servants" in direct violation of their ordination vows, have no higher motive for entering the sacred office than that which, actuates a man in entering the army, the navy, or any other secular profession!

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRIDGES.

TO H. F. CARY, TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.

Thou hast with kindred spirit brought to view,
In Britain's language Dante's gloom sublime;
Thou hast done nobly, and perform'd thy task
With naked force, the bard becoming well.
A toil so difficult 'tis given to few
To execute e'en in the happiest time
Of inspiration, when the brain can bask
Under the muses visionary spell.
Invention there, in her most eloquent mood,
Mystical, grand, and melancholy, opes
The prospects of another world, endued
With higher essence, where th' aspiring hopes
Of virtue past and former crimes regret,
The spirits in a mingled conflict set.

THE POACHERS.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.

"Here's a night," said Jack Woodcock, as we came out of the sign of the 'Rabbits.' "Here's a night, frosty and starlight, and no moon; who'll go to Corringham-Scroggs,* and try for a few *long-ear'd-ones?* we can get there by ten o'clock."

"I'll make one," said Mike Anderson.

"And I'll make another," said Bill Smith.

"Will you go Tom?" said Woodcock turning round to me.

"I've no objection," answered I, "if you think we shall not be caught."

"Catch'd be d—d," said Woodcock, "we must chance all that, the country's too wild, man, there's no running you there among them bushes and brambles. Besides I know every twist and turn for twenty miles round th' scroggs, and old Ben Robinson would'nt take me if he could; sometimes when th' old keeper comes to th' market

* *Scroggs*, a wild expanse of forest land which has never been cultivated.

we have a pint or two of ale together. Then th' old chap says, 'Jacky! Jacky! thou's been a sad rogue to our hares, I'm afear'd thou'll be catch'd again before long; it's a long while now since thee saw th' inside of Southwell, but there's never a pitcher goes to th' well but wot it gets broken at last.' But he's a good old chap. I hav'nt seen him here these last five weeks."

"Have you got the snares with you?" said I to Woodcock.

"Yes," answered he, pulling off his hat and producing a mass of spring wires; "you never find Jack without his tools."

At the sight of the snares, two tall greyhounds, the constant attendants of Mike and Woodcock, commenced chasing each other up and down the street, as if they were breathing themselves for the chace.

"Hey!" said Jack, eyeing them with pride, "they know what's up when they see these bits of brass wire. Squire Sanderson comes up to me yesterday, 'John,' says he, 'will you sell that dog?'—'No, sir,' said I, 'I can't spare him.'—'Why, John,' said he, 'what use can you have for him?'—'None, sir,' says I, 'only he's fond of my company. I did sell him once for five pounds to a gentleman as came out of Yorshire, but he got away from him somehow and came back again in three days.'—'Oh, then,' said he, 'it's no use me buying him;' and off he walked. No, I'll never sell him, I would sooner sell the coat off my back."

"That," said I, "is too ragged, no one would buy it."

"Yes, and you would be ragged too," he retorted, "if you'd crept through as many briars and hedges as it has."

"Come," said Mike, "if we are to go, let's be off; we can talk and walk!"

"Stay!" exclaimed a voice from above, "stay, and I'll go with you; that is if you have no objection."

"None," was the universal answer; for we all recognized the stranger, who was a general favourite at the tavern; not one of us knew his name; he had been there about a week; kept a beautiful blood horse, and a servant man. He was only known there by the title of the young gentleman, which his actions truly merited. I was the only one of our party with whom he was acquainted, having conversed with him several times in the bar, and once been with him on a shooting excursion. He had succeeded in borrowing the ostler's Sunday smock-frock, and away we went, the dogs jumping, running and gamboling before us.

"Are we not going to Corringham Scroggs?" said the stranger.

"Yes," answered I; "but I am ignorant as to what part. I suppose we must submit to Woodcock's guidance, who appears to be the leader."

"I wish you would ask him what quarter he intends leading us to," said the stranger.

"Certainly," I answered. "Here, Woodcock, what part of the scroggs do you think of visiting to night?"

"I have just been asking myself a few questions about that," answered he; "last time I was there I tried Foxglove dingles; time before that Crabtree valley; and on Sunday night—"

"What," said I, "have you been twice since Sunday and now it's only Wednesday night?"

"Yes," said he; "so has Mike Anderson; that's nothing, man; sometimes we go in a morning, often if we happen to know when there's a fox-hunting at any distance, because then we feel sure that the old squire's safe."

"Well," said I, "but what part do you intend leading us to to-night?"

"Why," said he, "if you and that gentleman is'nt chicken-hearted, I should like to have a draw pretty near old Squire Beckett's hall; it's many a long day since I had, and I know that hares grow about there as plentiful as yellow broom-flowers; besides we're a pretty strong party, it a'nt one or two that will take us."

"Oh, by all means," said the stranger, "let's go again the old squire's hall if you think we shall have the most sport—you'll find me no coward."

"Agreed," said Woodcock, and strode away to overtake Mike and Smith, who were all glee when they shared his tidings.

"Were you ever on an expedition like this before?" said the stranger.

"Never," answered I, "although I am well acquainted with the scenery; were you?

"No," said he, "neither would I have come now did I not hope that we should be caught and brought before the old squire, who, by the way, is a magistrate."

"What," said I, "if we should be caught and committed to Southwell for a month, will it not be a dearish joke? There's no other alternative but to go or pay the penalty, which, although we might do, the others could not."

Instead of making an immediate reply, the stranger burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which he with difficulty suppressed.

"Come," said he, "I will now be candid with you upon condition that you will not betray my secret, unless some unexpected emergency requires it."

I promised.

"I have," said he, "been on the continent during the last three years, and have but recently returned. Previous to my tour, I paid my addresses to Emma, Squire Beckett's only daughter, and a lovelier angel never trod the starry galleries of heaven. Every thing proceeded smoothly until the last general election, when my father and Emma's met at Lincoln as leaders of opposite parties; the contest ran high, and the party for which my father interested himself proved victorious, which so enraged the old squire, that he discharged me from ever again seeing his daughter. My father was too proud to offer any apology, and I too much in love to obey his orders, so we met by stealth; indeed, it was her mother's wish that we should be united, as we were sincerely attached to each other. I have not seen the lovely girl since my return, but carried on a regular correspondence in my absence, both with Emma and her mother, who are as firmly devoted to my happiness as ever. I have also won my father's consent to the marriage, but the old squire is obdurate. I

have purchased a licence, and if we are fortunate enough to be captured to night, I intend winning a bride in the disguise of a poacher."

I applauded the stratagem, and at his request offered my assistance, and as his father was lord of the manor, felt entirely at ease about consequences.

We had now reached the scroggs, which lay stretched out before us in illimitable dimness; a scene such as is only to be witnessed in a few solitary parts of England, now rose before us in the shadowy stillness of starlight; old moss-grown thorns, which had risen to the height and circumference of dwarf-oaks, were scattered on every hand, while lofty trees, whose high heads and branching arms towered above like earth-striding Titans, bespoke that hundreds of eternity-grasped years, had glided away since first they arose limber saplings, that quivered to every blast. Long rank luxuriant grass which had never been shaken by the sweeping scythe, overhung the close-woven bracken and furze, while far away as the eye could measure, wild-sloes, crab-trees, brambles, and every variety of briar and thorn formed a long low impenetrable forest, which the foot of man, doubtless, had never trodden. By ascending the top of some solitary pine which overlooked a greater part of this stubborn dwarf forest, you could observe an immense sheet of water, where thousands of happy birds rode in safety, which the murderous gun had never reached. Many a time, when a boy, have I climbed the top of some lofty tree, and sat gazing upon that scene for hours, until every sullen sloe that grew around, had arisen in my imagination a monster, to guard that enchanted lake, while the white-bosomed birds that flitted above with the sun-shine gilding their wings, seemed innocent spirits, who had made their dwelling there to avoid the destroying hand of man. Yes! even then, I would have given my "Robinson Crusoe," my only treasure, to have been one of these beautiful tall white flowers which stood day and night, gazing upon its own lovely shadow in that silent water; but these were boyish dreams, and have for ever fled, alas! to give place to gloomy realities. Little did I then dream, while gazing on that delightful scene, a happy boy, that the canker-worm of care would be eating deep into my aching heart, when I should have to throw my mind back upon years of remembered happiness, and describe it for the amusement of my readers.—

"Now, Tom," said Woodcock, "you must stand against that tree, and keep a bright look out down that sand-bank, round that corner of the wood, and up yon stream as you may see skimming under those woods, for there is no other way. And you, sir," addressing the stranger, "will perhaps have the kindness to stay with Tom, and help him to keep watch, for night has no eyes."

The stranger produced his cigar case and Promethean matches, and there we stood, two traitorous centinels, not caring how soon the enemy approached and made us all prisoners, at least we both felt willing to be captured.—

"Had you not better," said I, addressing Woodcock who had been busy in preparing his springs, and was making for the furze-beds "commence planting the snares down this line of broom-

bushes, there seems to me, to be a many runs over the ling-beds up to yon clump of dark-trees."

"I'll try it," answered Woodcock, and began to fasten the snares, to the openings formed by game between the stems of broom-bushes placing an oyster shell as a mark at every spring. Mike was busy planting *his* along a line of stunted wild-sloes, which formed a barrier to that corner of the scroggs. Smith stood behind an old black-thorn holding in the dogs, until all was ready for them to run and drive the game into the springs. All around us was still as death, save when the peculiar cry of some hare which was already strangled broke the silence.

"See," said the stranger, "what are those blacks objects moving round yon wood corner?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven men," said I; "now they are skulking along the shadow of the wood-side; they will not approach until they have ascertained our numbers."

"Do you think," said he, "our companions will submit quietly to be captured?"

"No; I am afraid not. Mike Anderson is a match for two ordinary men; Woodcock is as brave as a lion: unless we hang back, there will be war."

Woodcock now came up, with three hares in his hand, which had been strangled during the time of his setting the first and last snare; he threw them down at my feet, and having aided Mike with planting the opposite runs with springs, the signal was given, and away flew the dogs, leaping over the bushes which they could not penetrate.

We were all stationed in the front of the springs, driving the affrighted game back as the dogs drove them forward, thereby compelling them to pass the lines where the snares were planted several times. The dogs never once barked, so well had they imbibed John Woodcock's cudgel lessons. The cries of death were now heard on every hand, while the broom-bushes shook as the entangled animals tugged at their wiry prisons, only making themselves more secure: one fine fellow bounced past me with the snare round his neck, which jingled again as he neared the shadowy wood.

As I stood beside the stranger, I could perceive our foes skulking behind the bushes, and approaching nearer at every opportunity, when they considered our party most busied with the game.

"They'll be upon us soon," said the stranger, who was on the alert; "we had better hurry the dogs in and secure the hares."

He had scarcely spoken when a sharp shrill whistle summoned the faithful animals, and in a few seconds they were at Woodcock's side, and again committed to the care of Smith. I then followed Mike, taking the hares as he unloosed them from the springs. The stranger did the same for Woodcock; we were now joined by Smith, who came up bringing the three hares which were caught, "before their time," as Mike termed it, and made the total number fifteen.

"Now, my lads," said Woodcock, "let's have a pipe; I wouldn't wish for better luck than this, although one night we catched twenty-two."

As we stood in a small compass, with the dusky red light from

ignited cigars and tobacco, momentarily exposing, and deeply colouring our faces, crack went a gun within twenty yards of where we stood, and the howl of a dog immediately followed, joined by the harsh croak of a raven that had roosted on a lofty thorn. In another moment Woodcock's favourite greyhound came limping up, with his fore-paw bleeding. Our enemies were near upon us, when Woodcock sprang with the fierceness of a fury at the man who had shot his dog, and was again preparing to reload his piece. "Villain," said he, "I would sooner you had shot me then my poor dog." In his anger he had rushed upon the keeper, and borne him to the earth; then seizing the muzzle of the gun, he struck the stock against a tree; and while he retained the barrel in his hand, the butt and lock flew in every direction.

Mike had seized two of the foremost, and held them by the neckerchief at arm's length.

The stranger had dexterously parried a blow from a bludgeon, and floored the aggressor; another arm was uplifted to strike, when he drew out a pistol, and pointing it at his opponents, exclaimed, "The first that attempts to strike another blow I will send to his long reckoning;"—and click went the pistol on full cock, ready for the deed.

As for myself and Smith, we had not entered the action, for just at the moment when we were springing to the attack, the click of the pistol acted like a talisman upon our foes, and checked further advance.

"Loose your hold, Mike," said the stranger; "I hope you don't intend throttling the men."

Mike obeyed, but not until he had tried what kind of music their heads would produce by being jowled together.

Woodcock was yet kneeling upon the keeper, and shaking him at times, like a bull-dog, unwilling to let his enemy rise. "You rascal, to shoot my dog." (Another shake.) "What harm had he done?"

"Come, Woodcock," said I, "let the man arise, your dog is not much hurt; only a small shot or two in his fore-foot: beside you've broken the keeper's gun."

"Yes," said the young keeper, in a sorrowful tone, "that gun my father bore on his shoulder for fifteen years; and now, like him, it's no more."

"What," said Woodcock, "is old Ben dead; and are you his son?"

"He is," answered the young man, rubbing his shoulder, "and I'm his son."

"Then, here's my hand," said Woodcock, "and I'm sorry we fell out. Poor old Ben! many a glass have we had together; many a hare have I given him, when he could not shoot them himself; many a drop of gin have we had together upon these scroggs; for I seldom came without something i' th' bottle—God bless him! he would't injure a fly—poor old Ben!" And the cuff of his ragged jacket was uplifted, to dash away a tear.

"Come," said the stranger, "I presume we are all prisoners; and, upon condition that no more force is attempted, we are willing to appear before Squire Beckett."

"You may go if you like," said Mike, "but I'll be——"

"Hold," said the stranger, "be guided by me, and I'll be responsible for the consequences of our visit."

"What!" said Woodcock, "if he commits us to Southwell for a month, will you sooner pay five pounds a-piece for us than let us go?"

"I will," answered the stranger.

Glances were exchanged between the keeper and his companions, which signified they understood the stranger to be no common poacher.

Woodcock now proceeded to tie the hares together; throwing seven over the shoulder of Mike, and loading himself with the remaining eight.

"You surely don't intend exposing them before the 'Squire?" said I, jocosely.

"Why not?" answered Woodcock; "we may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

"You had better leave them with us," said the farmer men, who were the keeper's companions.

"There's plenty more on the scroggs," said he; "you've the same chance of catching 'em as I had."

Nothing further occurred until we reached Somerby-Hall; when we entered the large kitchen, the keeper bade us stay, and carried the tidings to the 'Squire.

"Bring them forward," exclaimed a rich mellow voice; and into the large dining-room we were all marched; the dogs first, then the stranger and game-keeper, followed by me and Woodcock, with the hares slung over his shoulder, smoking a short black pipe; then came Mike and Smith, followed by the keeper's assistants.

At one end of the long mahogany table sat the 'Squire, in his large easy chair; his hair was as white as silver; his fine ruddy face was the picture of kind-heartedness. On his right sat his lovely daughter. I have seen many beautiful women, but none so calculated to wound a young heart with love at the first sight as Emma Beckett. Her mother, and two young ladies who were visitors, which accounted for the old gentleman been up so late, completed the party. The young ladies rose to retire, when the old 'Squire kindly said. "Sit still, my dears, I shall soon have done." Emma's eyes seemed rivetted upon the strangers.

Just as the session was about opening, an unexpected war broke out between Mike's dog and a beautiful white cat; which must have been worried had not Mike sprang to its release; which he did, by throwing down his load of hares upon the mahogany table, and overturning a wine decanter in his hurry. Emma had also arisen to the rescue of poor puss, which was now lodged safely in the stranger's arms. He presented the affrighted cat to the lovely maiden; and, at the same time, slipped a note into her hand. I perceived, by the brightening of her beautiful eyes, that she had already recognized him.

"Well," said the old 'Squire, "what have you poachers got to say for yourselves? Anything, or nothing? Must I write out your

mittimus, or will you pay the penalties? I perceive you have been caught with the spoil."

"We have only got to say, your worship, that we are very sorry we have been caught, and hope you'll not send us to prison," answered the stranger in an affected supplicating voice.

"I am sorry too," replied the kind hearted old 'Squire; "at least I'm very sorry that such young healthful-looking men as you all appear to be should come out upon any such expedition, when you know that you are breaking the laws, and might earn an honest living by industry. It is not the value of a few hares, I so much mind; although if you carry away as many every night as these, there must soon be a scarcity. But poaching leads to other things. (The stranger smiled and looked at Emma). Last week one of my tenants lost a sheep; now you look to me like men, who, if you could not find hares, would sooner put up with a sheep than go home empty-handed. (The stranger could hold no longer, but burst into a fit of laughter, and slunk behind Woodcock). You may laugh, Sir (with a strong emphasis); but I say that poaching is the first step to the gallows."

Woodcock, who had stood listening, apparently astonished, when the 'Squire talked about sheep-stealing, gave the hares a hutch upon his shoulders, and thus commenced.

"I hope your worship's not going to say as how we stole that sheep, because I would wish you to know as how we did'nt. Poaching I never denied; because I don't see as there's any harm in it, but sheep-stealing, Sir, I deny (and down came his heavy hand upon the table, causing every glass to jingle); every body knows as Jack Woodcock's a poacher, but set that aside, and nobody can say black's his name; no, no, Sir, we an't sheep-stealers."

"John Woodcock!" echoed the 'Squire, "why I have committed you to prison four times for this crime."

"Not once, Sir!" replied Woodcock, "if you had I should'nt been here now, for you to have committed me a sixth. Sheep-stealing is transportation your worship; I learnt that through my being committed."

"I did not say sheep-stealing, Sir," replied the 'Squire, "I have committed you, John Woodcock, to prison four times," ("five," said Woodcock wishing to have the truth) "five times for poaching."

"Yes, your worship," said Woodcock, "and if you never do any thing worse than that, I wish you may live long enough to commit me fifty (an universal laugh followed Woodcock's singular wish). Your Worship wishes to know what we've got to say in our defence, now, I've just got to say this, Sir, that there is no harm in poaching, because a hare's no man's property before its *catched*. Now, if a man goes to the market, and buys a sheep, and turns it upon yon scroggs to feed, why it's his property, your honor; but it's not so with a hare, because if it's on your ground to day, it's on 'Squire Ogilby's to-morrow, and then it's neither his nor yours until its catched. Within my own mind I consider I've as much right to a hare as your worship; you catch them your way, and I catch them mine, and I can't see as it matters about that; your worship goes in the day-time, and I go at night, because the hares can't see so well then

(a laugh). Now, if I catch a hare you can't swear to it, and say, that's mine, same as you can to a sheep! No, no, 'Squire Ogilby might come and say, it's mine, or Lord Hickman (here Emma smiled at her lover) say, it's mine; no, no, your honour, if I have catched it, it's mine. I've a bit of a garden at home; hares often come and eat my cabbages; last week Joe Cuekson shot one in my garden; I was'nt to go to him and say, 'Joe, that's my hare;' no, it was his. You may say he broke the law; no, he did'nt. The hare broke through my fence, and came to eat my cabbage, and got eaten itself.

"Your worship sends us to prison. God bless you, we're none the worse for that; nobody thinks a straw the worse about us for been sent there for poaching; because, as I said before, there's no harm in it; beside, I can tell your worship, that when a lot of us is in prison together, we get more enlightened, and get to know all the best places i' the country for hares.

"Now, for instance, your honour, suppose we're all sitting i' the prison, just before bed-time, and the moonlight comes through the bars, making it as light as day, why one says, 'If I were in Warten-wood to night, I would have half a dozen good hares before morning.' Then another says, 'You may take Warten-wood—give me Corringham-scroggs,' and another says, 'I prefer Somerby turnip-fields.' So your worship sees what with one and another, we get to know all the best places. And if we live within a few miles of one another, why when we get out we're sure to meet together, and make the hares suffer. Beside, your worship, how many poor fellows has been shot, about a few hares, which is nobody's property until they're catched. I mean to say that them Game Laws is a disgrace to Old England. I wish I was only i' the Parliament House, I would put some on 'em to the right about."

"I wish you was," echoed Mike. The old 'Squire had sat attentively listening to this long rough oration, when it was evident, from the silence which ensued, that Woodcock's unpolished eloquence had taken effect.

"I am not going to say that the game laws are altogether just," said the 'Squire, "but there must be some kind of regulations, or all the game would very soon be destroyed. It is well known that the whole of the first week in November I allow any person to hunt over my estate that chooses, and if they wish for a day's sport at any other time, by applying, their request is always granted: I wish my neighbours would follow my example—this imprisoning and shooting would then very soon disappear."

"I wish they would," answered Woodcock.

"Father," said Emma, "let the poor men have some refreshment before they go home;"—and the lovely girl rang the bell without waiting for an answer.—"Mary, set the table in the kitchen for the poachers (she paused) and their attendants to have supper."

"You can go into the kitchen," said the 'Squire, "and in the meantime I will consider what is to be done with you until morning. I feel very sorry, but the law insists upon my doing justice."

"Yes, your worship," answered Woodcock, "what in the eyes of one man is justice, in the eyes of another is oppression."

"It is so;" answered the 'Squire; "still I must act by the present laws until we have others more just. I hope our Legislature will consider the game laws in a different manner than what they have. (To the farmer-men). After you have refreshed yourselves you can go home; the prisoners are personally known, so there is no fear of their attempting to escape."

"You can leave the game until you return," said he to Woodcock, who was replacing his load which he had thrown down before commencing his defence.

"Your very kind, Sir," was Woodcock's answer, "but they are not very heavy, thank you, some's only smallish,"—and away we marched into the kitchen.

When we entered the servant's hall I perceived one of the drawing-room chairs planted at the head of the table; a tumbler and a small table-cloth was likewise spread for its occupier; the rest of the table was uncovered, saving with the good things of the 'Squire's pantry.

"Have the kindness to take this chair, Sir," said the interesting Mary to the stranger. She was half as handsome as her young mistress. A fine sirloin of cold beef began to disappear before the repeated attacks made in our behalf by the keeper, as if it had been touched by the wonderful wand of Titania. The black-jack* rumbled along the thick oak-table, from which we filled our horns, as from an inexhaustible fountain. A bottle of wine was placed before the stranger.

"Do you see in what quarter the wind sits?" whispered Woodcock to Mike, as Mary drew the cork; no doubt the honest fellow thought the stranger had made an impression on Mary's heart, which caused her to pay him so much attention. Venison pastry, fruit pies, and Stilton cheese completed our repast.

"I should like to be catched every night," said Woodcock, "if I could always get such a supper as this."

"The scales have turned," said Mike; "instead of looking on poachers like robbers, they began to treat us like brother sportsmen."

Smith unbuttoned his waistcoat and said, "I have eaten enough to serve me for a month; I shall never be afraid of being catched for poaching any more."

The black-jack rumbled round the table, every cheek grew more rosy, every eye more bright, and every tongue more quick. The dogs had eaten their fill and lay stretched at ease before the crackling fire, which roared up a wide old chimney that would have admitted a whole trio of broom-striding witches.

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* A black-jack is a large flacket, made to contain ale; it runs upon two wheels, and is placed upon the table in the servant's-hall; they generally push it one to the other to fill their drinking horns. I am not certain that the word "flacket" occurs in any dictionary; it is a small barrel, and is mentioned in the following old nursery song:—

"Little Bill Blewitt, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
But where is the little boy tending the sheep?
Under the hag-cock fast asleep,
With bread in his budget, and cheese in his bag,
And ale in his flacket, like a good lad."

Just as the flacket was replenished, the old 'Squire walked into the kitchen, and said, "You will remain here until morning, and I hope you will conduct yourselves orderly.—(To the keeper's assistants) You may now go to your homes, if you have had sufficient refreshment."

"We will stay for a month," answered Woodcock, "if your honour wishes; I'm sure I shall never be tired."

The 'Squire smiled and retired. The farmer-men seemed to go with great reluctance as Mary was just furnishing us with pipes and tobacco.

The stranger was motioned by Mary into the drawing-room. Woodcock's sharp eye was on the look out. "Do you see ought?" said he. The young game-keeper knit his brows, and commenced drumming upon the table and whistling "Be gone, dull care." No doubt he thought the jade was gilting him. Mike began to grow merry, and sang—

"The very first night we had bad luck,
One of my very best dogs got stuck;
(He came to me all over bloody and lame,)

Woodcock looked at his dog as it lay basking on the hearth—

"And sorry was I to see the same;
He was not able to follow the game.

Woodcock, Smith, and the gamekeeper, here took up the chorus—

Fal the dal da, the ri fol ad a de.

"I'll take my pike-staff in my hand,
And I'll search the woods till I find that man,
And tan his hide right well if I can.
Fal the dal da, the ri fol ad a de."

Here the game-keeper "looked a look" at Woodcock, and began to rub his shoulder, as if the stave had again conjured up the poacher's blows.

Smith now commenced singing—

"Oh, its my delight, on a shiny night,
In the season of the year,"

"The mirth and glee grew fast and furious," the keeper had fallen asleep with his head upon the table, unconscious of the candle which was burning a hole in his hat. Mike had long since seen double, and had twice lifted up the drinking-horn to light his pipe with, spilling the contents upon his inexpressibles. Smith laid snoring with his elbows in a puddle of home-brewed, which had rolled from the cup as his unsteady hand lifted it to his forehead instead of his mouth; still Woodcock sat singing, with his eyes shut, and the headless pipe resting upon his lip, until his head gradually reclined against the high chair back, and his mouth rested in the same position as when the last words of "Poor Tom Moody" very faintly left his lips.

There they were, happy as kings, forgetful that game-laws or prisons were extant on the earth.

The stranger now returned, "To-morrow," said he to me, "makes me happy for ever. We shall take the carriage from here at day-dawn. Miss Russell will go as bridesmaid, and I trust I can depend upon you to attend us; I have dispatched a messenger to apprize my father and friends, and have no doubt of their carriages meeting us at the church. The 'Squire rides about the distance of seven miles in the morning to consult with another magistrate respecting us poachers; before he returns the ceremony will be over, and instead of the poachers being committed to prison, they, along with the servants, shall for once have a merry day in honour of my marriage."

I shall pass over our beautiful ride through a beautiful country, together with the solemn marriage ceremony. The bride blushed like a bending seraph, when receiving the blessing; and Henry Hickman's eyes (for I shall no longer call him the stranger) beamed forth unutterable love.

We returned about noon, accompanied by Henry's father and his friends, in two carriages; the old 'Squire had just dismounted as we came bowling up the fine oak-shaded carriage-road; guess his astonishment as he stood to receive us, on seeing Sir Henry Hickman, "This is kind," said the old 'Squire, "never shall another——" and he paused. Sir Henry, who wished to spare the kind-hearted old 'Squire from any apology, here introduced the happy couple. Henry and Emma knelt hand in hand upon the greensward, her fine sweeping ringlets were up-lifted by the gentle wind, as she threw her bonnet upon the grass. The old 'Squire placed his hands upon their heads, and said, while tears of joy trickled down his manly cheeks, "God bless you, my children."

The poachers and servants, who had rushed out on hearing the carriages approach, gave three loud cheers. Henry here explained the whole frolic, and Woodcock shrewdly said, "few poachers had ever catched such game as that." Another merry day and night past away, and all around us was sunshine happiness.

Years have rolled over, and with them have glided many hours of care. When I look through the open vistas of the past, the happy hours spent among the poachers rise like the recollections of Arcadian dreams. Mike has long since commenced business for himself, by taking out a license to sell game; it is rumoured that, although he keeps the best stock in the town, no one knows where they come from. Woodcock is now gamekeeper to young Sir Henry Hickman, and no one has yet been taken up for poaching since he was appointed to that office, although several suspicious fellows have been seen lurking about the woods at twilight, and amongst them two who greatly resembled Mike and Smith. The old 'Squire's keeper is married to Mary, and is no longer jealous of the young stranger; yet, when they sometimes meet, Woodcock asks him "if he ever recollects looking as if he'd found a sixpence and lost a shilling, when he sat drumming upon the oak-table, and whistling 'Be gone dull care?'" —"Hey, hey," says he, "I have not forgotten you poachers."

T. M.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD ACTORS. No. III.

By T. Sheldrake, Esq.

The comedy of our Old English writers seems to have been founded principally upon the manners, principles, and characters of the persons who were living in the times and places where their respective authors lived and wrote. Their plots were often borrowed from the fashionable works, original or translated, as they were known at the time. These are, perhaps, the most popular, but not always the most durable works, because it requires but a certain quantity of scenic representations to satisfy the public taste for the time completely. Hence it is, if one piece more be added than may be said to be wanted, it pushes those actually in favour towards obscurity; and if the succession be very quick, the existence of each becomes more ephemeral.

It is for this reason that, in looking over the list of dramatic pieces which have been, more or less, universal favourites during the course of the last two or three centuries, we may see the names of many pieces of which we can now obtain little or no actual knowledge; yet, of what was once an object of so much curiosity, we may be reasonably allowed to wish to know something; and this admitted, a desire to gratify that wish may, perhaps, be received with indulgence.

If, taking this view of the subject, we look at the dramatic writers of the Elizabethan age, or of those which immediately either preceded or followed it, we shall find there is much truth in the observation that their characters are such correct representations of ordinary nature as to account for the favour they find in all times. *Dogberry* and *Verges* may be found in all times and places; and being specimens of common nature, are identified and appreciated. *Falstaff*, however, is a rarer character and such an extraordinary creation that it lays stronger claim to our admiration than the works of other authors, who usurped his place in their day, and who may have persuaded themselves—Beaumont and Fletcher, for instance—that *Bessus* or *Sir Epicure Mammon* are equal to Shakspeare's *Falstaff*. Posterity, however, does justice to genius.

The "Alchemist," "Old City Manners," and other powerful comedies of Ben Jonson and the contemporary dramatists, have often been acted to most crowded houses in my time; have conferred—justly, indeed, during their own time—very lasting and well-merited reputation on the eminent actors who performed in them; yet these pieces will, in all probability, never be performed again with a like relish, at least, not in our day, for this simple reason—the merit of the performance would not be felt nor relished by the audience, to whose notice they might be offered. Of this inability to appreciate character I will give an example, which, though rather broad I must confess, I know to be quite correct.

Garrick, in the very earliest part of his career, acquired a very high reputation for the power he displayed in performing *Abel Drugger* in the "Alchemist"—the most powerful contrast which could be produced to *Richard, Hamlet, Macbeth,* and other prodigies

of the talents displayed by him, to astonish all the country; and that his success was equally great in this insignificant but difficult part, which he sustained, very frequently, through his long life, may be proved by this anecdote, which I have the means of knowing to be authentic.

Peter Garrick, the elder brother, lived at Litchfield, at his ease, upon the income he possessed. On the occasion of some townsman coming to London, Peter Garrick addressed a letter to his brother David, in Southampton-street, where he then lived, requesting him to show the lions of London to their townsman, with whatever other civilities he could confer. The man of Litchfield arrived in the great city, proceeded to Southampton-street, and on knocking at the door was told Mr. Garrick was not at home, being engaged to attend the rehearsal at Drury-lane theatre that morning, as he must play *Abel Drugger* in the "Alchemist" that evening, when he would be sure to see him, if he did not find him before.

John of Litchfield, acting agreeably to this information, went to the theatre, but instead of returning to Southampton-street, went back to Litchfield, where he attended his own business, and took no notice of Peter Garrick.

The latter gentleman, surprised at this neglect, was at some pains to get sight of his townsman, and at last succeeded, by getting him into his parlour, in obtaining the desired opportunity to question him why he did not bring an answer to his letter.

"Because your brother did not give any," was the conclusive answer.

"Indeed," said Peter, "that is very extraordinary, for David is generally more correct in his correspondence. What did he say to you?" The man was silent. Peter now saw there was something to be explained in the business; and insisting upon an answer, kept him in the room till it was given. John of Litchfield took fire at this coercion, exclaiming—

"Well, master Garrick, as you will have an answer, you shall have it, take it as you please. I went to Southampton-street; David was not at home; they said I might go to him at the playhouse. Well, they made me pay three shillings to go in, which I thought a strange proceeding; howsoever, that was nothing; when he did show himself he was the nastiest, dirtiest, shuffling little blackguard that I ever put my eyes upon. I would not speak to him, nor see him, or own him as a townsman, though he is your brother; so I came away, and left him to play his dirty tricks by himself."

Garrick, besides making Shakspeare's finest characters his own, revived Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," of which himself was the principal support as long as he lived. Soon after his death it was neglected, and has since been forgotten. He, likewise, brought into permanent notice "Every Man in his Humour," taking *Kitely* to himself, giving *Bobadil* to Woodward, and *Stephen* to Shuter; and such was the strength of his company, that the representation of this play in all its parts, though the characters are numerous, was more perfect than that of any other even in those days of perfection; but death carried off several of the inferior, yet not unimportant characters, which could not be replaced by others of equal merit. When

Garrick relinquished *Kitely*, the piece lost its greatest attraction. Then Woodward fell, and carried *Bobadil* with him, when the piece sunk into oblivion; but was revived for a short time by Henderson, who shewed himself to great advantage in it. On Henderson's death it sunk to rise no more, and became quite forgotten by all who cannot, like the writer, cast an eye backwards on the times which are gone.

From Beaumont and Fletcher, besides reproducing *Philaster* for Powell, he restored "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," making *Leon* his own, and giving the *Copper Captain* first to Woodward, and, after Woodward's desertion, to his friend Tom King. I did not know the original *Estefania*, but Mrs. Abingdon was the best I have seen. He made "The Chances" a stock-piece with so much effect that no one ventured to touch it till it was appropriated by Henderson, from whom it passed, once more, to John Palmer, and, becoming utterly degraded, was forgotten.

Garrick made one more step from the ancient drama towards modern times by reviving the "Gamesters," by Shirley. This approaches so nearly to the manners of our own times that a modern audience may see, understand, and relish it without making very violent efforts. It was long a favourite; but, like many of its more ancient companions, is but seldom introduced.

Approaching more nearly to his own times, Garrick acquired much reputation for acting in pieces written in or very near his own times; but he again retrograded to alter and greatly improve Wycherly's "Country Wife," a play suited to the times of Charles the Second, but unfit to be seen in any other. Its plot was adapted to that time, not more by its exceptionable matter than by the manner in which the business was conducted. Garrick new-modelled the whole; instead of the country wife he transformed her into a country girl with all the peculiarities which Wycherly had given to his wife, but changed to similar propensities in a girl, in whom they were not morally wrong, because they were merely the effect of ignorance. Mrs. Abingdon was Garrick's favourite Country Girl; but, though she had great merit in various ways, it was not that she gave even *a true stage representation of the character*; her performance more nearly resembling the action of a woman of quality assuming the character of a country girl at a masquerade.

The Country Girl is a character which was new to our stage *in my time* till Mrs. Abingdon produced it in all its richness and variety. Among all who saw that distinguished actress in these situations from the beginning of her career, few are able and willing to tell what they have seen or known; while I, having no motives for evasion or concealment, shall render an essential service in some future communication by giving some details of what is within my own knowledge of this highly talented lady.

Several accounts of the life of Mrs. Jordan are extant, more or less authentic; but as none of them are now in my hands, I will not quote any, but be satisfied to relate such facts as I know of my own knowledge to be true. Her maiden name was Bland; and she was said to be a native of some part of Wales. Having no fortune to depend on when

the time came for her to choose the occupation by which she was to live, a strong inclination led her to attempt the stage. Her first step in that profession was towards Dublin, where she obtained access to Daly, then proprietor and manager of the only theatre in that capital, and explained her wishes. Daly, the most worthless, profligate, and impudent of the Irishmen at that period connected with the stage, seeing a stranger lovely, interesting, and in distress, applying to him on this subject, told her, *sans ceremonie*, that she must submit to certain scandalous conditions, in which case she might make her début in Dublin; if otherwise, she should not act there, nor in any other theatre in Ireland from which he could exclude her. In those days Daly's influence in that respect was very great.

Under these circumstances, what could she, a wanderer in a strange land, do? On one hand was *starvation*, on the other *disgrace*. She submitted to Daly's proposal; made her professional attempt, succeeded, and immediately left Ireland. She never saw Daly from that period; nor, after she had arrived at the zenith of her popularity, would she go to act in Ireland, though frequently tempted to do so by very large offers, so long as Daly was known to be in a situation to annoy her by his disgusting presence.

Her next appearance, and first regular performance on any stage, was at York, under old Tate Wilkinson, who had the merit of introducing more of our eminent actors and actresses to the public than any other manager. He saw and heard this young lady rehearse *Miss Peggy* in the "Country Girl," was delighted, and got the piece ready for the public. On preparing the bill for the printer he asked, for the first time, what was the lady's name?

"Miss Bland," she replied with much gravity.

"Indeed!" said old Tate, with one of his archest leers, and with that prominent front. "My good young lady, that will never do; for my Yorkshire audience are too pure to suffer any Miss to appear before them in so unquestionable a shape—therefore, to quiet their scruples, we must give you another dip in the river Jordan, and by rebaptism give you a name better adapted to their conceit." The humours of the title pleased both parties, and Mrs. Jordan, the lady remained, and will remain so long as she may be remembered in any manner.

As Mrs. Jordan, she became the general comic favourite in all the circle of the York theatres, so that the class of country girls, hoydens, Little Pickles and similar characters derived all their importance from her mode of representing them. She had, like most country performers, made herself very useful in the theatre. She continued in this way for some time till Gentleman Smith, as he was called, that hero of the "School for Scandal," and the whole first-rate range of tragedy and comedy in Drury-lane theatre, seeing her performance on one of his trips to Doncaster races, strongly recommended the proprietors to secure her for their theatre, and which they did at a salary which was remarkably high for a performer who had not been actually tried in the capital; a circumstance which in the end proved fortunate to her no less than to themselves.

Having thus brought Mrs. Jordan to London, before we introduce

her more closely to our readers, we will make them acquainted with old Tate Wilkinson, to whom she was indebted for the first of her good fortune, and who was himself a remarkable man, and had for many years been very useful to the theatres in his time.

His father was a clergyman, who performed his clerical duties in the free chapel of the Savoy, which, being within the duchy of Lancaster, was extra-parochial; and, in executing his duties, he had a regular and respectable congregation of neighbours, who associated with him upon friendly terms, being members of the Church of England. He likewise performed the funeral service, and the sacrament of matrimony; the latter, though otherwise similar to the way in which marriages were performed in the chapels of the Fleet and Mayfair, upon the whole with superior decency; so that the Wilkinsons were growing old with as much respectability as their neighbours, when an unforeseen accident ruined them completely and irrevocably.

In those days, matrimony was effected with as much facility as any other folly. The parties, choosing to venture, had only to put a small quantity of money in their purses, and walk out to Mayfair, the Fleet-side, the Savoy, and, I believe, some other places, where the parson's cad whispering in their ears, "Want to be married, sir and madam?" hurried them into his sanctorum, gave the tack, pocketed the fee, wrote the certificate, and turned the *happy, happy pair* into the wide world, too often leaving them to exclaim, in the words of Congreve,

> "Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure!
> *Married in haste, they may repent at leisure.*"

To which others frequently rejoined, still in the words of the same witty bard,

> "Some, by experience, find those words misplaced,
> *At leisure married,* THEY REPENT IN HASTE."

This, like many old grievances, went on, till accident ended it. A patriotic Fox, which was only a commoner, gobbled up a truly royal goose, she being lineally and matrimonially descended from the ancient noble, and royal house of Richmond, who being descended, *viâ sinister,* from the ancient and truly royal loins of Charles Stuart the Second, could not brook the disgrace of having their breed crossed by the tail of a fox, procured an act to be passed, depriving all persons of the power of marrying without consent of friends, except by galloping off to Gretna Green in a chaise and four, and punishing all persons who performed such marriages, in any other manner, by transportation for life, or something like it.

Poor Wilkinson, not having the fear of the new-made law before his eyes, married Vernon, a well-known singer, to a young actress, according to the good old, but now illegal practice; and this being the first public infringement of the act, all the parties were punished in what was intended to be the most severe manner, though it certainly was not so; for Vernon and his fair friend were freed from their shackles, which neither of them cared a farthing about, and the poor clergyman was sent to end his days in banishment! His family

thus was completely ruined. The kindness of friends enabled the widow and her son to bear up under their misfortunes, though with much difficulty. Wilkinson, during the close of his life, published memoirs of his own chequered career, from which, if it were proper to treat our readers with twice-told tales, we might extract many anecdotes, which would be interesting here; but shall confine ourselves to the notice of such particulars as are little, if at all, known unless to ourselves.

Old Tate relates that, by the kind contirbutions of his mother's friends, he was educated in a celebrated boarding-school, kept by a Mr. Tempest at Wandsworth, in Surrey. This school was remarkable for having educated the sons of many persons of a rank, which did not in those days assume the exclusiveness of the present. There was a son of the poet Churchill; two sons of Dr. Kenrick, who afterwards became remarkable in literature; two sons of Worledge, a painter of some note in his time; one son of Sir George Rodney, who, at that time, was only a poor lieutenant in the navy, though he lived to become one of Britain's greatest heroes; and LAST, *as well as least*, the writer of these papers, who was educated in the same school, a few years after Wilkinson left it.

No opportunity offering to fix Wilkinson in any regular employment, the kindness of friends induced them to let him pass his idle time in their houses and in the theatre, with which many of them were connected. Having no other employment, he gradually passed all his time in the theatre, before the curtain during the representation, and on the stage while rehearsals were going on. In this way he acquired a settled determination to become an actor. Tragedy, comedy, and farce were equally objects of his attention; but more especially mimicry, which Foote had made popular and fashionable, and in which Wilkinson was said to have equalled him.

He tells us that Garrick gave him an engagement for a year or more; he was delighted at this, and on his application for his weekly salary, was thunderstruck when our Roscius told him, with a sneer, to examine his articles before he asked for payment. He then first found he had incautiously signed an engagement to perform one year for a very small weekly salary, which was not to commence till after he had made his first appearance, which the manager determined to postpone long enough. There was no remedy; but Wilkinson resolved to make the best of it, by living among his friends, and observing every thing he saw pass on the stage, intending, when it might be practicable, to turn it to his own account.

At last, a Dublin acquaintance, with true Irish hospitality, franked him to the capital of Ireland, gave him apartments in his house, and introduced him to the manager, who resolved to allow him a trial. His friends made a large party, and public curiosity collected a large audience. Wilkinson, who had not *then* performed any character, whimsically, though luckily, as it proved, resolved to give a series of imitations of the principal London performers. When the curtain rose, and the débutant walked forward, after receiving the customary encouragement, he began by an imitation of ——— (one of the London actors who was best known). Some of the audience, who saw

the resemblance to the person imitated, exclaimed, "that is ——— !" (naming the London actor imitated), and shouts of applause followed. A second imitation was successfully made, and followed by similar applause; another to another still succeeded, and the whole series was completed with the same success, till the curtain dropped, and Wilkinson bowed to his audience, for the first time in his life, in the character of a successful and favourite actor.

Invitations, in the Irish fashion of that time, came in showers; so that all his time was occupied. This entertainment had a long run, and, when that diminished, he became in succession the favourite *Macbeth, Richard, Hamlet,* &c. of the season, was well received in all, and, with full pockets, returned to London to take his station, as a person of consequence, among those performers, who would scarcely notice him when he went away.

A FRAGMENT.

'Tis midnight, and the broad full moon
Pours on the earth her silver noon:
Sheeted in white, like spirits of fear,
Their ghostly forms the towers uprear;
And their long dark shadows behind them are cast,
Like the frown of the cloud when the lightning hath past.

The warder sleeps on the battlement;
And there is not a breeze to curl the Trent;
The leaf is at rest, and the owl is mute—
But list! awaked is the woodland lute—
'Tis the nightingale warbles her omen sweet
On the hour when the maid shall her faithful knight meet.

She waves her hand from the loop-hole high,
And, stifling her bosom's struggling sigh,
She listens and looks in paleness and fear,
Yet tremblingly trusts her lover is near;
And there skims o'er the river—or doth her heart doat?—
As with wing of the night-hawk, her true lover's boat.

'Tis his noble form: he hath gained the strand:
And she waves again her small white hand;
And breathing to heaven in haste a prayer,
Softly glides down the lonely stair;
And there stands at the portal, all watchful and still,
Her own faithful damsel awaiting her will.

T. C.

THE DRAMATIC PATENTS EXAMINED.

The players are once more stirring. The opening of Parliament nas aroused them to the necessity of fresh exertions; and they are now again mustering their best energies and arguments, and preparing to battle hard for emancipation. The question of "free-trade in the drama," will very speedily come under re-consideration in the Commons; and we, therefore, seize this moment as the fitting one for presenting, "to all whom it may concern," the following examination of the dramatic patents, and their effects upon dramatic interests.

That the national drama has long been in a declining state is admitted by every body, and that it has at length been reduced to the lowest state of degradation is proved by its being almost wholly excluded from the boards of the two great houses.

The progress of the assumed monopoly, which led to the erection of the two great houses, may be related in a short space.

In the year 1662, King Charles II. granted two patents, one to Sir William Davenant, and one to Thomas Killegrew, Esq., for the performance of tragedies, comedies, and other stage entertainments, each of whom formed a company and opened separate play-houses. After many dissensions between the proprietors, they coalesced, and in 1684, formed one company under the title of the King's Company, and performed at Drury-lane. The two patents being in the hands of the same persons, great oppressions were exercised over the performers, the principal of whom, with the eminent actor Thomas Betterton at their head, in the year 1690 petitioned King William III. to grant them a special patent or licence to open a new house and perform by themselves. The petition was referred to the law officers of the crown, who, after due deliberation, advised the king to comply with the prayer of the petition, and a licence or patent was granted to Betterton and his associates. Queen Anne also granted a patent to Sir Richard Steele, which was renewed by George I., and under which, the holder of it, one William Collier, took a lease of Drury-lane play-house, forcibly ejected therefrom the holder of both the patents granted by Charles II., and caused dramatic performances to be carried on as usual. John Birch, who held both the patents, had been prohibited by Queen Anne from using either, or of causing any dramatic performance by virtue of these patents. The performance of the drama was therefore carried on by Collier at Drury-lane, and by Sir John Vanburgh at a house he built in the Haymarket, on the patents originally granted by William III. and Queen Anne.

George I. subsequently granted another patent or licence to Sir Richard Steele, for the Drury-lane company, which was now styled the Royal Company of Comedians, under which licence, renewed from time to time, Drury-lane house was left open; not at all in conformity with the patents granted by Charles II., but in direct opposition to the exclusive right which the holders of Davenant's and Killegrew's patents have since claimed. The licences for Drury-lane play-house have usually been for twenty-one years; the last was

granted in 1816, and will expire in 1837. The two patents were united by a deed between the parties who held them, and the terms were that they should be held jointly for ever. The proprietors of Drury-lane house, however, bargained in 1792, for the purchase of one of them (Killegrew's), and paid a portion of the money twice, which was settled at £16,000: the remainder of the purchase-money was paid since 1816, after the last licence for twenty-one years had been obtained.

Thus we see that, from the year 1764 to some time subsequent to 1816, one of the patents, called the Davenant patent, was wholly laid aside and never used; and yet the proprietors of the two houses pretended that, by virtue of the two patents, they had the exclusive right to perform tragedies, comedies, and other stage exhibitions. Thus was an imposition practised on the public, by which they were prevented from seeing the legitimate drama performed except in the places, and at the prices their monopolist chose to provide for them and to charge them for admission.

The two patents granted by Charles II, were suspended by Queen Anne, and other patents granted in their stead. Queen Anne's suspension was, in fact, an abrogation of the patents; neither of them were again used or pretended to be used during her life, nor for many years after her death; when, without any revival by royal authority—without which they could have no legal existence—John Birch, who had the parchments in his possession, the authority of which, as patents, had been destroyed, again brought them into use. No proceeding short of the royal prerogative could have revived them; and, had this been obtained, it would have been a new grant; and as this never was obtained, the patents have never, since they were annulled by Queen Anne, been in existence. Yet notwithstanding this; notwithstanding Killegrew's (called the Davenant patent had never been used for upwards of one hundred and thirty years, it is now set up as an authority; as the treasurer of Drury-lane theatre told the Committee of the House of Commons Dramatic Literature, "that Killegrew's patent gave them an exclusive right with Covent-garden to perform tragedies, comedies, &c. &c.—that it was eternal, and lasts to the end of time." It would perhaps be difficult to find any thing to match this for impudence, said, as it was, of a patent which had been asleep for more than a hundred years, and was then awakened to become as vigorous as ever. The patent was granted for the benefit of the public, not for the sole advantage of the persons who at any future time might hold it: it was withheld from the public for more than a hundred years, and was clearly abrogated by *non user*, even if it had not been extinguished by Queen Anne.

The holders of the patents at Covent-garden, and the holders of a twenty-one years' license at Drury-lane, having succeeded in their attempts to prevent all competition—having shewn the public that, if they wished to see the legitimate drama, they must come to their shops, were not contented with doing well, but resolved to do better than well; and, therefore, lest any serious complaint should be made of want of accommodation for the increased and increasing population of the metropolis, they enlarged their houses enormously, and increased the

price of admission as much as they pleased. Blinded by avarice, as its votaries usually are, they omitted to take into their consideration all the circumstances of the case, and thought only of the vast heaps of money the great houses would bring them. The barn in Drury-lane was therefore pulled down; Old Drury was demolished, and the Apollo theatre was erected on its site. This house was larger than either of the present houses, and cost an immense sum. When it was burnt down in 1809, the claims of its creditors amounted to upwards of 700,000*l.*

The claims on Drury-lane house were compromised in 1811-12, by payment of five shillings in the pound, from a fund raised by a joint-stock company of proprietors who built the present house. The sum raised for these purposes, and the interest which has accrued thereon, with other outstanding claims, if valued at their cost, would probably exceed 400,000*l.* It has been a losing concern ever since it was built. At first it was managed by a committee of the subscribers, who, finding the income unequal to the expenditure, let the house, on lease, to Mr. Elliston, who altered it at the expense of 22,000*l.*, and afterwards became a bankrupt. It was then let to Mr. Price, who also became a bankrupt. Messrs. Polhill and Lee then became lessees; Mr. Lee soon abandoned the concern, and Captain Polhill's losses are said to exceed 30,000*l.*; and thus the sums expended and lost, and the claims on the property, cannot be less than half a million sterling.

The causes of these enormous losses were the expense of building and conducting places so out of proportion for the representation of English plays. No other inference can thus be fairly drawn, but that, while the size of the houses have ruined the proprietors and lessees, and caused prodigious losses to those who have risked their property in them, they have ruined the drama in every one of its departments.

That one of the primitive causes of this ruin, and these losses to individuals, the decay of dramatic writing, the inferiority of the performers, the abandonment of the legitimate drama as a public entertainment, is the size of the houses, shall now be shown by the oral and written testimony of the interested parties.

Mr. Charles Mathews, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons on Dramatic Literature, on the 2d of July, 1832, relates the following anecdote:—"And with respect to the size of the theatres, if I may be allowed to quote an opinion, I will state the opinion of John Kemble, which I think I can do in his own words. I cannot repeat a conversation without I do it in the tone of the person who gave it. Kemble said, 'it is a common complaint to speak about the size of the theatres; the public tell you they like small theatres—Sir, they LIE; they like large theatres.'" And so, even now, say the proprietors of both the patent theatres. Is this true, or do they, in the language of John Kemble, LIE? A little inquiry respecting the theatre to which Mr. John Kemble more particularly alluded to, and to which Mr. Charles Kemble's evidence before the House of Commons' Committee was especially intended to apply, will perhaps lead to the opposite conclusion.

The present Covent-garden theatre was opened in 1809. Captain Forbes, the most active of those who still call themselves proprietors

of this theatre, in his evidence before the House of Commons' Committee, said, "The house, I believe, will hold about 600*l*; I am not quite sure it will hold 700*l*." Let it, then, be taken at 650*l*., and let us endeavour to ascertain to what extent this house, which is just exactly the right size, has been filled with spectatcrs who paid for their seats, since the house was rebuilt.

In the Chancery suit Harris v. Kemble and others, Mr. Henry Robertson, the treasurer and accountant of the theatre, deposed, upon oath, "that the actual average net receipts of the twelve seasons, 1809-1821, were 66,289*l*." The house usually played two hundred nights in each season, or a very few beyond that number in some seasons. If, then, fourteen nights and the odd nights beyond two hundred, be allowed for benefits, the number of nights in each season will be one hundred and eighty-six, and the average amount of the house, for money paid for seats therein, from private boxes, and from every source whence income could be derived, would be 356*l*. But Captain Forbes shows that the house will hold 650*l*., and, consequently, it was not much more than half filled on an average of the nights during the twelve first seasons, which have been extolled as the period when the house was in a flourishing condition. Did the public like the large house? did they "LIE?" Could the large house, even during this period, be profitable? Let us inquire a little further.

Mr. Robertson shows the actual average income of the house, during the twelve seasons, to have been 66,289*l*.; and Mr. Harris, in a deposition of his before the Court of Chancery, states that the income from all sources exceeded what he called the current expenses by an annual average of 13,500*l*., which sum was applied to the payment of the debts owing by the theatre. If, then, the sum of 13,500*l*. be deducted from the sum of 66,289*l*., it will leave 52,789*l*. for the annual average expenses of carrying on the theatre. Captain Forbes, when before the Committee of the House of Commons, delivered in a statement, and said, "Covent-garden theatre cannot be conducted for so small a sum as 50,000*l*. a-year." In Mr. Harris's time—the flourishing time—the expenses were nearly 53,000*l*.; and that is probably as small a sum as would now pay all the necessary expenses, including the salaries of a really efficient company of performers. Towards the close of the term for which the theatre was taken by Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, and when the income was reduced very much below the expenditure, efforts were made to reduce the expenses to a minimum. Estimates were made by managers and some of the principal performers, as well as by the proprietors; and the paper laid before the parliamentary committee by Captain Forbes, and the declaration made by him that the theatre could not be conducted for so small a sum as 50,000*l*., was probably the result of the inquiries and estimates made by the treasurer, and confirmed by his own experience, which, in this particular, was probably as perfect as it could be.

Fifty-two thousand pounds must then be taken as the lowest possible sum with which the current expences of the theatre can be paid, if even the absurd and unjust system of paying nightly salaries were

abolished. These current expenses, be it remembered, do not include many casual expenses to which such a concern is liable; nothing is allowed for insurance against fire—nothing for accidents which do occasionally happen and cause considerable expense—nothing for proceedings at law and in Chancery, which experience has shewn eats up money by thousands of pounds—nothing for money sunk as capital, although this sum must be nearer 400,000*l.* than 300,000*l.*, and yet, if all these items were estimated as they ought to be, they would add more than 20,000*l.* to the annual current expenses of the theatre, which could not be paid by a less sum than 73,000*l.* per annum.

The deposition of Mr. Harris in Chancery, and the evidence of Mr. Kemble and Captain Forbes before the Committee of the House of Commons, shews that the building and furnishing of the new house cost *more* than 300,000*l.* Mr. Harris in his deposition says, there was an old debt due from the theatre of 30,000*l.*, and Captain Forbes says the patent cost 60,000*l.* making the gross amount of capital sunk amount to 390,000*l.* But, to avoid any chance of mistake, let the the whole amount of capital be taken at 350,000*l*, the simple interest of which is 17,500*l.* per annum; and this, during the twelve seasons the house was managed by Mr, Harris, amounted to 210,000*l.* During this period, the average income above what Mr. Harris seems to have considered current charges was 13,500*l.*; and this, during the twelve seasons, amounts to 162,000*l.*: this Mr. Harris calls profit, and so does Captain Forbes. Both argue that if the money received be applied to pay debts, profit is made equal to the sums paid: this is, however, an error which no commercial man would commit. Every merchant, every banker, every joint-stock company, for whatever purpose, excepting as it should seem for theatrical purposes, reckons interest on capital invested before proceeding to count profits. It seems to be plain enough that interest on capital is as much a current charge as coals and candles, and salaries to performers; and unless the annual revenue covers this charge, as well as every other current charge, there can be no profit.

Interest on the capital advanced, and also what Mr. Harris and Captain Forbes consider profit, may be thus stated:—

Annual interest on capital advanced	£17,500
Annual income above charges, exclusive of interest on capital, &c.	13,500
Actual annual deficiency or loss	£4,000
Amount of interest at 17,500*l.* for twelve years	£210,000
Amount of income above charges, exclusive of interest on capital, &c. at 13,500*l.* for twelve years	162,000
Actual deficiency, or loss in twelve years	£48,000

Thus it is evident that, during the time Mr. Harris had the management of the theatre, so far from any actual profit being made, no less than 48,000*l.* were added to the debt.

Even the present proprietors of Govent-garden theatre, among whom are Mr. Harris and Captain Forbes, have admitted that the

claim for interest is a debt, notwithstanding they have both passed it over as an annual charge; for in 1832 an attempt was made to persuade the shareholders to relinquish their claims to interest admitted to be due, but not paid, and which, in some cases, amounted to a larger sum than that originally subscribed by the shareholders, and had, therefore, more than doubled the debt due to them. The company of proprietors are their own insurers against damages by fire; and this should also be made an annual current expense; wear and tear, which, at certain periods, costs much money, and casualities should likewise be included in annual charges; as should law expenses. But all these items are omitted; had they been admitted, as they ought to have been, as is the common and rational practice in other concerns, Mr. Harris would have had nothing left for him to denominate profit, but would have had a considerable sum to set down as deficiency of income to meet expenditure. Had the amount been made up in a clear mercantile manner, the deficiency would not have been set down at 48,000*l.*, but probably at twice that sum, or 96,000*l*, as the actual loss of the twelve seasons.

Is the house then just the right size? Do the public *lie?* Is it not too large, too expensive? and has it not, therefore, been a losing concern from the beginning? The best possible proof has been adduced to shew that it is too large, too expensive, and, consequently, a losing concern. The proofs are equally valid and equally clear, that an income, equal to the expenses of this large and expensive house, never can be realized;—that it will not be supported by the public, to whom it never can supply the rational entertainments they desire in the way which alone can satisfy them, by enabling them to see the countenances of the performers and to hear their voices.

Mr. Harris has shewn, from the accounts of the theatre whilst under his management, that the income produced by the regular drama did not pay the current expenses, exclusive of interest on capital, &c.; yet there was in his time such a company as we can scarcely hope to see again. Captain Forbes, in his evidence before the House of Commons' Committee named most of the principal performers thus: "John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Cooke, Lewis, Incledon, Munden, Fawcett, Young, Jones, Blanchard, Emery, Liston. Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. C. Kemble, Mrs. H. Johnstone, Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. Davenport." Strange as it may seem, that with such a company of capital performers, and with every department equally filled, success should not have been securely and permanently established, yet so it was; the size of the house, by preventing the audience from seeing and hearing, gradually diminished its number, so that the money paid from all sources was unequal to the expenses of the regular drama; and, but for the produce of the pantomines, to which the large house was more especially adapted, the concern would have been as totally ruined then as it is now. The company was not an expensive company made up for the new house: all, or nearly all, of the excellent performers named by Captain Forbes belonged to the old house.

The receipts above charges for current services have been stated at

13,500*l.* per annum exclusive of interest on capital, &c., during the twelve first seasons of the new house. In eleven of these seasons there were pantomimes, and the produce of these when divided by twelve is more than 13,500*l.*, which Mr. Harris calls profit; and thus it is proved that the regular drama did not produce money sufficient to pay its own expenses.

In one of Mr. Harris's depositions in Chancery is an account of the proceeds of the pantomimes during the leven seasons 1810-11 to 1820-21. The account is set forth year by year, and the total income amounts to.....	184,242
The sum received above current expenses exclusive of interest amounts to.....	162,000
Leaving to cover the expenses of the pantomimes.....	£22,242

which is 2,022*l.* a season for the pantomimes, and is a larger sum than they cost.

Thus it is proved that, notwithstanding the matchless company of performers, the house, from its size and consequent heavy expenses, could not be made to pay its current expenses, exclusive of interest, &c., even with the aid of pantomimes then so productive, but which at length have ceased to produce money to the same amount, and, in some instances, little, if any, more than the immediate expenses and the cost of getting them up.

If, then, during the twelve seasons when Mr. Harris had the control of the theatre, and when circumstances were so much more favourable to the proprietors than they have since been or are ever more likely to be, a heavy loss was incurred, it would be utterly unreasonable to expect that any thing but what has happened will continue to happen; namely, loss to speculators, loss to proprietors, loss to tradesmen and others, deterioration of authors and actors, and changes in the taste of the public for the theatrical entertainments of tragedy and comedy as they must necessarily be performed, if performed at all, in the two large houses.

During the few first seasons from the opening of the theatre, the largest sum received in one season was rather more than 166,000*l.*, and during the few last seasons the smallest sum received in one season was rather less than 56,000*l.* as stated by Mr. Harris; but from these gross sums very considerable deductions must be made, on account of money which did not regularly make part of the income of the theatre, as shown by Mr. Robertson's statement.

The falling-off in the attendance of the public was gradual, though somewhat fluctuating. There was a large play-going audience who could not readily give up their amusements at the theatre—persons to whom this kind of entertainment had become almost a necessary of life, which they relinquished very slowly and with great reluctance, even when they could no longer see nor hear as they wished to see and hear. Some did, however, give up their enjoyments; some died; some fell off from other causes, and their places were not supplied by others; many found new modes of being entertained;—and thus the playing-going audience was gradually reduced, and the

theatres were abandoned and forgotten by a very large portion of those who, under other circumstances, would have supported them. Need we wonder, then, that the income of the theatre should have declined, on an average of the last six seasons as compared with the first six seasons, at the rate of nearly 21,000*l.* yearly.

The account of the gross sums received during the twelv eseasons as stated by Mr. Harris gives the following result:—

Received in the first six seasons	£560,214	6	8
Received in the last six seasons	435,597	0	8
Difference	124,617	6	0
Annual average difference	£20,769	11	0

Yet in the face of these facts, exhibited on oath by the proprietors themselves, they tell us that the houses are not too large.

Disastrous as this statement shows the circumstances of the house to have been, and conclusive as it is of the existence of so many evils, it might be thought a sufficient condemnation of the large and expensive houses; but the ten following seasons, when the theatre was held by Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, exhibit a much more deplorable account.

Mr. Harris, in one of his depositions in Chancery, says that, when he gave up the theatre to Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes in 1821, the floating debt was 60,000*l.* Captain Forbes, in his evidence before the House of Commons' Committee, shows that it is now 84,000*l.*, and, consequently, that 24,000*l.* have been added to it. Mr. Kemble in his evidence says, "within the last few years we ourselves have advanced 30,000*l.*; three of the proprietors alone have done it within the last ten years."

Here, then, are the sums of 24,000*l.* and 30,000*l.*, to which must be added the voluntary subscription in 1829, not less probably than 3,000*l.*; and thus the money sunk, lost, and gone cannot be less than 57,000*l.*, which is equal on an average to 5,700*l.* for each of the ten seasons.

Mr. Harris shows that during the first twelve seasons there was an annual income beyond expenses, exclusive of interest, &c. of....	£13,500
Captain Forbes and Mr. Kemble show that there was no such income during the last ten seasons, but that there was an annual defalcation of.....	5,700
Making an average difference against the ten last seasons of.....	£19,200

Captain Forbes, in his evidence before the House of Commons' Committee, says, "I merely state facts. The loss has been 20,000*l.* a year since 1820." This the captain attributes to the minors intercepting the money on its way to the majors. This is no doubt an erroneous statement: if it were correct, it would at once be an answer to Mr. John Kemble's assertion, "that the public LIED—that they liked the large theatres;" as well, as to the repeated assertions of those who have an interest in the two enormous theatres,

that they are not too large. The captain says the minors take 40,000*l.* a year from the majors, and he puts down a loss of 40,000*l.* a year to that one cause. The captain indiscreetly proves too much, if he proves any thing; for, were his statement correct, it would be conclusive evidence that the public have countenanced the smaller theatres, and abandoned the two large ones to their fate.

Captain Forbes says that the average loss of the last ten seasons is	£20,000*
Mr. Robertson shows that the average net income of the first twelve seasons was	66,289
Captain Forbes shews that the average income of the last three seasons was	44,666
Annual difference	£21,623

It has been shown, from Mr. Harris's statements, that during the twelve first seasons the house was not on average much more than half filled with spectators. Applying the same rule to the three last seasons alluded to by Captain Forbes, it appears that the sum received on each night averaged 240*l.*, which is 116*l.* less than was received on an average during the first twelve seasons; but the house will hold 650*l.*, and consequently it was not quite two-fifths, and considerably less than half filled. Did the public, then—that public which, when the gorgeous house added to its splendour a matchless company—gradually gave up their old enjoyment, and only about half filled the theatre, and, on an average of the twelve first seasons, did not contribute money enough towards the regular drama to cover its expenses? Has that public which, during the last ten seasons, so abandoned it as to cause a loss of 20,000*l.* a season—has the public in these twenty-two seasons preferred the large houses? The questions are answered by Mr. Charles Kemble and Captain Forbes, and the house is utterly and irretrievably condemned.

The inherent vice is in the two patents, which have been treated as if they had been exclusive instead of permissive; the folly, in those whom reason cannot persuade, and experience cannot convince. Taking a narrow view of the subject—never, indeed, looking at it as a whole, but substituting a part for the whole—they have, on all occasions, put the public out of the question, and reasoned only to and for themselves. The changes in manners seem to have been either unknown to or disregarded by them. As little do they appear to have been conscious of the consequences of their own proceedings, in rapidly promoting these changes, and driving away the audiences from their own houses. Even at the present moment they seem to be as ignorant, as infatuated, and as careless of public opinion as ever. In the evidence which they one and all gave before the House of Commons' Committee, they looked merely to what they considered their own pecuniary interest, quite regardless of the public, by whom, and by

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* Dramatic Committee. No 1841, evidence of Captain Forbes.

Produce of the season	1829—30	£50,000	average £44,660
Ditto	1830—31	42,000	
Ditto	1831—32	42,000	

whom only, they could hope to promote any interest. They talked as they have always talked, as if the public were not in any way concerned, and might be safely left out of the question.

When the new house was opened in 1809, and people complained both of its size and the price of admission, they were told they might keep away; and when the public became somewhat outrageous and demanded an end of the monopoly, that they might be better accomdated elsewhere, they were treated with contumely. The folly has repaid itself—it has sought and found its appropriate reward. The public took the advice so absurdly and arrogantly given—they staid away; and we now see the consequences, in the claims for the original outlay being doubled in amount—in the depression of theatrical talent in authors—in the paucity of genius in actors, notwithstanding the number of persons as capable of attaining to excellence in this as in other professions—in numerous debts, some of them scarcely better than frauds on the sufferers—and now in the discharge of a large number of persons who have no other means of subsistence—in a lamentable reduction of the scanty wages of those who remain, and in the salaries of such of the performers as, from meanness or necessity,can be induced to degrade themselves by consenting to play at both houses for the sole advantage, as it is insanely expected, of one person, put forward as the lessee of both houses; who, proceeding on the notion which has governed all proprietors, lessees, and managers for years past, thus adds one more to the many insults the public have received; and then, with a silliness even beyond that of his predecessors, expects that the public, who are thus treated, will, with a meanness which does not attach to them, do that for him which has been systematically refused for so many years to his predecessors.

The remedy for the evils which the great houses have inflicted is somewhat doubtful, and must be matter of experiment. The problem to be solved is this. Have the taste and manners of the people so changed that the performance of English tragedies and comedies can no longer command the attention of a sufficient number of spectators in houses where all may hear and see?—or will the public support those who, loving their art, are desirous to practice it in perfection in houses to which admission may be procured on reasonable terms, and from which many of the shameful and shameless annoyances to which respectable persons are subjected in the great houses may be prevented?

No other remedy remains, and unless the taste for what has been called the legitimate drama is actually extinct, houses in a free state of competition, which will hold rather more than half the number of spectators necessary to fill houses so large as those of Covent-garden and Drury-lane, will assuredly revive the taste for theatrical entertainments, encourage literature, call forth genius, and secure rational and satisfactory amusements for the people.

It would be a work of supererogation to detail the losses of Drury-lane house, as has been done by Covent-garden house. The two cases are so much alike that the exhibition of one of them is sufficient.

In the last session of parliament, a bill to permit the erection of other play-houses was brought into the House of Commons by Mr.

E. L. Bulwer; it passed that house, but was rejected by the Lords without being read a second time. No ground of objection worthy of notice was taken, neither was any thing partaking of rancour exhibited, nothing of ill-humour expressed; but it was late in the season; the lords were tired with the length of the session, and in a fit of laziness they got rid of the trouble of discussing a subject which had ceased to interest them.

Play-going is no longer fashionable among the nobility, and it seems to have been too much to expect that the nobles should put themselves out of the way respecting the amusements of the people.

A bill for the purpose mentioned will be again brought into Parliament, which, if not delayed too long in the House of Commons, may perchance be passed by the Lords; and thus, by doing away with an assumed and injurious monopoly, leave the public at liberty either to patronize as they please, or to neglect as they choose, the writing and performing English plays. F. P.

MORNING.

I.

Aurora waves her saffron wings,
And blushes o'er the silver sky;
Blue glancing thro' the east she flings
The lustre of her cheering eye.

II.

Her scented breath in sweetness spreads,
And fills with fragrance wood and lawn;
While slumb'ring roses lift their heads,
And join their sweets with dewy dawn.

III.

Her cheek of bloom and shining hair
Gleam thro' the fields of spreading light,
Until Apollo's golden glare
Flames brightly on the dazzled sight.

IV.

Along the blue sky rolls his car,
His yellow steeds display their wings;
While birds sing welcome wide and far,
And the glad earth with music rings.

THE COLONIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.*

ENGLAND exists all over the habitable globe in her colonies; and, in the words of the author (whose important national work is now before us), when addressing his sovereign, and depicting the manifold advantages of the colonies of the British empire,—

"our transmarine dominions offer to the agriculturist measureless fields for pasture and tillage; to the manufacturer an incalculable extension of the home market for the disposal of his wares; to the merchant and mariner, vast marts for profitable traffic in every product with which nature has bounteously enriched the earth; to the capitalist an almost interminable site for the profitable investment of his funds; and to the industrious, skilful, and intelligent emigrant an area of upwards of two million square miles, where every species of mental ingenuity and manual labour may be developed and nurtured into action, with advantage to the whole family of man. England has no need to manufacture beet-root sugar (as France), her West and East India possessions yield an inexhaustible profusion of the cane; grain (whether wheat, barley, oats, maize, or rice) everywhere abounds; her Asiatic, American, Australian, and African possessions contain boundless supplies of timber, corn, coal, iron, copper, gold, hemp, wax, tar, tallow, &c. The finest wools are grown in her South Asian regions; cotton, opium, silk, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, saltpetre, spices, spirits, wines and fruits are procurable, of every variety and to any extent, in the east and in the west, in the north and in the south of the empire. On the icy coast of Labrador as well as at the opposite pole, her adventurous hunters and fishers pursue their gigantic game almost within sight of their protecting flag; and on every soil, and under every habitable clime, Britons desirous of change, or who cannot find occupation at home, may be found implanting or extending the language, laws, and liberties of their father-land. In fine, Sire, on this wondrous empire the solar orb never sets: while the hardy woodsman and heroic hunter on the St. Lawrence and Ottowa are shivering beneath a wintry solstice, the peaceful but no less meritorious farmer and shepherd on the Kysna and Hawkesbury, are rejoicing over the golden grain and fleece of the autumnal southern clime; and every breeze that blows from the arctic to the antarctic circle is wafting over the unfathomable ocean myriads,

> 'Whose march is on the mountain wave,
> Whose home is on the deep.'"

Such are the splendid possessions which the public are now, for the first time, called on to contemplate. That their worth is as yet unappreciated, is owing to the ignorance so unfortunately prevalent—an ignorance which, we trust, is now passing away, by the production of a history from which we augur much present and future benefit to the nation. A few facts will explain, in the most striking manner, the vast importance of the subject now under consideration. The volume now on our table comprises the British possessions in Asia, which, it will be perceived, from the following condensation of a table prefixed to the work, have an area of upwards of *half a million*

* History of the British Colonies, in 5 vols. (Vol. the 1st. Possessions in Asia.) Dedicated, by special permission, to the King, by R. Montgomery Martin, Member of the Asiatic Society, &c., and author of the "Taxation of the British Empire," &c. &c.

square miles of fertile territory—a population of 100,000,000—an annual revenue of nearly £19,000,000—an army of 200,000 choice troops—a yearly commerce amounting to £13,000,000—an employment of *British* shipping to the extent of nearly *a quarter of a million* tons—a yearly creation of property to the amount of £300,000,000—and of moveable and immoveable wealth to the enormous sum of ONE THOUSAND MILLION POUNDS!!

BRITISH COLONIES IN ASIA.

British Possessions.	Area in Square Miles	Population.		Colonial Revenue.	Colonial Expenditure.	Regular Military Strength.		General Commerce.		British Shipping.		Property.	
		White.	Coloured.			Europs.	Natives.	Imports.	Exports.	To England	From England	Yearly Created.	Moveable & Immoveable.
				£.	£.			£.	£	Tons.	Tons.	£.	£.
Bengal	150000	26000	40000000	11671785	10040985	16000	100000	2300000	3500000	50000	60000	130000000	1000000000
Agra	88900	5000	32000000									100000000	500000000
Ultra Gangetic	50000	500	1000000									1500000	20000000
Madras	142000	16000	14000000	4303466	4037670	13000	58000	380000	500000	20000	17000	48000000	200000000
Bombay	64938	10000	8000000	2000000	2676000	8000	33000	853000	889000	28000	20000	25000000	150000000
Ceylon	24664	8000	960000	420000	356000	1800	2000	350000	250000	2000	3000	1000000	50000000
Penang	160	500	60000	56000	200000	50	300	522382	360000	§	§	60000	5000000
Malacca	800	300	34000			20	200	100000	70000	§	§	45000	6000000
Singapore	330	200	22000			§	§	1700000	1500000	6000	§	100000	2000000
	521792	66500	96076000	18451251	17310655	38870	196500	6205382	7069000	106000	100000	305705000	1933000000

The most hasty reader will be enabled, from the foregoing, to form a clear idea of the aggregate value of Colonies in Asia; let him, however, remember that these form only *one section* of the transmarine dominions of Albion, for as Mr. Montgomery Martin's work states, we have yet to examine (in his second volume) the possessions in the West Indies; (in the third volume) in North America; (in the fourth volume) in Africa and Austrialia; (in the fifth volume) those in Europe!

To return, however, to those magnificent possessions in Asia, detailed above, we cannot perhaps do better than lay before our readers such facts and statements as will instruct and interest the public, referring to the work adverted to for the fullest information on every possible topic, whether historical, topographical, commercial, warlike, or statistical—the honourable East India Company having munificently furnished Mr. Martin with very many valuable documents, never before published—nay, never even printed—and which, at a very heavy expense, have now for the first time been made accessible to the nation at large.

It will thence be seen how very diversified in aspect and climate are the possessions now under the government of the East India Company. An idea is prevalent that British India is a scorching tropical clime—all swamp or plain: the very reverse is the case; the best exemplification of the truth of which will be seen on a perusal of the following animated description of the country bordering on and comprising the far-famed and justly celebrated Himalaya Mountains, as surveyed by the Messrs. Gerard, from whose diary for the month of June we make the following extract:

"Rol, a small district in Chúárá, one of the larger divisions of Basehar, 9,350 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest inhabited land *without* the Himalaya Mountains. Crops—wheat, barley, and peas. Road to Buchkalghat 11,800 feet, through fine woods of oak, yew, pine, rhododendron, horse-chesnut, juniper, and long thin bamboos;—flowers abundant, particularly cowslips and thyme;—soil, a rich moist black turf, not unlike peat. Crossed the Shátúl pass (15,556 feet), rocks, Mica slate and Gneis—huge granite blocks, vast angular fragments of quartz, felspar, &c., jumbled together in the wildest confusion, the route over which was fraught at every step with considerable danger. Upon the snow (two of Mr. Gerard's servants were frozen to death at mid-day, in September the previous year, when crossing this pass) at Shátúl were many insects, like musquitoes, which revived as the sun rose; some birds were seen resembling ravens—mosses were found on a few rocks; the British travellers rested for the night under shelter of a large rock (13,400 feet above the sea), where the steep ascent above them, of 2,200 feet higher, seemed appalling; here and there a rock projected its black head; all else was a dreary solitude of unfathomable snow, aching to the sight, and without trace of a path; when the snow was melted, plenty of lovely flowers were found, but no bushes. The snow was soft at mid-day, and afforded good footing; but the suffering caused by the elevation as it affected the breathing and head was very great. On the 9th June, the temperature did not rise above 41 deg. at noon, it was 24 deg. and 26 deg. at sunrise—in the evening it snowed. On the 11th June our adventurous countrymen began their descent on the opposite side of the pass, along the dell of the Andreti (a branch of the Pabar river) rising near Shátúl, and halted on the bank of a rivulet named Díngrú, just above the forest limit. The lowest point in the dell was 11,000 feet; leeks were gathered at 12,000 feet; the ground was a rich sward, cut up in groves by a large kind of field rat without a tail (*Mus Typhlus*). The roads to the most frequented passes lie upon the gentle acclivity; the difference in the elevation of the forest is very remarkable, in some instances exceeding 1,000 feet. The general height of the forest on the south face of the Himalaya is about 11,800 to 12,000 feet above the sea; oaks and pines reach that elevation, birches reach a few feet higher, and juniper was observed at 13,300 feet! A Tagno village (8,800 feet) abun-

dance of strawberries, thyme, nettles, thistles, and other European plants were noticed, and the houses were shaded by apricot, walnut, and horse-chesnut trees. The ascent of the Yúsú pass (15,877 feet), at the head of the Sapan river, was performed with the greatest difficulty; the glen through which the Sapan forces its passage becomes more and more contracted, until it is at last bounded by mural rocks of granite, between which the river flows in impenetrable obscurity under immense heaps of undestructible ice, running in lofty ridges, and studded with giganitc mounds of snow. The source of the Pabar is in a lake called Charámái (15,000 feet high), above a mile in circuit, when the river rushes forth over a perpendicular rock, forming a fine cascade, the appearance of which is heightened by the enormous banks of snow, 100 feet high above it, some of which have cracked and fallen outwards into the lake. The nights were calm, but the dreary solitude of the place was now and then broken by the tremendous crashing sounds of falling rocks or mountain avalanches. Messrs. Gerard descended into the romantic valley of the noble Baspa river, by sliding down the snowy declivities seated on a blanket (a mode invariably practised by the mountaineers where there are no rocks or precipices). Rakham village, in the Baspa valley (11,400 feet high), situate in the western corner of the glen, here three furlongs wide, half of which is laid out in thriving crops of wheat and barley, and the rest occupied by sandbeds or small islands, with the Baspa river winding among them. Just above the village high steeples of black mica rock rise abruptly 9,000 feet.

"The Kimliá pass was attempted, but only 15,500 feet could be attained, when the snow became impassable. Here the Rusu river, at 13,300 feet, foams along in dreadful turbulence and rapidity, the noise of the torrent being astounding. Deep blue lakes were passed, along the precipices skirting which notches had to be cut with a hatchet, to enable the travellers to wend their weary, dangerous route. Vast fields of soft snow, at 17,000 feet elevation, and heavy rain and sleet prevented their further progress in the direction of the Kimliá pass; but the Chárang pass was crossed, at 17,348 feet elevation, to the valley of the Nalgalti river. The snow crossed was often of a *reddish* colour, eighty feet thick, with terrific fissures, and the descent for half a mile often at an angle of from 33 deg. to 37 deg. over gravel and snow, with here and there a sharp pointed rock projecting through it. At Kiukúche, on the banks of the Nangalti (12,400 feet high), there was an enclosure for cattle, and there were a few cross breed between the *Yak* (Tartar bull) and common cow, feeding in the glen on a few hundred yards of grassy slope of odoriferous herbs and juniper bushes, surrounded by craggy cliffs of horrid forms.

"The Tidung, at its junction with the Nangalti, when visited, presented a furious rapid stream of great declivity, for six or seven miles, the fall being 300 feet per mile, and in some places double; huge rocks were whirled along with frightful velocity, nothing visible but an entire sheet of foam and spray, thrown up and showered upon the surrounding rocks with loud concussion, and re-echoed from bank to bank with the noise of the loudest thunder; around the blue slate mountains tower 18,000 feet in sharp detached groups or pinnacles, covered neither with vegetation nor with snow, and exhibiting decay and barrenness in its most frightful aspect. (A Tartar village was found here, called Húns). Where the dell was narrowest, there was so little space for the river, that the road continued but for a small distance on the same side, and over this frightful torrent the English travellers had repeatedly to cross on ropes, or *sangas*, loosely hung from rock to rock on either side; one of these sangas was inclined at an angle of 15 deg. Messrs. Gerard one while picked their way upon *smooth* surfaces of granite, *sloping* to the raging torrent; at another time the route led among huge masses and angular blocks of rock, forming spacious caves

where sixty persons might rest; *here* the bank was composed of rough gravel steeply inclined to the river—*there* the path was narrow, with precipices of five or six hundred feet below, whilst the naked towering peaks and mural rocks, rent in every direction, threatened the passenger with ruin from above. In some parts of the road there were flights of steps, in others frame-work or rude staircases opening to the gulf below. In one instance, the passage consisted of six posts, driven horizontally into clefts of the rocks, about twenty feet distant from each other, and secured by wedges. Upon this giddy frame a staircase of fir spars was erected, of the rudest nature; twigs and slabs of stone only connected them together—no support on the outer side, which was deep, and overhung the terrific torrent of the Tidung; the rapid rolling and noise of which was enough to shake the stoutest nerves. Some of these kind of passages were swept away, and new ones had to be prepared for the British adventurers.

"From the confluence of the Tidung with the Sutledj, the town of Ribé, or Ridáing, has a charming appearance; yellow fields, extensive vineyards, groves of apricot, and large well-built stone houses contrast with the neighbouring gigantic mountains.*

"Nature thus carefully adapts vegetation to this extraordinary country, for did it extend no higher than on the *southern* face of the Himalaya mountains, Tartary would be uninhabitable by either man or beast. On the southern slope of the range, the extreme height of cultivation is 10,000 feet, and even there green crops are frequently cut; the highest habitation is 9,500 feet; 11,800 may be reckoned the upper limit of forest, and 12,000 that of bushes, and in some sheltered ravines dwarf bushes are found at 13,000 feet high. Mark the contrast on the northern side, in the valley of Baspa river; the highest village is 11,400 feet, cultivation reaches the same level; forests extend to at least 13,000, but advancing yet further, villages are found at 13,000 feet!—cultivation at 13,600, fine birch trees at 14,000, and támá bushes (which furnish excellent fire-wood) at 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. To the eastward towards Lake Mánassarówar, according to Tartar accounts, crop, forests, and bushes thrive at a still greater height. At Zinchin, 16,136 feet above the the sea, where our travellers were stopped by the Chinese guards, about 200 wild horses were seen galloping about and feeding on the very tops of the heights; kites and eagles were soaring into the deep blue æther, large flocks of small birds like linnets flying about, and beautiful locusts jumping among the bushes. At times, the sun shone like an orb of fire without the least haze, the stars and planets with a brilliancy only to be seen from such an elevation, and the part of the horizon where the moon was expected to rise, could scarcely be distinguished before the limb touched it; the atmosphere sometimes exhibited that remarkable dark appearance witnessed in polar latitudes. With a transit telescope of thirty inches, and a power of thirty, stars of the fifth magnitude were distinct in broad day. Thermometer 60 deg. in the shade, at sunset 42 deg., and before sunrise 30 deg. in July."

This extract from the portion of the "History of the British Colonies," relating to the physical aspect of India, will convey an idea of the manner in which the whole subject is treated. †

* All the British travellers who have visited these lofty regions, have expressed deep regret at returning again to the plains, notwithstanding the hardships endured and the rudeness of the climate; it is to be hoped we may soon be enabled to open a trade with Tartary through these passes, which will lead to new commercial intercourse and traffic.

† We must not omit to add that an exceedingly curious and instructive table is also given of the *height latitude*, and *longitude*, and physical aspect of each lofty peak, and prominent or distinguishing mountain.

But if the mountains of India are wonderful, not less so are the rivers—

"The Indus is seventeen hundred miles long,, and for the distance of seven hundred and eighty miles there is sufficient water to sail two hundred ton vessel, and in some places it is from four to nine miles wide. The waters of the Indus enter the Arabian gulf in two great branches, forming a rich delta of alluvial land, one hundred and twenty-five miles wide at the base, and eighty in length, from thence to the point wherethey separate about six miles below Tatta. From the sea to Lahore there is an uninterrupted navigation (for fleets of vessels) of one thousand miles British. At seventy-five miles from the sea the tides are scarcely perceptible, and at full moon the rise at the mouths is about nine feet: there are no rocks or rapids to obstruct the ascent, and the current does not exceed two miles and a half an hour; when joined by the Punjaub it never shallows in the dryest season to less than fifteen feet, the breadth being half a mile; the Chenab or Azesines has a minima of twelve feet, and the Ravee or Hydrastasis is about half the size of the latter: the usual depth of the three rivers cannot be rated at less than four, three, and two fathoms. Lieut. Burnes found the river Indus at Tatta (Lat. 24 deg. 44 min. N. Long. 68 deg. 17 min. E.) to have a breadth of six hundred and seventy yards, and to be running with a velocity of two miles and a half an hour, sounding fifteen feet: these data give one hundred and ten thousand five hundred cubic feet per second, but estimated in April so low as eighty thousand cubic feet of water per second; it exceeds by four times the size of the Ganges in the dry season, and nearly equals the Mississippi. The much greater length of course in the Indus, its tortuous direction and numerous tributaries among towering and snowy mountains (the Sutelj rises in lake Manosawvara in Thibet, seventeen thousand feet above the sea) leads to such a result. The slope on which the Indus descends to the ocean is gentle, the average rate of current being two and a half miles an hour, while the Punjaub rivers navigated on the journey to Lahore were one mile in excess of the Indus. While the Ganges and its subsidiaries take their origin from the S. face of the Himalaya, the Indus receives the torrents of either side of that massy and snow-girt chain swollen by the showers of Caubul and the rains and ice of Chinese Tartary. Doubtless the Indus owes its magnitude to the melted snows and ice of the Himalaya's crested summits. The Ganges is fifteen hundred miles long, and at five hundred miles from the sea, the channel is thirty feet deep when the river is at its lowest during the dry season, and its width makes it appear an inland sea. This magnificent river, like its compeer, rises amidst the perpetual snows of the Himalaya, in the 31 deg. of N. Lat. *fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea!* The arch from beneath which it issues is three hundred feet high, composed of deep frozen layers of snow—probably the accumulation of ages—surrounded by hoary icicles of gigantic magnitude. From Calcutta to Allahabad the distance on the Ganges through the Sunderbunds is one thousand miles, and thither the steam ship Hooghly lately made three trips; the height of the river at Allahabad above the level of the sea is three hundred and forty-eight feet, and the maximum and minimum known rise is forty-five and thirty-four feet. There are other rivers, such as the Brahmaputra (which in some parts is from *four to six miles wide!*) Sutleje (which is *nine hundred miles long* before its junction with the Indus) Jumna, Jhylum, &c., which would be considered vast rivers in Europe.

The length of course of some of the principal rivers to the sea, is in English miles—Indus 1,700; Sutlej (to Indus 900) 1,400; Ganges 1,500; Jhylum (ditto 750) 1,250; Jumna (to Ganges 780) 1500; Gunduck (to Ganges 450) 980. In the Deccan and South of India, Godavery so the sea

850 miles; Krishna ditto, 700; Nerbudda, 700; Mahanundee ditto, 550; Tuptee ditto, 460; Cavery ditto, 400."

That a country so varied and extensive should possess a great variety in its population of *one hundred million* mouths may be readily conceived; there is indeed a more marked distinction of character among the inhabitants of British India, than in the whole continent of Europe; the reasons for which we will let Mr. Martin explain in his own words—

"Have we not endless variety in climates, in soils, in waters, in minerals, in vegetables, in fish, in insects, birds and quadrupeds, subject to certain defined laws of the Creator, and influenced by natural causes? why should it be otherwise with the human race, who in colour, physiognomy, stature, speech, gesture, habits, and mental as well as physical peculiarities present such an extraordinary diversity that no two persons were ever found alike.

"Even in the same family, we see no two individuals having similar characteristics: notwithstanding all the efforts of education, we find a difference in moral qualities as well as in mental capabilitles; in handwriting even, in the intonation of the voice, in gait, in animal propensities; and this distinction becomes the more marked, if we compare two brothers with the nation of which they form a part, while a wider line of demarcation is seen on comparing the people of a province with those of other and distant climes. That I may the better exemplify my assertion as to the variety of British subjects in India, I request a moments attention to Italy, where the climate and soil is so varied. In that classic land, we have the descendants of a race of men as ancient in record as the Hindoos; but (as in Hindostan) the inhabitants of the north are essentially different from those of the south; the one produces the best soldiers (Rajpoots) the other the keenest politicians, (Bengallees); the people of the *low* lands are industrious, peacefnl, of tamer manners, or if I may so express my meaning domesticated; those of the *high* lands, of a wild and stormy temper, generous but revengful, capable of the most heroic as well as the basest deeds, of an uncultivated genius, and impatient of discipline; whence then this marked contrast in Italy? (a country so small compared with Hindostan); the political institutes, the religion, the language is common to all, but the climate and soil are essentially different.

"The north of Italy is a fertile, champagne country, intersected by numerous rivers, cultivated to an astonishing degree, covered with wide and level roads, never ending avenues, and thickly-populated towns and villages, with a highly luxuriant but dull and sleepy landscape; (this description might serve for Lower Bengal); the south is crowned with purple tinged mountained and golden edged clouds, diversified with stupendous and sometimes inaccessible crags, foaming torrents, cashmerian vales, wild but beautiful forests, and a scenery which presents the most splendid pictures at every step; (those who have visited many parts of the highlands of India will recognize the same feature as in southern Italy.) Is it to be wondered that the character of men inhabiting such different countries should be dissimilar? Hence in the low, hot, and damp, swampy regions of India, we have a timid, pacific, commercial, phlegmatic, and servile race; educated but prone to superstition, tyrants over females, yet addicted to compliments, and extravagant in all the littleness attending on the ceremonials of behaviour; while in the elevated, dry and cool regions of our possessions in Asia the inhabitants are fearlessly brave, filled with martial ardour, chivalrous to women, courteous to strangers, glorying in deeds of heroism, sanguine in their achievements, desperate enemies and warm friends,—as individuals, serfs, yet proud, in the aggregate of national in-

dependence, at all times ready to reject the pen and the ploughshare for the sword and war steed."

Our limits, however, draw to a close; for the present we must content ourselves with a reference to the volume whence these facts and opinions emanate; and we cannot better enable the christian, the merchant, and the statesman to appreciate the vast magnitude, and incalculable importance of the British Colonies in Asia than by the summing up of Mr. Martin, who has spent one-third of a not inactive life, investigating their resources and advantages to the parent country, who has been rather an indifferent step-mother to them hitherto. May we hope, however, that the truly eloquent appeal made by the author in the tenth chapter of the volume will not be in vain!

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE EGYPTIANS.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

"Sing ye to THE LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously!—The horse and his rider hath he cast into the red sea!"—SONG OF MIRIAM.

Th' obedient sea was aw'd—and parting furl'd
On either hand the scope of all his waves,
'Till to the gravel bar'd—his shelly bed
Wondrous escape affords, which at the dawn
Th' affrighted Hebrews gladly seizing, rush
In crowds precipitate down the steep banks,
And eager pressing to the adverse shore
Tread on the hoarded treasures of the sea,
And heedless o'er this great Museum pass.—
Meanwhile all day the Egyptian host behind
With vehemence advanced.—
Night was on high—
In silv'ry splendour reign'd the queen of stars
O'er the clear firmament.—When Pharaoh reach'd
The ebbed shore, surpris'd he stood, aghast,—
And ey'd the tangled way trench'd through the waves
That shone in moonlight silentness.—But soon
His ire rekindling—round his crested head
He flash'd his scimitar, and fiercely spurn'd
His haughty steed into the fatal deep,
Commanding all to follow. Down they drove,
Horses and chariots! harshly rose the noise
Of groaning wheels that on hot axles toild,
Loud-sounding hoofs, and the hoarse blasphemies
Of soldiers labouring in the ocean-sand.—
When far into the midway of the deep
The army had in safety pass'd—GOD bade
His winds fly forth—and straight the placid sea
Heav'd in commotion from his vast abyss—
Devour'd th' Egyptian armies utterly!
Not one escap'd—and when the morning light
Glitter'd along the sandy wilderness,
The wearied Hebrews resting on the shore
Saw cars and horses on the billows toss'd,
And on the strand the drown'd Egyptians strew'd.

FRENCH AUTHORESSES.* No. I.—G. SAND.

It is a common subject of lamentation with "the gentle craft" of French novel writers, that the world of fiction is come to a stand—that the capacities of our present state of society for awakening fictitious interest fall below zero, and that ordinary life drags itself so slowly and so sluggishly along, that the writer who would be really entertaining must seek elsewhere for materials for the construction of his narrative; and yet authors tire not, printing-presses tire not, but why purchasers tire not is to us a subject of serious astonishment. Every day sees a new aspirant come forward with some device newer and quainter than those of his less lucky predecessors—"and spawn his quarto and demand your praise."

In this reckless profusion of literary labour, it is curious to observe the wild gambols and fanciful eccentricities in which the human intellect has been pleased to disport itself in order to win an approving smile. Some delight to rake into the rubbish of antiquity, the obsolete and quaint follies of times of ignorance and superstition, and affront the majesty of common sense with an impudent catalogue of deeds of impiety and bloodshed; others laboriously examine all the causes of human misery, the tragic machinery of the globe, and the invisible influences that rule the destinies of man, viz. the passions of his own heart, and point their morals with the appalling characters—"Despair;" others, again, bathe their imaginations in seas of gore, and turn forth their man of blood, stained with every crime that can degrade human nature, as an object of our special admiration and esteem.

From the nervousness and fatigue arising from the contemplation of these over-laboured artificial exhibitions, which subject the mind to all the trials of the Epicurean in the gloomy dungeons of the pyramids, it is pleasing to turn for repose to the perusal of a work composed in a milder and gentler spirit, like that which forms the subject of our present article. France has been always distinguished for the literary talents of her daughters, and the admirers of L'Espinasse and De Staël may be compelled to admit that the claims of the present generation of spinsters to literary excellence are well vindicated by the lady who delights in the unpretending cognomen of G. Sand.

We own we are partial to the writings of the gentler sex. They are marked by a smooth and copious flow of thought, an unbroken and unlaboured continuity highly flattering to our feelings of order and harmony. They do not tease us with those abrupt transitions, those sudden dartings from point to point, and those compact and logical coherences that we meet with in the writings of men. If the

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* Rose and Blanche, a Novel. Paris.

splendour of her imagination does not resemble the flashing lightning, it has all the softened brilliancy and lambent radiance of the northern lights. The world of sentiment is peculiarly her own. She is almost always eloquent, and what she wants in force she makes up in ingenuity. All these properties, we contend, are particularly apparent in the writings of Madame Sand. We know of no English authoress whom we could select as a parallel to convey an idea of her peculiar manner. She is not so profoundly Malthusian as Miss Martineau, nor so masculine and philosophical as Miss Edgworth; neither is she a describer of balls and routs and a puffer of tradesmen, like Mrs. Gore. Her style is peculiarly her own. When she paints the ideal world at war with the real, the lofty aspirations of the spirit at war with the tame realities of life, she is in her own peculiar element, and handles a subject so congenial with her own feelings with vigour and precision.

The energies of the mind bound around and fettered down by the petty usages of the conventional rules, the false delicacies of society —the fretting of the spirit against its prison-bars, "*till the blood stain its plumage,*" are set forth by our authoress with forcible truth and accuracy; frequently with extreme delicacy of perception, and fineness of colouring. Avoiding all descriptions of outward and superficial matters, she confines herself to tracing the web of sentiments, guiding us into those heights and depths, and untrodden wildernesses of the soul, into which the acutest individual penetration affords us no glimpse.

The little work before us, bearing the title of "Rose and Blanche," is not so laboured as "Indiana," and some others of her productions, but is not less deficient in interest. It developes the history of two young girls of the most opposite callings, the one being an actress, and the other a nun, whose destinies though seemingly cast so far apart, it is the continual caprice of fate to associate, and again rend wide as the poles asunder. Though we feel convinced that the laws which regulate the transmutation of ideas and expressions, make it hopeless to think of preserving all the graces of the original in a hurried translation, we shall proceed to lay some passages before our readers.—

Horace de Cazales, a young man of family and fortune, while ascending the Gironde to Bourdeaux, in an open boat, unluckily falls overboard in a squall. An aged mariner instantly plunges after him, and rescues him from death. The gratitude of the young man displays itself in a manner suitable to the magnitude of the obligation, and by his ample means not only does he render the condition of his preserver easy and comfortable, but what is more consoling to the feelings of the old man, promises to be the protector of his idiot daughter in the event of his death; and this following soon after, Horace Cazales is placed in the singular position of being guardian to a young idiot girl of sixteen, "tall, slender, fresh as a rose of Eden, beautiful as a poet's dream; her long black hair escaped from beneath a small flat velvet hat which left uncovered the whitest and purest of foreheads."

Notwithstanding the even line of her black and silken eyebrows,

the limpid transparency of her clear blue eyes, and the Grecian regularity of the lines of her figure, her countenance was marked by a kind of heaviness, compounded of sweetness, indifference, and profound calm, which impressed the beholder with a feeling of melancholy. It seemeed as if that young girl had an existence distinct from that of ordinary mortals. Her postures were as singular as the petrified repose of her features. Seated on the ground, with the recklessness of an infant, she seemed to be utterly devoid of volition; it would appear as if she had been paralized on the spot, and yet there was life, strength, and health all indicated in that fresh and glowing complexion, and feeling in that bosom she concealed by her pellerine in disorder.

Such was the idiot Denise Lazare. She lived in the house of her young protector like a domestic animal. She was so gentle that she became a favourite, and so quiet that her existence might be forgotten for whole days. In a moment of ecstatic admiration of the rich treasures of beauty so lavishly bestowed upon the young idiot, Cazales forget the duties of a guardian and the principles of a man, and violated his ward. He escaped detection by placing her in an asylum attached to a convent. But though his joy at being thus saved in the eyes of others was almost frantic, his heart told him that he was for ever degraded in his own.

This introduction to the story stops short here: as if at the whistle of the prompter, the scene shifs, and we are rolling along the road between Tarbes and Bourdeaux in a diligence, where, amongst a motley group, we are first introduced to our heroines. The novice Blanche is being transported to a convent under the care of a Sister of Charity, while the young actress Rose is proceeding with her mother to fulfil a professional engagement at the little town of Tarbes. The travellers having alighted to ascend a hill on foot, the Sister of Charity, Olympia, pairs off with a dragoon; the very respectable mother of the young comedian pairs off with a custom-house officer, the depth of whose heart and pockets she had been previously busy in sounding—

"While the virtue of Maddlle. Primrose presented the barriers of propriety to the attacks of the economical functionary, her little niece sprang forward in advance of the carriage and with a friendly, playful air, placed her arm within that of the novice. The gentle and timid girl allowed herself to be hurried along, and when they had turned an angle in the road, and escaped the observations of the men, the young nun became as joyous and playful as the young actress. At first they amused themselves with pursuing the beautiful blue butterflies that fluttered among the flowers. The actress wove a garland of flowers, which she placed with a roguish and coquettish air, upon her glossy black hair. She then proceeded to fashion another for the nun, but she refused it. The actress, obstinate and self-willed ran after her. The novice being the taller and stronger might have defended herself with ease had she desired to do so, and the actress being the more active and the more succinctly attired, bounded forward, pushed her, threw her down, and snatched off her white cap. It was then that the young sister appeared in all her loveliness. Her cheeks crimson with exercise and her short black hair clustering in curls on her pure forehead and her snowy neck. The actress threw her

white garland upon her head, and both gave way to the merriment of the moment, while they rolled on the green turf, more fresh and graceful than the first flowers of spring.

"The novice then rose and replaced her head-dress with a panting air.

"'Enough, enough,' said she to her playful companion, 'this is not proper. If sister Olympia were to see me without my cap she would scold me.'

"'Well, and what of that? Don't they scold *me* the whole day long. Sometimes it makes me cry, more frequently it makes me laugh.'

"'They scold you, do they,' said the novice opening her large blue eyes in amazement, 'I thought they only scolded in convents.'

"'Oh, Lord, yes! One is scolded everywhere—in the convent, in the diligence, at the theatre. The old are alwas cross to the young.'

"'At the theatre?'

"'Yes; at the theatre. Does that surprise you?'

"'So then you go to the play. Do tell me, is it so delightful?

"'Delightful!—not at all, that I can assure you. It is mortally tiresome and annoying.'

"'Well, that's singular. A novice once told me she had been at the Opera at Bordeaux, when she was a very little girl, and she found it so delightful that it was perpetually occurring to her recollections; she used to say it was a great pity the nuns were forbidden to go there.'

"'You are forbidden! and why? surely because it is not worth the trouble. But believe me, you have nothing to regret. If you knew that pleasure as well as I do, so far from accounting it a privation, you would bless the severity of the order that delivers you from it.'

"'So then you go to the theatre very often.'

"'Alas! yes—every evening.'

"'Every evening. Then you are very rich!'

"'Rich! I have not got a farthing; but it costs me nothing; on the contrary, the play brings me money—that is, is supposed to do so, for my mother takes all.'

"'Poor girl!' said the novice, drawing the arm of the actress within her own, 'you are unhappy?'

"'Most unhappy! they see me adorned with fine dresses, diamonds, feathers, and flowers, and they say to themselves, How happy and beautiful she looks. They do not know that nothing of all this is mine, and that I have nothing but a faded bonnet and a sad heart, and that I only assume my finery and my smiles, to step upon the stage. They don't know all this.'

"'To step upon the stage?—What?—are you an—actress?'

"The arms of the novice dropt to her sides, and she stood motionless with astonishment.

"'You are scandalized!—nay, sooth, you ought to pity me, and if your God measures the rewards of heaven by the miseries of this life, my share will, probably, exceed yours. * * * * * * * * * * * * God will judge us, sister. But all this is nothing to what is in reserve for me—but, come, tell me about yourself. Do you intend becoming a Sister of Charity?'

"'Alas! not yet. I can't take the vows until I am twenty years of age, but in the mean time, I wear the dress and do the duty of the order.'

"'What, you will take vows at twenty, and those, too, irrevocable?'

" ' If they will admit me. But they say I am too delicate, I have had a severe illness, and since then I am frequently unwell.'

" Here the Conductor summoned the passengers, and the two new friends separated."

The awful crisis reserved for her by fate, which rose darkly to the imagination of Rose, was nearer than she could have anticipated, for the very evening of her arrival at Tarbes the town was visited by two young men who were taken a tour in search of amusement. The one was a young officer of the guards, who turns out to be Horace de Cazales, and the other Laurence d'Armagnac, a young painter whom he had taken with him for the sake of his society. They visit the theatre. D'Armagnac's susceptible heart is smitten with the graces of Rose. He flies to the green-room, and with the assistance of his friend, concludes a bargain with the infamous mother which makes the daughter his own. It is really edifying to observe the arts and eloquence by which she overcomes the resistance of her daughter. Laurence gets intoxicated at the festivity that precedes his appointment, and his friend, Cazales, takes his place. He is so struck with the energetic firmness and instinctive virtue of Rose, that he recoils abashed and confounded. In his enthusiasm he offers to become the protector of that virtue which appeared to him so marvellous; and to place it beyond the possibility of future danger, proposes to send her to his sister, under whose protection she might remain until she could be otherwise disposed of. Rose eagerly embraced the offer; a fresh bargain was concluded with Mdlle. Primrose, and Rose is transferred, under the care of the Sister of Charity, and in company with the novice Blanche, to the residence of the devout and beneficent Mdlle. Cazales in the town of Auch.

Mdlle. Cazales was deformed in person, and a devotée of the most confirmed cast. She undertook to forward what she considered a meritorious work, and, after considering matters, proposed to Rose to place her in a convent. This she was able to effect by her interest with the Archbishop of V———. But none but those of gentle blood could obtain admission into the Convent of the Augustines, and Mdlle. Cazales satisfied the inquiries of the bishop upon this point, by declaring that Mdlle. de Beaumont was the natural daughter of a person of high rank, and this charitable lie concluded the affair.

A thousand commentaries were made throughout the province on the handsome protegée of Mdlle. Cazales and his lordship. They became perfectly alive to her importance in the world. In a very short time she passed for the natural daughter of the late Duke de Berri. On her quitting the convent she would certainly be presented at court with the title of governess of the children of France, or, at least, as maid of honour to the Duchess de Berri.

Here we must remark, that her theatrical education, joined to great natural parts and energy of character, had eminently fitted Rose for playing her part in this new society, while her beauty made a favourable impression on all beholders. But spite of the attentions of which she was the object—spite of her desire to like the life that was opening before her, her active spirit drooped like the wild bird

with a disabled wing. "If my mother," thought she, "was not always pushing me towards the brink of an abyss, I would have been happier with her than here. The open country, the journey, the bustle, the motions, all that was life; but now I am like the horse who is left in the pasture with his legs tied. I am a prisoner on my parole, and if I do but stir a step, they menace me with the public contempt." Rose had an ardent spirit; her deliverer was young, handsome, and generous. She had dreamed of virtue allied to love, and from the day she found a protector, she entertained but one thought—sublime and romantic—that of loving devotedly. But Madelle. Cazales took the utmost pains to impress upon her the vast distance that separated her from Horace, and used every effort to prevent a meeting between them. But Horace is commissioned by a captain of gendarmerie, who had been a constant visitor at the house of Madeselle. Cazales, to make an offer of his hand and fortune to Rosa. The interview that ensued raised her so high in the esteem of Horace that he felt jealous of the happiness of the captain. But to his astonishment Rose declined the proffered honour, alleging her determination to become a *Religious*. Her heart was set upon Horace, but her pride forbade her to allow him to suppose that she entertained pretensions to become his wife. She is superior to her destiny, thought he, but she is without a soul, and her virtue is only the result of a peculiar organization. Rose is installed as a pensioner in the Convent of the Augustines at the monarchical and religious æra of 1825. Here, by a aingular caprice of fate, she again meets the melancholy and gentle Blanche, and the calm current of their existence is for some time mingled. Equally strangers to all the interests that occupied the lives of the others, isolated in the world, without relations, support or fortune, they sympathized in their misfortunes, and aided each other to forget them. The difference of their character served to deepen this sympathy. Rose was lively, susceptible, and possessed of a firm, enterprising, and passionate spirit. Blanche was gentle and without energy, She had been schooled in conquering and repressing her feelings, and she felt the necessity of support. Superior to Rose in patience, she was inferior to her in active firmness and judgment. Such were the bonds that united the two characters—but we feel we are going beyond our limits, and we must hasten towards the conclusion. Music was the only art in which Rose made any progress at the Convent. Being chosen to supply the place of a first chorister, on a grand festival, the spirit of song descended upon her, as it were, from the skies, and, to her own great surprise, she elicited rapturous applause. Pasta herself was foremost in her congratulations and professions of esteem, and the interview with the actress dwelt deeply on the mind of Rose.

Meantime, a new drawing-master appears at the Convent. It is Laurence, the friend of Cazales. From him Rose learns tidings of Horace sufficient to fan the secret flame that burned in her bosom, while the young artist and Blanche conceive a mutual passion for each other. Rose is obliged to interpose and forbid the visits of the artist, so ruinous to her friend's peace. In his confusion he forgets a portfolio in Blanche's cell. She examines it and finds a manuscript history of Denise Lazare, the idiot girl, written by Cazales. She was horrified: she felt a vague and indistinct impression of some of the

circumstances related; she felt as if she had been Demise Lazare, but her scruples are dissipated by her confessor, and she is ordered to prepare to take the veil. This was the crisis for Lawrence: he was passionate, but he was calculating. Rose pronounced him unworthy of Blanche, and forced him to withdraw. As for Rose, the perpetual agitation of her ardent spirit was fast wearing out its frail tenement. She was consumed by an internal malady, and at length a fever reduces her to the point of death. At this juncture the Convent is thrown into the utmost confusion by the appearance of her mother Primrose, who forces her way to the bed-side of her dying child.

"'Mademoiselle Cazales said she has no right over my child. I yielded mine to her brother; but it was on condition that he should make her happy; and she is dying, and he abandons her. Come, Rose—come, my child, as long as I live you shall not be without bread or a roof to cover you. I was poor.—I came to implore your charity. You are more wretched than myself. Come, then, I offer you my riches; you know what they are.—The fields where you sported, the country you loved, the halts beneath the large trees—all these delighted you—they are yours. Come, you shall be virtuous if you please. I shall never torment you again. But, come. let me see you once more healthy and beautiful, running with gaiety from town to town."'

"Rose made no reply. A sudden alteration had taken place in her symptoms, and the doctor declared she was saved if she outlived the day. Great was the scandal in the holy place, and pity very soon disappeared when it was proved that there was no such person as Mademoiselle de Beaumont. Blanche alone remained with Madame, kneeling beside the comedian.

"Three years after this occurrence, Horace Cazales, on his return from his travels, seeks an introduction to an actress, named La Coronari, who is quite the rage at Bordeaux. He is invited to ride out to meet some of her particular friends, when the following scene takes place:—

"The young man waited for some time on the skirt of a vast plain, and seemed to expect, with impatience, the arrival of a new companion. At length, a horseman appeared in the distance, and they all exclaimed:—

"'Iit is he—he is coming!'

"'Who is coming?' said Horace to the lawyer.

"'A young brother of mine,' replied the latter, smiling. 'A youth just broke loose from school—wild, reckless. A great frequenter of theatres, and destroyer of horses. Only observe how he tasks the energies of mine. That's a dashing pace, Tony,' said he to the new comer; 'but, if you ride at that rate, you must send me clients to give me the wherewith to furnish you with a fresh horse every day.'

"'Ha, Grumbler!' said Tony, whipping his brother's horse, 'you would amass a fortune to lay at the feet of La Coronari. It won't do. I'll help you to spend it at such a rate, that she must be deucedly disinterested if she marries you. How do you do, Amedie? How are you, you extravagant fellow, Miroil? Health to you. noble Francis! —How are your dogs?'

"He was a handsome youth, whose fine clear skin might have well become a woman. His delicate figure was supple and graceful. He managed his horse with dexterity and boldnees, clearing trenches and dashing through thickets. To see him so full of life and beauty, one might say, 'surely he does not believe in death.'

"His figure was not quite new to Horace. He bore a strong resemblance to Rose; but his petulant vivacity was so much at variance with the calm expression of her features that the resemblance was almost evanescent. This wild youth, who, with the voice of a child, and the features of a woman, spoke of his mistresses, his debts, and his duels, had need of an immense expenditure of wit to cover the ridicule of his precocious follies. But then, his absurdity was joined to so much wit and gaiety! He was so natural and so sprightly, that it was impossible not to love him while reproving him.

"You promised me a philosopher,' said Tony, looking round for Horace, who had dismounted to adjust a girth; then, having observed him, he blushed and appeared embarrassed; but Horace held out his hand to him, and the acquaintance was made. He jumped from his saddle, passed his fingers through the thick curls of his black hair, wiped his forehead, and cheeks, glowing with exercise and pleasure, uttered a quantity of absurdity, and abused La Caronori at a fine rate, laughed at Horace for wishing to become acquainted with her, and declared her to be a very cunning and tiresome prude.

"Luckily," said he, "my brother is still more tiresome, but for that I might be condemned to call her sister-in-law, for he courts her in rhyme; but that is precisely what saves me." The lawyer seemed hurt at these jokes; all the others received them with bursts of laughter. All declared that they were in love with La Coronari, and engaged Tony to help them to supplant his brother.

"Oh, as for you," said he, to one of them, "you will never succeed. You enter her boudoir like a conqueror, without seeming to know the spirit of contradiction is stronger in women than love or ambition. You awkward fellow; you should never say to a woman, you shall love me; you should always say, you don't love me."

"What a beardless Don Juan," said another, "well Tomy, I am not better treated, and I am passionate, and humble to excess."

"Oh! that's because you pay your addresses to an actress, as if she were an heiress. Poor Coronari! this incense must turn your head; if she was not the fashionable singer, you would take no more notice of her than of those pretty girls whom you leave to clerks."

They proceeded towards the town, Horace had dropped behind his companions when he was joined by Tony.

"How now, pensive?" said he, "I thought it was only Tony who was sad with smiles on his lips, and fools at his side."

"You are a singular young man," said Horace.

"Don't talk of me," said Tony "I am too young to have a sting, I am weary of existence, that's all. I find it move so slowly."

"Indeed! I had thought you would have found it move too quickly."

"Well, I will confess I have made acquaintance with care: at my age, the feelings are quick, and if the evils are less, the heart is more susceptible."

"Some love-pang, I suppose?"

"Yes, an absurd passion has been the cause of my sufferings,; but I compressed it in my bosom, and have forgotten it. But let us talk of you, I wish to know you better; what I have heard of you piques my curiosity; rely upon the young Tony, he stands in need of a knowledge of life, reveal yours to him, you are a peculiar person they say; can you tell him if happiness exists, and if the wise man may attain it." Surprised at this strange question and language after the escapades of the preceding moments, subdued by the tones of that voice which was not that of a woman, nor yet that of a man, sounding sweet and caressing like the evening breeze, Horace caught the hand of his young companion, and pressing it in his own, "Youth," said he, "what mysteries would you pierce, and why seek from an humble and erring individual like myself, the solution of a problem debated since the commencement of the world. Happiness, a word without meaning, an image profaned by the passions in the intoxication of an hour, the capricious meteor that flies as you approach it,—"

"And you, too," said Tony, with a sigh; "you so calm, so firm, so reasonable; you so superior to yourself, a philosopher amid the delirium of youth, provident in the midst of prosperity; you who walk amid precipices without shuddering or stumbling."

"Hold! I know not who may have drawn a portrait so strange, and so unlike, Tony; I am the most suscepeible of men, the easiest to be led astray, the least powerful over myself. Set me not up as a type of wisdom, and do not despair of happiness because I have not found it"

"What," said Tony, "have not those passions which you say you experienced, given you days of bliss, transient indeed, but pure and delicious? what then has man receeived from God to compensate for the evils that compose his pitiable existenc?

"I am an exception, Tony; my passions have made me unhappy —it is my fault—but you will know the blessings that I have been unable to appreciate; you will love and be loved. All the happiness that is allowed to man——"

"And have you never been loved?" said Tony, with vivacity.

"By some friends—especially by one. Doubtless, a friend is a great blessing, and I have no reason to complain."

"But by a woman?"—resumed Tony, with emotion—"by a woman?"

"I believe not," said Horace, with some bitterness. All have the pretence, few have the faculty of loving."

Tony became thoughtless. Horace, too, was pensive. "Let us push on," said he, after a long silence, "perhaps they are waiting for us.—Oh, they have arrived already," said Tony, "and believe that we have done so too."

"And where do we sup?"

"With La Coronari. Before we come into her presence, tell me what think you of her talents."

"I am enraptured with them. Are not you?"

"Oh, I!—that's another matter."

"Are you really afraid your brother will marry her?"

"Not at all," said Tony, "laughing. "He is not such a fool."

"Why, really, it is a great piece of folly to marry an actress, however beautiful and amiable she may be."

"Is'nt it?" said Tony, with a strange and solemn intonation of voice.

"Come forward," said Horace," you seem fastened to the spot."

"Aye, forward," said Tony, plunging his spurs in his horse's sides.

They stopped at the door of a house which Horace did not recognize. Their horses were taken by a servant, while another ushered them into a saloon furnished with taste and magnificence, and lighted by small globes of rose-coloured glass. This sanctuary was embalmed with flowers, and the company, seated on the voluptuous loungers, discussed the topics of the day. Tony's brother advanced to meet him, and, with an air of chagrin, inquired if he was satisfied with his ride."

"Not as much as you fancy," said Tony, sharply.

"And yet," said the lawyer, "you don't seem to have found the time disagreeable, for we have been waiting for you for some time."

Tony turned his back upon him—Horace wished for the explanation of this dialogue, but he was answered, with a smile, that he played his part admirably.

"What part?" said he, impatiently.

"Oh, you pretend to be our dupe;" replied they, "but in reality we are your dupes."

This sort of persiflage had continued for some minutes, when a door opened, and the Signora Coronari simply, but elegantly dressed, advanced towards Horace, with a countenance becoming with smiles.

"Heavens!" cried he, overwhelmed with surprise, "which are yours?—Touy or Rose.

"Neither," replied she; henceforth I am Rosina Coronari; but you will always be to me Horace Cazales, my benefactor.

To be brief, this interview again changed the destiny of Rose. Horace Cazales, the first whom she had ever loved, whom she had always contemplated at such a distance, and through so many obstacles, the subjeet of her bitterest dreams and her cruel dependency was now at her feet, proud of her triumphs, delighted with her glory, and happy in the applause she extorted on every side.

Those social considerations which had before prevented him from knowing and appreciating her worth, vanished for a time, and both were happy in the mutual indulgence of their passion. But his friends look the alarm at the idea of his marrying an actriess: artifice, persecution, intrigue, calumny, and every thing had recourse to drive him from his resoluton, and his weakness yields to the persevering attack. He neglects Rose, and she flings him off with disdain. His pride is piqued, and he quits her presence for ever. Thus, like an evil genius, a second time had he interposed himself between her and happiness, and poisoned the current of her existence. He found her careless and gay, and he left her a prey to the most agonizing tortures.

Now turn we to Blanche. The ceremony of taking the veil was

arranged with pomp at the Convent. The victim was brought crowned to the sacrifice. All the devont were assembled, and Cazales and his sister among the rest. "What is your baptismal name?" said the officiating priest to Blanche. "I know not," said the latter "Denise Lazare," said the Sister of Charity Olympia. The name acted like magic on several of the auditors. Blanche swooned her confessor who had read the manuscript, started forward in wild amazement, and Cazales sprung to her side, terrified and confounded. An enquiry is instituted, and by the testimony of the surgeon, who performed the operation which unsealed her intellectual faculties Blanche is proved to be Denise Lazare. In reparation of his former fault, Horace offers to marry her, and the repugnance of Blanche yields to the representation of those around her. In her distress she writes to Rose to come and deliver her, but the nuptials are pressed on and Rose arrived the morning after the ceremony. She rushed into the house of Cazales. The relics of the benqoet were strewed around profusely, but the apartments were silent and deserted. She pressed onward; when on opening a remote door, she saw "the nuptial bed adorned with the richest lace, met her view." Blanch was reposing on it, but enveloped in a shroud. Marriette was kneeling at one end of the death bed. Every body had retired terrified. Sister Olympia alone remained with the nurse to pay the last sad dutie- to the deceased. Rose remained petrified in the middle of the room, without even apprehending what she gazed on, speechless and motionless; like a statue of grief upon a tomb. At length recovering from the blow, she threw herself upon the lifeless form of Blanche. Ii was Laurence who tore her from it. "She is dead!" cried he, "and we are left alone with her. We who loved her. Where is the bridegroom, now? where is his sister?"

"They have killed her!" said Rose. Evil light on them."

Rose continued for a few months to drag on a brilliant and miserable existence under the name of Ceronari. Weary of the world, she visits the cell of Sister Blanche, and there forms the resolution of withdrawing from it for ever.

Lawrence seeks consolation in the exercise of his profession, and Cazales, instead of blowing out his brains, lives to be useful to his fellow-creatures, while he sorrowed over his misfortunes.

MARY'S EYES.

Oh! have you seen the broad blue sky,
In shining cloudless lustre lie?
Or have you seen the stars at night,
Shoot on the sea their gleaming light?

Or the rich diamonds splendid blaze,
Stream thro' the dark in beaming rays?
Or the soft slumb'ring moon-lit lake,
When not a rippling wave doth wake?

Or the rich rising golden sun,
In all his shining brightness run
Across the blue-streak'd silvery skies?
If so, you've seen my Mary's eyes.

SQUABBLES IN THE COMMONS.

He sat beneath the gallery upon nights
To hear debates whose thunder roused not *rouses*.
BYRON'S DON JUAN, CANTO X.

I.

ALL was prepared, the men, the time, the place,
And Erin's members had their opportunity
Of meeting their accusers face to face,
Learning the traitors whether more or unity;
Showing the world that no one dare disgrace
Their pure Milesian scutcheons with impunity;
For, sooth, the charge had been a hand grenade
Thrown mid the leaders of an escalade.

II.

Then rose the mighty Daniel, and surveyed
The enemy with due deliberation;
Awful and grand he towered as he displayed
Erin's majestic personification;
Th' incarnate essence, pure sublime, "unpaid,"
Of several millions of the *finest nation;*
With forty-agitator power of brogue,
Made up of every dialogue in vogue.

III.

Uprose this polyuphalous monstrosity,
And wielding his enormous arms he said,
He felt a something more than curiosity
To learn the truth of what he lately read,
That some great blockhead in the impetuosity
Of after dinner speeches, had been led
To say to his constituents at Hull,
"That an Hibernian made a villainous bull."

IV.

For his part, he was certain 'twas a lie,
A damned, abhorred, unprincipled deceit,
Concocted with a view to vilify
His tail, by some assassin or arch cheat;
Some dealer in the foulest calumny.
Alas! poor Ireland had such foes to meet.
But as it was, he'd ask the noble lord
Was there foundation for the tale abhorr'd.

V.

The lord replied, "he would not palliate
The fact that half the story was a lie,
The other portion he felt bound to state,
He believed to be the very contrary;
And without meaning one sole jot to bate,
He'd say on his responsibility,
That more than one of Ireland's boys uproarious,
Had played the rogue, and in a way notorious."

VI.

A calm here followed, such as we may see
Fall on the troubled ocean's yeasty raging,
When the loud wind, that travelled fierce and free,
Its direful anger for a while assuaging,
Seems waiting to collect fresh energy
In the new contest previous to engaging;
But soon recovering his senses lost,
Daniel arose and called upon his host.

VII.

"Which of my knaves is't?"—"*I'll* not tell you!"—"Well!
Am I the man?"—"No!"—"Now upon him boys!"
And straight a voley of hot queries fell
'Gainst Althorp's tympanum with Babel noise;
In vain sly Manners interfered to quell
The tumult, and in balance nice to poise
The matter in dispute, for little Shiel
Cut short the sophistry with his appeal.

VIII.

"Am I the man," began he with a splash
Quite metaphoric, "who, with objects sinister,
Bellow'd against coercion bills slap dash,
While all the while I gently nudged the minister
To pull away in spite of rattling thrash
Meant but to gull, like Burdett's at Westminster.
Am I the man with villains on a par?
"Yes," quoth the honest Lord, "by G— you are."

IX.

My gentle reader! when from Drury's piles
You've wended northward on a foggy night,
Just as you turned the corner of St. Giles,
Say, have your optics gloried in the sight
Of a stout bully, rubicund with smiles
Of jolly Bacchus, and agog for fight,
Shouting tremendous for some back to fleece,
Anon hard baited by the new police?

X.

See, as he plants his fist upon the nose
Of the first belted guardian that advances,
How the astounded ruffian reels, and goes
Round and round spinning, as a Dervish dances,
And flings against the skies his hands and toes,
While his thick skull against the pavement glances.
If you have seen all this, then you can feel
Th' effect of this announcement upon Sheil.

XI.

Poor Richard! 'twas a trying hour that found him
Standing alone within the Commons' house,
With some five hnndred haughty sneerers round him,
With eyes that glared like cats' upon a mouse;
The novelty seem'd somewhat to astound him,
But he contrived his energies to rouse,
And with a long-drawn deep rhetoric swell,
Vow'd 'twas a falsehood dug from depths of hell!

XII.

Here was an issue tendered, whose demands,
In Erin's days of senatorial glory,
Had placed cock'd pistols in some fifty hands,
And made materials for a tragic story;
Ahd some such feeling ran along the bands
Of listening senators, both Whig and Tory,
For they inquir'd what measures lay beyond;
But Sheil was dumb—says Althorp "*I'll* respond!"

XIII.

Now this was awful and sublime, and fate
Seem'd big with horrible events, when, lo!
Advancing from the door, with wand of state,
Such as Talthybius flourish'd long ago
'Twixt rival heroes at the Trojan gate—
A Serjeant begged to be allow'd to show
Both heroes up to Bellamy's *retail*,
To cool their ardour with a pot of ale.

XIV.

Now this was in the compromising way—
"A half-way house of diplomatic rest—"
Nor did our heroes venture to gainsay
A proposition so politely pressed;
And so to Bellamy's they took their way,
And quaffed their heavy wet with such a zest,
That when they were led back again, they swore
'Twas all damn'd stuff, and Hill was a great *bore!*

MATRIMONY AND MOONSHINE*.—Second Series.

MATTHEW AND JEMIMA: A TALE OF PORTMAN SQUARE.

Vol. I. Chap. I.—Character.

If I were writing only for the benefit of the denizens of the western parts of our gigantic metropolis, instead of the world at large, it would be unnecessary to state that the centre of Portman Square is laid out in a style agreeable and picturesque,—unlike *Les Places* on the Continent, which are as difficult to be crossed under a meridian sun as one of the African deserts,—but in shady and retired walks, in the exclusive sinuosities of which the dainty inhabitants of that fashionable quarter are wont of a summer's eve to disport themselves, and inhale the impalpable dust wafted towards them from "the sweet south."

It was in this favoured spot, on a certain day in June, and just at that equivocal hour when day and night "are at odds with each other which is which," that the youthful and elegant Matthew Evergreen first cast his eyes on the refulgent beauties of Miss Jemima Golightly, which, profiting no doubt by the uncertain medium through which they were transmitted, told with double effect. The effect, indeed, as Matthew used afterwards to assure his friends, was "indescribable." Be this as it may, he was so thoroughly enamoured that he scarcely closed his eyes during the livelong night, but, as Lord Byron has it,—

> "In vain from side to side he throws
> His form in courtship of repose;
> Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
> Awoke him."

No wonder, then, that he rose early; but, if in quest of peace, he rose in vain, for the fair form of Jemima pursued him wherever he went. The youth was sad and pensive; he ate little, and, to the great relief of his friends, talked less. But before we proceed further, a word or two on our young friend. Matthew was a youth on the point of attaining his twenty-first year; the son of Mrs. Evergreen, whose husband had been some years deceased, leaving behind him what is usually termed "a very pretty fortune," amassed, during a long course of industry, in the "grocery line;" a fit business, as the City wits were wont to remark, in which to pick up a *plum*. Young Matthew had received that sort of education which is usually bestowed on those who are not destined to "work their own way in

* This tale, which forms our second under the head of "Matrimony and Moonshine," was originally written in three volumes. It was offered to a fashionable publisher, but a trifling difference arising of some paltry £300 or £400, the author, justly disgusted, contrived to reduce his work within the compass of a magazine article without taking away a single point of interest. He appears to have executed his task without difficulty; and we hope his example will be followed. The division of volumes has been retained that the curious reader may be able duly to appreciate the talent and ingenuity necessary to form three interesting volumes from such apparently scanty materials.—[Ed.

the world;" an interesting phrase which signifies that their road has been fortunately macadamized for them by their forefathers. He had passed a certain number of years at a fashionable boarding-school, and had been entered at one of our universities; but, to his praise be it spoken, such was his remarkable freedom from pedantry, that you might have spent many a day in his company without the slightest suspicion that he had even "sipped" at these head-springs of classic lore. Such was our friend. And Miss Jemima Golightly? This "fair defect of nature," as Milton, with as little truth as gallantry, defines the better part of the creation, was of more lofty and aristocratic pretensions; she claimed to be second cousin, twice removed, to Lord Mountcoffeehouse, the Irish nobleman whose virtues are so fully recorded by Don Juan. There was, besides, a certain Scotch baronet, who used occasionally to talk to her of "our family," as if they were mutually descended from the same illustrious stock. Can we wonder, then, if she carried herself haughtily? But if the pride of ancestry inflated, a straitened income as often depressed her spirit, and kept it in a becoming equilibrium. And she was remarkably clever. She had imbibed all the fashionable learning of Baker-street and Brighton. In short, she was so wise that our forefathers would have wondered:—

> "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head should carry all she knew."

Chap. II.—The Gardens.

Jemima had been left to form her own opinions from the mass of knowledge which had been opened to her, and acquire, as she best could, what Johnson considers nevertheless the first requisite of education—the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong. The consequence was that "matrimony" was the *primum mobile* and monopolizer of her thoughts; and oftentimes, when demonstrating the relative effects of centripetal and centrifugal attraction, her mind was drawn away, in an irresistible manner, to the contemplation of some charming dragoon, whose spurs and sabre happened to be that moment rattling on the Steyne. With these matrimonial sympathies she returned to her maternal roof, situate in one of those small streets which branch off from Baker-street; and here the *res angusta domi*, a rigid economy enforced in no gentle manner, did not remove any of her antipathies to "single blessedness." Thus, in maiden meditation—that is, sighing for a settlement—she observed, with no small pleasure, the impression she had made on Matthew. His mother she knew lived in the square; and, although scarce more than seventeen, she was already sufficiently initiated in worldly logic to deduce from this circumstance that her son must be duly provided with that wealth, the want of which contributed so much to the discomfort of her own home. The following evening, therefore, after devoting more than the usual time to her toilet, and fixing on that precise bonnet which best set off her pretty face, she repaired to the square; and her heart began to flutter with anticipated triumphs when she found Matthew was already there, and casting anxious and impatient looks at each new

comer. Whilst the young lady and her mamma pursued "the even tenor of their way," walking from one end of the garden to the other, Matthew contrived, by sundry dextrous evolutions, to be always at their elbow, and the black languishing eye and playful smile of Jemima rivetted his chains.

The gardens continued to be visited for several successive evenings with the most laudable constancy by Mrs. and Miss Golightly; the former, indeed, appeared to have conceived a fresh ardour for exercise, and so completely was her mind engrossed by the fresh foliage and gaudy flowers of spring, that the incessant re-apparition of young Evergreen, and the fixed eye with which he viewed her daughter, obvious as they were, never caught her attention; and the only remark known to have escaped her was, that "she believed young Evergreen would one day be entitled to a large fortune."

Chap. III.—The Declaration.

Our hero, though so deeply smitten, was but a raw and timid youth; he could perceive well enough that his *oeillades* in the gardens were favourably received. But how to push his fortune, and bring about a more intimate acquaintance? these were difficulties which he knew not how to surmount; he confined himself, therefore, to looking "unutterable things." But this scarcely suited the more enterprising temper of Jemima, who would have had looks, tender as they were, exchanged for words and actions. Her mother's love of exercise, too, began to relax, and the whole affair wore a less promising aspect; when fortune smiled, as it always should, upon their young lives, and brought about that introduction which Evergreen's ingenuity never would have accomplished. A common friend of the two families appeared one evening in the garden, and was the means of bringing them together. But even here Evergreen's courage failed him, and though walking by the side of the enchantress, every word, like Mackbeth's "amen," stuck in his throat. He hummed and hummed, and never looked more like a simpleton; in short, the opportunity thus thrown in his way would have been lost if Jemima, with more presence of mind and address than her companion, had not assisted him. Mrs. Golightly and her friend were soon so much absorbed in an interesting discussion on the obliquities, mental and physical, of the Reverend Mr. Irving, that the young couple were left entirely to themselves; and, although their intercourse had been hitherto confined to the language of the eyes, they soon came to understand each other as thoroughly as if they had been acquainted from their infancy.

"Thought leaped to thought, and wish prevented wish."

Sympathy, mysterious and undefinable, with what silent eloquence dost thou express thyself! Words—the vulgar vehicles of thought, thou banishest from the commerce of true love, which, as if jealous even of "the wanton air," exchanges its faithful vows without a whisper. Happy moment! *Que de choses se sont dites,* says Rousseau, *sans ouvrir la bouche! que d'ardent sentimens se sont communiqués sans la froide entremise de la parole!* The happy understanding between the lovers was full—complete!

"You will not impute this yielding to light love?" she whispered, as her full languishing eye rested upon Evergreen.

> "In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
> And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
> But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
> Than those who have more cunning to be strange.
> I should have been more strange, I must confess,
> But——"

Here the enraptured Matthew could restrain himself no longer; interrupting the quotation, just as luck would have it, where it ceased to be applicable. If his memory had been fortunately well stored with the gems of poetry, he would doubtless have enacted Romeo to the life; as it was, he was obliged to confine himself to plain mattert o'-fact prose, in which he proposed to "consult his mother" on the subject of an early marriage.

Now, whether it was, that Jemima anticipated some prudent objections on the part of that elderly individual, and doubted how far the constancy of her lover would resist and overcome the obstacles thus thrown in his way; or whether, like the young lady in the play, she had a natural and intuitive aversion to a marriage preceded by the consent of parents, and other hum-drum formalities, certain it is, that she contrived by starting an objection to one thing, and feigning a reluctance to another, to suggest to Matthew's mind—what *certes* would never have entered it without foreign aid—the idea of an elopement. No sooner, however, had the idea insinuated itself through the recesses of his pericranium than he was enraptured with it, the more particularly as he took the credit of it entirely to himself, and became enamoured of it as of his own offspring. It saved him, in truth, from an infinity of embarrassments; a declaration to his mother, whose reproofs he yet dreaded, and the quizzing of his friends. He now pleaded so vehemently in favour of Gretna Green, that Jemima conceded, with all proper reluctance, to her own proposition; and it was finally agreed that at four o'clock on the following morning, every arrangement being previously made, Matthew should be waiting for her at an appointed place. Mrs. Golightly, whose walk had been most conveniently prolonged to an unusually late hour, now bid adieu to her friends, and, taking her daughter's arm proceeded homeward.

Chap. IV.—The Elopement.

Long before the appointed hour the impatient Matthew was at his post. Jemima, too, long before the dawn, was all equipped, and waiting, with palpitating heart, for the moment of departure. The protracted walk of the preceding evening had taken her mother early to bed, and "both time and place did then adhere" for making those trifling preparations which the journey required. At last the tedious clock struck four, and with a light and fairy step she descended the stairs; no obstacle stood in her way; bolts and bars shrank beneath her touch, and in a moment she found herself by the side of Matthew, and travelling towards Scotland as quickly as four fleet horses could carry them.

Vol. II. Chap. I.—The Discovery.

The fatigue which had sent Mrs. Golightly so early to bed, kept her there until an unusually late hour, and the clock had already struck ten, before she rang her bell, and desired her daughter Jemima to be sent to her. A few minutes elapsed when the breathless maid, running into the room, exclaimed, "Miss Jemima, ma'am,—O dear, —is not to be found!"

"Not to be found!" echoed the mistress.

"Not to be found!" reiterated the maid.

"But here, ma'am," continued the latter, "is a note which I found lying on Miss Jemima's table."

The elegant specimen of caligraphy was handed to the lady, and she learned from it what ill-natured people have not failed to insinuate she pretty well guessed would happen, and had taken no extraordinary pains to prevent,—namely, that her daughter was six or seven hours on her road to Gretna Green, with a young man of three or four thousand per annum.

Scandalous surmise!

If you had been present on this trying occasion, you would have seen how Mrs. Golightly's heart sickened at her daughter's imprudence! How the tears trickled down her maternal cheeks! How it required the aid of all the varieties of salts and essences to prevent a perfect *evannissement!*—the doubt would have vanished from your mind; but there are some ill-natured people who believe anything.

As soon as Mrs. Golightly's nerves were a little pacified, and she had finished her toilet and her breakfast, she bethought herself, probably, of the ancient saying, *Nemo solus sapit;* and forthwith dispatched a messenger to Mr. Robinson, her "man of business," that she might consult with him on this unforeseen and overwhelming calamity.

Chap. II.—The Man of Business.

Mr. Robinson was a thorough man of business, and answered to the summons sooner than might have been expected; for Mrs. Golightly was not one of his best clients; and his politeness towards her was to be attributed less to her actual value than to the expectation that her countenance might lead to something. Mr. Robinson was a prudent man, and cast his eyes forward. She might be left a fortune, —she might marry again—or her daughter—in short, Robinson put on his hat, and walked slowly towards his client's house.

Mrs. Golightly received him with all imaginable decorum, and with that subdued tone which betokens a spirit chastened by adversity.

"Ah! Mr. Robinson!" and a heavy sigh escaped from her troubled bosom, "ah! Mr. Robinson!" and a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Why, madam," said the man of law, "I am sorry to see you thus; what may be the matter?"

"My daughter, Sir! my poor daughter!"

"Your daughter Jemima? well, I hope?"

"Gone, sir! gone!" sighed mamma.

"Gone!" ejaculated Mr. Robinson with more interest than he he usually exhibited; "gone, and so suddenly!"

"Suddenly, indeed," responded the mother, "it surprised us all!" and her cambric handkerchief was in constant requisition.

"Poor thing!" returned Robinson, "and so young!"

"Old enough to have known better," rejoined the lady.

"Caused by some imprudence, I suppose?"

"Imprudence, indeed! she has brought a disgrace upon her family. I dread the wrath of Lord Mountcoffeehouse!—and Sir Pedigree Macdusty, who was so partial to her too, what will *he* say?"

"Disgrace upon her family?" enquired Robinson.

"Yes, sir; a stain upon its annals."

"A stain upon its annals!" repeated Robinson; "I don't understand you, madam; death spares no one.——"

"Death! Mr. Robinson?"

"I thought I understood you, that the poor young lady—

"Is gone to Scotland!" sighed Mrs. Golightly.

"To the family vault, I presume?" asked Robinson.

"Good heavens! Mr. Robinson, I mean to be married—eloped, sir—eloped."

"Married! eloped! O, quite a different matter."

"Ay, sir," continued the afflicted mother, "eloped with the son of a grocer. The Golightlys connected with figs and prunes!"

"But he is rich, I hope?"

"So it is said."

"Come, come, madam, the affair may not be so bad after all," resumed Mr. Robinson.

Mrs. Golightly thought, or affected to think otherwise: she dreaded the resentment of her titled relatives. A grocer for a son-in-law! treacle and molasses!

"Consols and exchequer bills! Bank annuities and reduced!" whispered Robinson.

"But base and filthy lucre, Mr. Robinson;" and the lady launched out at considerable length, and with an animation which chased away the resigned melancholy with which the interview had commenced, on the pride of ancestry, the pure blood of the Golightlys, &c. Then drawing herself up with an air of unwonted dignity, she continued, "And now, Mr. Robinson, I require of you, as a proof of your friendship for my family, that you immediately take horse, and pursue the fugitives."

Mr. Robinson was a grave and sober character, and never perhaps were these qualities more severely tried than when he found himself thus apostrophized by the Lady Golightly, with whose straitened income and intriguing spirit he was fully acquainted. When he heard her gravely proposing to him "to take horse" to prevent a union which he shrewly suspected she had winked at, if not actually encouraged, he experienced a certain relaxation of the risible muscles which he was unused to. Regaining, however, his accustomed composure, and giving her a look which seemed to say "*Nous jouons la comédie*," he proceeded: "My devotion, madam, to your family I trust you will

never have occasion to question. But when you require a man of my years and sedentary habits 'to take horse,' and gallop the Lord knows where after this giddy couple, you forget that since I hunted in Epping Forest, now forty years ago, I have not been acquainted with the back of that useful quadruped. To take horse, therefore, like your ancestors of yore is impossible; but, to please you, I'll follow them with all convenient speed, in some commodious vehicle; and, but that they have already so many hours start of me, I doubt not I might come up with them."

Mrs. Golightly was too reasonable not to accept this compromise, and it was agreed that Mr. Robinson should set off in pursuit of her daughter. He accordingly took his leave; and having, on his arrival at his chambers in Clement's-Inn, eaten his dinner in his usual peaceable manner, and finished his pint of old port, he ordered his one-horse chaise, drawn by "old stumps," to be brought to the door, and took his departure comfortably for St. Albans.

"Old Stumps," said he, as he settled himself in his seat, "will take me very well the first stage, and save posting."

Chap. II.—The Negociations.

Leaving, therefore, Mr. Robinson in pursuit, we must visit, for a moment, the mansion in Portman-square. Mrs. Evergreen, as soon as she had missed her son, instituted an inquiry among the household, which coupled with her own observation of Matthew's conduct for the few preceding days, led her to conjecture nearly what had happened; and a certain hieroglyphic, which was at this time brought to the house by a post-boy, confirmed, as far as it could be decyphered, the correctness of her suspicions, It was, indeed, a note hastely written by Matthew at the first stage, and contained a bungling apology for the step he had taken.

"The cunning, good-for-nothing idiot!" muttered this partial mother, "that he should have slipped through my fingers in this way;—he will be bringing home some forward impudent minx, I warrant, who will soon think the house too small to hold us both. Eloped, indeed, the sly cur! I never thought he had spirit enough.—O Matthew! Matthew! what a fool hast thou made of thyself!" And with this comfortable estimate of her son's character, she began to chew not the cud of sweet and bitter fancy but the cud of reflection, which soon led to the philosophical conclusion that "what cannot be cured must be endured." Much, therefore, as she disapproved of this precipitate proceeding, she thought it as well to conceal her displeasure, and, by conciliating the good will of Mrs. Golightly, endeavour to acquire favour in her eyes, and a little ascendency over the mind of her daughter-in-law. For this purpose she sat herself down to compose such an epistle to Mrs. Golightly, as, while it made her sensible of the good fortune of her daughter, and the imprudence of young Evergreen, should still hold forth the olive-branch, and contain some indirect proposals of oblivion for the past and friendship for the future. After sundry sheets of paper had been sacrificed to the concoction of these important overtures, they were written out in a fair round hand, and dispatched to

Mrs. Golightly's by one of her most trusty servants, who, duly impressed with the importance of his mission, announced his arrival by such a thundering rap as shook the frail nerves of the lady no less than the not "too solid" walls of her tenement. "Surely," exclaimed she, frightened from her propriety, "that blockhead, Robinson, has not brought them back!"

The delivery of the missal restored her equanimity; and examining, with something of a supercilious smile, the wide splashy seal on which the armorial bearings of Evergreen (a fess sable on a field argent charged with three puncheons, or) were duly set forth, she threw aside the envelope, and carefully perused the inclosure.

'And you, madam, as one connected with my family,' repeated Mrs. Golightly, as she placed the letter on the table. "Mighty condescension to be sure! Mrs. Evergreen will really and truly, seeing she cannot help herself, consider my daughter as her son's wife. Vastly kind of her indeed!" And as she made these reflections she determined to continue that part which she had commenced to act with Mr. Robinson, and for which, to do her justice, she appeared to have a natural instinct. But this faithful man of business being, as we have seen, very leisurely employed on his northern excursion, she was thrown on her own resources in the composition of such an answer as befitted the occasion; and, though thus left unaided, she acquitted herself of the task so skilfully that I am inclined to think she would be found, on a due investigation, to be provided with what the craniologists call the *bump* of diplomacy lying, (if I remember Dr. Spurtziem's last lecture,) somewhere between and connected with the organs of *duplicity* and *dulness*. Now was the moment, she thought, *de faire valoir* her aristocratic pretensions, and to obtain a triumph over her plebeian antagonist in this contest of blood *versus* money. Setting herself down, therefore, to her writing-table, she struck off an aristocratic epistle, the tenor of which the reader will doubtless understand.

This was a terrible rebuff to Mrs. Evergreen's friendly overtures, and made her more than ever regret her son's amour. "Oh! thought she, "if I could once get him in my power!" But, alas! he was now some hundred miles away from her."

Chap. III.—The Rencontre.

Young Evergreen and his fair companion travelled for the first two days with all due diligence; but as our hero was not one of those poetic youths, who is "of imagination all compact," and who, by virtue of this invaluable gift, "can cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast," he began about this period, having fed for nearly eight and forty hours on the charms of his intended bride, to hunger for more substantial fare; and the appearance of a good inn at Carlisle worked so powerfully on his spirit, that in spite even of Jemima's eloquence, he insisted on a temporary halt. She was more disposed to have completed the journey; for though scarcely fearing pursuit, as far as her own family was concerned, she could not reckon so securely on the Evergreens; and she felt a

thorough conviction, notwithstanding her lover's present pertinacity, that he was not one of those "stern natures" who can oppose, for any length of time, his own opinions to the earnest solicitations of others. She wished, therefore, to make "assurance doubly sure." This prudent resolve, however, Evergreen's grosser appetites compelled her to forego, and at Carlisle they accordingly stopped for some time. Having made a more substantial meal than was, perhaps, consistent with that sublimated state in which the fever of love, whilst it lasts, places those under its influence, they entered their carriage and departed from this ancient city just as the lengthened shadows of evening were beginning to fall around them. They proceeded onward for some time "chasing the hours in sweet discourse," when, having entered upon one of the dreary Westmoreland Moors, their ears were assailed by a shrill whistle, soon followed by a hoarse call of "Stop!" The post-boy drew up his horses, and the carriage doors were immediately opened by two men who, with their faces blackened, and dressed in farmer's frocks, presented each a pistol to the affrightened lovers with the usual unpleasant alternative, "Your money or your life." Evergreen, timid as we have seen him when placed before the fair Jemima, had a stout English heart, and not relishing the unceremonious manner of this address, he quickly disengaged himself from his companion's clasp, and springing out of the carriage grappled with his opponent after such a fashion as shewed him to be fully his match;—but alas! the odds were here against him; the second ruffian soon came to the assistance of his comrade, and levelling a blow at Evergreen laid him insensible on the ground; having rifled his pockets, they both hastily departed across the moor. As soon as they were well out of sight, the post-boy, who had hitherto kept himself very quietly on his horse, dismounted, and talked as though he could have himself mastered half a dozen highwaymen, if the care of his horses had not obliged him to forego the honour of the combat. Young Evergreen, beginning to shew some symptons of returning animation was helped into the carriage, and being placed by the side of Jemima, who scarcely manifested more life than himself, was driven on to the first village, and lodged at the only inn which it could boast of.

Vol. III. Chap. I.—The Apothecary.

The first care, of course, was to send for the apothecary, who having examined his patient, *secundum artem*, and discanted, as is the method of his brethren on similar occasions, in a very learned manner on the sinciput and occiput, and cerebrum and cerebellum, declared in the favour of a copious bleeding, and summoned the chambermaid to his assistance; adjusting the bandages, and making the other necessary preparations for this important operation.

As "the purple fountain issued from his veins," poor Jemima, who had not anticipated such accompaniments to her flight, but had always viewed a journey to Gretna *en couleur de rose*, felt certain qualms, which resembled something like regret at having quitted the maternal roof.

The apothecary retired, leaving the lovers to repose; and "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," performed its office so effectually, that when he visited them on the following morning, one obstacle alone presented itself to the prosecution of their journey. But this obstacle, it must be confessed, was, if not an insuperable, certainly a weighty one; "the gentlemen of the shade, and minions of the moon," as Falstaff politely calls them, having performed their parts so well that not a stray guinea was to be found in any one of the folds, corners, or crevices of Evergreen's capacious pockets, which presented themselves only as one great void.

But without money how were the postillion, apothecary, and landlady to be satisfied; and, which at the present moment was a consideration of more importance, how was the journey to be prosecuted to a prosperous and happy conclusion? These were points which would have puzzled cleverer fellows than Evergreen, spurred on though he was by the arrows of Cupid. "But the attempt must be made," said he, endeavouring "to screw his courage to the sticking place."

Striving "to patch grief with proverbs," they summoned the landlady to an audience, and the evident *gène* and embarrassment with which she was received, confirmed at once her suspicion of the purport of the interview. After some prefatory remarks, to which the robbery naturally gave birth, Evergreen proceeded to ask credit for the expenditure already incurred, and the means of continuing his journey. To the first branch of the request, the hostess, considering the circumstances of the case, would probably have lent a willing ear; but when it came to be coupled with an actual advance of hard cash, all her principles of prudence, nurtured and strengthened, as they were, by her long residence in the north, revolted at once; and she looked about for some legitimate excuse. The state of Evergreen's health readily presented itself; and she was beginginning to expatiate with much earnestness on the prudence of prolonging his stay at her house until he could communicate with his friends, when the arrival of a chaise afforded her a plausible excuse for breaking up the conference. Making good her retreat, she left Evergreen and Jemima any thing but pleased with the prospect before them.

Chap. III.—The Unexpected Arrival.

"If it isn't Mr. Robinson!" said Jemima, as she examined the chaise, accompanying her exclamation with that sort of doubtful titter which may be supposed to indicate either pleasure or dissappointment.

"A friend of yours?" enquired Evergreen, "then he may advance us the money which I suspect it will be difficult to extract from our landlady."

The probability of any such occurrence was soon made apparent by the inquiries with which Mr. Robinson assailed the crowd of assembled waiters, hostlers, and chambermaids. "A young gentleman and lady—about twenty—light hair—ruddy countenance—five feet

eight—the lady seventeen—dark eyes—clear complexion—regular features, &c."

"Now, I'll be whipped," cried the hostler, "if the gemman be' an't after those as were robbed last night."

"Hush," whispered the more kind-hearted chambermaid, who always sympathized with those travelling a road for which she herself felt an intuitive affection. "Don't spoil sport."

But the arrival of the hostess decided the lover's fate. In delivering them over to the Philistines, she secured, as she thought, not only the payment of her bill; but put an end, at once, to their demands upon her exchequer, which she had just listened to with any thing but complacency. Mr. Robinson was accordingly ushered into their presence; and declaring the object of his journey, called upon Jemima to accompany him to London, in obedience to her mother's commands.

What was to be done?

"Surely Mr. Robinson," said Jemima, taking him aside, and lowering her voice to a whisper, "ma'ma cannot be in earnest!"

"Why, then, has she sent me here?"

"But she cannot be in earnest, depend upon it."

"Why, to speak the truth," said Robinson, "such a suspicion has crossed my mind; but she insisted so peremptorily on my coming after you, and seemed to dread so much the anger of my lord, and Sir Pedigree ——"

"It is her way, Sir!" interrupted the young lady. "Ma'ma likes to talk so; but she would be sorry to see me back, for all that, and would feel but little obliged to you for your zeal."

"But my responsibility?" said Robinson, evidently shaken in his purpose—I cannot take it on myself—breach of trust—action will lie—damages—quite impossible—I am sorry; but the responsibility—"

"But, but," muttered Jemima, as she was beginning to concoct in her fruitful imagination, some plan by which Mr. Robinson's responsibility and scruples might be removed; when who should stalk into the room but Sir Pedigree MacDusty himself!

Chap. IV.—An Unfriendly Relation.

Sir Pedigree had arrived at the inn whilst on one of his periodical journeys to the British Metropolis; and soon learned enough of what was going on up-stairs, to justify his interference.

"So, Miss Jemima," said he, addressing his young relative, "you were anxious to breath the keen air of the north it seems, and must needs be accompanied by an adventurous knight. And pray, if I may be so bold as to ask, what is the young gentleman's name?"

"Evergreen," answered our hero, "I am not ashamed of my name."

"Evergreen. It should be a durable one certainly," continued the baronet, "though I don't remember to have met with it at the Herald's College."

"It is well known in the City, notwithstanding," interrupted Evergreen.

"Known in the city! A trader then? An elevé of the desk; a disciple of the counter; a mushroom; a fungus engendered in the hot-bed of traffic and corruption."

"An English merchant," said Evergreen, without very well understanding the figures of Sir Pedigree's oratory. "Against an English merchant you can have nothing to allege."

"Why," continued the imperturbable baronet, "if we took a merchant on his own estimate, he would indeed be an invaluable character; but fortunately, young gentleman, we can refer, in this matter, to more impartial authority. One of our greatest statesmen cautions us against a class of men, 'whose God is their gold; their country their invoice; their desk their altar; their ledger their bible; their church the exchange; and who have faith in no one but their banker.'"

Never, in Evergreen's hearing, had the sanctity of the Royal Exchange been so profaned; but, he was doomed to further suffering, for, the baronet having once got into "King Cambyses' vein," felt no disposition to stop. "I should regret much," he continued, "if a scion of the house of MacDusty, remote though it be, should form any such demeaning connection; and, most fortunate do I esteem myself, that I have chanced to pass this way in time to unite with my worthy friend Mr. Robinson in forbidding the banns."

Whatever ideas favourable to Jemima's designs might have been previously floating in Mr. Robinson's brain, were, by such and similar discourse, banished at once and for ever. She herself saw the utter hopelessness of arguing with Sir Pedigree; and submitting therefore to her fate was conducted to her chaise, leaving poor Evergreen behind her "as melancholy as Moor ditch." And then our hero remained despoiled of his mistress; robbed of his money; his person bruised and beaten; his pretensions despised and ridiculed; the calling of his forefathers reviled; and he himself left as it were in pawn at a beggarly ale-house. In this forlorn and desolate condition he had only one course to pursue—dispatching a mission to his mother, in which he briefly recapitulated his misfortunes, and requested an instant supply of the needful.

Chap. V.—The Consequences.

If joy and triumph reigned in the bosom of Mrs. Evergreen, as she stepped into her carriage to ransom her hopeful son from the barbarian clutches of the northern Picts, far different were the feelings of her aristocratic neighbour when the effects of her acting were brought home to her. Here she stood—the demolisher of her own fortunes; and what she intended for farce, or at most for genteel comedy, was converted, by her mismanagement, into deep and bitter tragedy. Nor were these feelings assuaged by the vehement exultations of Sir Pedigree, and the more measured and temperate congratulation of Robinson, who seeing in her lowering countenance, and constrained manner, that all was not at peace within, insisted but very sparingly on his own particular merits in the affair. But Mrs. Golightly's principal annoyance arose perhaps more from the feigned penitence of

Jemima, than from the congratulations of her friends. She, divining at once the state of her mother's mind, sought some consolation for her own disappointments in tormenting their author with exaggerated expressions of grief and contrition. It required assuredly no small measure of self command to maintain, under such trials, an air of decent composure. Mrs. Golightly was able to do so; but as the exertion was great, so was it necessary to shorten its duration: and she availed herself, therefore, of the first opportunity to retire, that she might in private and alone give vent to those feelings which she had been obliged hitherto to conceal.

Chap. VI.—The Denouement.

Here close my volumes, and take leave of my friendly readers, with whom, side by side, I have wandered so long. And as my sole object in writing has been their amusement and instruction—if one inconsiderate mind shall have been benefitted by their moral, or one weary heart relieved by their interest, the labour of their author will be fully repaid; for the consolation however of those kind souls who may sympathize in the lover's fallen hopes, and in poor Jemima's disappointments, it is due to say, that, in less than a twelvemonth after the events we have recorded, the interesting Matthew married his mother's housemaid, and the pretty Jemima was led to the hymeneal altar by an Irish captain of horse, who was looking for his majority through the parliamentary influence of Sir Pedigree MacDusty—sincerely praying that all "matrimony" might not prove "moonshine."

SWEET ROSA.

They move with sad and solemn pace,
From yon white cot's sweet flowery breast;
And grief sits on each silent face
While at the old church gate they rest.

And has death snatch'd a thing so sweet
As yon green valley's richest prize—
The lovely girl I used to meet
In Hawthorn-dale with laughing eyes?

Oh! yes, it is that budding flower,
Sweet Rosa of the hawthorn dale;
Death stole her in an early hour,
And turn'd her blushing roses pale.

OLD ENGLISH WOOD.

What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travail—none of toil.
BYRON.

I.

WITH cloudy wings outstretch'd in deathly gloom
Came shady Silence, leading black-brow'd Night
Mantled in darkness dreary as the tomb,
Whose sable shield resists the piercing sight,
And mocks the efforts of excluded light,
Waiting in vain to gild the pitchy vault;
So brooding o'er the forest's leafy height,
In murky clouds marching with dark assault,
Came gloomy Night, no morn to bid his black steeds halt.

II.

Hark! from yon wood is heard the wolf's long howl,
Loud echoes deepen—o'er the savage plain
The list'ning fox halts on his midnight prowl,
Then gliding cautiously proceeds again,
Oft turning round, although he turns in vain,
Increasing darkness hides each moving foe;
Green leaves resound with drops of dancing rain,
At intervals hoarse winds in wild gusts blow,
While tall trees bend and sigh like men in deepest woe.

III.

The startled raven quits her lofty nest,
And circles round the huge broad-branching oak,
Where her young nestlings closely gather'd rest,
Stretching their beaks, rous'd by her harsh deep croak;
While howling wolves have ravenously broke
The cavern'd wood, across the heath they stray
Impell'd by hunger, rage appears to choke
Their clamourous yell—anon they bound away,
Sweeping the level plain full speed in quest of prey.

IV.

The wolf's stern howl, join'd with the raven's cry,
Rouses the wild deer from his shady lair;
From snow-white thorns bright pendant rain-drops fly;
Round the deep glen in vain his brown eyes glare,
Impenetrable gloom resists his stare.
Now! now! he flies, he clears the frowning wood,
Sweeps by the wond'ring, timid, trembling hare,
Brushes the blossom, shakes the tender bud,
Gains the extended plain, and swims the gurgling flood.

V.

Majestic grandeur stamp'd that solemn scene,
For weary miles an outstretch'd forest lay,
Seldom if ever trod by mortal being;
Here nature sat enthron'd in wild array,
Profusely deck'd, with firs and witching bay;*
Here broad oaks threw afar their shady arms
O'er creeping brambles, which unguided stray
Around the trunk, where loving ivy swarms,
And playful squirrels climb, rock'd safe from all alarms.

VI.

Here quiv'ring aspens kiss'd the whispering gale,
And hawthorns blossom'd, hid in sunless shade;
The mourning ring-dove coo'd her doleful tale,
The holly green its shining leaves display'd,
The branching birch o'erhung the flowery glade,
The tow'ring elm shelter'd the noisy rook,
The hazel in rich foliage stood array'd,
The willow trembled o'er the wimpling brook,
Whose bright, dark, mirror'd face tall whistling reeds o'erlook.

VII.

The sullen crabtree flourish'd 'neath the beech,
Above, the toppling wild pine rear'd its head,
As tho' the low'ring clouds it fain would reach,
So proudly high those lofty arms were spread,
Whose rustling leaves the winds profusely shed.
Luxuriant box stood rob'd in gloomy hue,
And cypress nodded o'er the glen's dark bed,
Where stately ash o'ertopp'd the bow-fam'd yew,
Bursting in silent grandeur on the astonish'd view.

VIII.

The woods, and glades, and dells were painted round
With healing herbs, and variegated flowers;
The savage forest then no lordling owned,
No studied art bedeck'd her native bowers,
Her rugged silent breast inhaled the showers,
And blushing roses shed their beauteous bloom;
The circling woodbine o'er the white-thorn tower-.
They live and die amid the forest gloom,
Like maiden beauty snatch'd untimely to the tomb.

IX.

Ill-scented henbane o'er the gromel hung,
And humble chickweed 'neath wild rockets spread;
'Mid noisome foxes'-glove and serpents'-tongue
The purple true-love rear'd its shining head.
There hoary woodsage pleasing odours shed
O'er richly tinted golden maiden-hair,
And spreading dove's-foot garb'd in glaring red,
And cuckoo flowers—that like some modest fair,
Bears a slight crimson blush beneath the unwelcome stare.

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* "Witching bay," wore as a preventive against witchcraft.—GALEN.

X.

Above the endive's flower of heavenly blue
Spread the rough leaves of deadly dark nightshade;
Around a golden gleam bright king-cups threw;
Primroses were in long pale ranks array'd,
And spotted cowslips nodded in the glade;
The modest lily shed her feeble light,
The thistle's white locks o'er the groundsel stray'd,
Where knots of tall fair daisies, rob'd in white,
Gleam'd through the sullen ranks of cloudy-column'd night.

XI.

There silver-grass in rank luxuriance grew,
And broad docks pav'd the broader sloping dale;
The wild vine* o'er the thorn its green-arms threw,
Whose leafy wings flew streaming in the gale,
Or o'er the violet spread an emerald sail:
Around tall shady orpines proudly rise,
And branching hemlocks thickly stud the vale,
Screening the dazzling broom's deep yellow eyes,
That 'neath the shady plant in armed ambush lies.

XII.

Along the shelving banks grew scented thyme,
And ragwort with expanded woolly leaves;
There yellow toad-flux up the mallows climb,
And dark-leav'd eye-bright to the tutson cleaves,
Where ingenious gossamer oft weaves
The dew-strung woof, which rides the sweeping breeze;
Above the tow'ring cummin tries to heave
Its seedy head, shunn'd by the humming bees,
Who spread at day their pinions o'er the broad dwarf trees.

XIII.

No habitation grac'd that rugged scene,
No pathway bore the track of man or steed;
Dark trees the dell from streaming sunbeams screen,
Where hungry wolves on slaughter'd wild deer feed,
And otters dive beneath the trembling reed:
No cultivation here smoothed Nature's face,
No nodding corn, nor hedge-engirded mead,
Across this savage scene the eye could trace;
Diana here alone might lead the sylvan chase.

XIV.

Slow rising o'er the forest's lighted verge,
Driving dark clouds from Heav'ns black shrouded breast,
The broad round-belted moon deigns to emerge.
Now shady trees appear in thunder drest,
As though the pitchy field had dared to rest
Upon their heads. The shadows move like night—
Like routed night, by morning closely prest;
Or like stern battle-columns put to flight,
So dark clouds passed the wood to avoid the spreading light.

* * * * * *

T. M.

* Wild vine, or briony.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CAPTIVITY.

Chap. II.—The March.

In my last paper I gave an account of my capture by the French privateer the *Grand Duc de Berg*, and having been landed, with my companions, at Dieppe, as a prisoner of war. We were marched, under an escort of gendarmerie, to the old castle of Dieppe, at that time converted into a prison; and, although with the prospect of a long and dreary captivity before me, I could not look upon the gloomy side, but passed along the town admiring the antique appearance of the buildings and the strangeness of the people. I will not dwell upon our hospitable reception at the castle—upon our comfortable lodging in one of the round towers—the abundance of straw with which we were provided—the bowl of soup per diem—and the primitive manner in which we all fed, having but one spoon among the party. It was a weary time; and right glad were we when the order came for us to march, although the hope of improvement in our condition was but slender: so buoyant is the mind of youth, that any change from the dreary monotony of close prison discipline is a relief.

The preparations for our removal, however, were any thing but promising: we were placed two by two, and fastened together by handcuffs and short chains. In the centre of each chain was a ring, and when we were all handcuffed in pairs, a rope was passed through all the rings, to keep us from scattering, the last man's handcuff being fastened to the end of the rope. Thus confined, it was impossible to avoid any sink or puddle; for though one might step over, if alone, he could not take those behind; so that through every thing, thick and thin, we had all to pass.

Thus manacled and guarded like convicts, we were gallantly marched through the town of Dieppe, escorted by six soldiers and two gens-d'armes, having first received a pound and a half of bread and five sous (twopence halfpenny) each, which, we were given to understand, was to be our daily allowance during our march to Cambray, our final destination.

As we passed by one of the quays, the first thing that attracted our attention was a large vessel with her topmasts struck, her decks housed in, and a number of persons employed in discharging her cargo. This was indeed putting our feelings to a bitter test, for, at a glance, we recognized her to be the *Eden*, our own poor vessel, in which, but a very few days before, we expected to arrive safely in London. We involuntarily halted for a moment to look at her, but it was only for a moment, as the surly cry of our guards, calling "*En avant—en avant donc!*" compelled us to proceed. My spirits were not at any period of the sinking kind; and even when I did feel acutely, I generally had the power to conceal my feelings under a smiling or a careless countenance; but here it was too much: the thought of father, friends, and home rushed at once upon my mind, which, coupled with the prospect of misery, distress, and privation

before me, overpowered me for a few moments. Still I spoke not, neither did I shed a tear—I suffered a degree of anguish that did not allow of such relief. My depression was, however, but momentary; I rallied, and began to talk as before, notwithstanding the withering frown with which both captain and mate regarded my hardness of heart and want of feeling, as they were pleased to term it. The captain and mate, indeed, wept bitterly as we proceeded from the town; and though our crew reproached them not, they appeared deeply to bewail that want of true English feeling, which, had they possessed and exercised it, would, in all probability, have preserved the vessel, but certainly the liberty of all on board.

All such reflections were, however, too late; but I could not help thinking that they would have ample leisure for reminiscences of anything but a pleasant nature; for though as yet I had but little experience of the nature of a French prison, I was aware that no exchange of prisoners had been allowed during the war, and, therefore, that we could hardly expect to be released until a peace was concluded, of which the most sanguine could not then entertain the most distant expectation. With this prospect before us, we proceeded on our route.

The morning was very cold and rainy, and on getting clear of the town of Dieppe, we found the roads ankle-deep in mud; but there was no "picking our way." The "stage," or journey, for that day, was about twenty miles; and by one o'clock we had got to the half-way house, or, more properly, the place where a halt is made by the Correspondence. Here we met another party of prisoners, with whom we effected an exchange of protectors; that is, we were turned over to the custody of the other guard, while our previous escort returned with the advancing party to Dieppe. By this manœuvre the guards were enabled to return to their respective homes in the evening; in our case we were exchanged for some conscript deserters, who were on their way back either for trial or punishment, and who certainly appeared, if possible, more wretched than ourselves. Having halted for an hour, and obtained such refreshment as our scanty pittance afforded—which, with our allowance of bread, consisted of a little sour wine, worse than the poorest table beer retailed in England—we proceeded on our march, and in the evening we arrived, soaked with rain and exhausted with fatigue, at our quarters; there we were introduced into the prison-yard, and our handcuffs being taken off, we were turned into a very large room, having several high and well-barred windows, without either glass or shutters; and having had half a dozen bundles of straw thrown among us, with which to make beds, the door was locked upon us for the night. There were several conscripts in the room, who were on their way to join their different regiments, according to the districts in which they had been raised; but as we could hold no communion with them in French, we placed our straw in one corner, spread it so as to afford a little to each; and thus wet, weary, and exhausted, we lay down to rest.

On awaking, I found my companions had passed as restless a time as myself, while the Frenchmen appeared to sleep soundly. I know not whether it was a part of their military tactics to direct their night

troops to quarter on the enemy; but if any such order were given, it had been obeyed with the strictest military discipline. Right glad was I when day-light appeared; but still more so when our prison-door was thrown open, and we were ordered to turn out, and prepare for our day's march. We received each our pound and a half of bread and five sous, and, being ironed in the same manner as the day before, were escorted through the town and along the road.

Although our march, on this occasion, was much shorter than that of the previous day, still it was attended with its full share of inconvenience and suffering. The rain fell in torrents, and we, as I have already said, were obliged to walk through thick and thin. We had not yet reached the Correspondence, or half-way house, when both our captain and mate complained of fatigue, and declared their inability to proceed farther; and, in proof of this assertion, the latter, a great hulking burly fellow, knelt on the road and began to cry. Fancy, for a moment, an English sailor crying!—It was much to the shame and disgrace of even the most humble seaman or boy of the party. For myself, though brought up with the greatest tenderness and care, I could not help laughing heartily at the pair. However, it was a difficulty, and the gen-d'armes, after a few *sacrés*, found the necessity of seizing the first cart which came along, and into this cart both captain and mate were bundled. In the evening we arrived at Abbeville, where we were shown into the common prison, supplied with a little straw, and left to our cogitations.

I have often been surprised that, during this period of suffering, although passing whole days in the rain, and lying night after night in wet clothes, that no one of us took cold; but "God tempers the wind for the shorn lamb;" shorn, indeed, we were, and that to the quick! Many a time and oft, did I think what my poor father and mother would have felt, had they known the extent of suffering to which I was exposed; and I solemnly declare that the pleasure which I felt at the consciousness of their being ignorant of it, counterbalanced any feeling of suffering which I underwent. But all was not to be suffering—all was not to be pain and privation. When we were turned out to march next morning, we were not ironed; we were not strung together by that eternal cord—we were now permitted the free use of our limbs, and, with an escort of six soldiers and two gen-d'armes, were conducted on our third day's march. All went on very well during the early part of the day; it did not rain, and things began to wear a brighter prospect. We reached the half-way house, when, to our dismay, the first thing which caught our attention was a set of handcuffs; they were to us then the climax of horror. We made up our minds that they were intended for us, and not one of us could venture to utter a word of inquiry, so fearful were we of the appalling fact; but we were happily mistaken—they were not intended for us. After our scanty meal, we resumed our march without irons. If any one who reads this, without having been ever subjected to a similar apprehension, then I tell him that he is incapable of understanding my feelings at that moment; if he has so felt and so suffered, it would be useless to add a word of explanation.

At five o'clock we arrived at Arras, in the citadel of which some

two or three thousand English prisoners were confined; but we were lodged for the night in the town gaol. Arras being a city, and having a prefect, before whom the papers directing our removal to Cambray were to be inspected, we were allowed a day's halt; and, during this welcome period of rest, some officials belonging to the English depôt came to our prison, and furnished us with a small sum of money. To the captain and mate they gave twenty-five francs each; but to the rest, myself amongst the number, they gave fifty sous (about two shillings and a penny) each. I stood boldly upon my rank as a passenger, but, alas! without effect; I could not obtain a single sou beyond the others. Having received much benefit from a day's rest and a comfortable meal, we were next morning marched forward towards Doulens, a distance of twenty-four miles. On entering the prison-yard, the gaoler opened a large gate, which presented to us a flight of some twenty or thirty steps divided about halfway down by a heavy iron grating. Our captain and mate actually shuddered, they begged and prayed, by signs, that they might not be consigned to this dungeon, which it literally was; but the gaoler was not to be moved he ordered: us all down in no very measured terms, and lifted his huge bundle of keys as if to enforce his command. The captain, at length, recollecting that he had some money about him, displayed it, and offered to pay for a bed; the mate followed his example, and, though neither could speak a single word of French, the language they used was perfectly intelligible to the gaolor, who took them off to his own house, while one of his turnkeys drove us down the steps into our dungeon; and, certainly, a more horrid receptacle I never witnessed. It was a vaulted cave; in one corner was a heap of straw, into which our poor fellows gladly threw themselves; but the first who did so recoiled more quickly than he advanced: he was assailed with a hollow groan. On turning over the straw, we found a miserable human being beneath it. He presented a most wretched appearance, and seemed fast approaching to that "bourn from which no traveller returns." We found he was a Fleming, a conscript; and he gave us to understand that, having deserted, he had been arrested, heavily ironed, and marched back on his way to join his regiment. Having been attacked by illness, he was thurst into the dungeon of Doulens, where he had lain several days without medical attendance, or any other sustenance save the prison allowance, which, in his case, was bread and water once a day. The poor fellow appeared to be heartily tired of life; the only tie that bound him to it being a desire to see a poor widowed mother, whose only support he had been up to the period of his being drawn as a conscprit He had his wish; he breathed his last in the course of that night without a sigh. On turning over the straw, next morning, we found him a cold and livid corpse.—"There the prisoner rested—he heard not the voice of the oppressor."

As soon as it was light a turnkey came down with a bottle of brandy, which he tendered to us at one sou the *petit goute*. This we declined, though certainly not for want of will as far as I was concerned; the fact was, that we could not afford it. But as we did not have that, they took care that we should have little else, a bucket of

water being the only thing brought down to us in the course of the day—neither bread, soup, nor meat. Morning came, and with it our order to march, the dead conscript keeping undisturbed possession of his dungeon and his straw.

When drawn up in the yard, we received a pound and a half of bread each and twopence-halfpenny (five sous), and away to the road again, but without irons, ropes, or fastenings of any kind. It was a fine day for the time of year, and we had a comparatively happy day's walk of it. In the evening we arrived at Donay, where we halted for the night, and our next day's journey brought us to Cambray. Every body knows that Cambray is a fortified town, and possesses a very large and well fortified citadel. But they, perhaps, are not aware that in this citadel some three or four thousand British subjects—soldiers, sailors, passengers, &c. &c.—were confined for years without hope of release. For myself, after the first two years, I made my mind up that I was to end my days there.

As we passed over the drawbridge, which defends the citadel, we were received with a loud and continuous shout of "Prisoners, oh! prisoners, oh!" which I afterwards understood was the shout with which the arrival of new prisoners was made known to the general body. In an instant every room was emptied, every walk was forsaken, and down rushed the whole mass in order to ascertain where we came from, where we belonged to—each anxious to find a towny or even a man from the same country as himself; and if any such were found, the last penny, the last loaf, every thing was spent in treating him and making him welcome. It not unfrequently happened that prisoners arrived in the greatest state of destitution; and, to the honour of British subjects be it spoken, that in such cases every sacrifice of food, clothes, and money was made to make them comfortable.

Napoleon having refused to an exchange of prisoners during the war, many of the poor fellows by whom we were now surrounded had been eight and some even ten years in confinement, and still their hopes of release were as far from being realized as ever. A good many who had been taken when little boys were now grown up strong and powerful men, and there were not a few whose recollections of England were of the slightest and most vague description. In this grand depôt were we domiciled, and these were our companions in adversity.

In the citadel there were large and convenient buildings, considering that it was a prison. We were allowed to walk about the yard during the day, but at night we were locked in our rooms. These rooms were about twenty-four feet by twenty, and in each of these twenty-eight men were confined. We were allowed a stove and a portion of coals, and in this one room we had to eat, drink, sleep, cook, and wash. In summer we were summoned into the yard by a bell at five o'clock in the morning; we were mustered and counted at noon, and at seven o'clock in the evening we were counted and locked up for the night. Our allowance consisted of a coarse brown holland tick, a single blanket, and two bundles of straw every four months for each two men—the blankets were all patched, having

been used in the hospitals until unfit for further service. Our allowance of food consisted of a loaf of three pounds every three day, half a pound of beef per day, and a small portion of peas and salt. The bread was what any man who has visited France knows by the name of *pain ammunition*, and was nearly black. As for the meat, it was of the most wretched description. Each twenty-eight men, in getting their three days' allowance of beef, had to take a portion of the head, liver, lights, and melt; so that, when it came to be portioned out, each man had little more than two ounces of meat for his day's allowance, and that, too, of the very worst kind, The whole of the prison rations were supplied by contract; and the bargain being always made between the governor of the prison and the contractors, who well understood each other, the unfortunate prisoners had no redress, but were obliged to take whatever was served out to them. Complaint was out of the question.

The whole of the naval and military officers taken during the war were sent to Verdun, where they were allowed to remain upon parole, having the town and a few miles around it for their prison. Captains and mates of merchant ships were sent to Auxonne, where they were allowed twenty-nine francs (about twenty shillings) per month, without rations. Passengers also were sent to this town; but, unfortunately, I not being acquainted with the French language, was, in the first instance, returned to the Minister of War as belonging to the ship, and was detained at Cambray with the other persons taken on board of her, it being, when I found out the mistake, too late to rectify it. In addition to the rations above-mentioned, the prisoners had an allowance of three farthings a day from the French Government; there was a further allowance of one penny a day from the English Government. By arrangements made between the principal persons confined at Verdun and the French Government, the surgeons taken in the army and navy were stationed, on parole, at Cambray, Arras, Valenciennes, and other depôts where large bodies of prisoners were confined, and dispensed medical advice as well as medicines to the prisoners. They had also to pay this penny per day, or seven pence per week, allowed by the British Government. One great advantage resulted from the residence of these gentlemen in the different towns in which prisoners were situated; in Cambray, for instance, we had a school, in which all boys under eighteen were instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, navigation, and book-keeping. The masters, appointed to give instruction in these different branches, were selected from such captains of vessels, passengers, and other persons as were found competent to the task; and, for this service, they were paid sufficient to support themselves respectably, and likewise enjoyed the privilege of going into town and a few miles into the country. These schools were found of the greatest advantage, and many skilful and intelligent captains of ships derived the whole of their education, even to reading and writing, from them. In Cambray, before I left it in 1813, there were no less than 300 boys; the whole number of prisoners, amounting at that period, to upwards of 3,000.

It would be tedious to go through the melancholy detail of the

four years' captivity which I suffered in the prison of Cambray. I do not like to dwell upon such matters. Besides, in the monotonous routine of prison discipline, but few incidents occur sufficiently vivid to give interest to a narrative. The circumstance of my attempted escape, my recapture, and final success, will stand out in more lively colours, and compensate for this comparatively dull portion of my history.

During my imprisonment I suffered severely from hunger; for my three days' allowance of bread was not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of more than a day and a half. Many of my fellow-prisoners finished their allowance in a single day; and I, though with only a moderate appetite, found it difficult to make it spin out for two days. Many and many a time have I walked round the prison-yard and counted the trees, or thought of home, or, in short, any thing that might prolong my walk, from a fear of going into the room and pouncing upon my unfortunate loaf—for the sight of it was irresistible. I had certainly the assistance of the money allowed by the English and French governments, making in all twelve-pence farthing a-week; but then there were sad drawbacks upon this little sum. A Jerseyman undertook to set up a French school, for which he charged twopence halfpenny every ten days; and as I had a desire to learn French, I had to pay this sum out of my little pittance. But this was not my greatest trouble—a grammar must be bought. The price of Wanostrocht's grammar was three francs and a half, nearly a month's allowance; but the grammar was bought, though my poor stomach suffered for it; and, after a little, time I made the delightful discovery that my schoolmaster spoke very bad French, and that he did not understand a single word of grammar either French or English. I gave up both him and his school; but I still continued to speak French with every Frenchman or woman with whom I could contrive to fall into conversation. I used to write, too, after a fashion; but my mode of proceeding, though awkward, served my purpose. I sometimes took a French book and translated perhaps a half page of it into English; this I put by for a few days, and then, after looking carefully over it, attempted, in the best way I could, to turn it into French again without looking at the French book. This translation was in its turn put by for a few days; and then, by comparing it with the French book, I found out how far I was deficient. By practising in this way alternately, with French and English authors, I found I had made myself pretty well acquainted with the French language. As to the pronunciation, that could only be acquired by habit, and no creature worked harder to acquire that habit than I did.

THE REWARD OF THE BRAVE.

BY J. BANIM, ESQ.

I.

The Irish soldier, cast for fight,
Stood to his arms at dead of night,
Watching the east, until its ray
To the battle-field should show his way;—
Soldier, soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight though they call you slave,
And though you but help a bandit hand
Uncheck'd to kill in your native land.

II.

The soldier thought on his chance of doom—
How the trampled sod might be his tomb—
How, in evening's dusk, his sightless stare
To the small pale stars might upward glare;—
Soldier, soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight though you think of the grave—
Though it yawn so near you, black and chill,
Honour and courage man you still.

III.

And o'er his solemn brow he made
The Christian sign, and humbly said—
"Your prayers, good saints, if I should fall;
And for mercy, O Lord, on you I call!"—
Irish soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight, although you crave
The prayers of the saints your own to aid,
And the sign of the cross on your brow have made

IV.

The morning broke—the bugle blew—
The voice of command the soldier knew,
And stern and straight in the van he stood,
And shouting, he rush'd to the work of blood;—
Irish soldier, soldier bold,
Thousands lay round you, crimson'd and cold—
But over their bodies you still fought on,
Till down you sank as the day was won.

V.

And the Irish soldier now hath come,
Worn, and wounded, and crippled, home,
The hated, and slander'd, and scorn'd of those
Who safely slept while he faced their foes;—
Irish soldier, soldier bold,
In your native land you now are told
'Twas traitor-blood on that field you lost,
For you call'd on the saints, and your brow you cross'd!

THE LORD AND THE GAMEKEEPER.

The Irish are notorious humourists; and when out of the reach of extreme poverty, which embitters the best feelings of human nature, are the kindest-hearted of people. Their jests seldom have a sting—they are but skin-deep—their shafts rather tickle than wound, and the person against whom they are directed will rather laugh than look serious. An Irishman is an adroit flatterer; but his lurking love of a joke sometimes renders his recompence equivocal. I once knew an Irish gamekeeper who was in himself a comic magazine. He was, moreover, good-nature itself, and would never allow any one, if he could help it, to be dissatisfied with his own prowess in the field. He had an excuse for every miss, and every successful shot was magnified into an extraordinary effort of skill. If any friend of his master had been particularly unfortunate in his sport, Terence would adroitly bring down his bird for him after an unsuccessful discharge, and swear by all the saints he fired point-blank at another. He would almost persuade his companion that he had made a wonderful shot. In the following anecdote poor Terry was put to his wits' end—his ingenuity was fairly baffled. He had entered into the service of an English gentleman who had purchased an estate in Ireland, and was desired one morning to accompany a distinguished visitor of his master's, who was understood to be a *crack* shot, and who was about to sojourn with his friend for a time to the threatened disparagement of his preserves for leagues around. Terry was thunderstruck at this awful inroad upon his vocation, and though he was a good shot himself, quailed before the reputation of the English amateur. This phenomenon of sportsmen—we believe the affair is no secret—was no other than the present Lord Ellenborough; so out a shooting he went, accompanied by Terry O'Flin.

Terry, influenced by the profound respect he entertained for his lordship's abilities, did not presume to carry a gun; he conceived picking up the game would be the more fitting in so humble a proficient as himself to so distinguished an artist as his lordship. Well, off they started with a brace of excellent Irish setters, and in a very few moments a covey of partridges was found.

"Now, your honour, that is your lordship I mane, now is your lordship's honour's time; faith it's down some of 'em will be cumin' I'll warrant 'em."

His lordship stole cautiously within distance, the gamekeeper close behind him, and making sure that the English nobleman must be more than a good shot, as some of his more humble countrymen had proved themselves to be so amongst the *Irish* no great while ago. The birds were flushed, the lord fired, and away flew the covey unscathed.

The Irishman was puzzled; he scratched his head for a moment, looked at his lordship, and then at the gun, and then at the dogs, who appeared equally puzzled, and at length said,—

"Upon my sowl, my lord, that same was about the clanest miss myself ever did see in my born days. I was botherin' my brains to

know why your honour's lordship didn't hit 'em; but now I see you only wished to find out which way they wanted to go, an' faith we been seen that sure enough."

His lordship loaded his piece, and the gamekeeper having marked down the birds, they proceeded; but in the very next field another covey was flushed. His lordship fired first his right and then his left barrel, but without effect,—the birds escaped!

"Oh, murther! what a miss!" said the Irishman; "by the piper that play'd before Moses but you rumpled some of their feathers this time, my lord; them burds won't be comfortable agin if your ludship gets a-near 'em once more."

Well, on they went; birds were found in abundance, and shots were fired; but, luckily for the poor birds, they were not to be had. His lordship, the gamekeeper thought, either was obstructed by his *curls*, or else dazzled by his silver chain. Still the poor gamekeeper kept on consoling and finding excuses at each unsuccessful effort of his lordship until evening came and they were on their return home, when the dogs found a covey of partridges not far from the house. The gamekeeper said they must be feeding, and that if so, they might get close to them. Lord Ellenborough saw them—advanced, and determined not to throw a chance away, shut his eyes and fired both barrels at once as the birds stood on the ground. But the curls, or the chain, or both—were in his lordship's way, the covey took wing and flew away.

The poor gamekeeper was at his wits' end. He could not conceive how the birds could have been missed; but at length he scratched his head, and, with a sarcastic smile, said,—"By Jasus! my lord, but *you made 'em leave that any how.*" The noble lord gave him nothing for his compliment.

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRIDGES.

SOMETIMES dark clouds do gather on my soul,
And I am feeble, e'en as if the sleep
Of death was coming on me; then I lie
Helpless in meek submission to my fate:
Existence here I not too fondly prize;
The fruits it has not been my lot to reap
Of life's rich harvest; therefore shall I die
Calm and contented, be it soon or late.
Already have I long, long years endured
Of pain, wrong, sorrow, contumely, yet
Mingled with drink of joy and comfort pour'd
Into the age of life before me set.
O, to what chequer'd fortunes man is doom'd
Where vice triumphant is with honours plumed!

December 22, 1833.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AGAIN!—We are almost tired of the pedagogue and his birch, and were it not for the infinite advantage he has been, and indeed continually is, to society at large, we should "vote him a bore" But we witness daily and hourly the effects of his presence—we can trace every stroke of his rod in the improvement of our race. What was before barren is now a goodly garden, abounding in flowers, sweet-scented shrubs, and images of classic import. Who can regret two-pennyworth of birch, when we see see such corruscations clicited? The following is part of a circular forced upon our admiration by an insinuating disciple of the scissors in the Burlington Arcade:—

"Animated with feelings of heartfelt gratitude for the pre-eminent patronage a generous Public has afforded them, —— beg to reiterate to the Fashionable World their former pledges of having their luxuriant fancies ever and anon ardently employed in sources of new discovery for the embellishment of their votaries. Hebe herself beautifies not a more youthful, or Venus a more heavenly love-like appearance than do the British fair, when decorated by magical taste. The Horatii and Curiatii of old were the most comely youth of their age, but skill imparts to Britain's sons that noble distinction, that certain "*jenny say quor*," which Greek or Roman never possessed. We feel *diffident* in thus eulogizing ourselves, but as there are arrogant and empyrical pretenders in the immediate neighbourhood, it is an imperative duty to caution. It is distressing to witness tht havoc these *voracious* and superfical quacks make on a head of hair; for with heads as empty as their wooden blocks, they cut, and cut, and that is all."

Possibly the fastidious critic may object to the climax of "they cut and cut, and that is all," as somewhat weak after the brilliant imagery that precedes it. But it can hardly be said to detract from the beauty of the passage, which, as a specimen of style, may be consit dered unique. It reminds us of Moore, in his best days. In wha must we place a profession thus immortalized by genius?

A CHANCE FOR THE AFFLUENT.—The advertising department has been prolific. Many interesting young men and engaging damsels have devoted themselves, in various ways, for the good of their country. What a host of talent, amiability, and accomplishments may be had, "*pecuniary recompence no object.*" But we question whether among this army of martyrs, a more interesting specimen can be found than the following: his diffidence and affability can hardly fail to give satisfaction to the most fastidious—hear the gentleman:—

AN HEIR.—A SINGLE GENTLEMAN, Member of an English University, disgusted at some famiiy differences, is desirous of relinquishing his connections and changing his name. The advertiser, who is a gentleman of good education, affable manners, and pleasing address, submits this pro-

posal to the consideration of the affluent who have no issue. A full explanation will be entered into, and most respectable and satisfactory references given.—Address, post paid, to S. C, L. care of Mr. Wright, 91, Hatton Garden, London.

What an insinuating rogue it is! What a delicate thrust has he made at the sympathies of elderly individuals, in the enjoyment of comfortable incomes! What rich bachelor, verging upon the grand climacteri, having no relics bequeathed by interesting housemaids, whose heart would not be melted by the disgusting family differences endured by *such* a single gentleman? What elderly gentlewoman, having no object to propitiate but her poodle, but must be enraptured with his "affable manners" and "pleasing?" address. How must the amiable hearts of those who have vainly yearned for *issue* be enlisted in the favour of one who would "cut" father, mother, and family, for a trifling "consideration?" We question whether a single gentleman of such affable manners might not even be induced to "turn Turk," if particularly pressed.

We can imagine the strong feeling of affection which such a customer would be regarded by an elderly and ailing individual, who, having agreed to the terms of this disgusted single gentleman, beholds him comfortably seated by his fireside, having only one object on earth—that of waiting till he was dead!

By the way, we beg to observe to the "affluent who have no issue" that we know several *other* disgusted single gentlemen who will undertake the situation upon equally reasonable terms.

The Hatton Garden Philanthropist.—No one can read our daily and weekly journals without being struck with the degree of utter heartlessness which characterizes the decisions of the heads of our police departments;—those chastening rods lent to a poor and afflicted people, to exemplify the love of a paternal government. Surely without pretending to greater sensitiveness than others, the following statement cannot be read by any without emotion. Mary Hart, a middle aged woman, with five children, one an infant at the breast, was brought before Mr. Laing, charged with destitution. The unfortunate woman, who has resided in London for 14 years past, well known and respected in her neighbourhood, had the misfortune, a few weeks ago, to lose her husband, and was compelled to apply to the parish for temporary relief. This was refused, she being a native of Ireland,—at length being unable to pay her rent, she was turned into the streets. We copy the following from the "Weekly Dispatch."

"On Friday night, about eight o'clock, the inclemency of the weather drove her to Rosoman-street station-house, to crave a lodging for the night, which was granted, and she was now brought up at the instance of the Superintendent of the G division, who thought the magistrates would take some steps to alleviate her sufferings.—Policeman Robinson having represented the extreme destitution of the prisoners when they came to the station-house, Mr. Laing, looking steadfastly at the accused, said—"*What have you to say for yourself?*" Woman—"I have no home, Sir, and my poor children (looking at them and crying) would have perished if I had

not got them under cover." Mr. Laing (sternly)—"Why do you refuse to be passed home?" Woman—"I know no one in Ireland, and I cannot let my children be sent there to starve." Mr. Laing—"*Then I'll send you to prison!!!*" Woman—You may if you think proper, Sir. We shall be better off there." Mr. Laing—"THEN *I shall not gratify you.* The parish offers to send you home, which is all the relief the law allows you." (To Hall)—"*Turn her out of the office!!!*"—After looking pitifully around her, she led her children, who appeared unconscious of their mother's anguish, out of the office.—Mr. Laing then told the policeman that the woman *ought not to have been received into the station house!* Policeman—"I went to the master of Clerkenwell workhouse, and told him the condition of the family, but he would have nothing to do with them." Mr. Laing—"Then if she enters the station-house again *turn her out!!!*"

What must the heart of such a man be made of, who could utter sentiments like these?—one who could gratuitously insult misfortune—who could refuse the last shelter of a prison to one so utterly destitute! It justifies one in disclaiming the kindred of species with such a barbarous specimen. We should not be surprised if the proper end to such a man, were one day to be strangled on his seat by the bony fingers of some famishing pauper. Goaded by insult and misery, it would scarcely be a crime.

ROYALTY AND THE SONS OF GENIUS.—When his majesty of Denmark was upon his travels, some few years since, he was pleaed to be particularly gracious towards men of letters. He issued a manifesto to encourage their advances; and those who had the good fortune to present his majesty with a book, were sure to meet with some substantial token of regard. The consequence was, that such a rush was made at the pockets of royalty, and such talent was evinced by *litterateurs* in that particular branch of their art, that his majesty, who had hitherto but occasionally been gratified with meeting a "son of genius," was delighted at the prospect of being introduced to the whole of the family. In each country that his majesty visited with the equally praiseworthy intention of encouraging genius, he found the various branches of that interesting "family" united in so vast and sympathetic a bond, all "having one common end and aim," that the chivalrous monarch was at last reluctantly obliged to seek safety behind his fortifications of Copenhagen, penniless and confounded, literally pelted out of Europe by duodecimos. His majesty, however, was not to be let off so easily; his love of learning was not to perish for lack of lore; and, incontinently, the mail-bags of all Europe, particularly the British, were filled to the brim with packets addressed to his majesty of Denmark. The post-office *employées* all teemed with literature—the very couriers staggered beneath their load of learning—it was rapidly producing a moral revolution equal to that of the Penny Magazine; but, unfortunately, in the nick o' time, the Danish exchequer fell short—a general war could not have brought it into a more scurvy plight. The following ordonnance was the consequence.

"His Majesty the King of Denmark having *numerous literary works* addressed by authors directly to him, and transmitted through the post-office,

in *contravention of his royal ordonnance* of 24th Jan. 1828, has caused this notice to be given: That from the 1st of Feb. 1834, the transmission, through the Hamburg post-office, of all packets addressed to his Danish majesty, containing printed works, *will be interdicted*, unless authenticated by an official seal, and the *packet returned!* His majesty, anxious, nevertheless, for the promotion of science and literature, has been pleased to authorize his ministers abroad to take charge of such works, and to *dispose of them* agreeably to his majesty's instructions."

Though the rush of the schoolmaster has been too strong for the Danish exchequer, it is consoling to think that the monarch is still anxious as ever for the *promotion of science and literature;* for it seems, that when the deputation of trunk-makers waiting on the minister respecting the *disposal* of the works, they found his majesty, with a flattering regard for the labours of the learned, had placed a higher value on them than they had, and that he continued to "stick out for price."

The King of the Dutchmen.—The most abject and contemptible policy that has ever disgraced the history of diplomacy distinguishes the Dutch cabinet. The sordid soul of the trader is exhibited in every move of the king. Having ground down the subjects of his acquired territory by every possible exaction, and by such means having goaded them into rebellion, he is now so exasperated at the deficiency in his accustomed receipts, that he neglects no means the spirit of selfishness can devise to regain his lost sources of profit;—in such light alone does he consider the Belgian people. He has been applying firebrands to Europe, hoping in the blaze to clutch what he falsely calls his *own*. The insignificance of the incendiary has alone protected Europe; and most men are now aware how utterly worthless is the spirit that prompted such diabolical manœuvres. Careless of consequences, reckless of human life and happiness, the Dutchman alone speculates on the chance of grasping his lost prize. The settlement of Europe must remain at issue to gratify the avarice, the ruling passion of the pantile potentate. Thousands of industrious people must continue uncertain of their capital and labour, that the monarch's vision of money-bags may not be utterly destroyed. The people have thrown off their allegiance—they have chosen another king—their choice has been ratified by Europe, yet, with true Dutch Shylock pertinacity, he looked only to his pound of flesh. If each were to claim his own, the fishes would not leave his majesty a foot of ground in his kingdom. If nature had endowed them with any portion of Dutch doggedness, they would insist upon Amsterdam.

A Bishop and his Flock.—We have been struck with a singular *sequitur* in the Durham Advertiser, which some, less single-minded than ourselves, might construe into a slight sarcasm of the editor. We have as high a respect for the English church establishment as any, although we may have expressed ourselves pretty warmly against its abuses, which every day convinces us, for the sake of the church itself, ought to be remedied. Overgrown incomes are neither necessary to uphold or to strengthen an establishment, secured, as it is,

npon a much more solid foundation. But such intimations as the following are not calculated to obtain the respect of the multitude, or to disabuse many of the belief they have formed of the *rapacity* of the church.

"The leasehold tenants of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham, and those from whom ecclesiastical pensions aud other payments are due, are hereby informed that his lordship's audit will be held by Mr. Forster, the acting receiver in the Exchequer, Durham, on Saturday the 4th, Saturday the 11th, and Saturday the 18th days of January, 1834.

"*Such Rents, Pensions, and Payments, as are not paid on one of these days, will forthwith be levied by distress and sale.*"

"Durham, December 26th, 1833."

As though this was not sufficient in itself, some mischievous chance commences the very next advertisement as follows:

"National Society for promoting the Education of the Poor in the *Principles* of the Established Church.—In *consequence* of the grant of 20,000*l.* recently voted by parliament in aid of *private* subscriptions, &c. &c."

If the poor are to be brought up in such *principles* as those proposed by one of the fathers of the established church—God help them! "*Such Rents, Pensions, and Payments, as are not paid on one of these days, will forthwith be levied by distress and sale!*"—And these are the very words published by the richest prelate in England —one might almost say of the world!" One who enjoys such an excess of the good things of *this life*, that he cannot but feel acutely the force of the divine saying, which declares it to be so difficult for a rich man to inherit those of the next.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

The prospects of the theatres and the managers were some short time since in no very flourishing state; at present, if we may so credit the newspapers, their financial condition at least is improved; guineas tumble by hundreds into the treasuries of Mr. Bunn, into the ready lap of Madame Vestris, and the willing pockets of Mr. Yates—the theatres under the management of the two latter persons turn away people from the doors every night; and the two great houses are filled to hearts' content by a public never tired of witnessing the revels of Gustavus, or the glories of Ducrow the dragon-slayer.

If the theatres be only a reflection of the age, the times in which we live do not offer any particular subject for Christian congratulation. The old methods of exciting dramatic interest seem entirely to have failed; before Christmas what is called the regular drama was played at Drury-lane by a tolerable company of comedians, and Shakspeare's tragedies were performed with Mr. Macready in the chief parts; a noble actor with a high poetic feeling.—Of course, the benches and the treasury were empty, the house was deserted even by the ladies of the saloons, the city clerks, the *press*, and the other deserving individuals who are complimented with orders. Mr Jerrold's excellent comedy of the "Wedding Gown obtained but

a feeble and passing popularity; and it is only to Andrew Ducrow, *Esq.*, the Circus-man, the wine-flaggon, kill-dragon, rider from Astley's that Drury-lane owes the return of its prosperity, and the manager the replenishment of his coffers.

"This is none of your Macready jobs," said that enlightened tamer of horses, "where half a pint of pyson serves for five acts;" and, in truth, he was right, Birnam-wood might move to Dunsinane every night and not fifty persons would collect to behold the wonder; but when Ducrovises saddles his four and forty steeds, and slaughters his canvass dragon, the galleries are filled to suffocation, and the pit is crammed to bursting; the free-list returns to the boxes, and again the gilded saloon teems with its fair temptations.

However, there is, as the bills say, something *national* in the subject of St. George, and certainly something noble in the horses at least, if not in the riders, who figure in the piece; then there is Mr. Stanfield's diorama which not a soul admires, but which contains a number of pictures magnificiently imagined and executed, such as would set the French, who understand these things, half mad with admiration.

There is no great harm in all this, nor as we can see, any very glaring departure from the regular drama; St. George contains no more clap-traps than Pizarro; and Sheridan would have made his piece as fine as Ducrow's, had he known how, and Kemble did not disdain to act a part in it.

The attractions at the other theatre, under the Bunnian administration, are of a more equivocal kind. A piece has been produced which has run for sixty nights or more, and which yet appears to possess but small claims to popularity. Gustavus, as an opera, is light and sprightly, one can say nothing more for it; the dialogue is small and weak to a degree; the whole interest lies in the adjuncts of the scene-painter, the property-man, and the person who so abundantly provides that dainty material nightly exhibited in petticoatees.

This latter officer has performed his duty with wonderful faithfulness; young women of all statures and complexions, in dresses of varied colours, but of equal and undeviating scantiness, figure in the last magnificent scene, which, as all the world knows, represents a masked ball at Stockholm. The fair creatures shew their shapes to the admiring pit and the eager boxes; and, further, to a host of persons who are admitted behind the scenes, such as young officers of the Guards, creditors of the managers, Jews, bailiffs, slang noblemen, and other persons who admire beauty and chastity, or are honoured with the acquaintance of the chief theatrical authorities.

But the supper, to celebrate the fiftieth representation of Gustavus, has been the finest piece of generalship, the most brilliant exhibition, that has taken place since the famous supper of Versailles.

The manager in a coat, which had formerly belonged to a king,* (oh, rare satire on kings and managers!) was supported on one side

* It is a fact, which historians will record with pleasure, and philosophers will remark with complacency, that the coat, which on this important occasion, adorned the manly figure of Bunn, in former days set off the slim proportions of George IV.

by his own mistress, on the other by a king's son. What an affecting picture of love and loyalty! What a lesson for radicals and levellers! The scion of a royal stock rises superior to the squeamish forms of society, or the vulgar notions of decorum; he cares not for birth, but he values genius—he does not hesitate to witness the innocent love of two beings who are bound more closely by a union of hearts than by the useless performance of a foolish ceremony, or the idle babbling of a prating priest!

Besides the manager, the mistress, and the king's son, all the actors of the troop, and a vast number of their private friends, assembled to participate in the feast. Somebody, (we think the king's son), hoped that the opera might be continued for fifty more nights, to give occasion to another supper. Heaven grant that the piece may continue in its prosperous course, and its wonted and festive termination! Who does not augur brightly for the drama and the age, when he hears of Fitz-Royalty publicly devouring cold chickens, and uttering eloquent orations in such noble company!

Concerning the Ballet which has lately appeared, we shall say nothing, having to treat on the same subject in our disquisition on another theatre.

* * * * *

Madame Vestris deserves, after all, the highest credit as a patroness of comedy. The little trifles which are continually produced on her stage, with Messrs. Liston and Keeley to enact the heroes, have generally a dash of gentility, and a tolerable sprinkling of humour. Her show pieces are only moderately licentious, not in thoughts or language; but a number of very pretty women in very scanty dresses, with the fair manager at their head, can be supposed to inspire any thing but modest thoughts or moral inclinations; however, the business is conducted with a certain classical elegance, which, in some measure, compensates for the indecency of the exhibition.

But the place where this abuse is carried to the greatest height is at a small theatre in the Strand, called the Adelphi. The Duchess of Kent has twice, according to the newspapers, carried the Princess Victoria to this house to feast her royal imagination with the beauties of Lurline, and to see Mr Reeves (the low comedian hero), "Flare up!" at least such is the inducement put forth by the play bills, issuing from the Adelphi Theatre.

A little while ago, a piece entitled the Rakes Progress was produced; it was founded on the early adventures of no less a person than the Chevalier de Faublas. The chief actor was Mr. Yates, the manager, a short old man with a Jewish expression of face, and somewhat inclined to corpulency;* of course, under these circumstances, he always performs what the French call the *jeunes premiers*—the handsome lovers, the fashionable young dogs about town. In this play he enacted the part of Rosambert, who is supposed to be the very pink of fashion, beauty, and wickedness. He wore a white wig, *de la Regence*, an embroidered coat and pink satin breeches; he

We mean no disrespect to Mr. Yates's personal appearance, only in the performance of youthful parts one expects something more graceful and slim than the person with which nature has endowed that gentleman.

shrugged, he grinned, he spoke through his nose, just as he did when he personified the French Ruffian in Victorine, (an admirable performance by-the-by, and a good play). Nothing could be worse, however, than his acting in this piece, or than the piece itself; accordingly, it was cried up by the journals as a perfect picture of French manners during the time of the Regency! Of French manners!—bad enough they were, Heaven knows; but, at least, they covered their indecency with a delicate veil of courtly politeness. Even the profligate author of the book, here dramatized, never offended by actual word; and, in some measure, redeemed his fault by a beautiful language, a sparkling and graceful wit. His spirit again was the spirit of his age, and his society of the brilliant court which fascinated Burke, and shared in the revels of Marie Antoinette. Fancy these faithfully represented by Mr. Yates, Mr. Reeves, (the gentleman who is reported to "Flare up!"), and a low company of comedians in the Strand!

The exhibition did not possess a single claim to popularity, and yet it was lauded by the papers, and eagerly sought by the public! This play was followed by one entitled Isabelle—again the manager as the young seducer, and Mr. Reeves with his tipsy indecencies. But the crowning piece was Lurline, or the Revolt of the Naiades, a pretty and innocent ballet, with nothing against it except play bills after the following fashion:—

LURLINE.
ADELPHI NAIADES.
SPLENDID WOMEN!

and another

LURLINE.
NYMPHS BATHING & SPORTING!

Now, was there ever a greater insult put upon the public than the general posting of these bills? But the brutal stratagem has answered, and people are nightly turned away from the doors.

We may as well here drop the subject entirely, for one sickens at thinking that the drama is but a toady to the times—that it merely expresses the public opinion, and flatters it—that poor Hamlet's soliloquies are real now, and not spoken to listening thousands—that the stuff for dramatic entertainment is supplied from the stable or the stews—and that the public panders prosper and fatten.

In the mean time, until this course of horrid abuses shall have its end, we have determined to remain at home on evenings, passing our time in reading, drinking, or other healthful exercise. So that the public have now, probably, received our last dramatic lucubrations.

These remarks were written last month, but as the same pieces are still played the same observations perfectly apply, and will most probably to the end of the season.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

A Glance at the last Month's Literature.

We have done little in literature during the last four weeks; but considering the general scantiness of good publications, the shortest month in the year cannot be called barren. Works of all sorts and sizes, quartos and octavos, the press has poured upon us in abundance, our tables groan, and our already creaking shelves are crammed. Would to God they were burdened with milk and honey to overflowing, then in our hearts we might rejoice—but of many works now before us we can only say,

"Trunks and tarts must tell the rest."

The taste for monthly volumes still increases—indeed, it is our belief that it will never be on the decline, so long as works of standing interest are brought before us "in goodly garbs and shapes." Burns, Scott, Shakspeare, and Gibbon are well worthy of being reproduced in this fashion; but to talk for an instant of "*Standard Novels*" by Mrs. Shelley, the Miss Porters, and Madame de Staël is ridiculous. They may produce works in which the public will feel the most vivid interest for a time but they can hardly be dignified with the name of Standard. It will be found that works are but seldom returned to where fresh sentiment, truth, or imagery is not found; the world must always be led by men of education and knowledge, and so long as admiration is extended by these persons towards other great writers, so long will the world be willingly led by their opinion. Crabbe is a writer of great power, and unequalled in his way; but Mr. Murray's skill in adornment, and Stanfield's fertile pencil will never force his works into the hands of the poor; his descriptions are, in truth, a worse kind of reality, a heightened picture of a barbarous action, which the mind shudders to behold.

Miss Edgeworth has favoured the world with another novel worthy of her name. She seems to be an indefatigable writer—age has not damped her energy, nor physical exhaustion prostrated her intellectual faculties. She is as fresh and as vigorous as ever. "Helen" is a work of a person whose insight into nature is keenly observing.

Other works of an original stamp have come before us. The "Young Muscovite," by Captain Chamier, and the "Frolics of Puck," the latter is a bold attempt to revive the times when fairies tripped the green.

We are glad to see that history is not altogether dismissed from the ranks of literature. Information on general topics is always desirable, and wherever the wish can be attained, our welcome should be cheering: of the colonial boundaries the larger bulk of people know little or nothing, and even a higher class have not had it in their power to increase or rectify the notions they may have formed of our extensive transmarine dominions. Mr. Montgomery Martin's valuable work on the colonies should therefore be warmly welcomed.

There are some very good announcements of books. We are to have a new and revised edition of the "Curiosities of Literature," by D' Israeli; a work which every one should possess—and a "Life of Sir John Moore," from the pen of his brother. By the appearance of our next number we hope to announce our literary progresses as verging on the state in which literature should be.

History and Description of Modern Wines. By Cyrus Redding. Whitaker, and Co.

Bacchus hath not a more tasteful, loyal, (and what is better, a more rational) servant than Mr. Redding. He is worthy to be chosen president of all the temperance societies present and to come; for his book—rich and beautiful as it is in most delightful objects, in things telling of mirth and revelry—is yet a real guide to health; a true instructor in the art of being at once merry, healthy, and wise. He does all fitting honour to the blessed and blessing vine, discourses right eloquently of its thousand virtues; shaming the canting cynics who would cry down the use of one of heaven's most delicious gifts, and reading "a great moral lesson" to the mere human wine-skins, who turn their stomachs into vats of alcohol, burning up their livers to the size and consistency of a square inch of spunge. This is the true temperance, for it has wisdom on its side: this is the true golden mean: Mr. Redding is the "middle-man" between the cold-blooded suet-faced water-drinker and the gulping meteor-nosed *Bardolph*; hence, he shall have our vote for the presidentship, and our subscription for his badge of office, which can be no other than a golden thyrsus.

The work may be called the road-book, through the vineyards of the world. We have the true account—delightfully written—of every vine-bearing plain, declivity, and nook; with a minute history of the various families of the grape, of their treatment, training, and culture. A great store of curious information is opened to us on the usuage of the vine from its first planting to the vintage—from the cutting of the grape to its final destination, the bottle. Mr. Redding is the avowed champion of the French Bacchus: we are altogether with him—with him in his advocacy of the fruits of the south of France against the produce of Oporto, both as relates to their superior intrinsic quality, ind as to the great moral and physical good, which their general antroduction into England would effect. We should hail that Ministry as most wise, who would save the stomach of the people from burning rivers of brandy and poisonous gin, by offering at a cheap rate the cheering produce of the French vineyard. The country would owe a deep debt to a government that would thus substitute health for disease, cheerfulness for insanity. We would have all the "gin palaces" annihilated, and French wine-stores opened in their stead.

Mr. Redding has treated this subject in a most delightful way. Avoiding abstruse terms, and learned perplexities, he has crammed his book full of information which those who run may read and understnd. He has omitted nothing that might throw a light upon or

add a charm to his "History," which we predict will become an established work among those who prefer a finely elaborated essence—or to use a wine term, an *aroma*—to mere scholarly dry boxes and learned lumber. The style in which the work is printed must not pass without especial commendation; the pages do a brilliant honour to the press of Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington. The ornaments, well designed by Mr. Redding himself, have been capitally cut by Mr. Baxter: some of them are specimens of mingled brightness and colour.

A Cyprus Wreath, for the Graves of Young Persons. By the Rev. John Bruce. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

A very pretty child of the annual school, who, though it bears a somewhat sombre name, flaunts it in green and gold, like a very faëry. The selections are skilfully and tastefully made, the illustrations real and appropriate, the type clear and beautiful, the price cheap.—What can critic say more?

The Recess. A Serio-Comic Tour in the Hebrides. Longman.

This is a sort of work we do not like. The subject being truth, admits not of that levity of handling with which the Author has treated it. This objection is great, and, in our opinion, decisive.

We wish Mr. Fag, rather than have written such a work during his "recess," had lain and tuned his pipe, as our friend of the "Heliotrope" says,

"——sub tegmine *fagi*."

The Royal Mariner, &c. &c. By Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq. London: Smith and Elder.

Mr. Sillery is favourably known by the world in his "Citadel of the Lake," "Eldred of Erin," and many sweet lyrical pieces; which have "sparkled their day" in the annuals and other ephemerals. The present is a bold attempt to embody, by means of verse, the naval scenes in which our most August Sovereign bore his part Mr. Sillery has acquitted himself with much spirit and occasional glimpses of pure poësie. This part, however, although it forms the name of the book, occupies but some eighth part of its bulk. A whole host of "etc. etc." complete the volume to the tune of near five hundred pages. Some of the sonnets are very beautiful. The publishers have done their part well. The volume has a regal crown, and a flag as large as *oriflamme* emblazoned on its exterior, which is appropriately covered with "true blue."

Imaginative Biography. By Sir Egerton Brydges Bart. 2 Vols. Foolscap 8vo. Saunders and Ottley.

It is somewhat late in the day to subject the writings of Sir Egerton Brydges to the freezing ordeal of strict criticism. He must not

be meted with the measure of ordinary men. At the head of a school of his own founding he stands alone, and even his faults of style seem in our eyes as but lesser beauties. For depth of imagination, powerful conception of character, and intense nervousness of expression, he has few, if any, equals in the language. He is never stiff nor pompous. He is all easy expression and familiarity. The style of his writings may be placed in opposition to Johnson's; although he lacks the terseness and knowledge of the world peculiar to the colossal moralist.

The Author of "Mary de Clifford" commenced his literary reign more than half a century ago, and his maiden production is yet in our esteem as fresh as Spring. His "Censoria Literari" is still to us the inexhaustible mine of information it always has been. We thank him, too, for his editions of the "Theatrum Poetarum," and of Collins—they stand on our shelves duly honoured.

It is delicious to read Sir Egerton's familiar Colloquial Essays. The nineteenth century passes away, and we converse on terms of brotherhood with the splendid galaxy of talent that thronged the senates, and dignified the courts of the days of other years. We see them not, "as in a glass, darkly," but the "very thoughts and intents of their hearts" are developed to us by his keen and delicate pen. We observe his Autobiography is announced among our forthcoming novelties. It must be one of the most racy treats that has yet been given to the world. Much adventure we do not look for. Sir Egerton has been somewhat of a fireside author; but the bitter experiences and disappointments of a high and lofty heart will form a history, and afford a lesson from which all may profit.

In the work before us, an idea, *en passant*, similar to the imaginary conversations of Savage Landor, but treated with finer skill. Sir Egerton has displayed all the qualifications for which we have just given him credit, in an especial manner. We are admirers of Collins and Gray, and Raleigh and Falkland, and like their conversation passing well from the pen of Brydges. That between Gray and Walpole is admirably managed. To each dialogue the Author has prefixed a short biographical account of what their lives *might* have been; thus filling up, in a pleasing manner, the wide gaps in the *vrai* lives of these "children of light." We would adopt them as real if we dared, so true and unsophisticated do they appear.

It has long been our notion that Sir Egerton is, in an eminent degree, qualified for continuing, from the days of Johnson to the present era, the Critical Lives of the English Poets. Such a work has long been wanted, and we know not where we could discover a more fitting Biographer. The brilliant chain, beginning with the stern lexicographer himself, and ending with THE LAST MINSTREL, would form a work second only to that of which it is an idea.

We dismiss these volumes to the public with a full confidence that they will have a long and a popular career. It is some relief to turn from the vapid trash that is daily forced upon our nauseating palates to the sterling effusions of a "lion of literature;" and for two hours' high pleasure we subscribe ourselves Sir Egerton's obliged debtor.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. VOL. II. COCHRANE AND M'CRONE.

THE second volume of this highly popular work contains the poems chronologically arranged to the year 1787—the year when bleak misfortune was about driving the Poet to drive slaves; the memorable year, too, when, in lieu of herding "black cattle," he became the admired of all admirers in Edinburgh. The notes which are appended to each poem by the Editor, fully bear out our assertion that he alone is the fittest to achieve the task he has undertaken. Combining much that is original, and much that is skilfully selected from the eminent men who have successively illustrated the works of Burns, Mr. Cunningham has interwoven many excellent anecdotes, told in his *own* racy manner. Take for example the following note to one of Burns' *serious* pieces—a somewhat inappropriate place for it by the way:—

"It is related in our Scottish legends that a wayfaring Irishman took shelter, one stormy night, in a farmer's house, just as the household struck up the ninetieth psalm, some say the hundred and nineteenth—in family worship. The stranger, ignorant of the devotional turn of his host, imagined the psalm to be sung in honour of his coming—in short, a welcome. He sat and heard it to an end, and then said, 'Merry be your heart good man; that's a long song, and a good song; and, by way of requital, I shall give you a touch of Brian O'Linn.'"

Rich and varied as the new matter is, however, we are all impatience to get Cunningham among the SONGS—there he will be in his glory. The sound of Scotland's thousand streams, the waving of her woods, the roar of her cataracts, the pleasant stillness of her hills, the fragrance of her harvest fields—all come over our full heart as we listen to the immortal strains of *him* whose name is now imperishably linked with his native land.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY. FRANCE.—BY LEITCH RITCHIE. VOL I.—BULL AND CHURTON.

IN mere reprints of books it is only necessary to notice their publication, and when the work is nearly got up to welcome it as it deserves. We have before spoken of the graceful manner in which Messrs. Bull and Churton have brought the volumes of Mr. Neele's "England," before the public. Leitch Ritchie's French romances now follow, and are illustrated as beautifully as we could wish, by Thomas Landseer. The merits of Mr. Ritchie are well known, and years back we spoke of his labours warmly, and we are pleased, now to think through the good opinion of the public that we did so justly.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN GREECE. BY A. M. MILNES. MASON.

MR. MILNES has ushered his name before the world, as a poetical travellist, and seems to boast that he can give his feelings forth both in prose and verse, with equal rapidity. We do not wonder at the ease with which he writes—for not allowing himself to be fettered in

rhymes, he has given his poetical sentiments, in the blank verse of our colleges, which is no more Miltonian, or Wordsworthian, than the braying of an ass is the sound of the trumpet. It may be a pleasing diversion, to write such works for one's own gratification, but the world cares little for that which may please one. The public taste should be sought after if public purchasers are wanted. We must confess however that we would sooner re-read Mr. Milnes's book, than read fifty pages of any of the American travels which the world has of late been deluged with.

History of Romance. Edited by Leitch Ritchie. The Baronet. By Miss Julia Corner. Smith and Elder.

This very excellent work still progresses successfully, indeed the name of the editor is a sufficient guarantee for the ability of the undertaking.—The present volume is by a lady, with whose name we are not very well acquainted; but if we may judge from this specimen of her labours, she is ambitious to be recognized as the champion of her sex, against a very insignificant foe. She has heard of a certain class of sceptics, who sneer at the perfection of woman as a fable, and magnifying the infidels into a more imposing class than they are, kindly undertakes their conversion by a very pleasant narrative, wherein, though she does not spare them for the heinousness of their errors, she promotes their happiness by seducing them from their disbelief. Miss Julia Corner is evidently an amiable anti-Malthusian, who, we should be glad to see pitted against the philosophy of Miss Martineau. She is evidently no exclusive in matters of the heart; in that, she is a radical to all intents and purposes; her theory of perfection is woman, and her greatest happiness principle is matrimony. She has many heroes and many heroines, the latter, with the exception of one to prove the rule, are all virtuous, and kind and lovely. She marries them all, and kinder still, she provides them each with a "comfortable independence."

The scapegrace among the gentlemen is the "Baronet" himself, one Sir Charles Freemantle. He is a sort of Tremaine, though his heresy is a less serious cast; but who by the gentle medium of romantic correspondence aided afterwards by beautiful eyes, and a half-flirting half sentimental tongue, is brought to a recantation of his errors with regard to women, and is fairly, and pleasantly noosed in the halter of matrimony. There is one little *faux pas* in the shape of a run-away-match, between a Portuguese count, and a girl of seventeen; but then the parties are so young, and so good and so handsome, and run-away matches are really so scarce now-a-days, no money stirring to pay the post-boys, that the young people are very readily forgiven, and a comfortable allowance settled upon them for their spirit. To sum up, we have been much amused with the book; but we beg to assure Miss Julia Corner, that the moral conveyed is, as far as regards ourselves, a work of supererogation. The infallibility of the sex has been very long with us a favorite doctrine, and we regard with little short of orthodox bigotry, the pagan who maintains a contrary faith.

ADAMS' ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. NEW EDITION, WITH 100 ILLUSTRATIONS. TEGG.

We welcome the appearance of such a work as Adams' Roman Antiquities, in a cheap and elegant form, cordially. Before the publication of this edition, the book came not within the power of self-possession of every school-boy, it is now so cheaply produced, that every student should add it to his stock of books, however small. The editor has availed himself of Neighburgh's Roman History, Henderson on Ancient Views, Blair on the Roman Slavery, and many others, and inwoven much of their information into the notes, making it more complete, and by an extensive index more valuable. There are 100 engravings to the volume.

THE FROLICS OF PUCK. 3 vols. BULL AND CHURTON.

THIS is a work on which some of the wise ones may feel inclined to look suspiciously, who dole out praise by some glimmering conception they may have of utility, or measure genius by a mystified standard of moral fitness peculiarly their own. Of a more mercurial vein, we are delighted to see an author step out of the hacknied ways of modern imaginative literature, avoiding alike its puerile philosophy and its false, sickening, exaggerated sentiment. We are glad to meet with one who can quit for a time the scenes of this work-a-day world to dwell in the realms of his own fancy, or revel in the magical creations of a mighty master. The works of such a mind must go hand in hand with poetry and painting, and if not appreciated by the multitude, will always find admirers among persons of taste and refinement.

The volumes in question are founded upon the adventures of a frolicksome sprite, whose existence was formerly believed by most of the nations of Europe—known by different appellations, but recognized as the same by its peculiar characteristics. In England it has been domesticated for ages as Robin Goodfellow, and was conspicuous in all sorts of mishievous conspiracies against old and young—the aged crone in her chimney corner, or the maiden at her churn. In fact, Master Robin was one of those useful individuals in every establishment whose shoulders were broad enough to bear the blame of every casualty; but who, according to the best authorities, would not unfrequently revenge him in his own peculiar way if unjustly taxed with souring beer or spoiling the churning.

This facetious little gentleman, having been re-christened by Shakespeare, Puck, is the hero of the work, and is introduced to us by the author, contriving and executing a manœuvre against the the Queen of Fairyland, by pelting her somewhat severely with a hail-storm; for which unseasonable offence, notwithstanding the good offices of King Oberon his master, he is banished from the court until he can solve her majesty the following riddle:—"*What is it that most pleases woman?* To find a fitting reply to this enigma, Puck sojourns for some time upon the earth, and makes use of his elfin power to play a few pranks, which are divided into four distinct tales, and called by our author "Frolics." During this time,

the sprite addresses himself particularly to the sex; and, fresh from such pleasant experience, he returns joyfully to the court of King Oberon with the following resolution to the queen's enigma—and to our ideas, as the "simple-minded monarch" himself observed, "he needed not have travelled far or long for it."

> "Be she young, or be she old,
> Warpt, or formed in beauty's mould;
> Be she widow, wife, or maid,
> By whatever temper swayed,
> Woman's master-passion still
> Is—*to have her soverign will.*"

The author very judiciously dedicates his work to Mr. Alderman Now, therein evincing a very shrewd and discriminating judgment, it being but just to shew what consideration we can to those whose present favour we solicit; but we think he might have spoken in terms of less acerbity of "PRINCE POSTERITY," at whose hands we are bold to say he is not likely to receive any ill turn, seeing the small probability of their ever becoming acquainted; these three volumes, pleasant and refreshing though they are, will travel but a short distance on the road to cultivate so remote a connexion.

Our author further says, that the tales, "whether good, or bad, or only indifferent, it will hardly be denied they are original." Now that is not altogether so clear to us. The fairy world, with its king and queen, was already made to his hand—his hero is Shakspeare's own. He has given no new attribute to the "tiny people"—has painted them with no new colouring. Their potations of honey-dew, and lodgings in cowslip bells, have been pictured by other travellers; indeed, their "language, manners, and customs," and their "domestic regulations," have been given us from the "very best authorities." The author has not added to our stock of knowledge on those interesting subjects. The plot of his work is a fac-simile of the Peri in "Lalla Rookh," and the enigma to be propounded is as "old as the hills." We have heard it scores of times in the nursery, and that is many years ago. Having therein the materials found to his hands, it is not such a tax upon the imagination of so talented a writer as Mr. George Soane, to produce from them three volumes of sufficient interest, independently of the questionable claim to originality. That other writers have not preceded him in the path which he has chosen, might perhaps have proceeded from diffidency—from a want of confidence in their own powers to follow so closely in the footsteps of so mighty a master in one of his most beautiful excursions—a weakness, which, fortunately for us, our author is free from—but certainly from no want of knowledge of the capabilities of the subject.

We make these remarks with no spirit of detraction from the merits of Mr. Soane's work, or in contradiction to our already expressed opinion; we sincerely congratulate the author on his boldness and his talent, and are delighted to bear testimeny to the success with which he has wrought this very pleasant fiction.

SONGS AND POEMS BY CHARLES MACKAY. Small 8vo. pp. 124 COCHRANE AND M'CRONE.

MR. MACKAY, in his preface, tells us rather unnecessarily that the "era of Poesy is not past," truly, we never thought it was; but if we really had entertained so heterodox a doctrine, his little book would have gone far to convince us to the contrary. Mr. Mackay is not a mere rhymer—he is a *poet*, and when time shall have matured his faculties, we hope to see the rich harvest, of which his present work is but the forerunner. His songs are sweet and exquistely musical, and his other pieces by no means lack the grand requisites of imagination—truth to nature and smoothness of ver-sification.

The book is dedicated to the Guardians of the Caledonian Asylum; and they, no doubt, will encourage the real talent of the author, who, we believe, was educated in that Institution.

There are many passages we would fain quote, but our space is limited. The following bears its own music with it:

AURORA.

THE morn gets up with sparkling eye,
And a cheek like a hawthorn berry,
And sendeth her herald to the sky,
To twitter his song so merry:
He's the eldest born
Of his mother Morn,
And his voice is shrill and jolly:
And what saith he,
That herald free—
Philosophy, mirth, or folly?

'Tis Wisdom's voice, though it speak in mirth,
'Tis a wise, wise lay—ah, very!
And he calls on all in air and earth
To join in his song so merry:
He saith that health
Is better than wealth,
And cheerfulness better than sorrow;
Calling on sloth,
If it prize them both,
To rise with the sun to-morrow.

These are the words of his mother Morn,
The hunter hears him singing,
And winds a blast on his mountain horn,
Till he sets the wild woods ringing:
And this is the lay
Of the lark so gay,
With his voice so shrill and merry;
When Morn doth rise
With her sparkling eyes,
And her cheek like the hawthorn berry.

Tom Cringle's Log. 2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

We have to apologize to Thomas Cringle, Gent. for not having noticed his delightful work earlier. Indeed, if he makes allowances for the hours of merry laughter which he has created for his readers, added to those in which he leaves them sad, no doubt he will accept our apology. Tom Cringle's Log is a work that teems with poetry, humour, and pathos. There are innumerable passages that would do credit to Washington Irving; amongst such we will name the "Death, of the Pirate's Leman." Where, in the name of immortal poetry, did'st thou Tom Cringle gather that image of the lizard, butterfly, and serpent? We suspect that some superior divinity has been stirring within thee, and raising thy mind beyond the inspiration of grog.

Duncombe's Acting Edition of the British Theatre.

"The Yeoman's Daughter," "Nabob for an Hour," and "Turning the Tables," have been sent to us, being the recent numbers of this series of acting pieces. It is not our intention to discuss the merit of these dramas; our object in noticing them is to give our honest praise for the extreme neatness with which they are got up. The edition is immeasurably superior to the same class of publications printed by Cumberland; and has not the blots of ignorance and self-sufficiency which are prefixed, in the way of "remarks," to his collection. Instead of the impertince of a foolish editor—and, by the way, dramatists musts must be a very meek-hearted race to endure the speculalations of such a wiseacre as his lucubrations delineate him—we have the *Prefaces* of the authors themselves; which, as in the instances before us, are by no means the least attractive parts of the book. If the present collection continue, as of late, to be enriched by sterling novelties, it must shortly become the only edition for the play-goer.

FINE ARTS, &c.

THE British Institution has opened with almost unaccustomed splendour, and Callcott and Landseer flourish in all their strength and bloom. We were pleased and gratified with our visit.

Mr. Major's last number is especially good—indeed, we may add, perfect. It is the cheapest of these monthly galleries, whether of graces or beauties.

Another part of the Illustrations of Modern Sculpture is just published; the Falconer, after Carew, is an able copy of a noble statue. We were never pleased with Westmacott's Distressed Mother—in the Abbey it looks bad, and the engraving has not bettered it.

In our next we will endeavour to do justice to many more works, some of great merit.

The Diorama has opened this season with two new views; one the Ruins of Fontain Abbey by Moonlight; the other, part of the Cathedral of St. Denis. Both are pictures of considerable merit; but, we speak it with all tenderness, not equal to some of their predecessors.

In the first place, there is a lack of interest, not local, but dramatic interest in both. The recollections of our infancy has peopled the Abbey with Robin Hood and the "Curtal Friar,"—with Scarlet and Little John; and their place is but ill supplied with the modern star-gazer watching an eclipse of the moon. By-the-by, this said eclipse savours mightily of quackery. We have never, indeed, even amongst the best specimens of Vandermeer, seen a moonlight perfectly to our mind. They are all too ambitious of effect; and if the commonest scenes of nature defy the pencil, what can be expected when the great revolutions of the heavens are made the subject of pictorial representation? We know not either for what end the doors opening into artificial light are introduced, unless it be for the purpose of breaking up the breadth of effect, and carrying the eye away to the extremities of the picture instead of leading it to the principal object, opposed to the first principles of art.

The cathedral pleases us much more. The general effect is very striking and true; but here we should have been more satisfied had some groups of figures connected with its historical recollections been introduced. Besides, what an opportunity of colour might it not have afforded the painter. The want of something of this kind is not made up by the introduction of the organ. But we fear much that the time is come when the principles of good taste must give way to extravagance and trick.

We wish, too, the horizon had been placed lower, or the seats of the spectators higher. As it is, the pavement is not so flat as it ought to be. Perhaps we are hypercritical; where there is so much to admire we regret the more that there should be any thing to offend.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Bulwer's new production, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," has just appeared. We have not received it, so we can offer no opinion of its merits.

Mrs. Jameson, the authoress of "Characteristics of Woman," is about to publish her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad."

The new novel from the pen of the author of "Mothers and Daughters," is to be entitled "The Hamiltons."

Captain Marryat's second edition of "Peter Simple."

"Cleone, a Tale of Married Life," by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, author of "Woman's Love," &c.

"Education Reform; or, the Necessity and Practicability of a Comprehensive System of National Education." By Thomas Wyse, jun., Esq., late M.P. for the county of Tipperary.

In the press, "The Geography of Sacred History Considered," &c. By Charles T. Beke, Esq., in 2 Vols., 8vo.

Miss Hill, whose translation of Corinne for the Standard Novels met so favourable a reception, has in the press a work entitled "Brother Tragedians."

The Rev. Dr. J. S. Memes, of Edinburgh, has just completed his "Life of Cowper."

Mr. Holman, the celebrated Blind Traveller, has nearly ready for publication the first volume of his "Voyage round the World," including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, &c.

Mr. Sillery, the Author of "Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lake," &c. has just completed his new Work, entitled "The Royal Mariner.

The third volume of "The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction" is now completed.

"Sea-Wolf." A work under this singular title, will form the eleventh volume of the Library of Romance.

The third Fasciculus of the New Journal of "Medico-Chirurgical Knowledge," has just arrived from Paris, and will be published on the 5th instant.

The numerous interesting Plates intended to illustrate Mr. Walker's valuable new Work—"Physiognomy founded on Physiology," being now completed the volume will be published early in March.

A volume, containing vivid portraitures of the more prominent personages who figured in the first struggles of the Reformers, more especially at the French Court, will shortly appear, under the title of "Catherine de Medici, or the Rival Faiths."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has just completed the second volume of his excellent Miscellany of "Natural History."

"The Protestant," a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary, will appear in a few days, forming the seventh volume of the new and uniform edition of Mrs. Bray's Historical novels, now publishing in monthly volumes.

"The Rival Sisters;" a Tale of Love and Sorrow, with other Poems, will appear early in March.

Mrs. Siddons left by will to Thomas Campbell (author of "The Pleasures of Hope") all her Diaries and Memoranda, for the express purpose of writing her Life, upon which the Poet has been occupied ever since her decease. He has just completed his interesting task, and the work may be expected to be through the press in the course of the ensuing month.

A pamphlet entitled "The Bread Tax Exposed, being a word addressed to Agriculturalists and Manufacturers on the Corn Laws," has just appeared, and we doubt not will tend much to the dissipation of error that prevails respecting the policy of removing the most obnoxious of imposts. "The Bread Tax Exposed," is written in a style the very antithesis of unintelligence. Its arguments are vigourous and conclusive; its statistics ample and satisfactory; and its whole arrangement at once perspicuous and concise. For the sum of 2*d.* the reader will be more enlightened by this little tract than any similar priced publication we have met with.

Miss Pardoe is preparing a new edition of her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal."

Sir Egerton Brydges' new biographical work, on an original plan, has just appeared, entitled "Imaginative Biography."

A work on flowers will appear on the 1st of March, entitled "The Language of flowers," with plates, coloured after nature.

Mr. Lodge's "Peerage," a new edition for 1834.

The author of "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century," has in the press a pamphlet, entitled "The Critics Criticised."

AGRICULTURAL REROrT.

Compared with the last two, and in the moist climate of South Wales the last three, the present has fortunately proved a dry month; not however sufficiently so, for our heavy lands which are even yet in a state rendering it impossible to work them to any very hopeful purpose. In fact, many farmers of such soils, eager to get forward after so long a delay, have trusted the seed to sodden earth most inauspiciously; for though the old and lately prevailing opinion, in favour of early sowing generally, be rational and well grounded, a fit state of the soil for the operation must be pre-supposed; we have ever found that, in such seasons, delay is to be be preferred to over waste. In all low and moist parts of the island, very considerable damage has been suffered from the floods and storms of wind. Our light and sandy soils have escaped the greater part of this misfortune, as not requiring so early and much labour, and being in a state to receive the earliest culture. In the most exposed situations, considerable breadth of land prepared for wheat, could not be sown in the regular season, nor has she been in a fit state since, for the reception of wheat seed.

The few days lately past have been most encouraging for drying the soil and preparing it for cultivation; indeed, in the last week or two there has been some improvement in those which preceded them, and this good has been eagerly taken advantage of by the farmers; but making the best use of it, we must have a late seed season for the heavy lands, and that which is worse and worse still, as exceeding former years, the seed will almost be universally be committed to land choked up with weeds and and rubbish of every description. We remarked in our last that, the wheats generally had during this season, escaped that prematurity commonly styled winter pirch; but we have no longer that boast to make, for the extreme mildness of the weather since has caused them to make such powerful shoots as to clothe those on fine and forward lands most particularly with the luxuriance and verdure of April, for green gooseberries graced the table in various parts of England in the last week of January. Certainly, few such seasons as the present are in recollection.

We are all well aware, but unable to remedy the lamentable impending consequence, should spring prove cold and ungenial. There has, however, been no complaints generally of the appearance of the wheats, the lands being sufficiently full of plants and those strong and healthy. Bean setting and sowin peas, our earliest seed crops, have been going on briskly, so soon as the weather permitted and in a favourable year ought to be finished in February. Oats and barley follow, with seeds and the other early spring crops; indeed, it is said that, in every part of the country, thereis a greater appearance of activity and expedition, than has been witnessed for years, the late parliamentary engagement of Minister *to let well alone,* filling the minds of farmers with a cheerful confidence. It will

be recollected by our readers that we, previous to the meeting of parliament, vouched for these resolutions of Ministers on informations we received from that which we know to be the best authority. In truth and common sense, the very idea of government acceding to the plan of a free trade in corn, under existing circumstances, is supremely ridiculous—*they cannot do it*—nor would any Ministers, unqualified for bedlam, make the attempt. We are as sanguine advocates for free trade in corn and every other commodity, as the most enthusiastic partisans can be; but even precious stones may be bought too dear; and it is ethically somewhat too much, to sacrifice nearly the whole body of the present farming tenantry, by way of a *bonne bouche*, and for the benefit of their successors. Down with all superfluous and corrupt taxation, and then up with free trade, say we—we will then challenge all the world at cheap corn growing. The farmers stoutly deny the accusation of monopoly. The price of wheat has long been stationary, kept down by an inordinate home supply, which has produced meager stack yards in every part of the country; but should a foreign demand ensue, the price must rise considerably, as the quantities which can be spared from the Continent are by no means abundant,—and whence the demand for Russia, where the crops have failed to a great extent, must be supplied. We shall be enlightened on this important point two or three months hence by the then appearance of our own crops. The hop trade seems reviving; somewhat more money is asked and given. The prices of live stock and wool have made some amendment for the depression in the products of the soil, but the care of sheep is still unfortunate, and must ever be so under a continued moisture of atmosphere. Not only the health of the sheep has been morbidly affected, but the unseasonable warmth of the winter has produced a premature breed of ticks, which, constantly annoying the sheep with their bites, has stimulated them to roll in the mud and dirt, to the soiling and considerable damage of their wool. The general demand for wool has advanced the price per stone, of long woolled sheep, to an equality with that of the South Downs. In the early part of the lambing season, there was unfortunately considerable loss, both in lambs and ewes; at present, we have better hopes. All turnips, Swedes equally with the common, have been for some time running toseed, in course, affording no nourishment thence our chief independence is on hay which is fortunately very plentiful.

Other horrible cases of incendiarism have occurred since our last, and it has been too often heard from the mouths of our country labourers, that to such threatning acts they have owed the allotments of land bestowed upon them. This surely ought to induce particular caution in those who bestow these allotments.

The dead markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.; Mutton, 2s. 8d. to 3s. 10d.: Veal, 3s. 1d., 5s. 2d.; Pork, 3s. to 4s. 4d.; best dairy, 5s.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 38s., 60s.; Barley, 21s., 29s.; Oats, 16s., 24s. London Loaf, 4lbs., fine bread, 8½d.; Hay, 55s. to 80s.; Clover ditto, 70s. 95s.; Straw, 28s. to 35s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 15s. to 18s. 6d. per ton; delivered to the consumer at an additional expense of 9d. to 12d. per ton.

Middlesex, Feb. 24.

BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,
JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE OPERATIVES' PARLIAMENT.

The combination of any set of men to obtain for themselves exclusive advantages to the manifest detriment of other classes of the community, is opposed to the first principle of our constitution, and is an unjust infringement upon the rights of society. It was to crush this unjustifiable assumption of power in the aristocracy that the people of England called so long and loudly for reform, and, in the height of their indignation, preferred risking all the horrors of revolution to the longer endurance of such a system; and yet this very system—this iniquitous monopoly of profit—is about to be adopted by those very men, who but a short time since, co-operating with their countrymen, all but took up arms for its suppression. The former was a political monopoly—a monopoly of the power and resources of the country: that of which we are about to speak is of a different description, but equally unprincipled in its formation and tyrannical in its effects. The "Trades' Unions" are spreading themselves over the face of the country like a miasma, paralyzing the energies of commerce, and destroying its very vitality—speculation. They are conceived in the very worst species of Tory tyranny, and are the more dangerous because a majority of their members, guided by an interested few, falsely imagine they are resisting oppression rather than becoming themselves oppressors. And yet none that read their acts or watch their operations can refuse to acknowledge the despotic principle on which they are founded, and, as the natural result, the disgraceful proceedings of which they have been guilty. Entire districts have been placed under the ban of these self-constituted bodies—invested capital has been rendered useless—buildings have been allowed to decay—thousands have been reduced to destitution, and the result has frequently been the invention of machinery to supersede the necessity of such capricious labourers, or the withdrawal of capital and trade to other districts.

In few cases have the effects of combinators been successful to themselves. Manufacturers have not been able to take orders in consequence of their inability to procure hands but on their own terms—trade has thus been dreadfully injured, and, in the end, after undergoing the extremity of distress, these misguided men have been glad to return to work at reduced wages. But the atrocious feature in this system is the tyrannical laws which they enact, and the disgraceful means they employ to enforce them. It may easily be supposed that out of the immense number of operatives which the manufacturers of this country employ, there are thousands of strong-minded sensible men who are aware that the prices of labour must be guided by the fluctuation of trade, and that any attempt to force wages, when the prices of goods are low, must recoil upon themselves. This class of persons would take the rough with the smooth, and would go hand in hand with the manufacturers for their mutual advantage. But no; this system would not suit the Unionists. They

must have a certain rate of wages, *coute qui coute.* No matter to them who suffers; the incompetency of manufacturers to compete with the foreigner does not disturb their calculations; they have but one end and aim in view, selfish and short-sighted though it be—the maintenance of high wages; and whether ruin ensue to the manufacturer, whether capital be directed into other channels, and trade decay, appears to be a matter of indifference to their silly policy; but, with the notorious improvidence of their class, so long as they provide for the day, they care not who provides for the morrow. In order, therefore, that their objects may be fully carried into practice, no workman must presume to think for himself; he must not be satisfied with the wages which the trade affords; his opinions upon the expediency of suffering temporary inconvenience for ultimate good must be relinquished; he is *obliged* by these law-givers to refuse his employ, and accept their pittance, without any security for its continuance, as experience has but too often proved. This is a most iniquitous feature in the code of the Unionist; for however, upon the broad principle of individual right, a man may, if he pleases, starve himself rather than work under a certain sum, upon no principle of law or justice shall he dictate the same terms to his neighbour. Of all the forms of combination, this is by far the worst and most unprincipled. Men may be misguided as to the correctness of the general principles of their system; but no man can pretend to justify to himself the tyrannical and unprincipled nature of a regulation which obliges every one to rule his household by that of his neighbour.

If we consider combination in its simplest form, *viz.* that of a number of workmen calling a meeting upon any particular emergency relative to a proposed alteration of their wages, and the sense of that meeting being taken upon it for the benefit of the whole, we see nothing improper in it. Neither do we see with what propriety the law could interfere, did they proceed another step, and effect a permanent club or confederacy, having funds at their disposal in furtherance of any common resolution. The case, however, becomes widely different when these bodies cease to be simply passive; but endeavour, by threats and intimidation, to coerce others to pursue the same measures as themselves. This is the point where the law ought to interfere, as the liberty of the subject is violated, and as no man under such circumstances can call himself his own master. But that the system of intimidation may be more clearly understood, we will quote the manner of *piqueting* a mill, as it is practised about Manchester:—

"When a strike has taken place in any factory, men are always stationed to keep watch on the building, and also on every avenue leading to it, whose business it is to prevent fresh workmen being engaged in the place of those who have turned out. Every labouring man who appears to be seeking employment in the direction of the factory, or, having accepted employment in it, is returning from it, is stopt and interrogated, and should he prove refractory, is threatened or maltreated. This system of *piqueting* mills has been carried to the greatest extent in Manchester, where the obnoxious factory is always watched by five or six men, unknown in the immediate neighbourhood, and who, on a given signal, can be reinforced to the extent of three hundred. These picquets are regularly relieved, by night and by day, with as much order and method as is ob-

served by an army in a hostile country; and so effectual are they in producing the desired end, that an establishment is not unfrequently kept in a state of literal siege; no one can enter or leave it without danger of molestation; and if fresh workmen have by any means been introduced, beds and provisions are prepared for them within the walls of the factory."

Now it becomes absolutely necessary, for the protection of life and property, that this lawless system should be checked. Magistrates must have the power of interference to protect the well-disposed; and, however revolting it may be to the feelings of Englishmen to sanction arbitrary measures in legislature, yet, as nothing can be more despotic than this law of the Unions, it ought to be met with measures equally summary. The committee which sat in 1824, at whose recommendation the combination laws were repealed, were quite aware of the importance of enacting a law for the punishment of outrages upon society, committed in furtherance of the objects of combination. We quote one of their resolutions:—

"That it is absolutely necessary, when repealing the combination laws, to enact such a law as may efficiently, and by summary process, punish either workmen or masters, who, by threats, intimidation, or acts of violence, should interfere with that perfect freedom which ought to be allowed to each party, of employing his labour or capital in the manner he may deem most advantageous."

By neglecting this advice the present evil has grown to its present extent. On the repeal of the laws regarding combination, the power was given to magistrates to punish with three months imprisonment any one convicted of an assault under the sanction of a Union, but granted an appeal to the sessions, by which interval witnesses are intimidated, and the law becomes a dead letter. The Unions, as they at present exist, we believe, however, to be vulnerable at one point, even without fresh legislation. The law, as it now stands (37 Geo. III. c. 123), with regard to the administration of oaths, is thus interpreted by the highest judicial authority:—

"Every member of a Trades' Union who shall bind himself to obey the decision of the majority, though that obedience be restricted to a mere refusal to work, and not to disclose the transactions of the society, being guilty of felony, and liable to be transported for seven years."

Although no decision of this nature has ever been called for,* and we must only consider the above as a judicial opinion, yet there is sufficient to show that the oath-taking in the Unions is contrary to the spirit of the law; and whether in the present case there might be some unwillingness to bring the provisions of the statute to bear upon any oath-taking, not being seditious, the legislature ought to make up the deficiency, particularly when we consider the nature of the oath required to be taken, a copy of which we shall give in another place. Be the present act sufficient or not, there is one thing clear—that some facility must be afforded for suppressing acts of intimidation. Nothing can portray the nature of Trades' Unions more clearly than

* Since writing the above, we find some persons at Dorchester are convicted under this act.

the fact, that by depriving them of their power of intimidation is to render them powerless. This is, in a great measure, proved by the evidence before the parliamentary committee. Two gentlemen spoke most decidedly upon this point—Mr. Campbell, the sheriff-substitute for Renfrewshire, and Mr. Robinson of Lanarkshire: for, it must be understood, these Unions are in great force in the manufacturing districts in Scotland, and are most ferocious in their operations. The former gentlemen observes:

"Their mode of effecting their objects was chiefly by means of intimidation, and without that I do not see that the combination could hang together many weeks; for when a struggle takes place between the cotton-spinners and their masters, it is necessary to the success of the workmen that they should all join together, and therefore it is quite indispensable for them, as experience has shown with us at least, to control their fellow-workmen, so as to procure that unanimity by any means. Those who do not go into their measures are termed 'knobs,' and it is quite an understood thing that these knobs are to be persecuted in various ways, and, if necessary, their lives are to be attempted."

Mr. Robinson also says:

"I think the effect of the acts of intimidation, taken generally, has been to bind together, and to create and give effect to the existing co-operation among these combinations. I think that without intimidation they would, individually and collectively, more speedily fall to pieces, because it is through the medium of intimidation that they, in a great measure, collect or obtain the funds, which they distribute in furtherance of their purposes."

We conceive it only necessary to call the public attention to the monstrous tyranny with which these Unions are conducted, the injustice towards all classes which are immediately concerned in, or, indeed, remotely affected by them, to induce people to call on government for additional means to suppress them. Severity of measures can scarcely be condemned, when the lives and property of the better and more reflective portion of the community are in the power of a capricious and illegal association. But in order that our remarks may be entitled to greater weight than mere assertion, we will give some of the proceedings of these bodies, wherein the vanity, the selfishness, and criminality of these self-constituted legislators will be the more apparent. The facts we shall bring forward are from the authority of a gentleman who has derived them from the parties most interested, and who has lately published a pamphlet on the subject.*

It appears that the cotton-spinners are the most powerful and best organized Union in the kingdom. It is the most powerful from the fact that their labour is essentially necessary for the working of the mill; and though only forming one-tenth, numerically, of those employed, yet their refusal to work incapacitates the other nine-tenths from labour. Thus they take advantage of this power to render their fellow-workmen subservient, and take the lead in all questions of professed mutual advantage to enact laws for the rest. It is only since 1829 that one "grand general Union" has been formed of all the spinners of the three kingdoms, though local Unions existed long be-

* "Character, Object, and Effect of the Trades' Unions."—Ridgway.

fore. Each town or village elects representatives, who hold parliaments which levy taxes, pass laws, print their proceedings, and perform all the duties of a House of Commons. In the pamphlet we have alluded to there is a full report of the debate of a "Spinner's Parliament," held at Ramsay, in the Isle of Man, in 1829. The members are called by the names of the places which they represent, with the exception of two, named Doherty, the secretary, and Foster, an interloper, an amateur parliament-man, who, like a true patriot, paid his shot for his privilege. In the printed proceedings we find him mentioned thus: "It is but doing him justice to say, that his superior talents contributed very materially to facilitate the business of the meeting." This tribute to the talent of the incipient legislator must be consoling to Mr. Foster; it will, doubtless, stimulate him to bolder flights. Should aught in the course of events befal the learned Doherty, a vacant secretaryship might reward patriotism and genius. We cannot afford space for the whole debate—we extract a portion to show the style of a "Spinners' Parliament." When the numbers 1 and 2 occur, it is that the town elects more than one member of parliament. It will be seen the gentlemen have an eye to business, particularly when the cash is concerned.

"Preston moved, and Manchester seconded—That one grand general union of all the operative spinners in the United Kingdom be now formed, for the mutual support and protection of all.

"Glasgow wished Mr. Foster or Mr. Doherty to state their views of this very important question, as to how such a union ought to exist.

"Mr. Foster said, that in his opinion there should be three committees, one in each kingdom. He was sure that any other plan would not give general satisfaction. Each nation should manage its own affairs, and *keep its own money.*"

We should judge that the amateur was an Irishman, and a repealer; we must confess our inability to discover how "one grand general union of the three kingdoms" can be formed by each nation managing its own affairs, and, as Mr. Foster very significantly adds, keeping its own money.

"Johnstone 1 thought that one head would answer the purpose best. It would hardly be possible to proceed with three different controlling powers.

"Bolton 1 had received instructions from his constituents to oppose one committee to manage all. Each kingdom should manage its own affairs.

"Mr. Doherty said, that three committees might, in the mean time, remove any petty jealousy that might exist as to the precedency, but he was quite satisfied that one head would be much preferable to three. They had come there for the purpose of forming one union and not three. But, according to the plan proposed by Mr. Foster, they would be establishing three."

The secretary seems rather a sensible sort of man; he cannot understand, in a mercantile sense, how three can make one; although, to remove "petty jealousy," he would doubtless do much to oblige his friend Foster.

"Mr. Foster said, that it was very strange that his friend Mr. Doherty should oppose the same thing here, which he advocated at home. According to their union in England, each district had as much control over the affairs of the union as another. * * * * * *.

"Glasgow 2 said that each district should keep *their own money*, and the *cheques*, for security, be distributed through the three kingdoms."

Glasgow 2 is a true Scotchman. Let them settle the rule of three as they may, he is determined to have his share of the coin.

"Johnstone would support the opinion of Glasgow as to the *money* and *cheques*. Each district should manage its own affairs, without the interference of any other district, but all to contribute to the same general fund.

"Bolton 1 wished to know whether it was intended to give as many *cheques* to Ireland and Scotland as to England. If that were so, he thought they would be giving to those places more control over the *money* than would be consistent with right.—The *money* should be divided in proportion to the number of payers.

"Johnstone 1 was decidedly of opinion that there should be but one grand general Committee. As to the distribution of the *money*, he concurred with Bolton, that it should be regulated by the number of payers. Suppose, for instance, there are but two districts in Scotland, and perhaps twenty in England. They would of course, in fairness, be entitled to receive cheques in the proportion of twenty to two."

This is evidently according to Cocker, and shows that Sunday-school advantages have not been lost upon Johnstone 1. We cannot find room for further extracts. It was carried, by a majority of four, that the plan for effecting "*one* grand general union of the spinners of the three kingdoms" would be better effected by *one* parliament or club, or whatever they are pleased to call their meetings, than *three*.

One of the most extensive *strikes* that has ever occurred was in 1810, when the spinners from the mills of Manchester, Macclesfield, Stockport, Ashton, Oldham, Bolton and other places left their work, and threw 30,000 persons out of employ. Had it continued longer, the whole of Scotland would have joined it. Gangs of desperados paraded the streets of the towns—assaulting the residences of persons supposed to be inimical to them. The police were set at defiance; and the factories were in a complete state of siege, the owners trembling for their lives and property. The government of this rebellion was carried on by a *parliament* at Manchester under the presidentship of a man named Joseph Shipley, who is reported to have been a sort of Massaniello, and commanded the implicit obedience of thousands of willing agents. The sums collected for the support of the *strike* amounted for a time to 1,500*l*. weekly, but it gradually fell off, and then these poor misguided people began to taste the bitter fruits of their folly. The savings of years of patient industry were first consumed, then clothes and furniture went, till the unhappy beings were consigned to utter want and destitution. They were obliged at last to accept work at half the former prices. This was the result of the great strike of 1810. Many examples might be quoted of similar folly and equally disastrous terminations of all the great strikes; none have terminated to the advantage of the workmen. Much injury has been sustained by the manufacturer and the public; but the workman has suffered more than either, and even in districts where the masters have yielded to the demands of the Union before any trial of strength was made, the workman has not reaped

the advantage. To gain the increase he is obliged to pay the levies ordered by the Union *Parliament*, which reduces him to his former level, and at the sacrifice of the confidence of his employer.

In 1824 all the spinners turned out, much against their own wishes, but at the dictation of the Union Parliament. The result of this strike was, the men returned to work at the same wages, after costing their *parliament* 4,000*l.*, and enduring themselves the greatest hardships. In 1829, 10,000 persons were thrown out of employ for six months by a strike, the evil consequences of which are felt by the operatives of Manchester to this day; and with the usual result—that of returning to work at a reduction of wages, principally occasioned by the numbers who were employed during the insubordination of the regular hands. Many outrages were committed during this unfortunate time; and one more particularly, which reflects the foulest disgrace on their annals—the assassination of a most respectable individual; the iniquitous perpetrators of which, shielded as they were by their brother Unionists, were never brought to justice. One instance has been given of the Hyde workmen being obliged, against their will, to turn out. A similar account is given by Mr. Chappel, a Manchester manufacturer, before the Factory Commission:—

"The whole of our spinners, whose average wages were 2*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*, turned out, at the instigation, as they told us at the time, of the delegates of the Union. They said they had no fault to find with their wages, their work, or their masters, but the Union obliged them to turn out. The same week three delegates from the Spinners' Union waited upon us at our mill, and dictated certain advances in wages, and other regulations, to which, if we would not adhere, they said neither our own spinners nor any other should work for us again. Of course we declined, believing our wages to be ample, and our regulations such as were necessary for the proper conducting of the establishment. The consequences were, they set watches on every avenue to the mill night and day, to prevent any fresh hands coming into the mill, an object which they effectually attained, by intimidating some, and promises of support to others which I got into the mill in a caravan, if they would leave their work. Under these circumstances I could not work the mill, and advertised it for sale without receiving any applications, and I also in vain tried to let it. At the end of twenty-three weeks the hands requested to be taken into the mills again on the terms that they had left it, declaring, as they had done at first, that the Union alone had forced them to turn out. The names of the delegates that waited on me were Jonathan Hodgins, Thomas Foster, and Peter Madox, secretary to the Union.

"'What advance of wages did they require?'—'It was considerable, but I don't remember the exact sum; and the regulations required were, that the men should not be fined for bad work, or for not conforming to the regulations of the mill.'"

The khan of the Tartars himself can hardly wish for a more extensive power over the property of his subjects than these gentlemen assume over that of their masters: but their assumption of despotism is, fortunately, not so fruitful in its results, in this instance, as in that of their barbarous prototype, the occasional success of whose infringement upon the rights of *meum* and *tuum*, doubtless their instructive periodical literature has made them acquainted with. The success of the Union attacks have been negative to them. In many instances

the masters have yielded to their demands, rather than risk a stagnation of trade; but the expense of keeping up the price of labour, in defiance of the profit of the manufacturer, is more than the gain is equal to; besides an immense degree of misery to the various classes under their control, and injury to the public and the revenue, by deteriorated goods and stagnation of trade.

Another very powerful and extensive Union has been formed in the north by the Builders, who have made themselves conspicuous by their parliament at Manchester, and their dictatorial proceeding at Liverpool. In the spring of last year they commenced business, by issuing orders to the master-builders of the town and neighbourhood, that from that time they should, on no pretence, take any jobs by *contract*, under pain of the displeasure of the Union. The following letter was sent to Mr. Holmes, of Liverpool, by the *committee*:—

Liverpool, 11th April, 1833.

"Sir,—In consequence of an information received by our Society, that your job in Canning-street is a contract job, we felt ourselves in duty bound to furnish your men at that job with a notice to that effect, and in consequence of such contract to leave that building directly. You will please to understand that previous to their return we require to see your contract in our club-room, to be examined by our Committee appointed for that purpose. When we receive this information we will be happy to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble Servant,
"The Operative Society of Bricklayers,
"Corresponding Secretary."

Thus, by interfering with the private arrangements of trade, a man was no longer master of his own business.

The committee then, in their wisdom, issued a series of resolutions, making it imperative on the masters to obey them. "The masters, who presume to disobey these laws," commences this precious document, "which, like those of the *Medes* and *Persians*, are unalterable (!)," were obliged to pay a fine imposed, or were left without a single workman. Messrs. Patterson, masons, at Manchester, were ordered to pay four shillings a week to each of their workmen who had *struck*, by order of the Union. Many instances of similar absurdity were committed by these individuals in their fancied strength. One of their manifestoes runs thus:—"We consider that you have not treated our rules with that deference you ought to have done; we consider you highly culpable, and deserve to be highly chastised!" For upwards of six months the vast building operations of Liverpool were checked by the machinations of these petty tyrants. The consumption of bricks, which had averaged a million weekly, were reduced to twenty thousand! and a master builder stated that he had paid 11,000*l.* less in timber duties, and 800*l.* less on bricks, than in the preceding year—thus exemplifying the characteristic of the Unionist—that of extreme selfishness, and total disregard of the interests of other trades. And the little excuse for this conduct on the part of the workmen appears from the fact, that no attempt had been made by the masters to reduce wages, nor had any interference been contemplated with the privileges and practices of those in the employ. The wages of a journeyman in the trade had never been *less* than

twenty-four shillings weekly for the last twenty years; and if we consider the prices of provision twenty years since and at the present time, we should be at a loss to explain the cause of a strike, unless we attribute it to a desire of the Unionists to exercise their newly discovered power—the great secret of most of these wicked absurdities.

The evil did not stop in Liverpool, for the workmen in the building-trades throughout England, following the example of those of the north, formed one general Union. Members were accordingly elected for counties, a scheme of government was concocted, and a "Builders' Parliament" was convened at Manchester. Greatly to the astonishment of the inhabitants, 275 members, representing as they declared an immense constituency, paraded the town, arm-in-arm, and opened the session! These fellows had very jolly times, at the expense of their credulous, hard-working brethren, during their short-lived legislation; but the poor constituents, having to pay about 3000*l.* for their experiment, it is not expected that they will again indulge so expensive a fancy. The Liverpool strike was kept up for more than six months, at the end of which the funds fell short, when the starving idiots voted the Union a bore, and returned in penitence to their masters. And dearly they paid for their folly; many of the buildings had been discontinued, contracts had been refused, workmen had been brought from distant parts, and machinery had been invented to supersede bricklayers'-labourers on large buildings; habits of idleness had been acquired by a cessation from labour, which was not the least of the evil; and, in short, nothing but pauperism awaited the majority of those who, but a few months before, had abundance.

Our space will not permit us to give examples from many trades; but perhaps in no instance have the results of a Union been more disastrous to the interests of the workmen than with the Clothiers. The Leeds Union, having gained some supposed advantages over their masters, used their power in the most tyrannical manner. They *ordered* the masters not to employ any hands at piecework, but give each a weekly salary, in order, as they said, to check the spirit of rivalry, inconsistent with their ideas of the advancement of men towards a state of perfectability, which they had heard something of at a lecture by some itinerant philanthropist. The master found that this experiment on human perfectability was attended with ruinous loss to him, in consequence of his hands, instead of working as before, when stimulated by profit, now passed half their time reading *Tait's Magazine*, or some of their own publications, showing how they could make a shilling out of sixpence with the least possible labour. The master complained to the committee of his losses, on which he was ordered to keep *no books!*

The most celebrated strike ordered by this august body ended in their total discomfiture. In their usual arbitrary manner, they sent a written order to Messrs. Hindes and Derham, *ordering* them to discharge seven individuals in their employ, without giving any reason for such a command. The manufacturers very properly resisted such an infamous dictation, and in consequence were put under the ban of the Union. All their work-people, amounting to a thousand in number, were thrown out of employ, which cost the Union 4000*l.* to support,

and ended in a signal failure. The consequence of this strike was the invention of the wool-combing machine, which entirely ruined that class of men, who were the ringleaders of all the disturbances, and the most mischievous class in the trade. Having thus illustrated these redoubtable bodies, the "Trades' Unions," by their conduct and its consequences, a few remarks must close this somewhat extended article.

In the first place, these Unions are marked by a spirit of wantonness, caprice, and ill-feeling. Those who order the strike are invariably those that receive the highest wages—thus, in 1829, the fine spinners in Manchester were earning 30s. to 35s. per week; and at Ashton, in 1830, the coarse spinners were earning from 28s. to 31s.; while at Liverpool, the strike took place among the builders immediately after an advance of 3s. per week, and in the height of work. Nothing, therefore, but a spirit of covetousness can dictate such a resolution; while caprice is shewn by their absurd orders and counter-orders to their employers; and ill-feeling by the time chosen for strikes, to the frequent ruin of their employer, bound down as he is, by contracts, to time.

The continued hostility evinced by Unions to piece-work is a decided premium to idleness. "The man who does task-work," says one of their publications, "is guilty of less defensible conduct than a drunkard." It would be curious to know in what scale of moral depravity they place drunkenness; if they have any fellow-feeling, it ought not to be judged too harshly—operatives are not usually the most distinguished members of the Temperance Societies. "The worst passions of our nature are enlisted in the support of task-work; avarice, meanness, cunning, hypocrisy, all excite and feed upon the miserable victim of task-work, while debility and destitution look out for the last morsel of their prey. A man who earns by task-work 40s. per week, the usual wages by day being 20s., robs his fellow-workman of a week's employment." We do not know by what system of reasoning this conclusion is drawn, but the manifest object of it is to destroy the spirit of emulation, without which man would be a mere machine, and sink into supineness and indolence. According to these philosophers, however, emulation is the cause of all the misery of the world. It is to be regretted that some of the disciples of these benevolent professors scandalize their masters outrageously by their practice, if we may judge from the assassinations and outrages of all descriptions which have been laid to their charge.

Another fact has been pretty clearly proved, which is, that the combinations of workmen have not succeeded in raising wages, but in most cases they have been depressed, which, indeed, must be the natural consequence of an influx of strangers, and the invention of new machinery. It is to be hoped that when education becomes more general, that men will begin to reflect upon the true causes of low wages, and they will then learn that not all the combinations in the world can effect a permanent rise of wages beyond what the profits of the trade will allow.

Another feature in the history of these Unions is, the crimes to which they have given rise; this alone ought to render them objects

of suspicion and alarm to all well-disposed and right-thinking men. The list of murders perpetrated by Unionists, if they were all collected together, would make a fearful amount of crime; and to show that these diabolical acts have not been discountenanced by their leaders, the individual perpetrators have generally escaped. A crime of this sort, laid to the charge of the Yorkshire Union, took place at Farsly, a small village in the neighbourhood of Leeds, in December, 1832. The murdered man had become obnoxious to the Union, by refusing to join in a strike; and though the charge could not be proved against the members, the circumstances told so strong against them, that the jury who sat on the inquest, gave in their verdict, that they had "too much reason to fear, that his murder had been the *consequence of fidelity to his master!*" The night of the murder, the Union had had a long and violent discussion, which lasted from six to eleven; at half-past eight the object of their hatred was attacked in a lane by between thirty and forty persons, and *beaten to death by clubs!* Not one of these ruffians ever made a sign of their guilt, and the perpetrators are still undiscovered. We venture to say that the annals of crime furnish few more atrocious deeds. In the course of three years, ten lives were lost in Dublin in consequence of combinations, and in no one instance were the murderers brought to justice.

In Dublin one of the foulest murders that ever disgraced the city was perpetrated on a man who gave no other cause of offence than earning superior wages, to which he was justly entitled by his superior skill. Many instances are on record where murders have been perpetrated on men whose only crime has been an unshaken fidelity to their masters! The Scotch Unions have been even more ferocious in their conduct than the English. Without enumerating examples, we will quote the form of an oath from the work we before-mentioned. It was to show the principle which actuated the members of the Union; the practice may be understood without quoting the disgusting details. This oath was taken by the combined spinners of Scotland, in 1823. "I, A.B., do voluntarily swear, in the awful presence of Almighty God, and before these witnesses, that I will execute, with zeal and alacrity, as far as in me lies, *every task or injunction* which the majority of my brethren shall impose upon me in furtherance of our common welfare; as the chastisement of knobs, the *assassination of oppressive and tyrannical masters,* or the *demolition of shops* that shall be deemed incorrigible; and also that I will cheerfully contribute to the support of my brethren," &c. &c. We will give a practical comment on that text, showing, by rather a humorous illustration, the consistency of that highly moral people the Scotch. When the *Parliament* of the Union met, as we before stated, in the Isle of Man, they opened the session on a Saturday, when the Scotch members proposed that no business whatever should be transacted the next day, and moved an adjournment to the ensuing Monday. The English delegates, feeling for their constituents, were opposed to this plan, as a loss of time, and increase of expense. But the Scotchmen protested that, if their constituents knew that the Sabbath would be devoted to business, they would consider that no good could attend the Union, and would positively refuse to support it—they finally carried their

motion. In Scotland, above all other places, the proceedings of this Union have been marked by atrocious violence, and it is not a little curious that men who do not hesitate to bind themselves to murder and the destruction of property, and have acted with a ferocity proportioned to their promise, can, from reverence to the day, refuse to discuss measures, which, according to their manifestoes, are their only safeguards from "poverty, degradation, and crime." We remember hearing an anecdote of three Italian ruffians, having their daggers raised to the throats of their victims, falling upon their knees on hearing the sound of the vesper-bell. Truly, these vagabonds had a touch of Scotch morality!

In conclusion, we would entreat the ringleaders of these misguided men to pause, ere, by proceeding too far in their unjust career, they plunge their thousands of blind unthinking followers indeed into a situation of "poverty, degradation, and crime;" for on the leaders of these Unions will eventually fall the disgrace and ignominy due to their acts. For the ignorant we cannot but feel compassion, and would treat their prejudices and weaknesses with every consideration, but we fear it is not with ignorance alone we have to deal. The offspring of ignorance—conceit and presumption—are conspicuous in their councils, and these are more difficult to tolerate. But we would at all times rather persuade than enforce; and we trust that, as education gains ground, men will be brought to see that the interest of one class is inseparably connected with another—that the fluctuation of trade alone will regulate the price of labour—and that the situation of the operative of this country is not influenced by the manufacturer, but by the policy of the Government, which, be it wise or not, will effectually prevent the labourer being richer than he is until the manufacturer can compete with the foreigner. This is not a favourite doctrine with our government, owing to the vast aristocratic influence by which it is swayed; but, did England see her true policy, all taxes on food would be abolished—all restraints on trade taken off; then might this country, with her vast capital, her unrivalled machinery, her coal and iron, her rail-roads, rivers, and canals, become one huge workshop, and undersell the world. Then might the labourer indeed *command* his comforts; but while food is fettered, trade restricted, our goods barely keeping pace with those of foreigners, how can the workmen expect more than his share of profit? If he obtain it, it will remain but a short time with him, because it will be taking unjustly from another class. But we hope the workman will see his interest better—that he will not attempt to take by fraud what he cannot obtain by justice—but wait, even with slender means, until the legislature can devise some real and effectual changes for his benefit.

We will close this article with an extract, which will be curious to many; it contains an account of the inauguration of members to a Union Lodge:—

"A short time back the magistrates at Exeter made a forcible entry into an apartment in that city, where the rites of a Builders' Union were proceeding, when men were discovered with their eyes bandaged, and also a skeleton, sword, battle-axe, and all the other paraphernalia, exactly as described in the following scene. A London journeyman, who entered a

Union during the past year, was so overcome by the ceremonies he went through on his admission, that he was literally deprived of reason, and died in the agonies of raving madness.

"DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Outside Tiler*—*a member of the Union who keeps guard on the outside of the room in which the members are assembled.*—Inside Tiler—*ditto on the inside.*—Principal Conductor—*the person who conducts to the Lodge those who are to be initiated into the mysteries of the Union.*—President. — Vice-President. — Warden. — Secretary. — Members of the Union.—Workmen about to be made members.

"The scene is usually the first floor of a tavern, which is doubly planked throughout, and the interstices filled with wood-shavings, in order to prevent any one overhearing the ceremonies. The time is 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening, at which hour the above-named *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of the principal conductor, and those who are about to enter the Union, are supposed to be collected together for the performance of the following drama. On one side of the apartment is a skeleton, above which is a drawn sword and a battle-axe, and in front stands a table, upon which lies a Bible. The principal officers of the Union are clothed in surplices.

"(*Members say the following prayer*):—'O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, defend us in this our undertaking, that we may not fear the power of our adversaries, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'—(*Outside Tiler knocks at the door.*)

"*Inside Tiler*—'Who comes here to disturb the peace and harmony of this our most worthy and honourable order?'

"*Principal Conductor, from without*—'I am not come here to disturb the peace and harmony of this your most worthy and honourable order. I am a brother with strangers, who wish to be admitted into your most worthy and honourable order.'

"*Inside Tiler*—'Most worthy President, Vice, Secretary, and brothers all, a brother stands at the door with strangers, who wish to be admitted into this your most worthy and honourable order.'

"*President*—'In the name of the Lord admit him.'

"(*Enter Principal Conductor, followed by the strangers with their eyes bandaged. Members salute, and then sing a hymn.*)

"*Principal Conductor.*

"'Strangers, within our secret walls we have admitted you,
Hoping you will prove honest, faithful, just and true;
If you cannot keep the secrets we require,
Go hence, you are at liberty to retire.—
Are your motives pure?'

"*Strangers*—'Yes.'

"*Principal Conductor*—'Do you declare they are?'

"*Strangers*—'Yes.'

"*Principal Conductor.*

"'Then, brethren, to initiate these strangers we will now proceed,
And our most worthy master may proceed to read.'

(*Members sing a hymn.*)

"*Warden.*

"'Stand, ye presumptuous mortals! strangers' steps I hear,
And I must know your trade and business here.
By my great power, there's nothing can from vengeance stay us,
If you come here intending to betray us.'

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* "'Tiler' is technically a Masonic term, which originated in the circumstance, that on the first establishment of Freemasonry, those who were employed to guard the door, were really the working tilers, who had joined the confederacy."

"*President.*

"'Most worthy guardian of our sacred laws,
They are wool-combers, and wishful to protect the united cause.'

"*Warden*—'Then all is well.'

"*Vice-President.*

"Strangers, you are welcome, and if you prove sincere,
You'll not repent your pains and labour here.
We have one common interest, and one common soul,
Which should by virtue guide and actuate the whole.
Our trade requires protection, by experience sad we know;
Our duty is to prevent recurrence of our former woe.

* * * * *

Let your tongue be always faithful, your heart conceal its trust,
Woe, woe and dishonour attend the faithless and unjust.
Guards, give the strangers sight.'

(The bandages are removed from the eyes of the strangers, and they are placed opposite the skeleton.)

"*President, (pointing to the skeleton.)*

"Strangers, mark well this shadow, which you see,
It is a faithful emblem of man's destiny.'

* * * * *

"*Vice-President.*

"'Strangers, hear me; and mark well what I say,
Be faithful to your trust, or you may rue this day.

"You are now within our secret walls, and I must know if you can keep a secret.'

"*Strangers*—'Yes.'

"*Vice-President*—'And will you do?'

"*Strangers*—'Yes.'

"*Vice-President.*

"'Then amongst us, you will shortly be entitled to the endearing name of brother,
And what you hear or see here done, you must not disclose to any other;
We are uniting to cultivate friendship, as well as to protect our trade,
And due respect must to all our laws be paid.
Hoping you will prove faithful, and all encroachments on our rights withstand,
As a token of your alliance,—give me your hand.'

"*(They then take the following oath:)*—

"'I, A.B., woolcomber, being in the awful presence of Almighty God, do voluntarily declare that I will persevere in endeavouring to support a brotherhood, known by the name of the Friendly Society of Operative Stuff Manufacturers, and other Industrious Operatives, and I solemnly declare and promise that I will never act in opposition to the brotherhood in any of their attempts to support wages, but will, to the utmost of my power, assist them in all lawful and just occasions, to obtain a fair remuneration for our labour. And I call upon God to witness this my most solemn declaration, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, punishments, nor even death itself, shall ever induce me directly or indirectly, to give any information respecting any thing contained in this Lodge, or any similar Lodge connected with the Society; and I will neither write, nor cause to be written, upon paper, wood, sand, stone, or any thing else, whereby it may be known, unless allowed to do so by the proper authorities of the Society. And I will never give my consent to have any money belonging to the Society divided or appropriated to any other purpose than the use of the Society and support of the trade, so help me God, and keep me stedfast in this my most solemn obligation; and if ever I reveal either part or parts of this my most solemn obligation, may all the Society I am about to belong to, and all that is just, disgrace me so long as I live; and may what is now before me plunge my soul into the everlasting pit of misery! Amen.'"

PATCHES AND THEIR PENALTIES.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"To pick a hole in a man's coat," popularly implies to do his character an injury. The phrase contains a subtler meaning—a significance more recondite: the evil is not in the "hole" itself, but in the patch made indispensable by the wound. There was deep philosophy in the saying of the wit, who averred that a hole might pass for an accident—but a darn was open and avowed poverty. The patch is an elaborate declaration of penury—a pains-taking manifesto—an outward and visible sign of inward destitution. Tatters may be a fine, swash-buckler libertine; but a patch is poor-spirited want; crawling, needful misery. How many think it nothing to have a thousand holes picked in their coats, who would fume and glow, and turn purple with shame to confront the stare of the world with a patch! To mend is to be lost.

But a few days since, we witnessed a pertinent illustration of the worldly impolicy of patching. It was the Sabbath—(a day when, according to certain gentle Christians, sackcloth and ashes should be the only wear)—and a mother, with her three children, presented herself at the gate of the inner enclosure of St. James's Park. The woman carried an infant, and two little boys were close at her apron-strings. She was proceeding with her little ones into the holy of holies, when the liveried functionary at the lodge stepped forward, barring the way. The boys instinctively shrunk closer to their mother, and looked with curious eyes at what seemed to them the mysterious pantomime of the beadle. Indeed, the woman herself at first appeared unconscious of the meaning of the arm that "sawed the air" with authoritative motion. At length she was given to understand that she must turn back—there was no admittance. She looked an inquiring look at the officer—a look that plainly asked—"Why so?"

The mother herself was poorly but cleanly habited. It was evident she had donned her best—had quitted her room, probably in some pent-up, squalid court or miserable alley, to come with her children, and breathe an hour's fresh air, in sight of shrubs, and trees, and green grass. It may be she had for some days promised to take her young ones "to see the swans:" they had come out for a holiday! The boys were fine little fellows; and their clean, shining faces, and smoothly combed hair, bore witness to the maternal attentions. Their shoes showed no hole, and their long Holland pinafores seemed white as washing could make them. Indeed, the whole groupe was a picture of clean, pains-taking poverty: an honest pride had given the most cheerful outside to penury. However, the beadle liked not the tailor of the family, and they must go back. Still the woman, having glanced at her boys, her baby, and herself, could not

understand "why" they should go back. As she cast a second look at the beadle, it seemed more imperatively to demand the reason of exclusion? The beadle pointed to the pinafores of the children; they were snow-white, it was true; but they were—yes, ye poor mothers, and ye poor little boys!—they were—they were—they were *patched!* Not only in one or in two places, but in a dozen were they patched! The mother could not deny the evidence; the children were branded; even the excess of maternal love could not gloss the sin; and without seeking to excuse it, the woman meekly turned away—the boys casting a lingering look at the gravel-walks, the water, and green sward. Cornelia showed her sons as *her* jewels; the sentiment, the valuation, was admitted; but then the Roman boys had no patch in their garments;—they *were* jewels; now, little English boys, with patched pinafores, are only paste.

The scene attempted to be described, conveying as it did a type, an image of a great social evil, was still more fully worked out by the incident which followed it. The mother and her young ones, denied recreation within the enclosure, stood outside, with no complacent eyes surveying the privileged folks within. The two boys, who at first entered the gate with cheerful faces, now stood trying to poke their heads through the iron railing, and, with sullen looks, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the swans and water-fowl, fed by happier children (without patches) on the bank. This may, perhaps, be called a puerile matter; but surely there are some who may see in it a deep significance; a serious drama—albeit, the vicinity of Buckingham Palace be the scene; and a poor woman, with three children, and a beadle, be the *dramatis personæ*.

Magna reverentia debetur pueris, saith the ancient. The lecture on patches, given by the beadle to the boys, is not likely to be lost upon them: such seed, fall where it will, falls not on barren ground; and as the seed, so the fruit. Are figs to be gathered from brambles? What a ridiculous sermon (saith one), on the patched pinafores of two little boys! We forget that the little boys and girls of to-day will make the stirring world of a few years hence. We are too apt to talk of the world as a mere figure of speech—forgetful that it is composed of so many million hearts and minds, each made what they are by the operation of early sentiments.

Now the sentiment preached to the two boys—and it is a sentiment preached from a thousand social pulpits—nay, it is the every-day text—tells them that poverty is the great sin. The essence of the homily is contained in this brief advice—"Plunder, but never patch."

LEAVES FROM A LOG.

The Islands of the Orinoco—The Guarahoon Indians—Their Palm-tree Dwellings—San Miguel's Mission—The Deserted Village—The Llanero—His Capture by Indians—Their mode of making Poison—Incantation Scene.

We passed up to where the Orinoco divides itself into numerous branches, forming a hundred mangrove islands, whose shores are ever changing. The river, by bearing down immense masses of earth and vegetable matter, continually adds to their size, and, when swollen by the tropical rains, tears away whole acres of their shores. Sometimes, indeed, many of these isles are inundated, and at others an island is literally torn from its base by the tremendous flood—its trees, and the earth which bore them, are swept through the Gulph of Paria into the Atlantic. Yet these ever-varying isles support a primitive race of men—the Indian tribe called Guarahoons, whose mode of life differs from all other tribes. Their habits are not of the warlike or hunting class; for the chase even constitutes but a small part of their employ. In the dry season they repair to some of the smaller isles, the dry underwood of which they set on fire. During the conflagration, the various animals make to the water, to escape to the main land; here they are intercepted and killed by the Guarahoons. The manner in which they take fowl is curious;—they send a number of calabashes or gourds floating among the immense flocks of fowl that continually swim on the surface of the flood, and when the birds are accustomed to these gourds, the Indians cover their heads each with a calabash, making holes sufficiently large for them to breathe and see through, and then swim among the covey. The birds cannot see the difference between the empty calabash and that which conceals an enemy, who silently and suddenly seizes his prey, drags it under water, and fastens it to a belt round his waist. He does not return until loaded with game.

But fishing constitutes the chief employ of the Guarahoon. This they practise in various ways; sometimes, in a canoe by torch-light, they dart a kind of javelin made of hard wood at the finny tribe; sometimes the bow-and-arrow is used for this purpose—and the manner of employing the latter weapon is extraordinary. They do not apparently aim at an object, but send the dart upwards into the air in such a manner that it describes an extensive arch, and, falling, strikes the object with an unerring aim.* This manner of shooting will appear difficult; constant habit, however, so perfects them at the practice, that I have seen them shoot at small river-turtle, their canoe at the same time agitated by the surf, and strike it at the back of the neck, the only part vulnerable. The quickness of sight of these children of nature is astonishing; they can discern a fish in the water at a great distance, and discharge their spears at it from their canoes with a

* The Back Indians of Demerara use the arrow in the same way, and with a dexterity that I fear describing, lest I should be thought to romance.

certainty of success. They possess a race of dogs, esteemed, among other qualities, most valuable for the chase. Guarahoon dogs are, in Trinidad, sometimes sold as high as fifty dollars each. The Indians principally employ them catching fish in the shallow lakes in their islands— those animals being half amphibious.

The mode in which the Guarahoons construct their dwellings is not the least remarkable of their customs. They fix their residences on the largest of those islets, where a quantity of palms grow so closely together that their tough leaves intermingle: these they plait firmly together, and make what is called an *ajupa*; that is, a light shed, formed entirely from growing palm-leaves: yet, light as these vegetating houses are, they are perfectly proof against the effects of the weather—no rain can penetrate them, and the whalebone-like pliancy of the palm is such, that seldom, in the severest storms known in those parts, is one of those dwellings destroyed. The rivers may overspread their islands, yet they remain quite secure in their nest-like habitations, with their floating canoes moored beneath them. These people are harmless and passionless; their wants are few, and nature is bountiful to them; but, like all people in a savage state, they are only roused to exertion by necessity. When they have obtained their provisions, the overgorged serpent is not more torpid than the Guarahoon Indian. He will sit down for days crouched in his lair: call him, he answers not: ascend his leafy habitation, he is as motionless as a statue: crouch beside him, he scarcely appears to see you. No one would have the inhumanity to strike him; but it would take a hard blow to make him alter his position, or move a single muscle.

We passed the highest of the islets lying in the mouth of the Orinoco, called the Island of Yaya, or Apostadero, on account of a post being established there for collecting the dues on goods conveyed up the river. The Columbians have so much of the old Spaniard in them, that they injure their states' revenue by excessive duties. From what I could see and hear, more is paid at this island in the form of bribes to the officers of the customs than ever goes into the states' treasury. When we passed the islands, the river opened upon us in its full magnificence Its banks are flanked with trees of the most gigantic size, closely crowded together—their trunks partly hidden by underwood—while from their branches are suspended immense clusters of various kinds of parasitical tendrils, so luxuriant as to obscure the foliage of the trees that support them—forming what appears to the eye a huge verdant wall. Imagine a glorious river a mile in width—both banks seemingly a hundred feet in height, perpendicular, and of a dark green hue—and a faint conception may be formed of the scene. Amid this savage mass of vegetation, here and there might be seen groves of various kinds of palms, whose beauty contrasted well with the chaos of forest by which they were partly surrounded; and wherever those natural palmy orchards appeared, there might be seen the leafy dwelling of the Guarahoon Indian. This singular race appear as attached to the palm species, as certain insects are to particular vegetables—justifying the observation, that in these regions "man is essentially a palmivorous ani-

mal." At times we could perceive glimpses of those savannahs which spread themselves alternately with forest and mountain over this immense continent: one of which, I was informed, stretches all the way to the mountains, in the bosom of which is built the beautiful city of Caraccas.

Having ascended beyond Barrancas, I left the schooner and went on shore at San Miguel. This had been a mission* of considerable importance; but the blast of civil war had lately passed over it, and desolation was in its streets. The old priest had left his residence; and his children, as he delighted to call his Indian converts, were forced into the service of the republic: they were obliged to forego the bows and arrows of their fathers, and shoulder the musket of the state. Nature never intended this pacific race for soldiers. War is the aversion of the aborigines of the Oronook; yet they were doomed to fight in a cause which, to them, was neither interesting nor comprehensible. What did it matter to this poor race of the forest, whether a Ferdinand held dominion over their country, or a Bolivar?—whether their native river flowed through a colony or a republic?†

An abandoned town is anywhere a gloomy object; but most melancholy in a tropical climate, where the rapid vegetation caused by an intense sun, and torrent-like rains, so overspreads its houses with savage vines, bushes, shrubs, and trees, that a few months suffice to choke its streets, cover its roofs, and even to fell its tallest edifices. War had forced the tranquil inhabitants of San Miguel from their peaceful employments and habitations, and nature had shrouded their homes with her mantle of green.

We quitted this melancholy scene, and were suddenly overtaken by one of those semi-wild inhabitants of the Great South American savannahs, called Llanaros.‡ He appeared of mixed European and Indian race, which, I believe, is the genuine "Criollo;" or, as we call it, "Creole." I have been told this word is derived from two Spanish words, *cria* (breed), and *olla* (a mixture), the words together signifying a mixed breed, and was first applied, by the old Spaniards, contemptuously to the mixed race descended from European and Indian parents. It is now used as applicable to all persons born in the West Indies or South America, of whatever race or complexion. It is even applied to animals and vegetables: for we say, "*creole* canes," meaning the sugar-cane of the islands, in contradistinction to those brought last century from Otaheite, and now usually cultivated.

This definition of the word "Creole," however, is but conjectural; it is the only one I have heard. The Columbians are not a little proud of being termed "Criollos," insomuch that they think them-

* A mission is a tract originally given to the missionaries of various religious orders sent from Spain. They were cultivated by converted Indians, under the superintendance of the padre, and were generally the best regulated portion of the colonies.

† I am informed that the mission of San Miguel has subsequently been revived under the auspices of the republic. When this journey was made, a neighbouring magistrate offered to sell us the tiles off the houses!—by what right we did not inquire.

‡ Llanero; from *Llano*, a plain.

selves insulted if they are denominated Spaniards. I was one day conversing with a very interesting South American young lady of unmixed European race. She was standing on a stool for the purpose of giving her attendant (an Indian girl) an opportunity to comb her long dark tresses. In the course of conversation, I jocularly asked her if she could teach me Spanish. "No, Senor," she replied, "I detest everything Spanish; but if you please, I will teach you the Creole language." (Lingua Criollo.) On another occasion, while visiting a well-educated family in Angostura, in the course of conversation, I happened to say that I regretted I could not enjoy, as well as they could, the productions of Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, or Calderon; in consequence of having but an imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language. On hearing this, the coterie looked grave; and one of them replied, "To read the works of those great men, it is not necessary that you should study the Spanish; stay with us until you are well conversant in the Creole language." It should be added that the parties, with the exception of some few trifling provincialisms, spoke pure Castilian. Such is national vanity. I have heard similar anecdotes of our brother Jonathan, touching the appropriation of our own language.

But to describe the Llanero. He was a well-formed man of the middle size, though rather stout; his countenance though dark, was not unpleasant; his hair was as black as that of our Indians; but, unlike the Indians, it was curled, and so thick that it completely shaded a somewhat low, but wide forehead. He wore a slouched straw hat, or *sombrero,* on his head; a blanket, with a hole in the middle to admit his head, formed a convenient and comfortable capote; these, with cotton trousers, were his only habiliments. Though unshod, he had on his heels a pair of massive silver spurs armed with large rowels, the workmanship of which was by no means commensurate with the metal. He rode a noble horse of the savannah breed, whose fiery eye and active limbs showed him but lately reclaimed from his native plains. He could scarcely brook the tyranny of control; but it was useless for him to rebel against such a rider as the Llanero, whose strong arm and powerful bit effectually subjected him. The sides of the bridle and bit were ornamented with ill-fashioned knobs of silver; the horse, rider, dress, and ornaments, formed a singular, though not unpicturesque appearance.

The bravery of the Llanero is well known to those who are conversant with the history of the liberation of Columbia; and recent travellers have so well described the use which those people make of the *lasso,* that the English reader must be pretty well acquainted with it. The following method of their encountering the wild bull of the plains, on foot, is not so well known. It seems a variation of the old Spanish bull fight.

When the Llanero perceives a bull making towards him, he displays a red cloth, or shirt, provided for that purpose, which so infuriates the animal, that he rushes on, foaming and frantic. The courageous plainsman keeps his ground until the brute nears him, when he flings the cloth over his horns so as to blind him; then turning quicker than the bull, the Llanaro grasps firmly by his tail, and commences twisting it. The animal feeling this, turns to free

himself from his foe, who continues to twist his tail, and wheels on his own ground, while the bull roars furiously with rage, and makes wide circles until he is exhausted and giddy with continual gyrations. This the Llanero knows by the animal tottering, when with a wonderful expertness, he suddenly brings the bull's tail under his hind legs, and with a strong jerk, and at the same time lending his weight, the animal is tripped up, and flung with violence to the ground. This is managed so adroitly, that I have seen a bull's horn broken in the fall. I am told that General Paez is not a little proud of his dexterity at these encounters with cattle.

The Llanaro politely saluted us. We asked him to shew us the way to Old Guiana, whither we were bent; and he courteously proffered to be our guide. He preceded us through the tangled path, occasionally using his matcheto, or small cutlass, to clear the half-abandoned trace from copse and bushes that impeded our journey, until we came to a more open road, beside which lay a quantity of human bones. This place had been the scene of one of those numerous and desperate skirmishes, by which, rather than by grand battles, the independence of South America was gained.

The Llanero cast a look of satisfaction over the field, exclaimed "Viva la Patria," and commenced a song set to an old Spanish air, very generally sung by the Columbian soldiers. After he had finished this song, we came to a road so much clearer than the briar-incumbered trace we had hitherto passed, that the Llanero and myself could go side by side. I entered into conversation with him, and he related to me many of the adventures wherein he had been engaged: the most interesting of which was his capture near the Rio Negro, or River of Poisons, by the Choqua, a race of Indians, I believe, unknown to Europeans. Having been wounded and rendered senseless in a skirmish in which the Republicans were victorious, his party went on in pursuit of the enemy, and left him among the dead to the care of the jaguars. He recovered his reason, and with difficulty defended himself from the wild beasts; until by great exertions he armed himself with the weapons of one of the dead, and got up a tall silk-cotton tree. The next day he contrived to set fire to a quantity of dried vegetable matter beneath him; this had the effect of keeping off the animals, who, indeed, found too much prey to be stimulated to their usual ferocity. In examining the baggage left on the field, he found some articles of provision, of which he stood in great need; and in a portmanteau attached to the dead horse of a French officer, in the South American service, he discovered a six-keyed flute. This he took, both on account of some little skill he possessed, and its intrinsic value.

Night came on, and being disabled, stiff with his wounds, and unable yet to retrace his way on foot to any human dwelling, he again took refuge in the tree. He slept until midnight, when he was awakened by an awful subterraneous rumbling sound. The moon had risen high in the heavens, and shed her mild light over the forests—by this he could discover that the trees in the distance rose and sunk gradually. The undulation of the earth reached his tree, which he felt to rise and decline, and heard it creak most terribly. It was an earthquake.

The beasts of the forest roared, and the birds shrieked, and the poor Llanero was in dreadful consternation; for common as these convulsions are in this part of the world, they are most terrifying; nor does the frequency of their occurrence render them less fearful to those who have experienced their horrors. The Llanero vainly endeavoured to compose himself to sleep in his lofty lodgings. His fears gradually subsided with their cause; but it effectually prevented his reposing, and the shrill notes of *powie*, and the discordant shriekings of the parrots, announced the coming morn. To amuse himself he took out his flute, and commenced playing, which he continued till the eastern rays of the sun penetrated through the forest. As day broke, he perceived he had more listeners to his music than he had calculated on, or wished for—in fact, he found beneath his tree about sixty very dark Indians of the Choqua tribe, a race reported to be of a much more warlike disposition than the Guarahoons. They called to him in a language he could not understand, and motioned him to continue playing his flute; this intimation he did not feel it so easy to comply with, being by no means pleased with the martial air and arms of his audience; finding their orders disobeyed, these amateur musicians levelled their arrows at him, which he endeavoured to avoid by climbing to the highest branch of the tree (a species of the ficus), and went to the extreme end of the bough, where he hoped his dark foes would not follow him, or at all events would not dare to grapple with him. In his desperate situation, any one attempting to approach him with a hostile intent, would inevitably cause both to fall to the ground, which must have been fatal. The savages observing this, about a dozen, with the activity of apes, scaled the tree; but as he signed to them that he would perish rather than surrender, no one was bold enough to approach; however, an Indian got on the same branch, but nearer the trunk, and commenced shaking it with all his power. His situation became appalling; he was, as I before stated, as near the extremity of the bough as it was capable of bearing his weight; the branch was agitated fearfully, and he was perhaps 200 feet from the ground. Few, but men bred to encounter danger in its sternest mood, could have had nerve enough to remain there without their brain reeling. Bestriding the branch, and clinging closely with one arm, he had the presence of mind to present a pistol at the Indian, and coolness not to pull the trigger, which would have signed his fate, as he saw a dozen of these unerring marksmen levelling their poisoned arrows at him. All parties paused at this "situation," which was more picturesque than agreeable. The nearest Indian motioned to him to desist from his defence and play on his flute, as their intentions was pacific. Ideas of capitulation were fast gaining upon him, when they were suddenly arrested by the horrible consciousness that the branch was failing under him—then a loud and long crash smote his ear, and the poor Llanero felt himself whirled he knew not whither. With the firmness of despair he clung to the falling limb until he was brought up among the nether branches—the limb had not entirely separated; but as he scrambled for safety to the trunk of the tree, he was seized and brought to the ground, to the no small delight and exultation of his savage captors.

They took him to their chief, an old man, of gigantic stature, who was so enchanted with his playing, that he appointed him musical preceptor to his three sons. It appears they possessed a rude, but not inharmonious flute of very confined power; they were therefore astonished at the variety of tones of the more perfect instrument.

With these people, Juan Garcia (the Llanero) led a roaming life, he was well treated, but not suffered to escape until many months had elapsed. He described their religion, which consisted chiefly of adoration of the sun: and gave me a particular account of the method of making their arrow poison, called currari, which is very singular. The reader need scarcely be informed that most Indians possess a peculiar poison of such an extraordinary quality, that if taken in the stomach it is harmless, and yet mixed in the slightest degree with the blood, it causes violent convulsions; and if no antidote be applied, death will ensue in a few moments. But, strange to say, the flesh of an animal, killed with a poisoned arrow, is by no means injurious when eaten. Another advantage of this poison is, that should they wish to take an animal or bird alive, they wound him with a poisoned arrow, the creature is paralyzed, but on the applicaiton of a little salt, sugar, or even cane-juice to the wound, it is immediately restored to health. I am informed that a considerable number of the parrots, monkeys, &c., that find their way to Europe, are obtained by being slightly wounded with a poisoned arrow, and then cured by antidotes. Some of the old Spanish historians, and after them, the author of "Les Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains," if my memory does not fail me, have noticed this poison, or one like it; but they tell us that it is the jnice of the *manchineel apple.*

In this they are mistaken, I have tried experiments with the manchineel juice, and can pronounce that it is not the same which the Indians use for their barbs. In the first place, the arrow-poison is harmless if taken into the stomach, while the manchineel apple, if eaten, becomes a corrosive poison. Secondly, the manchineel, if rubbed on the skin, causes a blister: no such effect is produced by the currari, unless the skin be cut. Thirdly, the latter, if introduced into the blood, causes convulsions, and in a few moments death; whereas, if an animal be punctured with an instrument dipped in manchineel juice, it merely aggravates the wound, rendering it a little more difficult to cure than a common puncture. It is true, that the Indians may have the knowledge of preparing an arrow-poison from the manchineel juice; but I think that I may safely contradict those qualities attributed to it in its natural state by the Abbé de Paino and others.

The account Juan Garcia gave of the process of manufacturing the currari, I shall relate according to his narration as nearly as I can recollect:—

"The currari is made by the Choqua Indians but once a year. They compound a large quantity: not only for their own use, but as an article of barter with other tribes of Indians; to wit, such as are Christians, who are forbidden by the missionaries to make it on account of the incantations performed on these occasions; but the

influence of the priests is not powerful enough to prevent their using it. They choose the night to manufacture the currari. For this purpose a large *canari* (or earthen vessel) is obtained, and suspended over a fire; in this canari is placed a quantity of baleful vegetables, the juices of others, and the poison of several kinds of snakes, extracted from their jaws; over the vessel is hung a quantity of yellow toads, cut open so that the heat of the fire melts their fat, which drops into the canari. The oldest woman of the tribe stirs up this "hell-broth," and presides over the ceremony as high priestess; while the rest sing a sort of wild chorus, partly addressed to the sun and partly to the hag, celebrating her happiness in living to see that night, and foretelling that she will shortly be with their resplendent god. In this chorus the old woman joins, never stirring from the fatal cauldron, while the rest of the tribe dance round the "charmed pot," at first making a small circle; but as the poison becomes stronger and more dangerous, the vapours are proportionally pestiferous; they, therefore, extend the ring. The high priestess does not shrink from her fatal duty; anon the fumes of the canari become more and more pernicious, and the circle becomes wider and wider; but they continue singing and dancing round it until the canari comes to its climax, and the old woman is killed by the poisonous vapours. She falls suddenly, and dies without a groan! On this completion to their rites the whole tribe set up a terrific yell, and retire to await the event of their labours. The fire is allowed to burn out, and the poison is the next morning found in a congealed state. It is a black, solid substance, and when required for use, must be moistened with bitter cassada juice, itself a poison unless purified by heat. On the ensuing morning, the woman next in years is elected to preside over a similar ceremony to take place the following year. She is looked on with envy by all the females of her race, and treated with kindness, distinction, and honour by the whole of the tribe."

Such is the account of Juan Garcia of this extraordinary ceremony, he having been present at its celebration.

Nor the least remarkable circumstance in the effects produced by this singular poison is, that during its composition a person is killed within a certain range of its vapours, while after it is made it may be taken into the stomach without injury.

THE SANCTUARIES OF TUSCANY.*

BY JOHN GALT.

THERE is certainly something about the poetical mind which baffles metaphysical conjecture, and this very splendid volume is a proof of the fact. Formerly I imagined that the nondescript quality of genius originated in some morbid, mental secretion, and that the beautiful pearl itself was only a curious effect of some constitutional malady; especially as it had been frequently observed that no person possessed with a genius for any art was ever entirely free from inherent infirmity, and this notion I expressed in one of my dramas—

> " All the endowments of the poet's mind,
> That rich effulgence of bright tinted thought
> Which wakes thy wonder and inspires delight,
> Are bred by ails in the corporeal frame,
> As the gay glories of the tulip's flower
> Spring from disease engendered in the root."

The appearance of " The Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany " shakes, however, my confidence in the truth of the dogma, and inclines me towards the doctrine of those who maintain the opposite opinion, and who contend that we are never to expect superior mental endowment without some corresponding excellence in the organization of " the corporeal frame." But that there is truth on both sides of the question is undeniable; and therefore I shall not argue too strenuously for what, till this book made its appearance, I was disposed to cherish as an article of faith. George IV. gave it as his opinion, that the fair authoress, when Lady Charlotte Campbell, was the most perfect beauty he had ever seen; and we know, from good authority, that Sir Thomas Lawrence, the late President of the Royal Academy, expressed himself to the same effect.

We would stake the opinion of Sardanapalus and Apelles against that of the age; although it militates against a dogma, which, in charity for the ordinary, we had hoped Nature herself confirmed, by giving " the hectic of the mind " for the bloom of beauty, and acuteness to the understanding, where she withheld strength from the limbs.

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* The Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany, Valombrosa, Camaldoli, Laverna, a poem, by the Right. Hon. Lady Charlotte Bury, illustrated by engravings of the scenery from original drawings, by the late Rev. Edward Bury.

Lady Charlotte Bury is well known to the literary world as an acute observer, and an authoress of novels, which display more than common female talent; but I apprehend that the greatest admirer of her accomplishments was not prepared to expect such a work as this. There is no other example in the history of literature of a poetical genius breaking out so late in life. It is like one of those horizontal bursts of radiance which is seen in the summer evenings, or that post-autumnal vegetation which sometimes decks the decline of the year. I shall not, however, deliver only my opinion of the work, but enable the reader to judge for himself. In the meantime, before calling his attention to the merits of quotations, it may be necessary to give some account of the scenery of the sanctuaries themselves, to assist in properly understanding the trains of reflection to which they have given rise.

Her ladyship's introductory account of Valombrosa, to which the first of the three poems refers, will probably attract particular attention, as it is not unknown in English poetry. Milton speaks of it, in one of the finest passages of the Paradise Lost, and to which her ladyship alludes—

> "Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Valombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
> High overarch'd embower."

But there is nothing in this allusion which conveys a correct idea of the place, or rather of the shady and shadowy country itself. The common notion here is, that it is a vale of the Arno; but it is more properly a woody landscape, somewhat resembling that sylvan district of beachy undulations to the south of Leatherhead, in the county of Surrey.

In the early part of the eleventh century, the monastery of Valombrosa was founded by a Florentine, of the name of Giovanni Gaulberte. The situation is one of those secluded spots which the hermits of that age often so judiciously selected for the indulgence of that solemn serenity of mind, considered most acceptable to heaven. It is extremely picturesque, and abounds with streamlets of clear water, overhung with ancient and beautiful trees, where they flow into pools, or come tumbling obscured from the mountains.

The monastery formerly contained a rich library and museum, which, however, her ladyship mentions, is now dispersed. The treasures were plundered by the French during the last period of the revolution; but she adds with much happiness, for it is the landscape which makes the situation so interesting, "They could not, however, plunder the country of its rocks, and woods, and streams, or the thousand recollections of by-gone ages attached to its locality."

The poem, which accompanies the historical legend of Valombrosa, consists of the reflections which so peaceful and so holy a place is calculated to awaken, and reminds one of the meditative passages of "Childe Harold;" but, instead of the "sullen hue" which pervades that celebrated production, the thoughts are tinged with more of melancholy and tenderness. The following stanza is at once

felicitous and touching, and conceived in a true spirit of simplicity:—

"There's not a gentle mind that loves to claim
Kindred with feeling, fancy, poesy,
Who hath not heard of Valombrosa's name
Which falls upon the ear harmoniously,
And seems by chartered privilege to be
A shrine where, second to religious rite,
Imagination's votaries willingly
Pay a glad homage of intense delight,
While round their brows her varied leaves they dight."

But there is a slight touch of antique quaintness in the following verses that is perhaps superior; to me it is very pleasing:—

"A spell of sweet endearment in the place
Twines round the souls of those who sojourn there;
It has a wooing charm, serene in grace,
Like dame who gracefully the garb doth wear,
Of matron quiet and domestic care;
A gentle dignity, a placid smile,
A chastened loveliness, withouten glare,
That can the troubled thought from sense beguile,
Bid thoughts of peace return, and memory sleep the while."

This is the very whispering of the local genius of Valombrosa, and might be quoted as a happy illustration of the feeling with which inspiration has been caught in the scene. But a little further on there is an impassioned stanza that will as much surprise the reader, who was not before, like ourselves, aware of Lady Charlotte Bury's poetical talent:—

"And she who loved him—whom he loved—for her
The sun is rayless and the moon is flown;
The light of life is darkened—not a stir
In her stopp'd pulse gives anguish power to moan;
All sense, even sense of grief, seems turned to stone,
And happy were it could it ne'er return;
But sad existence burdensome and lone,
Flings a dull current from its chilling urn—
Again she wakes, she breathes, again her heartstrings burn."

This is fine; and I know not, in the works of any modern poet, that the following would not be a gem:—

"Deep secret springs lie buried in man's heart,
Which Nature's varied aspect works at will;
Whether bright hues or shadows she impart,
Or fragrant odours from her breath distil,

Or the clear air with sounds melodious fill,
She speaks a language with instruction fraught,
And Art from Nature steals her mimic skill,
Whose birds, whose rills, whose sighing winds are taught
That sounds can charm the soul, and rouse each noble thought."

The eulogy on my friend Campbell cannot but elevate him; not because it is deserved, but from the hand that gives the wreath. It is, however, not more elegant, as coming from her ladyship, than justly merited on his part; for few have so much of the true and olden character of a poet about them as the Bard of Hope:—

" Bard of my country, clansman of my race,
How proudly do I call thee one of mine!
Perchance thou wilt not deem it a disgrace,
Though with my verse thy name I should entwine.
It is not writ in borrow'd wreath to shine,
Or catch reflected ray from light of fame;
But a strong feeling I may scarce define,
Of Scotia's pride, and Friendship's mingled flame,
Within my bosom glows, while writing Campbell's name."

The legendary and historical notices of Camaldoli afford more of a story than those of Valombrosa; but with this portion of her ladyship's work I am less interested than with her own poetical creations. The character of the composition is the same as that of the other: indeed it is only a part of the same poem, though the subject is apparently distinct. The same tone of reflective feeling pervades it; the same occasional picturesque quaintness may be seen, and the same overflowing sensibility. The subsequent stanza, as an inadvertent effusion, is deserving of particular notice:—

" I could have lov'd with such a loyal heart—
With such a firm, unchanging tenderness—
And acted all Devotion's hallowing part,
Whether in hours of gladness or distress—
Height'ning each joy—making each anguish less—
Watching the wish untold, the glancing eye—
Feeling the pure and perfect happiness
(When in my sway the blessed power did lie)
Of giving bliss—the bosom's noblest ecstasy."

But the charm of the poem of Camaldoli is in the incidental lay of the " Wanderer." It has an air of truth in the sentiments very impressive; and, though short and simple, calculated to produce almost a feeling of delicate pain. It is a theme of feeling, and it would be unjust to attempt to awaken any emotion akin to what it cannot fail to produce. I abstain from quoting it on this account; besides, there are here and there little gleams of fancy thrown in to preserve poetical consistency which mar, perhaps, the impression of the original affecting conception of the lay; sprinklings of pathos inter-

mingled sadness with delight. Had her ladyship never wrote any thing but these seemingly careless lines—this Eolian-harp melody—they would have entitled her to a very high and conspicuous niche in the temple of accomplished women.

The third poem is on "Laverna;" the prose description of which is really unmetered poetry.—"This wild and witch-like rock is broken off as it were by some convulsion of the elements, and cast forth to stand apart from the neighbouring hills, above which it lifts its pillar-like head, and towers majestic." Again—"The convent is built on the south side of the summit of the rock, whence a cataract of rocks (if the expression may be allowed) descends several miles into the valley," &c. There is a justness in the expression of "a cataract of rocks," which the inhabitants of a humid climate like ours cannot comprehend. With us the rain and moisture gradually form a soil for moss and lichens in the interstices of stones, which softens the aspect of the most arid precipitation of fragments; but in the southern regions of Europe this is not observable. I never saw this character expressed so well in any picture as in Murray's recent Illustrations of the Bible.—"Cliffs and mountain-peaks have, in the south, a hardness of outline acting against the clear blue sky, not easily conceived by imaginations accustomed to the verdant furry appearance of similar things in the British landscapes."

The most interesting portion of the legendary notice is the biographical sketch of St. Francis. It is, though exceedingly curious and really poetical, too long to be extracted, and would be greatly injured by any attempt to compress it. Her ladyship mentions, however, one circumstance respecting him which we did not know before, and which, perhaps, accounts for the trials to which he was subject—the saint was a poet; and some of his hymns, still extant, are beautiful compositions.

The poem entitled "Laverna," is, to my taste, the most interesting of the three. I do not say it is the best, but, having a kind of narrative which connects the reflections, seems to possess greater power, though in fact this may not be the case. The following picturesque stanza would attract attention even in "Childe Harold:"—

> "Region of storms, like frowning citadels,
> Whose broken rocks, in giant masses hurl'd,
> Seem more for warrior meet than monkish cells—
> The shatter'd fragments of some conquer'd world:
> Those trees, with roots fantastically curl'd,
> Fix their strong hold, braving the light'ning's shock,
> Stern in unbending age—and thunder, whirl'd
> In long deep peals against their parent rock,
> While all the elemental strife they proudly mock."

In this poem, as in the other two, a tasteful but somewhat more fanciful episode is introduced, called "The Haunted One." But your limits admonish me not to quote from it, both because I should do injustice to the composition, and because I have a few general remarks

to offer that will occupy all the room you can afford to spare; I shall, therefore, only give the concluding stanza, which, like many others in the poem, is truly Byronic:—

> "Laverna, fare thee well! one parting prayer
> I fain would offer at thy mountain shrine.
> If e'er to thee some heart-broke wretch repair,
> In search of peace, to whom the sunbeams shine
> With torturing lustre—who the graceful line
> Of winding stream, or vale in verdure drest,
> Marks with that loathing words can ill define—
> O! shed thy holy influence o'er his breast;
> Expel that burning pang, and bid that spirit rest."

In her youth the authoress was distinguished for the most dazzling beauty, of which a faint idea may be formed from her portrait in the publication; and at that period of life when the charms of corporeal endowment lose their influence, she unfolds the possession of mental faculties, not only in themselves superior, but which entitle her to an eminent pedestal among her sex. I indeed think that a production of *such mind* coming forth at the period of life, though it may be ungallant to say so, to which Lady Charlotte Bury has attained, is a phenomenon surprisingly rare. In the meantime it is gratifying to confess that, while the spirit of the age runs so strong against "the time-honoured" distinctions of aristocratic birth, there is pleasure in seeing so much talent, with such an impress of genius, in a member of one of the most distinguished historical houses of the kingdom. But while we say this, we cannot disguise from ourselves that the former works by which her ladyship is celebrated are not at all calculated to give an adequate idea of the genius which scintillates in every page of "The Three Sanctuaries." I only regret that the price of the publication, which appears to have been published to bring forward the beautiful amateur drawings of the Rev. Mr. Bury, is such as to prevent it from becoming popular. I should rejoice to see it in a more accessible form, and no great space of time can elapse till this is the case.

THE BLOOMSBURY CHRISTENING.

Mr. Nicodemus Dumps, or, as his acquaintance called him, "long Dumps," was a bachelor, six feet high, and fifty years old,—cross, cadaverous, odd, and ill-natured. He was never happy but when he was miserable (pardon the contradiction); and always miserable when he had the best reason to be happy. The only real comfort of his existence was to make everybody about him wretched—then he might be truly said to enjoy life. He was afflicted with a situation in the Bank worth five hundred a-year, and he rented a "first floor furnished" at Pentonville, which he originally took because it commanded a dismal prospect of an adjacent churchyard. He was familiar with the face of every tombstone, and the burial service seemed to excite his strongest sympathy. His friends said he was surly—he insisted he was nervous; they thought him a lucky dog, but he protested that he was "the most unfortunate man in the world." Cold as he was, and wretched as he declared himself to be, he was not wholly unsusceptible of attachments. He revered the memory of Hoyle, as he was himself an admirable and imperturbable whist-player, and he chuckled with delight at a fretful and impatient adversary. He adored King Herod for his massacre of the innocents; for if he hated one thing more than another, it was a child. However, he could hardly be said to hate any thing in particular, because he disliked every thing in general; but perhaps his greatest antipathies were cabs, old women, doors that would not shut, musical amateurs, and omnibus cads. He subscribed to the Society for the Suppression of Vice for the pleasure of putting a stop to any harmless amusements; and he contributed largely towards the support of two itinerant methodist parsons, under the amiable hope that if circumstances rendered many happy in this world, they might perchance be rendered miserable by fears for the next.

Mr. Dumps had a nephew who had been married about a year, and who was somewhat of a favourite with his uncle, because he was an admirable subject to exercise his misery-creating powers upon. Mr. Charles Kitterbell was a small, sharp, spare man, with a very large head, and a broad good-humoured countenance. He looked like a faded giant, with the head and face partially restored; and he had a cast in his eye which rendered it quite impossible for any one with whom he conversed to know where he was looking. His eyes appeared fixed on the wall, and he was staring you out of countenance; in short, there was no catching his eye, and perhaps it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that such eyes are not catching. In addition to these characteristics, it may be added that Mr. Charles Kitterbell was one of the most credulous and matter-of-fact little personages that ever took *to* himself a wife, and *for* himself a house in Great Russell-street, Russell-square (Uncle Dumps always dropped the "Russell-square," and inserted in lieu thereof, the dreadful words "Tottenham-court-road").

"No, but uncle, 'pon my life you must—you must promise to be

godfather," said Mr. Kitterbell, as he sat in conversation with his respected relative one morning.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot," returned Dumps.

"Well, but why not? Jemima will think it very unkind. It's very little trouble."

"As to the trouble," rejoined the most unhappy man in existence, "I don't mind that; but my nerves are in that state—I cannot go through the ceremony. You know I don't like going out.—For God's sake, Charles, don't fidget with that stool so, you'll drive me mad." Mr. Kitterbell, quite regardless of his uncle's nerves, had occupied himself for some ten minutes in describing a circle on the floor with one leg of the office-stool on which he was seated, keeping the other three up in the air and holding fast on by the desk.

"I beg your pardon, uncle," said Kitterbell, quite abashed, suddenly releasing his hold of the desk, and bringing the three wandering legs back to the floor with a force sufficient to drive them throught it.

"But come, don't refuse. If it's a boy, you know, we must have two godfathers."

"*If* it's a boy!" said Dumps, "why can't you say at once whether it *is* a boy or not?"

"I should be very happy to tell you, but it's impossible I can undertake to say whether it's a girl or a boy if the child isn't born yet."

"Not born yet!" echoed Dumps, with a gleam of hope lighting up his lugubrious visage; "oh, well, it *may* be a girl, and then you won't want me, or if it is a boy, it *may* die before it's christened."

"I hope not," said the father that expected to be, looking very grave.

"I hope not," acquiesced Dumps, evidently pleased with the subject. He was beginning to get happy. "*I* hope not, but distressing cases frequently occur during the first two or three days of a child's life; fits I am told are exceedingly common, and alarming convulsions are almost matters of course."

"Lord, uncle!" ejaculated little Kitterbell, gasping for breath.

"Yes; my landlady was confined—let me see—last Tuesday: an uncommonly fine boy. On the Thursday night the nurse was sitting with him upon her knee before the fire, and he was as well as possible. Suddenly he became black in the face, and alarmingly spasmodic. The medical man was instantly sent for, and every remedy was tried, but——"

"How frightful!" interrupted the horror-stricken Kitterbell.

"The child died of course. However your child *may* not die, and if it should be a boy, and should *live* to be christened, why I suppose I must be one of the sponsors." Dumps was evidently good-natured on the faith of his anticipations.

"Thank you, uncle," said his agitated nephew, grasping his hand as warmly as if he had done him some essential service. "Perhaps I had better not tell Mrs. K. what you have mentioned."

"Why, if she's low spirited, perhaps you had better not mention the melancholy case to her," returned Dumps, who of course had

invented the whole story, "though perhaps it would be but doing your duty as a husband to prepare her for the *worst*."

A day or two afterwards, as Dumps was perusing a morning paper at the chop-house which he regularly frequented, the following paragraph met his eye:—

"*Births.*—On Saturday the 18th inst., in Great Russell-street, the lady of Charles Kitterbell, Esq. of a son."

"It *is* a boy!" he exclaimed, dashing down the paper to the astonishment of the waiters. "It *is* a boy!" But he speedily regained his composure as his eye rested on a paragraph quoting the number of infant deaths from the bills of mortality.

Six weeks passed away, and as no communication had been received from the Kitterbells, Dumps was beginning to flatter himself that the child was dead, when the following note painfully resolved his doubts:—

"*Great Russell-street,*
Monday morning.

"DEAR UNCLE:

"YOU will be delighted to hear that my dear Jemima has left her room, and that your future godson is getting on capitally; he was very thin at first, but he is getting much larger, and nurse says he is filling out every day. He cries a good deal, and is a very singular colour, which made Jemima and me rather uncomfortable; but as nurse says it's natural, and as, of course, we know nothing about these things yet, we are quite satisfied with what nurse says. We think he will be a sharp child; and nurse says she's sure he will, because he never goes to sleep. You will readily believe that we are all very happy, only we're a little worn out for want of rest, as he keeps us awake all night; but this we must expect, nurse says, for the first six or eight months. He has been vaccinated, but in consequence of the operation being rather awkwardly performed, some small particles of glass were introduced into the arm with the matter. Perhaps this may in some degree account for his being rather fractious; at least, so nurse says. We propose to have him christened at twelve o'clock on Friday, at Saint George's church, in Hart-street, by the name of Frederick Charles William. Pray don't be later than a quarter before twelve. We shall have a very few friends in the evening, when, of course, we shall see you. I am sorry to say that the dear boy appears rather restless and uneasy to-day: the cause, I fear, is fever.

"Believe me, dear Uncle,
"Yours affectionately,
"CHARLES KITTERBELL."

"P. S. I open this note to say that we have just discovered the cause of little Frederick's restlessness. It is not fever, as I apprehended, but a small pin, which nurse accidentally stuck in his leg yesterday evening. We have taken it out, and he appears more composed, though he still sobs a good deal."

It is almost unnecessary to say that the perusal of the above interesting statement was no great relief to the mind of the hypochondriacal Dumps. It was impossible to recede, however, and so he put

the best face—that is to say, an uncommonly miserable one—upon the matter; and purchased a handsome silver mug for the infant Kitterbell, upon which he ordered the initials "F. C. W. K.," with the customary untrained grape-vine-looking flourishes, and a large full stop, to be engraved forthwith.

Monday was a fine day, Tuesday was delightful, Wednesday was equal to either, and Thursday was finer than ever; four successive fine days in London! Hackney coachmen became revolutionary, and crossing sweepers began to doubt the existence of a First Cause. The *Morning Herald* informed its readers that an old woman, in Camden Town, had been heard to say, that the fineness of the season was "unprecedented in the memory of the oldest inhabitant;" and Islington clerks, with large families and small salaries, left off their black gaiters, disdained to carry their once green cotton umbrellas, and walked to town in the conscious pride of white stockings, and cleanly brushed Bluchers. Dumps beheld all this with an eye of supreme contempt—his triumph was at hand.—He knew that if it had been fine for four weeks instead of four days, it would rain when he went out; he was lugubriously happy in the conviction that Friday would be a wretched day—and so it was. "I knew how it would be," said Dumps, as he turned round opposite the Mansion House at half-past eleven o'clock on the Friday morning.—"I knew how it would be, *I* am concerned, and that's enough;"—and certainly the appearance of the day was sufficient to depress the spirits of a much more buoyant-hearted individual than himself. It had rained, without a moment's cessation, since eight o'clock; everybody that passed up Cheapside, and down Cheapside, looked wet, cold, and dirty. All sorts of forgotten and long-concealed umbrellas had been put into requisition. Cabs whisked about, with the "fare" as carefully boxed up behind two glazed calico curtains, as any mysterious picture in any one of Mrs. Radcliffe's castles; omnibus horses smoked like steam-engines; nobody thought of "standing up" under doorways or arches; they were painfully convinced it was a hopeless case; and so everybody went hastily along, jumbling and jostling, and swearing and perspiring, and slipping about, like amateur skaters behind wooden chairs on the Serpentine on a frosty Sunday.

Dumps paused; he could not think of walking, being rather smart for the christening. If he took a cab he was sure to be spilt, and a hackney-coach was too expensive for his economical ideas. An omnibus was waiting at the opposite corner—it was a desperate case—he had never heard of an omnibus upsetting or running away, and if the cad did knock him down, he could "pull him up" in return.

"Now, sir!" cried the young gentleman who officiated as "cad" to the "Lads of the Village," which was the name of the machine just noticed. Dumps crossed.

"This vay, sir!" shouted the driver of the "Hark away," pulling up his vehicle immediately across the door of the opposition—"This vay, sir—he's full." Dumps hesitated, whereupon the "Lads of the Village" commenced pouring out a torrent of abuse against the "Hark away;" but the conductor of the "Admiral Napier" settled the contest in a most satisfactory manner for all parties, by seizing Dumps

round the waist, and thrusting him into the middle of his vehicle, which had just come up, and only wanted the sixteenth inside.

"All right," said the "Admiral," and off the thing thundered, like a fire-engine at full gallop, with the kidnapped customer inside, standing in the position of a half doubled up boot-jack, and falling about with every jerk of the machine, first on one side and then on the other, like a "Jack in the green," on May-day, "setting" to the lady with the brass ladle.

"For God's sake, where am I to sit?" inquired the miserable man of an old gentleman, into whose stomach he had just fallen for the fourth time.

"Anywhere but on my *chest*, sir," replied the old gentleman, in a surly tone.

"Perhaps the *box* would suit the gentleman better," suggested a very damp lawyer's clerk, in a pink shirt and a smirking countenance.

After a great deal of struggling and falling about, Dumps at last managed to squeeze himself into a seat, which, in addition to the slight disadvantage of being between a window that wouldn't shut, and a door that must be open, placed him in close contact with a passenger, who had been walking about all the morning without an umbrella, and who looked as if he had spent the day in a full water-butt—only wetter.

"Don't bang the door so," said Dumps to the conductor, as he shut it after letting out four of the passengers; "I am very nervous —it destroys me."

"Did any gen'lm'n say any think?" replied the cad, thrusting in his head, and trying to look as if he didn't understand the request.

"I told you not to bang the door so," repeated Dumps, with an expression of countenance, like the knave of clubs in convulsions.

"Oh! vy its raythe a sing'ler circumstance about this here door, sir, that it von't shut without banging," replied the conductor, and he opened the door very wide, and shut it again with a terrific bang, in proof of the assertion.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a little prim wheezing old gentleman, sitting opposite Dumps, "I beg your pardon; but have you ever observed, when you have been in an omnibus on a wet day, that four people out of five, always come in with large cotton umbrellas, without a handle at the top, or the brass spike at the bottom?"

"Why, sir," returned Dumps, as he heard the clock strike twelve, "it never struck me before; but now you mention it, I——Hollo! hollo!"—shouted the persecuted individual, as the omnibus dashed past Drury-lane, where he had directed to be set down.—"Where is the cad?"

"I think he's on the box, sir," said the young gentleman before noticed in the pink shirt, which looked like a white one ruled with red ink.

"I want to be set down!" said Dumps, in a faint voice, overcome by his previous efforts.

"I think these cads want to be *set down*," returned the attorney's clerk, chuckling at his sally.

"Hollo!" cried Dumps again.

"Hollo!" echoed the passengers; the omnibus passed St. Giles's church.

"Hold hard!" said the conductor, "I'm blowed if we ha'n't forgot the gen'lm'n as vas to be set down at Doory-lane.—Now, sir, make haste, if you please," he added, opening the door, and assisting Dumps out with as much coolness as if it was "all right." Dumps' indignation was for once getting the better of his cynical equanimity. "Drury-lane!" he gasped, with the voice of a boy in a cold-bath for the first time.

"Doory-lane, sir?—yes, sir,—third turning on the right hand side, sir."

Dumps' passion was paramount, he clutched his umbrella, and was striding off with the firm determination of not paying the fare. The cad, by a remarkable coincidence, happened to entertain a directly contrary opinion, and heaven knows how far the altercation would have proceeded if it had not been most ably and satisfactorily brought to a close by the driver.

"Hollo!" said that respectable person standing up on the box, and leaning with one hand on the roof of the omnibus. "Hollo, Tom! tell the gentleman if so be as he feels aggrieved, we will take him up to the Edge-er (Edgeware) Road for nothing, and set him down at Doory-lane when we comes back. He can't reject that anyhow."

The argument was irresistible; Dumps paid the disputed sixpence, and in a quarter of an hour was on the staircase of No. 14, Great Russell-street.

Every thing indicated that preparations were making for the reception of "a few friends" in the evening. Two dozen extra tumblers, and four ditto wine-glasses—looking anything but transparent, with little bits of straw in them—were on the slab in the passage, just arrived. There was a great smell of nutmeg, port wine, and almonds on the staircase; the covers were taken off the stair-carpet, and the figure of the Venus on the first landing looked as if she were ashamed of the composition-candle in her right hand, which contrasted beautifully with the lamp-blacked drapery of the goddess of love. The female servant (who looked very warm and bustling) ushered Dumps into a front drawing-room very prettily furnished with a plentiful sprinkling of little baskets, paper table-mats, china watchmen, pink and gold albums, and rainbow-bound little books on the different tables.

"Ah, uncle!" said Mr. Kitterbell, "how d'ye do? allow me—Jemima, my dear—my uncle,—I think you've seen Jemima before, sir?"

"Have had the *pleasure*," returned big Dumps, his tone and look making it doubtful whether in his life he had ever experienced the sensation.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Kitterbell with a languid smile, and a slight cough; "I'm sure—hem—any friend—of Charles's—hem—much less a relation is ——"

"Knew you'd say so, my love," said little Kitterbell, who while he appeared to be gazing on the opposite houses, was looking at his wife with a most affectionate air; "bless you." The last two words

were accompanied with an interesting simper, and a squeeze of the hand, which stirred up all Uncle Dumps' bile.

"Jane, tell nurse to bring down baby," said Mrs. Kitterbell, addressing the servant. Mrs. Kitterbell was a tall thin young lady with very light hair, and a particularly white face—one of those young women who almost invariably, though one hardly knows why, recal to one's mind the idea of a cold fillet of veal. Out went the servant, and in came the nurse, with a remarkably small parcel in her arms packed up in a blue mantle trimmed with white fur.—This was the baby.

"Now, uncle," said Mr. Kitterbell, lifting up that part of the mantle which covered the infant's face, with an air of great triumph, "*Who* do you think he's like?"

"He! he! Yes, who?" said Mrs. K. putting her arm through her husband's, and looking up into Dumps' face with an expression of as much interest as she was capable of displaying.

"Good God, how small he is!" cried the amiable uncle, starting back with well-feigned surprise; "*remarkably* small indeed."

"Do you think so?" inquired poor little Kitterbell rather alarmed. "He's a monster to what he was—an't he nurse?"

"He's a dear;" said the nurse squeezing the child, and evading the question—not because she scrupled to disguise the fact, but because she couldn't afford to throw away the chance of Dumps' half-crown.

"Well, but who is he like?" inquired little Kitterbell.

Dumps looked at the little pink heap before him, and only thought at the moment of the best mode of mortifying the youthful parents.

"I really don't know *who* he's like," he answered, very well knowing the reply expected of him.

"Don't you think he's like *me?*" inquired his nephew, with a knowing air.

"Oh, *decidedly* not!" returned Dumps, with an emphasis not to be misunderstood. "Decidedly not like you.—Oh, certainly not."

"Like Jemima?" asked Kitterbell faintly.

"Oh dear, no; not in the least. I'm no judge, of course, in such cases; but I really think he's more like one of those little interesting carved representations that one sometimes sees blowing a trumpet on a tombstone!" The nurse stooped down over the child, and with great difficulty prevented an explosion of mirth. Pa and ma looked almost as miserable as their amiable uncle.

"Well!" said the disappointed little father, "you'll be better able to tell what he's like by and bye. You shall see him this evening with his mantle off."

"Thank you," said Dumps, feeling particularly grateful.

"Now, my love," said Kitterbell to his wife, "it's time we were off. We're to meet the other godfather and the godmother at the church, uncle,—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson from over the way—uncommonly nice people. My love, are you well wrapped up?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you sure you won't have another shawl?" inquired the anxious husband.

"No, sweet," returned the charming mother, accepting Dumps' proffered arm; and the little party entered the hackney-coach that was to take them to the church. Dumps amusing Mrs. Kitterbell by expatiating largely on the danger of measles, thrush, teeth-cutting, and other interesting diseases to which children are subject.

The ceremony (which occupied about five minutes) passed off without anything particular occurring. The clergyman had to dine some distance from town, and had got two churchings, three christenings, and a funeral to perform in something less than a hour. The godfathers and godmother, therefore, promised to renounce the devil and all his works—"and all that sort of thing,"—as little Kitterbell said—"in less than no time;" and, with the exception of Dumps nearly letting the child fall into the font when he handed it to the clergyman, the whole affair went off in the usual business-like and matter-of-course manner, and Dumps re-entered the Bank-gates at two o'clock with heavy heart, and the painful conviction that he was regularly booked for an evening party.

Evening came—and so did Dumps' pumps, black silk stockings, and white cravat which he had ordered to be forwarded, per boy, from Pentonville. The depressed godfather dressed himself at a friend's counting-house, from whence, with his spirits fifty degrees below proof, he sallied forth—as the weather had cleared up, and the evening was tolerably fine—to walk to Great Russell-street. Slowly he paced up Cheapside, Newgate-street, down Snow Hill, and up Holborn ditto, looking as grim as the figure-head of a man-of-war, and finding out fresh causes of misery at every step. As he was crossing the corner of Hatton Garden, a man, apparently intoxicated, rushed against him, and would have knocked him down had he not been providentially caught by a very genteel young man who happened to be close to him at the time. The shock so disarranged Dumps' nerves, as well as his dress, that he could hardly stand. The gentleman took his arm, and in the kindest manner walked with him as far as Furnival's Inn. Dumps, for about the first time in his life, felt grateful and polite; and he and the gentlemanly-looking young man parted with mutual expressions of good will.

"There are at least some well disposed men in the world," ruminated the misanthropical Dumps, as he proceeded towards his destination.

Rat—tat—ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-rat—knocked a hackney-coachman at Kitterbell's door, in imitation of a gentleman's servant, just as Dumps reached it, and out came an old lady in a large toque, and an old gentleman in a blue coat, and three female copies of the old lady in pink dresses, and shoes to match.

"It's a large party," sighed the unhappy godfather, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and leaning against the area-railings. It was some time before the miserable man could muster up courage to knock at the door, and when he did, the smart appearance of a neighbouring green-grocer (who had been hired to wait for seven and sixpence, and whose calves alone were worth double the money), the lamp in the passage, and the Venus on the landing, added to the hum of many voices, and the sound of a harp and two

violins, painfully convinced him that his surmises were but too well founded.

"How are you?" said little Kitterbell in a greater bustle than ever, bolting out of the little back parlour with a corkscrew in his hand, and various particles of saw-dust, looking like so many inverted commas, on his inexpressibles.

"Good God!" said Dumps, turning into the aforesaid parlour to put his shoes on which he had brought in his coat-pocket, and still more appalled by the sight of seven fresh drawn corks, and a corresponding number of decanters. "How many people are there up stairs?"

"Oh, not above thirty-five. We've had the carpet taken up in the back drawing-room, and the piano, and the card-tables are in the front. Jemima thought we'd better have a regular sit down supper, in the front parlour, because of the speechifying, and all that. But, Lord! uncle, what's the matter?" continued the excited little man, as Dumps stood with one shoe on, rummaging his pockets with the most frightful distortion of visage. "What have you lost? Your pocket-book?"

"No," returned Dumps, diving first into one pocket and then into the other, and speaking in a voice like Desdemona with the pillow over her mouth.

"Your card-case? snuff-box? the key of your lodgings?" continued Kitterbell, pouring question on question with the rapidity of lightning.

"No! no!" ejaculated Dumps, still diving eagerly into his empty pocket.

"Not—not—the *mug* you spoke of this morning?"

"Yes, the *mug!*" replied Dumps, sinking into a chair.

"How *could* you have done it?" inquired Kitterbell. "Are you sure you brought it out?"

"Yes! yes! I see it all;" said Dumps, starting up as the idea flashed across his mind; "miserable dog that I am—I was born to suffer. I see it all; it was the gentlemanly-looking young man!"

"Mr. Dumps!" shouted the green-grocer in a stentorian voice, as he ushered the somewhat recovered godfather into the drawing-room half an hour after the above declaration. "Mr. Dumps!"—every body looked at the door, and in came Dumps, feeling about as much out of place as a salmon might be supposed to be on a gravel-walk.

"Happy to see you again," said Mrs. Kitterbell, quite unconscious of the unfortunate man's confusion and misery; "you must allow me to introduce you to a few of our friends:—my mama, Mr. Dumps—my papa and sisters." Dumps seized the hand of the mother as warmly as if she was his own parent, bowed *to* the young ladies, and *against* a gentleman behind him, and took no notice whatever of the father, who had been bowing incessantly for three minutes and a quarter.

"Uncle," said little Kitterbell, after Dumps had been introduced to a select dozen or two, "you must let me lead you to the other end of the room, to introduce you to my friend Danton. Such a splendid fellow!—I'm sure you'll like him—this way."—Dumps followed as tractably as a tame bear.

Mr. Danton was a young man of about five-and-twenty, with a considerable stock of impudence, and a very small share of ideas: he was a great favourite, especially with young ladies of from sixteen to twenty-six years of age, both inclusive. He could imitate the French horn to admiration, sang comic songs most inimitably, and had the most insinuating way of saying impertinent nothings to his doating female admirers. He had acquired, somehow or other, the reputation of being a great wit, and, accordingly, whenever he opened his mouth, everybody who knew him laughed very heartily.

The introduction took place in due form. Mr. Danton bowed and twirled a lady's handkerchief, which he held in his hand, in a most comic way. Everybody smiled.

"Very warm," said Dumps, feeling it necessary to say something.

"Yes. It was warmer yesterday," returned the brilliant Mr. Danton.—A general laugh.

"I have great pleasure in congratulating you on your first appearance in the character of a father, sir," he continued, addressing Dumps —"godfather, I mean."—The young ladies were convulsed, and the gentlemen in ecstasies.

A general hum of admiration interrupted the conversation and announced the entrance of nurse with the baby. A universal rush of the young ladies immediately took place. (Girls are always *so* fond of babies in company.)

"Oh, you dear!" said one.

"How sweet!" cried another, in a low tone of the most enthusiastic admiration.

"Heavenly!" added a third.

"Oh! what dear little arms!" said a fourth, holding up an arm and fist about the size and shape of the leg of a fowl cleanly picked.

"Did you ever"—said a little coquette with a large bustle, who looked like a French lithograph, appealing to a gentleman in three waistcoats—"Did you ever"——

"Never, in my life," returned her admirer, pulling up his collar.

"Oh, *do* let me take it, nurse," cried another young lady. "The love!"

"Can it open its eyes, nurse?" inquired another, affecting the utmost innocence.—Suffice it to say that the single ladies unanimously voted him an angel, and that the married ones, *nem. con.*, agreed that he was decidedly the finest baby they had ever beheld—except their own.

The quadrilles were resumed with great spirit, Mr. Danton was universally admitted to be beyond himself, several young ladies enchanted the company and gained admirers by singing, "We met"—"I saw her at the Fancy Fair"—"Can I believe Love's Wreath will pain?"—and other equally sentimental and interesting ballads. "The young men," as Mrs. Kitterbell said, "made themselves very agreeable;" the girls did not lose their opportunity; and the evening promised to go off excellently. Dumps didn't mind it: he had devised a plan for himself—a little bit of fun in his own way—and he was almost happy! He played a rubber, and lost every point. Mr. Danton said he could not have lost every point, because he made a

point of losing:—everbody laughed tremendously. Dumps retorted with a better joke, and nobody smiled, with the exception of the host, who seemed to consider it his duty to laugh, till he was black in the face, at everything. There was only one drawback—the musicians did not play with quite as much spirit as could have been wished. The cause, however, was satisfactorily explained; for it appeared, on the testimony of a gentleman who had come up from Gravesend in the afternoon, that they had been engaged on board a steamer all day, and had played almost without cessation all the way to Gravesend, and all the way back again.

The "sit-down supper" was excellent; there were four barley-sugar temples on the table, which would have looked beautiful if they had not melted away when the supper began; and a water-mill, whose only fault was, that instead of going round, it ran over the table-cloth. Then there were fowls, and tongue, and trifle, and sweets, and lobster salad, and potted beef—and everything. And little Kitterbell kept calling out for clean plates, and the clean plates didn't come; and then the gentlemen who wanted the plates said they didn't mind, they'd take a lady's; and then Mrs. Kitterbell applauded their gallantry; and the green-grocer ran about till he thought his 7*s.* 6*d.* was very hardly earned; and the young ladies didn't eat much for fear it shouldn't look romantic, and the married ladies eat as much as possible for fear they shouldn't have enough; and a great deal of wine was drank, and everybody talked and laughed considerably.

"Hush! hush!" said Mr. Kitterbell, rising and looking very important. "My love (this was addressed to his wife at the other end of the table), take care of Mrs. Maxwell, and your mama, and the rest of the married ladies; the gentlemen will persuade the young ladies to fill their glasses, I am sure."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said long Dumps, in a very sepulchral voice and rueful accent, rising from his chair like the ghost in Don Juan, "will you have the kindness to charge your glasses? I am desirous of proposing a toast."

A dead silence ensued, and the glasses were filled—everybody looked serious—"from *gay* to *grave*, from lively to severe."

"Ladies and gentlemen," slowly continued the ominous Dumps, "I"—(Here Mr. Danton imitated two notes from the French-horn, in a very loud key, which electrified the nervous toast-proposer, and convulsed his audience).

"Order! order!" said little Kitterbell, endeavouring to suppress his laughter.

"Order!" said the gentlemen.

"Danton, be quiet," said a particular friend on the opposite side of the table.

"Ladies and gentlemen," resumed Dumps, somewhat recovered, and not much disconcerted, for he was always a pretty good hand at a speech—"In accordance with what is, I believe, the established usage on these occasions, I, as one of the godfathers of Master Frederick Charles William Kitterbell—(here the speaker's voice faltered, for he remembered the mug)—venture to rise to propose a toast. I

need hardly say that it is the health and prosperity of that young gentleman, the particular event of whose early life we are here met to celebrate—(applause). Ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to suppose that our friends here, whose sincere well-wishers we all are, can pass through life without some trials, considerable suffering, severe affliction, and heavy losses!"—Here the arch-traitor paused, and slowly drew forth a long, white pocket-handkerchief—his example was followed by several ladies. "That these trials may be long spared them, is my most earnest prayer, my most fervent wish (a distinct sob from the grandmother). I hope and trust, ladies and gentlemen, that the infant whose christening we have this evening met to celebrate, may not be removed from the arms of his parents by premature decay (several cambrics were in requisition); that his young and now *apparently* healthy form, may not be wasted by lingering disease. (Here Dumps cast a sardonic glance around, for a great sensation was manifest among the married ladies.) You, I am sure, will concur with me in wishing that he may live to be a comfort and a blessing to his parents. ('Hear, hear!' and an audible sob from Mr. Kitterbell.) But should he not be what we could wish—should he forget, in after times, the duty which he owes to them—should they unhappily experience that distracting truth, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child'"—— Here Mrs. Kitterbell, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and accompanied by several ladies, rushed from the room, and went into violent hysterics in the passage, leaving her better half in almost as bad a condition, and a general impression in Dumps' favour: for people like sentiment after all.

It need hardly be added that this occurence quite put a stop to the harmony of the evening. Vinegar, hartshorn, and cold water, were now as much in request as negus, rout cakes, and *bon-bons* had been a short time before. Mrs. Kitterbell was immediately conveyed to her apartment, the musicians were silenced, flirting ceased, and the company slowly departed. Dumps left the house at the commencement of the bustle, and walked home with a light step, and (for him) a cheerful heart. His landlady, who slept in the next room, has offered to make oath that she heard him laugh, in his peculiar manner, after he had locked his door. The assertion, however, is so improbable, and bears on the face of it such strong evidence of untruth, that it has never obtained credence to this hour.

The family of Mr. Kitterbell has considerably increased since the period to which we have referred; he has now two sons and a daughter: and as he expects, at no distant period, to have another addition to his blooming progeny, he is anxious to secure an eligible godfather for the occasion. He is determined, however, to impose upon him two conditions: he must bind himself, by a solemn obligation, not to make any speech after supper; and it is indispensable that he should be in no way connected with "the most miserable man in the world."

THE STATUTES.*—COUNTRY SKETCHES.—No. III.

It was betimes in the morning that we were on our way to the beautiful village of Beckingham, in Lincolnshire. Part of our road lay along the Delf-namper, a fine long lake, famous with us when boys for its tall bull-rushes, water-flag flowers, wild ducks, and water-hen nests. A greater part of its shining surface was covered with tufted reeds; with these we used to bedeck our hats, and march away, proud as medal-bearing soldiers.

On turning to the right, our course winded through beautiful green fields, the only obstructions being a few rugged stiles, or rude bridges, formed of fallen trees, that stretched across some gurgling pebbly brook. Crab-trees towered above every long low hawthorn hedge, laden with their green sour fruit, which rustic hands but rarely gathered: the harvest-fields were now silent, save when the sound of some distant gun rolled through the valleys: a few bean-stoucks yet remained blackening in the sharp blue autumnal air: at times a farmer might be seen galloping beneath the variegated trees, from some dry stubble-field, and the clap of the far-off gate echoed across the slumbering landscape.

When we had gained a gradual ascent of rising hills, the eye was at once struck with an extensive fertile valley, which spread far on either hand, until it appeared to soften and mingle with the surrounding sky. The old church-spire rose above its venerable elms, where scores of noisy rooks were circling round, or sunning themselves on the elastic twigs that bore their fragile habitations. The village was entirely sheltered from the bleak north wind by a lofty ridge of wood-crowned hills, that stretched far away to the wild wolds of Yorkshire. The Beck lay in the centre of its white-washed cottages, like sleeping silver; seldom, indeed, was its polished surface disturbed after day-dawn, when the lark-roused ploughboy halted to water his horses, as he went carolling up the flowery lanes, answered by a thousand early-rising songsters, that were warbling on the surrounding trees, and dew-spangled hawthorn hedges.

As yet the orchard-trees were laden with fruit; red-rinded winter apples, and golden pippins, with hard bell-tongued pears, almost buried beneath the kindled foliage of autumn. The farm-yards were filled with stacks, nicely thatched, on which some straw-formed outlandish figure veered round, amid the flutter of rags to scare away the birds: clouds of hungry sparrows flew from the sides of the immense ricks, when disturbed by a passing voice, to the roof of the neighbouring barn, and then, with a loud chirp, flew back, and buried their little forms in the full ripe corn.

Groups of young men and women were parading up and down the hedge-girded village street, some playing with quoits, others at pick-and-hussle, wrestling, and single-stick; very few stood without a

* Statutes—a sort of meeting or fair, held annually in country villages, for the purpose of hiring servants: the country people call it "Statice."

stick, their hat-brims slouched, from one side of which flaunted at least a quarter of a yard of broad black riband. Nearly all wore red-and-yellow silk neckerchiefs, while here and there might be seen a rustic dandy, who sported a blue coat, the flaps hanging mid-way down his legs, and in other respects fitting as a stocking might the leg of a chicken. Down their corderoys hung, a foot in length, a glaring red watch-riband; their lace-boots, well studded with the accustomed hob-nails, the toes turned up with formidable clinkers, the value of which few had failed to experience in wrestling, or foot-ball matches, when *kicking shins* with effect is the climax of art. Their boots were unacquainted with Warren's jet—their only polish being a hare's or rabbit's foot dipped in whale-oil, rendering them proof against either rain or snow.

The young girls wore gaudy printed gowns, various as the colours of the rainbow, with shawls vieing with their own flower-beds, and bonnets of every form and fashion, from the neat little cottage to the extremity of rustic pretension. Some had beautiful small feet, set off to advantage by their tight cloth boots; others left a foot-mark upon the sand not much unlike the tread of their milch-kine. Here and there, among the more homely, might be seen some fine lady-like girl, stepping a tip-toe, with her white straw bonnet leaning on one side, never once deigning to glance upon the smock-frock rustics, but thinking herself a match for some rich old farmer's son, or dandified tradesman. All looked fresh, and seemed healthful as the morning air. We soon found the companions we promised to escort through the jovial scene—two beautiful girls, named Jemima and Mary. Often have we rambled through the fields, in innocent and merry companionship, meeting at our trysting-place beneath the fairy-oak. As we were sauntering arm-in-arm by the public-house of the village, a rough-looking blue-frocked farmer came up, with his *aim* round his sweetheart's waist; if, indeed, she had any waist, for from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot she resembled a moving sack of potatoes more than the Venus of Canova. They halted where a pedlar stood offering ribands for sale.

"I say, measter," said the rustic, "what may yo be axing a yode for that gress green ribben?"

"Twopence," answered the pedlar.

"Come, then," said he, "slosh my Molly half-a-yode off!" Then looking at his darling as languishing as a bear in the sunshine, he exclaimed, "O my wench, I luv yo above a bit!" and implanted a kiss on her ruddy cheek that might have startled the woods; then taking his enchantress again by her shapeless waist, he entered the "Blue-bell," and in the same tone as he erst called to his team to "gee hove," or "come hether," cried "Mrs. Waarde, bring my Molly twopenneth o' hot gin-an'-waieter, we a lump o' sewgar in't."

"O Johnny!" remarked the languid fair one, "thou'rt a fool for putting thysel' to sich spence."

"A! my wench," was the answer, "I luv you better than I do ode Ball, and a hader woking little mare wor nivir yoked to a plough. We'll be morried next Michalmess."

"We will, my Jack," sighed the fair one, "my mother's going to giv us a aim chair, an' sum pots, tu the house-keeping."

"I say, waeter," shouted the rustic, eyeing his gin-and-water, "why the divil didn't yo bring me a sewgar bruster, to mush my lump we?" The red-haired waiter, hostler, brewer, and farmer—for Sammy did all—returned with a table-spoon, saying "all the brusters an' little spoons is i' huse."

They then sat down upon the long settle, and after much exchange of tenderness, he laid his head upon his Molly's shoulder, shut his eyes, and commenced singing, growling, or grunting, the following sounds, or words:—

"Ass I woss wall-kin out won e-ve-nine,
Don by a ri-vre si-de;
An' ga-zen-ing hol around me,
An I-rish girle I spi-de.

"It's red an' rosi wals her cheek,
An' koal black wass her hare,
An' cost-lie wass the rubes of gode
This I-rish girle did wear."

"A! my wench, how I luv you," followed this dismal ditty, until espying some one whom he recognised, he sprung up, spat on his hand, and, O ye gods! what a shake—the first meeting of their palms was like a thunder-clap.

Our attention was now called to a group who sat apart, discussing their own particular merits, under the inspiring influence of home-brewed ale, and good strong shag tobacco, the influence of which was evident.

"I mean to say," said one, "that my ploughing's as straight as an arrow: look at our home-close; as th' schoolmeaster once said, any body might rule book-lines by th' furrows."

"I don't care what yo say, Bill," said another; "I'll allow yo're a devlish pretty plougher, but give me old Dobbin and Mayflower to youk, an' I'll plough any mon e' Beckingham parish."

"I'ss only a lad," said a third, "but I'll plough yo for a goden ginny, or mow or shear yo ather. Didn't I keep fost all last harvest, when we wore mowing land for land?"

"Hey!" said a fourth, "yo did keep fost, I'll warrant yo; but how did yo do it? why, yo took all th' narrowest outside lands, an' as farmer Tong said, left as much i'th' furrows as wold make bread for holf th' village for a year to come. Didn't all th' gleaners allos say 'O! I'll glean after him, he makes sich good gleaning!' No! no! Jack, tho' yore stronger and longer retched then I am, yo can't load hay wi' me: who stud it longest when yo an' yore feather was wi' us frae three i'th' moaning till ten at nite? Did I ever lay down upo the waggon, and cry done fost, he? No! no! Jack, yo niver fun Ned a flincher."

"I don't care, Ned," said the other, "what yo say; but when we wore draining th' grange lands, an' hed to make th' lower drain six foot deep, all heavy clay, wosent yo forced to teck hofe spade-fulls at last, cos yo couldn't throw out whole ens?"

"I can mow two acres a-day," said another, "an' has dun when I was wi' farmer Jobson."

"That's a —— !" shouted several.

"Is it? Bill, I'm man enough for yo any day: come on, I'm yore customer in ony ground e Ingland."

"If yo mean ought, Ned, turn out an' I'll feight yo for pure love."

"I've hed enough o' your lip, an' if you'll stan' up I'll just teck a little conceit out o' yo."

"Come on, then: Isaac—you'll see fair play. If I hit you fair I'll send yo into th' middle o' next week!"

"Will you? but when I hit you I'll meck you believe a horse kicked you!"

The uproar now "grew fast and furious;" hats and coats were thrown on the floor, chairs and tables hurled in every direction; pipes, pitchers, and glasses were no more, for many a heavy hand had "struck flat their *thin* rotundity!" Peeping above the long settle was the time-wrinkled phiz of mine hostess, "flashing battle from her eyes," and exclaiming, in a shrill treble, "Who's to pay me for my glasses, an' my best blue and white jugs? Betty! Betty! fetch constable Jerroms."

"He's gone to bed drunk, holf a hour sin," answered Betty, who was in the midst of the fray, clawing Ned's face like a cat, for making her Bill's nose bleed.

"Soldiers! soldiers!" screamed the old woman; "I pay excise, and I discharge you in King George's name to coom an make peace."

"Let 'em fight it out if they like it!" shouted the military from the parlour, who scorned to interfere in the private quarrels of any gentlemen.

"O you lobster rouges!" shrieked the old woman, "so you would see all my property destroyed, would you, you warmin! Help! help! they'll knock my house down. Ned—Bill—Jack—Isaac—Joe—Dick—are you going to nock one another o' the heds, all about your silly ploughing? Help! help!"

Bill's elbow had twice tried the strength of the old woman's window, and left her minus two panes, which could not be replaced without sending five miles for a glazier. King Charles's twelve good rules had fallen from the wall in the fray, and, as Jack took it up in his anger, to try the strength of Ned's skull, the first blow proved the old picture to be the softest—opening its long-preserved front to admit the turnip-like rotundity of Ned's head, and hanging around his neck, to the great annoyance of his rival's knuckles. Pilgrim's Progress shared a similar fate, being trampled and broken beneath their nailed shoes. Here lay "Doubting Castle" under the long settle, while the "Slough of Despond" was buried among the ashes, and the "Delectable Mountains" scattered like ant-hills. Dick had cut his elbow by falling on a broken glass, while Isaac sat bellowing like a bull, for during the contest his feet had intruded themselves under the grate, from whence issued a red-hot cinder, which had planted itself on his leg, leaving a vacuum in his ribbed stockings, with further inroads. Ladles, warming-pan, bright copper saucepans, and numerous cooking utensils, together with a row of goodly brass candlesticks, which decorated the oak-carved mantle-piece, lay crushed and dented on every hand. O, Betty! hads't thou but

dared to leave one of those shining vessels out of its place, or to have hung one an hair's breadth awry, the shrill trebles of "ear-piercing" Mother Ward would have rewarded the misdemeanour by scattering around the opprobrious epithets of "careless skut!" "slovenly hussey!" "dirty trollop!" "saucy trull!" with many other words "of linked sweetness long-drawn out."

But there they lay, the bright effects of many a heavy hour' scouring, tramped, bruised, soiled, lidless, handleless, and shapeless. The tumult had gradually ceased, shaking of hands had commenced, and many a brow bore the mark of "deeds in battle doomed." Here a cut cheek had received for a plaster a portion of Pilgrim's Progress, where the way-worn wanderer was climbing up the hill with difficulty. There might be seen a "golden rule" stained on the breach of a broken nose, while many a white shirt-sleeve had caught the colouring of floor-flooding ale, mingled with dust and ashes.

Such was the scene, when in staggered Jack Straw, rolling drunk, with the serjeant's cap on, and singing:—

"If I had a beau for a soldier would go,
Do you think I'd say no?
No, not I!
Not a sigh would I draw when his red coat I saw,
But an eclat I'd give for his bravery."

"What, hey you listed, Jack?" interrogated half-a-dozen voices in as many tones.

"I have, my lads," answered he, singing—

"And I never will follow the plough-tail again;"

"I've listed for an officer, an' if any o' yo's a mind to list we me (hiccup), I'll ge yo a shilling in his Majester's name, an' list you for full-sarjent."

"You mean full-private," said an old man, who had hitherto sat unobserved in the corner, "you mean full-private, same as they'll make you when they get you up to th' regiment. I once listed, thirty years ago, for a colonel, and when I got up to th' regiment, and I told 'em what I'd listed for, they laughed at me, an' says 'you're above a colonel;' so I was above one, for he only stood five foot five, an' I stood near upon six foot, so they made me a grenadier!"

"I don't care," answered Jack Straw, "I took his Majester's money to be an officer (hiccup), an' be one I will, or else I'll not sarve, accoding to th' articles o' war. 'Now,' says I, afore I took th' money, 'sarjent,' says I, 'I list for an officer:' 'yes,' says he, 'will you be lieutenant, captain, or ensign?' 'Ensign,' says I, an' he took it down on blak an' white: you may go i' th' parlour an' ax him."

And away we went, John Straw, Ensign, reeling drunk, leading the way. In the parlour all was confusion; a good-looking rosy-cheeked girl was pulling at the arm of her drunken lover, and exclaiming "Dinna list, Tommy; dinna list. O! yo'll brake my hart: dinna list him, Mr. Soldier."

"I will list," said the rough rustic; "give me a shilling to sarve

his Majesty, King George; I'm not going to be a clodhopper all my days."

"I'll not list him while he's tipsy," replied the serjeant, looking unutterable things at the distressed damsel from one corner of his drink-discoloured eye. By the aid of another maiden the drunken swain was led off, and on throwing up the parlour-window I could perceive him and his sweetheart going down the garden, she promising not to see Fred Giles again, upon condition that he was no more to whistle out Squire Thornton's dairy-maid.

The serjeant still continued exhibiting his long purse, and dwelling upon the happiness of a soldier's life, while many a country bumpkin sat glowing beneath the sunny beams of imaginary glory, and old Mother Ward's sparkling ale.

"Think but for a moment," exclaimed the serjeant, in the true "Ercles vein," "of being exposed all the day in a hay-field, sweating beneath a scorching sun, until at night you're all as tired as dogs, while the soldier sits in his shady barracks, enjoying all manner of happiness—sleeping, smoking, or drinking. Then think of the chance of being promoted to an officer! Beside, there's no work to do; there's nothing after you've learnt your exercise but to keep yourself clean, and walk about all day like a gentleman. Then there's the bounty, look at that (and down went his heavy purse), then again think of the honour of fighting for your king and country, and if you happen to have your leg shot off (here two or three winced), why you've bread for life, in a good pension. There's prize-money too, and all the honour of saying you've been in such a battle, and if you go abroad, there's wine at a penny a quart, think of that you rogues—and you've no horse to look after like a horse-soldier, nought but a knapsack and firelock.—Who the devil would follow the plough when he can march beneath the glorious colours of the 42nd, to the merry fife and drum! and have plenty of pretty lasses and money without working for it—eh, eh, my brave countrymen?"

"And who the devil," said the old man, who had one listed for a colonel, "will take thirteen-pence a day to be shot at, eh? and have about twenty masters over him, eh? First comes a lance Jack, 'if you don't give me a glass of gin, I'll report you to the corporal;' then comes the puppy of a corporal, 'if you don't mind I'll lodge a complaint to the serjeant;' then the serjeant, 'Sir, you'll chance to see the black-hole, if you are not more attentive;' then there's drill, 'hold your head up, or I'll put you in the awkward-squad;' then another peeping down your gun-muzzle, and examining you, besides as many sorts of officers as there are weeds in our common. Hey, hey, my lads soldering's all very well to talk about, but you no sooner are one then you've had a bellyfull. Be content where you are; if you don't like your master now, you can soon get another, but as for promotion, if you ever do get up its to th' *holberts* where they once promoted me, only for staying out we my lass after th' trumpet had sounded for all in;—what d'ye think o' that for promotion?"

The serjeant muttered something about desertion and back-

scratching, but as a pretty girl had volunteered to sing a song, all was hushed; even Jack Straw seemed to sober beneath her syren-voice as she warbled forth the following:—

When a shade is on the wood,
Where the nightingale is singing,
And echoes roll along the flood,
From the vesper-bell slow swinging,
Meet me in the primrose-dell.

When the wind sweeps gently by,
Stealing fragrance from the rose;
When the moon walks up the sky,
And the song-birds seek repose,
Meet me in the primrose-dell.

When the bells of flowers are folding,
Bowed by dews which on them rest;
When the stars are up and holding,
Converse on the night's blue-breast,
Meet me in the primrose-dell.

When the kine sleep on the hill,
Where the new hay smelleth sweet,
And all around us is so still,
We can hear our fond hearts beat,
Meet me in the primrose-dell.

As her companion thanked her with a kiss, I thought Jack Straw frowned; the serjeant looked comical, but as the sound of a drum and fiddle was now heard outside, and being the hour of twilight, we walked out to breathe the evening air, and find out fresh amusement.

At one corner of the "Blue-bell" was erected a temporary stage, or show, as they termed it. The company consisted of three persons; a tall dark woman stood fronting the ladder, which led up, on general occasions, to mine hostess's hay-loft, but was now converted into the medium of ascension to witness the king of all the conjurors.

"Walk up, walk up," vociferated the dusky damsel, "only one penny; just a-going to begin—I'll forfeit a thousand pounds if there is the like of this exhibition in all England—walk up! walk up! the apparatus is now ready." This said apparatus consisted of a table, a pack of cards, and some cups and balls, all, saving the cups and balls, being the property of mine hostess. The covering of this establishment was a waggon-tilt, which Farmer Tong had generously lent them. A one-eyed fiddler, a stray bird from Boswell's gang (who were now in the parlour), stood scraping away in the back-ground, rolling his one eye by no perceivable regulation—like a comet, it moved in an eccentric orbit—or, as one of the rustics observed, looked nine ways for a Sunday's dinner. "The king of all the conjurors" could not weigh less than fifteen stone; his business was to drum and dance alternately, while he was engaged in the latter, in the small space of about three yards, a loud crack was heard, which caused the blazing grease-pots, which illuminated the exhibition, to shake. A portion of the scalding contents happened to fall upon the vulnerable part of a rough farmer, who, in the ple-

nitude of anger, uplifted his ponderous boot and hurled the pot and contents at the conjuror's leg. This *contretemps,* for a few moments, put a stop to further harmony, saving the melody of the tall lady's tongue; but peace was at length restored and the monarch again commenced dancing and vaulting to an astonishing height, when, O ye gods! just as he had alighted from a wonderful spring, crash went the slender supporters, and down came the entire establishment. The conjuror alone escaped the general wreck: for the moment he perceived the boards give way,he sprung among the gaping crowd, and, as he went flying, like Leigh Hunt's Hermes, with his arms and legs wide spread, he exclaimed, "O what a go." In his fall, he prostrated several smock-frock peasants, who, not much relishing the manner of his descent, arose and commenced sounding his ribs by the falling of their heavy fists, until the blow-enduring monarch fairly took to his heels, and found shelter in the "Blue-bell." There, instead of deploring his misfortunes, he philosophically called for a quartern of gin, and sat down apparently comfortable to his pipe. The poor fiddler was the most unfortunate, for he fell amid the thickest of the wreck plump downwards, with his elbow in a blazing grease-pot, breaking his fiddle in the fall. When he was rescued from the rushing ruin, he stood for a moment and opened his single eye upon its desolation, with a ludicrous pathos, then placing the remains of the broken fiddle under his arm, off he went to console himself with the "Blue-bell" beverage, ejaculating, after the manner of his master, "What a devil of a go!"

We re-entered the "Blue-bell" and hurried up stairs to join the dancers. They had already commenced: making the mud walls shake at every step. "To gie the music," was the charge of old Markam, who had grown gray in the merry service of statutes, feasts, and wakes. There he sat in all his glory, scraping away with all his strength, and stamping his foot to time. Away we went, to a tune which had no variations, as hard as ever we could stamp upon the wooden floor. "O dear! the music's ceased." "What's the matter?" "Why Enoch Tomson's trodden on my toes we his nasty nailed boots, an he nose I've nobert got my thin sarcnet slippers on, a brute. I'll not dance we him no longer, I'll dance we yo, Tom." This was over-ruled, and away we went, once more, but without any music. "What's the matter, Markham, why don't you play, man?"

"Play the devil," answered cat-gut, "while you were bothering about your dang-nails some mischevous theif's run a candle across my fiddle-bow, an it won't speak."

"We can't wait," was the answer, so away we went to the whistling, clapping of hands and halloeing of the farmers, when, in an instant, all was dark; still the dancing continued, although first one and then another came in contact, and measured their lengths upon the floor. All was uproar and mistake. "Whose pulling my frock? Polly, is that you?" "Be quiet, Bill." "Where's my bonnet?" "Misses Ward bring a light." "I can't get in; somebody's fastened the door." "Whose got my fiddle?" until at length, by the aid of

some Lucifer matches which flashed blue consternation on the wondering rustics, lights and the dance was once more restored.

While we were in the highest glee, old Lance Pindar entered the room, striking his huge black-thorn walking-stick upon the floor at every stride, and muttering something to himself.

"What's the matter, Lance?" enquired half a score, in eager haste, who were conscious, from the natural evenness of Lance's good temper, that something uncommon had occurred.

"Matter! matter enough, marry, is there," said Lance; "the truth is, I'm devlish mad, an not wehout a cause."

"Well, but what's the matter?" again inquired the interested group.

"Why," said Lance, "I'll just tell you—you all know John Goy's mare?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's allos been reckoned a good-en at carrying double, so to-day, been a bit of a holiday, I says to my old woman, 'Deborah,' says I, 'I'll just step down to John Goy's an hire his mare to-day, as my old Ball wont carry double, an we'll ride as far as Martin.' 'Do, my lad,' says she, an accordingly I went, and got the pillion seat, an every thing comfortable. Well, do you no, we hadent ridden far afore that old b—— of a mare (God forgive me for saying so), but we hadent got aboon hofe-a-mile afore she laid down her ears, kicked up her heels, an throwed me an my old woman in a d—— dike, then started off back an left us to it. Well, you no, I got up, got my old dame out oth' dike, rubbed her clean we some grass, then went to give John Goy a devlish good bloing up. Well, an wot do yo think? why! he swore, that as I hired th' mare I shoud pay for her for all th' journey. I swore I'd see him ——, and so we got to high wods—I swore I wodent pay, and he swore I should. Well, you no, what does I do, but I goes to our Lawyer Seizeall's, an knocks at th' door, so a woman comes. 'If you please,' says I, 'is Measter Lawyer Seizeall in?' 'No,' says she. 'Is Misses Lawyer Seizeall in?' says I. 'Yes,' says she, 'I am her.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'supposing yo was John Goy's mare, an I hired you to teck me an my old woman a long journey? well, an yo tuck it into your hed to throw us both in a dike, afore weed got hofe-a-mile, do you think, now, I'd be sich a fool as to pay for you?—no, I'd see you d—— first.' Well, do yo no, she burst out a laughing at me and made me madder."

We all did the same, and out he bounced, stamping his feet, and striking his stick fiercer upon the ground, calling us "unfeeling robbers of righteousness," and damning John Goy and his mare all the way he went. It was past midnight, when one of the rustic wags stole out to the next room, and returned with a pillow in his hands; this was the signal for a cushion dance, well understood in Lincolnshire, and old Markam instantly struck up the tune of

"Old John Walker had a wife,
She died and then he killed her;
And after that she rose again,
And bore him twenty *childer*."

When the bearer of the pillow had made two or three circuits round the room, he threw down the pillow at the feet of his partner, on which the blushing damsel was obliged (according to the rules of cushion-dance) to kneel and receive her swain's salute, the fiddle screaming out all the time on the shrill string. Away they again went round the room, he holding by her white frock and she bearing the pillow, which she at length threw down at the feet of another girl. "A fine, a fine," was the cry; "she must deliver it to some young man." Here Jack Straw pushed forward, but he was not the man. Just at that moment Sammy the waiter entered, with his red hair shining like a fire, and down went the pillow at Sammy's feet. "O deary me, miss, O locky daisy me," said Sammy, and while in the act of kneeling, he received a little uncalled for help behind, which brought his nose in contact with the floor; however, he managed to go through the ceremony. Away capered Sammy with the pillow in his hand; then looking round for the prettiest face, threw it down, and took his tribute, much to the horror of the damsel. I was next selected, and went through the ordeal. It was now my turn to make choice, when up came Mother Warde, sixty-three, without a tooth in her head. Just as the old woman had delivered a glass of liquor, I threw the pillow at her feet, when down stairs she ran, without once pausing for pay. After her flew the pillow, and after the pillow we all rushed; and, not thinking about the stairs, down we went, sorely to the discomfiture of our elbows and knees. From this we soon recovered, and, on looking once more round the room, I perceived the Johnny and Molly seated together, who had first attracted our attention, when buying the "gress-green riband;" he was now accommodated with a "sewgar bruster." Without further ceremony I threw down the pillow at Molly's feet.

"Molly," said the jealous swain, "if yo ge that chap a buss, he may teck yo for altogether, for I'll none o you."

"O thou jealous fool," answered the polite maiden, "I reckon I can buss thee after, and thou can buss another."

"Hey, hey, I'd forgot that," said he, and in another minute the pillow was at Johnny's feet.

"Ay, my wench," said he, as he threw his arms round her head, —neck she appeared to have none, "I do luv yo' sum." Away we went in a string, until none remained who had not gone through the ceremony, saving Old Markam, the last who had taken up the pillow was Betty the servant, and not wishing to be disappointed she threw the pillow at the fiddler's feet. Cat-gut now led the way fiddling down stairs with the pillow under his arm, we followed *en masse* into the parlour, when it was thrown at the feet of mine hostess, and on it she condescended to kneel and finish the cushion-dance.

Aurora had long since arisen from her couch, like a young shepherdess, and unbarred the white gate of light, chasing the stars like sheep from the blue fields of ether. In sober prose it was broad daylight, and those who had sweethearts wandered into the flowery lanes and dewy fields, while mine hostess prepared breakfast, being what she termed "a finish to the Statice." Jack Straw went for a soldier, "all becos Jem'ma had used him cruelly," and she was

shortly married to him whom she had so often met by moonlight beneath the trysting tree. Lance Pindar and John Goy have long since been friends; but when in their cups they do not forget the old mare; Molly and Johnny were married at Michaelmas, as he promised, and she yet wears the "hofeyode of gress-green ribbon" for cap-strings; but what is stranger than all, the old fiddler is landlord of the "Blue-bell," having married mine hostess, who still mourns for the loss of King Charles's good Rules and Pilgrim's Progress, as they were her grandmother's, and declares that she "will never expose any more valiuble pictors at a statice."

T. M.

TRANSLATION FROM "VITA DE PETRARCA."

The favourite haunt of Petrarch was among some romantic copses in the neighbourhood of Avignon, where he oftentimes met Laura.—When she was not there, every object spoke of her adored presence, and recalled a thousand pleasing sensations. He was meditating one day, in this enchanting place, on the continued object of his thoughts, when, under the influence of love and melancholy, he wrote the following lines:—

Sweet limpid stream, for ever fresh and clear,
Oft, on whose bosom, Laura's charms appear;
Ye fragrant flowers, that deck her gentle breast,—
Ye trees, beneath whose shade she loves to rest,—
And all ye lovely scenes, made lovelier far
By the soft spells of beauty's guiding star!
If haply sorrow close these weary eyes,
May pity,—marking where the mourner lies,—
With generous hand, strew o'er my place of rest,
This happy earth, by Laura's presence blest;
'Twill make me fearless of the grave's dark gloom,
And bless, with secret charm, my early tomb!

But, when again my fair one seeks this shade,
And marks the change her cruelty has made,—
Then,—like the gentle babe, when it makes known
Its soft distress, and speaks by tears alone,—
Then, will she breath the pitying sigh, nor fear
To speak in love's soft eloquence,—a tear!
Then will my Laura's gentle bosom bleed,
And weep the fate her cruel love decreed.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.*

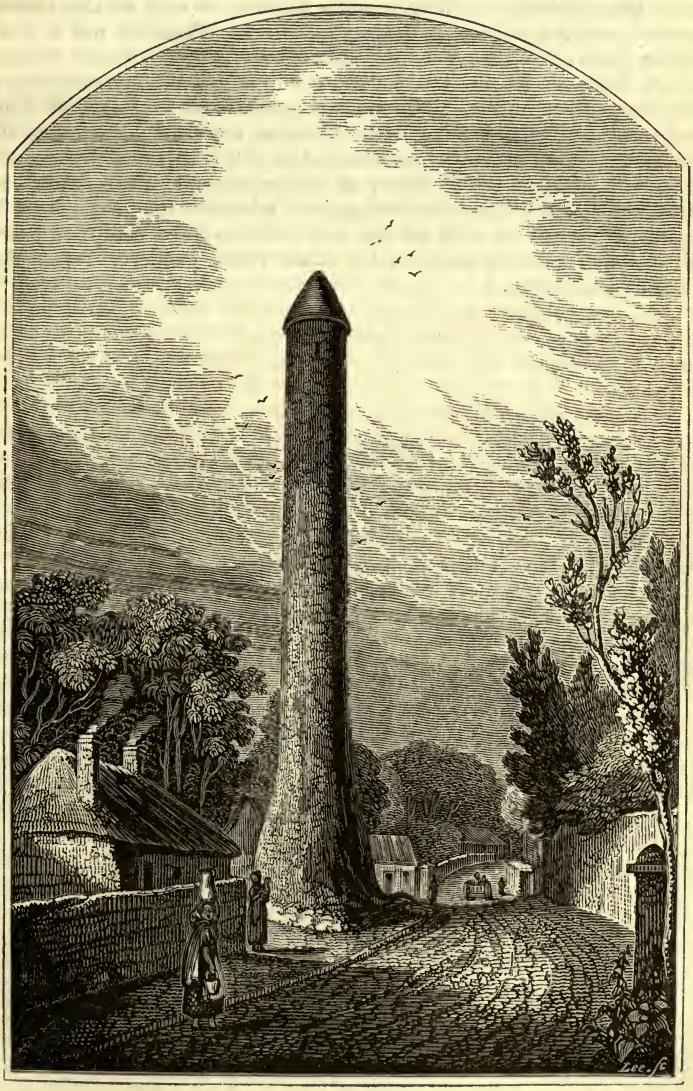
The round towers of Ireland have engaged the attention of the antiquarian and the scholar for ages. The labours of the learned have been devoted to their explanation in vain. Many ingenious theories have been started, that would not stand the test of rigid inquiry, and until the present time the "Round Towers" have remained equally the objects of curiosity and doubt. In order to elucidate these mysteries, the Royal Irish Academy advertised that a prize of some consideration would be given to any one who might afford a satisfactory essay explanatory of the subject. Mr. O'Brien was among the candidates, and, from what we can understand, has been treated with much unfairness. The committee, however, allowed the extreme ingenuity of Mr. O'Brien's theory, and awarded him a secondary prize, but the principal reward was given to another.

Now we have looked at the subject rather attentively, and it appears to us that Mr. O'Brien has one trifling advantage on his side, and however little it may weigh with a Royal Academy, the great mass of humanity are not insensible to its claims—we mean truth. It has been the great object with Irish antiquarians to reconcile the appearance and formation of the "Round Towers" with the rites of early Christianity, which would wonderfully smooth the difficulty. The attempt is absurd; the early Christians were glad to perform their rites of worship in truly primitive churches—and the remains of many which have been found adjoining or attached to the "Round Towers," offer a singular contrast by the poverty of their construction to the elaborate finish of these monuments of controversy—the very perfection of the masonic art. The time they must have taken, together with the expense of their erection, would ill have assorted with the means of the earlier Christians, and had they been built when the churches acquired her temporalities, history would have told us of them and their uses, and antiquaries need not have puzzled their brains to little purpose. Mr. O'Brien has startled them all and demolished their theories with a stroke of his pen. He seeks truth in the remoteness of ages, and brings her forth triumphantly. He ascribes the erection of the "Round Towers" to the Bhuddists, who colonized Ireland from the east, long before Christianity had shed its influence upon the world, and remain there the almost imperishable monuments of the symbols of their worship, while every other record of them has yielded to the influence of time.

We do not intend to follow Mr. O'Brien through the almost endless variety of corroboration, whereby he establishes the accuracy of

* The Round Towers of Ireland; or, the Mysteries of Freemasonry, of Sabaism, and of Budhism, for the first time unveiled. Being a "Prize Essay" of the Royal Irish Academy—Enlarged and Embellished with numerous illustrations. By Henry O'Brien, Esq., A. B. Published by Whittaker and Co., London; and J. Cumming, Dublin; 1 vol. 8vo p. 524.

his assertions, particularly as the subject is more suitable to the scientific than to the general reader, and they will doubtless form their opinion by a perusal of the book itself; and we must acknowledge, that seldom have we seen so bold an attempt to overturn established and familiar theories as that which Mr. O'Brien has undertaken in the work before us,—every position in the book being directly in the teeth, or rather correction of the errors of the old school notions of mythology and ancient history.



Though the services rendered by the author to the scientific world are doubtless considerable, yet we are far from anticipating that he will receive the reward due to his discoveries; at least, not without opposition from the interested and influential.

Already has one society strove to humble his pride by depriving him of that prize which they could not deny he had merited: the innumerable ramifications of intrigue and jealousy will be enlisted in their defence, while he stands single-handed against them. He must expect the booksellers will oppose his success, as well as the school-masters, and the old school-learned dunces. There is not a work written upon any of the ancient countries of the globe, Rome, Greece, Egypt, India, or Persia, that he has not impugned the correctness of their elementary outset. The ancient histories of Scotland, of England, and of Ireland have been likewise attacked; therefore the inevitable consequence, of acknowledging the truth of his principles, will be that the histories of those several places must be written over again; and the booksellers, who are the proprietors of the former works, as well as the writers who have compiled them, will, doubtless, for the preservation of their own property, retard this as much as possible.

IRISH SONG.

I.

Our fathers' fields we long have till'd,
Despised and stricken down—
The *Sassenach's* serf! his stores we fill'd,
And trembled at his frown—
No face but his to turn unto,
And pray to save, in time,
By pity, help, or counsel true,
Our breaking hearts from crime.

II.

And ever as we turn'd to it,
That proud face from us turn'd,
And left us on our hills to sit,
Forsaken, wrong'd, and spurn'd—
Until our hearts in madness woke!
And up at last we stood,
And shrieking to the night, we broke
On him and his—for blood!

THE AUSTRIAN DOMINATION IN ITALY.—Part I.

It is now a year since the Memoirs of Silvio Pellico appealed to the sympathies of mankind against Austria, and exposed the cold-blooded and relentless character of her Italian administration. Never, perhaps, was there a work that produced an impression so deep and universal. From the solitude of the dungeons of Spielberg the voice of suffering humanity arose clear and piercing, vibrating through every heart, and startling the oppressor on the throne. Until that development it seemed incredible that such a system of refined cruelty could have existence in the nineteenth century, in a country that boasts itself civilized. For ten long years Pellico languished in the dungeons of the Austrian state prison at Spielberg. Every petty artifice that ingenuity could suggest was resorted to, to deepen the horrors of solitary confinement:—exposure to cold and damp—coarse and revolting food—labour and chains—want of medical attendance, except on certain days—refusal of books and paper—exclusion of communication with relatives and friends—everything, in fact, that could serve to fill the cup of bitterness and render existence intolerable. To counteract the influence of this simple and affecting narrative, Count Ferdinand Pozzo has just favoured the world with a publication in which he endeavours to prove (we shall see presently with what success) that the much-abused Austrian government, so far from being unjust and oppressive, is really wise and beneficent, and eminently calculated to ensure the lasting felicity of its Italian subjects, if they would only make up their minds to receive its favours with gentleness and submission. Of course, the Count has been prompted to this undertaking by the purest patriotic motives; and there is not the shadow of a reason for suspecting that private interest can have had any share in opening his eyes to the delusion of his countrymen, and the super-eminent and transcendent merits of Austrian potentates, living and dead; for the Count by no means confines himself to panegyrising the reigning emperor, but lavishes his encomiums with profuseness on his predecessors. In his warm youth he was, he tells us, an ideologist, like his fellow-countrymen; *i. e.*, he cherished day-dreams of Italian freedom, and contributed to promote the cause by the publication of some political tracts*, which he seems to hold in high estimation. Certain it is that their merit was sufficient to attract the attention of Prince Metternich, who thought proper to reward the author with a peremptory notice to quit his native country, Piedmont, and carry his reforming notions to some more convenient quarter of Europe. This piece of severity the Count pardons from his heart, inasmuch as to it he is indebted for a British wife and British liberty—two good things he knows how to appreciate as they deserve. From this new position of philosophic calm and in-

* "Opusculi Politichi," published at Milan, under the feigned name of a Milanese Advocate of Piedmontese origin, in 1819-20.

dependence he looks back upon his native country with a more unprejudiced eye and a more unclouded judgment, and embodies the result of his speculations in the pamphlet to which we have attended. The first position of Count Pozzo is a distinct denial of the possibility of Italy's ever acquiring or maintaining an independent national existence.

"From the destruction of the Roman empire," observes he, "down to our times, her political disunion has ever made Italy a prey to the spoiler. Its physical configuration offering great length with little relative breadth, is in itself no small obstacle to a compact system of operation, and a general identification of feelings and interests; hence its unamalgamating races were in turn overrun by the Heruli, Ostrogoths, Lombards, French, Germans, and Spaniards, who successively ruled it for longer or shorter periods. The genius of Napoleon, it is true, could blend various discordant people, and found a government on a wider and more extended basis, but when his iron hand was withdrawn it crumbled into atoms."

Now, though it is true that the past history of Italy confirms these statements, it is by no means fair to allow them to operate against the presumption of the future. Through ages of oppression, Italy has preserved the indestructible feelings of nationality. Animated by this spirit of individuality, she defied, and still defies, the intrigues of partitioning cabinets and the terrors of a perpetually suspended sword. This sense of political existence is alone a presumption of a capacity for national independence. It was, in a great measure, realised through the intervention of Napoleon, and it failed, not as Count Pozzo states, from the withdrawal of his iron hand, but through the direct interference of the partitioning congress of Vienna.

Having settled this point to his entire satisfaction, the Count next addresses himself to destroy the prejudices existing against the Austrian dominion, and to show that its rights are as well founded as those of any other government.

"Conquest, or the right of the most strong, has been the origin of almost every government; hereditary right springs collaterally: from this circumstance length of possession and the consent of the governed may add strength and stability, but they are not absolutely necessary."

This being granted, the Count asks, triumphantly,

"What is wanting to Austria that any other nation in Europe or in the civilized world can allege in its favour, to prove her right to her Italian dominions just and well founded. The emperors of Germany were lords of Lombardy from the tenth century; the visconti were no more than perpetual lieutenants of Milan under the emperor. After the death of Sforza, the last duke of Milan, without issue, Charles V. invested his son, Philip the Second, with the dukedom of Milan, which remained a Spanish province until it was transferred, in 1706, to the Austrian branch of the family of Spain."

The inference from all this is that the House of Austria is not only legitimate sovereign of its Italian possessions, but that it was the fountain of legitimacy for the other princes of Italy. But then, say the Italians, this government is not national, it is foreign.

"The Emperor Francis," retorts the Count, "sovereign of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom is most Italian, for he was born at Florence, not acci-

dentally, but while his father, Leopold II., was Grand Duke of Tuscany. And, moreover, he resides a considerable time at Venice. All these circumstances concur to make him as much the legitimate sovereign of Italy as he is of Hungary or Bohemia, or as the king of Sweden is of Norway, or the king of England of Ireland or other colonies belonging to his crown, or the king of Sardinia (to whom the liberals would give the new kindom of Italy) of the dominions derived from the gift of Austria. And to establish any other doctrine would be to upset the established doctrine of Europe and the world upon the subject."

Count Pozzo has, indeed, heard of another foundation of government which has lately been preached up, namely, that sacred one of barricades, founded upon the principle that every nation has a right to that form of government towards which it evinces an unalterable propensity. But this he maintains is only applicable to a people who are sufficiently strong and united to make their whims respected by their neighbours. But that a people who are not blessed with this union and energy should assiduously cultivate the philosophy of accommodating their minds to the necessities of things, and trying to make the most of what cannot be cured, exclaim with Pangloss that all " is for the better." And, indeed, we must acknowledge that the spirit which has characterised the late Italian attempts at revolution lend a fearful weight to this argument. There has been an ignorance in the " getting up," and a fool-hardiness and want of energy in the execution that has only served to rivet her chains still closer, and to make her ultimate liberation more problematic and difficult. Nor can we find anything in the present political condition of Europe to warrant us to entertain a hope that the independence of Italy can be effected as long as the present combination of European policy shall continue. The dreams of the liberal Italians, that Austria might be induced to give up Lombardy for a good slice of Turkey are too ridiculous to detain us for a moment.

Having laid down these preliminary propositions, which undoubtedly carry with them some weight, and form by far the best part of his book, Count Pozzo next proceeds to inculcate upon his countrymen that the Germans are not such barbarians as they are pleased to call them, but that they are a most enlightened and polished nation, and have attained a high pitch of civilization. All this he proves by a list of eminent men who have distinguished themselves in various branches of science, and by an exposition of the improvements in a system of general education introduced by Maria Theresa, followed up and enlarged upon by Joseph II. Now, granted that Joseph II. was the most philosophical monarch that ever filled a throne, as Count Pozzo would have us believe, and that he laid down many wise maxims for the regulation of the Austrian policy, we do not see how this can tend to reconcile the Italians to the rule of his successors, who, whatever the letter of the law may be, carry the interpretation of it in their own breasts, and execute it according to their arbitrary will. Some of the wisest laws were passed by our own Mary, though her executive was certainly not of the gentlest or most fortunate kind. In this particular Count Pozzo has confined himself to general propositions and assertions without once attempt-

ing to point out the specific benefits which the wise and bene cent legislation he applauds has conferred upon the Italian states. fi We are happy to have it in our power to supply the deficiency; we will grapple with the case a little more closely than the Count deems it expedient. We will furnish a few facts by way of illustration—whence it will appear that, however wise and judicious the imperial law may be in the abstract, nothing can be more vexatious and oppressive than its interpretation and execution.

"Justice is the foundation of kingdoms" is the motto of the Austrian potentate. His comment on the text is, pay what you like and when you like. The Austrian government was indebted to the corporation of Milan in the sum of 4,500,000 livres for commissaries supplied during the war. Subtilty, sophistry, and bare-faced assertions were employed to reduce it *one* million and a half to be paid by instalments of 150,000 livres a year. This sum was to be appropriated to the finishing of the arch of the Simplon at Milan, newly dubbed, The Arch of the Peace; but instead of the 150,000 the administration only receives from 60 to 70,000.

The fifth section of the Austrian civil code runs thus: "The laws have no retrospective effect, and, consequently, cannot bear upon anterior acts or rights previously acquired." In 1799, the emperor arrested some twelve thousand individuals for having declared in favour of the Cisalpine republic recognized by the treaty of 1797, and detained them in prison till after the battle of Marengo. The same year it cashiered four lawyers for having defended the legality of the sale of national property, which was not prohibited by any law, and which was subsequently sanctioned by Francis himself.

Again, the Austrian civil code acknowledges and guarantees the right of literary property, and yet the police are at liberty to seize on all the copies of a work, even though it has had the approbation of the *censor*, without indemnifying the proprietor. Six years after the publication of the translation of Sismondi's Italian Republics, it was prohibited by an imperial edict, and the editor was despoiled of a property amounting to 60,000 francs.

Many other works, printed with the prescribed formalities, shared the same fate, as, for instance, the History of Milan, by Count Verri, and an Essay on the Price of Corn, by Berra, printed at Vienna in 1826, and prohibited at Milan in 1827. From these facts we are justified in concluding that the Austrian law affords no security to literary property, and represses the energies of the human intellect by its arbitrary administration.

The code directs the judges to be careful in their examination of causes, and to be impartial and just in their decisions. Let us see the means by which these benefits are to be secured to the subject. All proceedings in a cause are confided to a single reporting judge; the latter lays the details before his four colleagues, suggesting at the same time the judgment, and the reasons for it. The decision follows at once. Thus all is made to depend upon the diligence, the skill, and the integrity of a single functionary, who has it in his power to shape each cause to his own inclinations, and to suppress or alter the complexion of it as he pleases. But matters are still worse with re-

gard to causes directly affecting the government. In these cases the judge having the fear of losing his place before his eyes, generally tries to reconcile his judgment with his interest. If he sees that the government is flagrantly wrong, he declares the case to belong to the administration, and out of his jurisdiction. By this means a scrupulous judge shifts the responsibility off his own shoulders, others sacrifice their private fortunes in the hope of receiving compensation from the government which they oblige.

In the 25th section of the civil code we find, "as the guilty person alone makes himself liable to punishment, on him alone can it fall." Yet his apostolic majesty confiscates the property of those subjects who leave his dominions without a proper passport, and thus reduces their families to beggary.

In the 424th section of the Austrian penal code we meet with this admirable maxim, "excessive rigour is offensive to justice;" but this is neutralized by the words which follow, "when a prisoner has been condemned, his punishment during the period of expiration may be increased by privation of food, and the application of the bastinade." Farther on we find this definition of *carcere durissimo*, the penalty to which the unfortunate Pellico was condemned for the offence of entertaining liberal opinions.

"The condemned," says this *merciful* enactment, "shall be confined in a cell separated from all communication, with only sufficient light and space to prolong his existence. He shall be constantly loaded with heavy irons attached to his hands and feet, and always secured (except during the intervals of labour) by a chain fastened to an iron ring encircling his body. His only food shall be bread and water, with something warm every other day, but never flesh meat. His bed shall be formed of a naked board; and he shall not be allowed to see any body whatsoever, or to communicate with any person under whatsoever pretence."

The code proclaims that "the innocent should never suffer;" but the melancholy fate of Professor Romagnosi, is a singular instance of its operation. In 1821, this venerable man, then in his seventieth year, was torn from his bed by the police, and dragged before the tribunal at Venice, charged with some political offence. His faithful servant implored the favour of being confined with his master, in order to bandage his legs, which were then in a diseased state: need we say that it was refused him. After an eight months' imprisonment, the professor was declared "innocent" by the government tribunals. He asked to be reconducted to Milan; but he was told he might go thither at his own expense. No sooner was he freed from the snares of the political inquisition, than he found he was deprived of the right of keeping a school, which formed his only means of support from the period when his imperial majesty deprived him of his professor's chair in the university of Pavia. Lord Guilford, the founder of the university of Corfu, having learned the merit and misfortunes of Romagnosi, offered him a law professorship in that city, with a salary of 9,200 francs; but the government refused him a passport, and his age and infirmities rendered flight impossible. So much for the protection of the innocent!

This is much; but the details of the system of conducting criminal prosecutions, and the artifices which are resorted to to entrap the unwary and to extort a confession of guilt, exceed in oppressiveness and injustice any of the preceding details.

"It is peremptorily ordained by the 337th section of the penal code, that the accused shall not be allowed an advocate to defend him, or be made acquainted with the names of the witnesses who depose against him." And by the regulation before-mentioned, it is the same judge who accuses, defends, and condemns. The presence of two individuals, to witness that the questions are taken down as they are put, is all the protection accorded to the prisoner.

In the case of Silvio Moretti, the judges caused a report to be circulated among the crowds of prisoners who thronged the prisons in 1821, that he was dead. Believing him to be beyond the reach of Austrian vengeance, his companions were led to make out a case for themselves at his expense. No sooner were the judges in possession of the depositions than they resuscitated Moretti. In vain he demanded to be confronted with his accusers; in vain his companions retracted their allegations, Moretti was condemned to fifteen years of the *carcere duro* in the fortress of Spielberg.

The artifice practised upon Borsieri to obtain evidence against Gonfalonieri was of a still more unprincipled description. A document, said to be the hand-writing of the latter, was subjected to his inspection. It contained several facts adroitly connected with circumstances materially false, and bore the signature of the supposed writer. Struck with the coincidence of the facts of which he had a knowledge, Borsieri in his surprise admitted them to be true. His confession was construed as applying to the whole and every part of the written document. On discovering the trick, he protested against the duplicity of which he was made the victim, and retracted his admission of the serious parts of the charge. But this did not prevent his being condemned to five years of *carcere duro*, while Gonfalonieri was sentenced to death, commuted into *carcere duro* for life, by an act of imperial clemency. One more instance and we have done. It is perhaps the most extraordinary on record. To punish thought as a crime is a refinement of cruelty and oppression reserved for the Austrian government. Piero Maroncelli, the friend of Pellico, was arrested at Milan in 1820. When the tribunals of police and criminal procedure had failed in making out any case against him, the emperor directed him to be handed over to a special commission. Eighteen months were consumed in torture and investigation, but the special commission was as unsuccessful as the former tribunals. At length the president, Baron Salvotti,* bethought him of an expedient. "I am going to put an *hypothesis* to you," said he, "and you will answer me sincerely. If Italy, instead of depending on many petty absolute governments, was united under one independent and constitutional, would you prefer such an one to those at present *existing?*" On the prisoner protesting against being subjected to such

* Salvotti is a Tyrolese, and nephew of a celebrated brigand guillotined at Mantua by order of Buonaparte.

a course of examination,—"If your answer," said Salvotti, "could injure you, I would not press you, but since it will not affect your position in any way, and as it is necessary that the emperor should see that I have interrogated you on this point, I must entreat of you to reply." The prisoner, fearing that his refusal to reply might be strained into contumacy, answered with noble candour,—"A man of honour has but one reply to such a question, and I will leave you to judge what is mine." Salvotti rose with an air of triumph, crying out, "This is sufficient, you may now be condemned." He was consigned to the dungeons of Spielberg, where he languished eight years.

The desire of repressing and controlling the thoughts, as well as the actions of its subjects, has given rise to the most wide-spread and persevering system of espionage on the part of the Austrian government that ever signalized the annals of despotism. The spies of the police are every where—in the church, in the street, the tavern, the workshop, the ball-room, and the dining-hall. All letters are opened and inspected. It has been estimated that the espionage of Milan alone costs 174,000 francs.

Our space will not permit us to give a more detailed account of the working of the system in the other branches of the administration. Perhaps we may return to it on another occasion for the farther edification of Count Pozzo. At present we shall sum up as briefly as we can, what seem to us the principal evils of which the Italians have to complain.

1st. A defective and vitiated system of administering justice.

2d. Restraints upon personal liberty, by the rigid operation of the passport system and an all-powerful police.

3d. Restraints upon industry and commerce, by an arbitrary and ill-digested system of taxation.

4th. Restraints upon the progress of the arts and sciences, and the perfection of the human intellect, by an oppressive censorship of the press, and the systematic persecution of men of letters and learning.*

5th. Misery and ignorance resulting from these combined causes.

We do not find Count Pozzo addressing his logic to disprove any of those grievances. The refusal of an advocate to the accused in criminal cases, he justifies by the example of France and England; and the lenity of the censorship of the press, he proves by some extracts from his own works, which were allowed to pass without censure. This every one will exclaim is a most lame and impotent conclusion. If by the law of England a prisoner is refused the aid of an advocate, he is fortified and protected by bulwarks of which the Austrian law knows nothing. And though the count's diatribes were allowed to pass for a moment, yet in the end the author did not escape unscathed. The count concludes with some direct advice, as well to the Austrian government as to its Italian subjects, at which we are less disposed to cavil. He exhorts the former not to tire in

* In 1821 the emperor told the professors of Lubima that he wanted faithful and religious subjects, and not learned men.—Alfieri's "Tyrant" was prohibited by the censor.

its attempts to secure the love of its subjects; to grant a general pardon to those convicted of political offences, suggesting that public and private vengeance has been amply satisfied; to make the details of the government of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom as independent of Vienna as it can; to reciprocate the use of the two languages as a common bond between its German and Italian subjects; to hold the imperial court at Milan or Venice for a period of the year, and what is most material of all, to do away with the passport system and to relax the restrictions on the press, and on the introduction of foreign books and journals. This is nothing less than to say to Austria, change your whole system, adopt a liberal and indulgent policy towards Italy instead of grinding her to the dust. No doubt Prince Metternich will lend an attentive ear to these valuable suggestions of Count Pozzo, and as soon as he shall show a disposition (as no doubt he immediately will) to carry them into effect, we would heartily join with the count in recommending to the youth of Italy to lay aside their dreams of liberty and nationality—to cease to struggle against an incubus which they never can shake off, and by receiving with gentleness the mixed good within their reach—to try to make their condition as tolerable as the state of things will allow.

SONG OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

You know it, now—it is betray'd
  This moment, in mine eye—
And in my young cheek's crimson shade,
  And in my whisper'd sigh——
You know it, now—yet listen, now—
  Though ne'er was love more true,
My plight and troth, and virgin vow,
  Still, still I keep from you,
    Ever ——
Ever, until a proof you give
  How oft you've heard me say
I would not even his empress live,
  Who idles life away,
Without one effort for the land
  In which my fathers' graves
Were hollow'd by a despot hand
  To darkly close on slaves——
    Never!

See! round yourself the shackles hang,
  Yet come you to love's bowers,
That only he may soothe their pang,
  Or hide their links in flowers—
But try all things to snap them, first,
  And should all fail, when tried,
The fated chain you cannot burst
  My twining arms shall hide——
    Ever!

THE IRON NAIL.

Dheli is no longer the queen of the East. Like Bagdad, her splendour has passed away, and little remains to attest her magnificence but the ruins of the past. The descendant of the house of Timur is now a dependant on the bounty of his conquerors. The boundless wealth of his fathers is exchanged for a slender pension; and of their absolute power he only retains the shadow. The traveller that visits modern Dheli can form little idea of its former wealth. In the seventeenth century, during the reign of the magnificent emperor Shah Jehan, the revenue of the kingdom amounted to forty millions—an enormous sum, if we remember that it was solely at the disposal of the emperor himself—with such wealth the stories of the Arabian Nights might seem no longer fabulous. Indeed, the palace of the emperor, now in ruins, cost one million sterling, and we still see the remains of a throne, called the peacock throne, ascended by Shah Jehan on the birth of a grandson—which sumptuous erection cost seven years' labour to the first artisans of the East, and the jewels with which it was decorated cost nearly a million and a half of money. But the conqueror Khuli Khan despoiled the fair queen of her costly diadem. He occupied the country with his Persian and Georgian hordes only five months, and when he quitted Hindostan he carried with him treasure to the amount of a hundred millions sterling, besides twenty-five millions paid to his army during their occupation of Dheli. In the principal street of Dheli, called Chundree Chank, the street of silver, a little beyond a large tree, are pointed out two small gilt domes belonging to a mosque. It was upon the roof of this building the ruthless Khuli Khan seated himself during the plunder of Dheli in 1738, and, drawing his sword, commanded the massacre of the inhabitants. The Emperor of Dheli threw himself at his feet and implored the mercy of the conqueror. The tyrant then sheathed his sword, and the carnage ceased; but not till 100,000 innocent people had been slain!

It was many years previous to this disastrous time, in the reign of the Emperor Shah Jehan, that our tale begins; when the magnificence of Dheli was at its height—when her palaces were of marble, and her bazaars resplendent with the wealth of every nation—when her merchants, trading from Bagdad, Massoul, Damascus, and Cairo, heaped their coffers with riches, and her nobles vied with the splendour of the court. During the Musselman month which corresponds with our August, a solitary horseman rode along the left bank of the Jumna. The moon was shining high in the heavens, and its clear bright rays shone full upon the large white cotton mantle, in the capacious folds of which he was enveloped. He rode a noble Syrian charger, which apparently had galloped a weary way, but the brave horse shewed no symptoms of fatigue. The features of the rider were handsome—their expression noble but stern. He appeared to be borne along insensible to the scene around him, until arriving

at a certain point he halted for a moment, gazed around him, spoke a few words of encouragement to his gallant horse, and then turned his head across a sandy waste, which speedily separated him from the river. Silently he again pursued his course for two good hours, until a few tall trees rose above the waste, at the sight of which the horse neighed as it were in recognition, and, increasing his speed, soon halted under their shade. It was the route by which the caravans from Bagdad, and the countries of the west, enter Hindostan, and here were wells of water to refresh the wayfarer, and the pleasant shade of trees beneath which grew herbage for the camels and horses. Here the horseman alighted; and the black horse spoke out his joy as he breathed the freshness of the water. His master gave him a long deep draught, and, taking off his bridle, turned him amidst the herbage; then, taking out flint and steel, he lighted his pipe, and wrapping the large folds of his mantle more closely around him, he seated himself beneath the shade of the wall of the well, and began to smoke as tranquilly as though seated on the carpet of his own divan.

The stranger had been seated thus about an hour, when the black horse bounded from beneath the shadow of the trees, and halting near his master, stretched out his head and neck in the attitude of intense listening, and then neighed long and loudly. The stranger for a moment relinquished his pipe, and turned his ear attentively. It was either the echo of the sound across the waste, or the neighing of another horse he heard faintly in the distance. The noble animal, with head erect, now galloped into the desert, as though he recognized the approach of a friend, and when at some distance, he drew up and again signalled the stranger. This time there was no doubt, the neigh of another horse was heard nearer and clearer, and the black charger, as though satisfied, galloped back to his master. It was not long before another horseman arrived at full speed. On dismounting he saluted the former with some shew of deference; then giving his horse drink, he turned him loose to join the other. The animals seemed to recognize each other by mutual marks of welcome. The last arrived was clad in the coarse vestments of a Bedouin Arab. His countenance was dark and attenuated, and worn by toil; but his eye was large, dark, and fiery; and there gleamed forth signs of a restless discontented spirit and a mind ill at ease. The expression of his face was a singular contrast to the aristocratic repose of his companion.

"Well, Zahab," said he who had arrived first, and evidently the superior, "he is a noble horse."

"A better I never crossed, even in my own native deserts," returned the other; then after a short pause, "You see, Effendi, I have kept my word."

"See that you keep it to the end. When I met you at Damascus you complained of your lot in the world; you sighed after pleasure you could not enjoy; you wanted to exchange the sand of Sahara for the gold of Araby, and you cared not how. Do you hold in the same mind?"

"Time was, when under the shade of my tent, my wishes were bounded by the desert on which I was born. I arose with joy and

rested without repining; but that is past." The Arab paused as though to linger on the recollections. "Since that I have wandered up and down the world like a restless spirit. I have spoken to the rich men of Damascus and Bagdad with their robes of gold—I have beheld at Dheli the marble palaces of nobles—I have seen their young white slaves—I have gazed on the golden cups filled with the sparkling wine of Shiraz—I have heard the music to the voluptuous dance—while I have been poor and naked. Effendi, I have beheld the cup of happiness before my very eyes, touching my very lips, and I would have a long deep draught; for that—" and here his eye kindled with an unnatural fire, "for that, were the evil one to tempt, he should have me, body and soul!"

"And were I to give thee these riches" returned the other, "would you promise to do without question whatsoever I should command, and faithfully to keep my secret?"

"Have I invoked the tempter? and behold he is with me!—I have said it. I am your slave."

"Well said, Arab, thou shalt never know want again—gold I will give thee in store. Thou shalt no longer sigh after the robes of rich men nor the palaces of nobles, nor their slaves, nor their jewelled wine-cup, sparkling with the grape of Shiraz. Thou shalt have them all, and more—swear by the bones of your father that you will do my bidding and keep my secret."

"I swear it! Now, brave Effendi, tell me my errand—shall I wrap Bagdad in flames? shall I murder the monarch of Dheli? or, must I to Stamboul and stab the descendant of the Prophet? or, perhaps, you love the sultana Argemund Banee the Taj-Tahal (crown of the seraglio); say but the word and give me the means, and I will pluck her from the very arms of her husband the king, and bring her to your feet. Something like this must I do to earn so rich a reward."

The stranger smiled as he listened to the extravagant offers of his companion. "No, good Zahab, nothing of this will I require of you. Your task, though desperate, you will share with me; I dare not trust more than one, and I have faith in a son of the desert—with him I will share my prize. But, hark! did you hear the neighing of horses in the west?" The Arab listened attentively.

"No; 'tis but the shrill cry of the jackall prowling for his prey! Now mark me Effendi, you have placed before me the pearls of Paradise – see that they mock me not. You have kindled the fire which consumes me, deceive me not; for by the beard of the Prophet I am a desperate man;" and his hand clutched convulsively his dagger. A smile of bitter scorn played upon the features of the stranger, shaded as they were by the folds of his turban; but he betrayed no sign of impatience or fear, save that his hand played, as it were instinctively, with the jewelled handle of his sabre.

"No, no! brave Zahab fear not for my faith; thou shalt have wherewith to calm this fever of thine: but hark! my ears do not deceive me this time—on that breath of the wind I heard voices—listen."

"You heard aright;" said the Arab. The stranger rose, and making a peculiar signal, both the horses came from the pasture, and

suffered the bits to be again placed in their mouths and the girths to be drawn tightly, with the docility natural to their generous nature. In a moment more the stranger and the Arab were mounted.

"Zahab, have you seen to your arms?"

"I am always prepared!"

"Once more—will you be faithful?"

The Arab's dusky countenance flushed with anger. "Who shall dare to doubt the faith of an Arab?—I have sworn it."

"Enough! now attend." A party of armed horsemen had appeared in the distance, and they were now distinctly visible. "Do you see in the midst of yonder group a venerable man?" The rays of the moon now fell full on his long white beard.

"Have I eyes?" returned the Arab.

"We must disperse his escort."

"I can count a dozen men, all armed."

"No matter; they are but Persian slaves—we must make the attempt; but their master is a noble old man, and age has not yet enfeebled him. You are strong and skilful, and have address on your saddle. Disarm the old man, pluck him from his horse and bring him to me. But on your life, harm him not; rather lose your right arm than injure a hair of his head, or our stake is lost, and we are ruined for ever!" The Arab replied not; but loosened his carbine, and grasped more tightly his sabre. The old man approached with his escort; he seemed, by the dignity of his bearing and the richness of his apparel, to be a personage of importance. It was not long before the party discovered the strangers beneath the shade of the trees to which they were directing their steps, when the Arab's companion gave the word, and spurring their horses they charged like a whirlwind, sword in hand, into the midst of the throng.

"Allah! for the faithful! Dog of a Gheber!" and at every sweep of the sabre down fell a slave. The Arab's weapon brought death at every stroke, and there arose a wild cry of panic and despair. The poor wretches threw down their arms without knowing their enemy, and, setting spur to their horses, fled in every direction, leaving their master to his fate. The Arab threw himself upon the old man, narrowly escaping the discharge of his pistol, and clasping him in his sinewy arms, fairly lifted him from his saddle, and in that way bore him to the well which his companion had already reached. Here the old man was quickly disarmed and secured.

"Old man," said the stranger, addressing his prisoner, "we have not met for the first time; you remember Ali Effendi the Syrian—he who loves your daughter—aye, who loves her more than all the wealth of the world—here, with nought but the heavens over us and the sand beneath our feet, with no other witness but this Arab, I ask you once more to give her for my wife?"

"God's will be done!" murmured the old man; "my life is in your hands; but the Prophet will protect my child."

"You refuse her still?"

"I would refuse her to you, though my consent would insure me Paradise!" returned the old man firmly.

"Are you prepared to die?"

" At my age I ought to be."

" Ali-Ahmed 'tis an awful thing to die! For thee never more will thy rich banks at Bagdad, at Damascus, at Dheli pour forth their treasures—no marble sepulchre will enclose thy limbs—but the bold vulture will feast upon they flesh. Thy friends, thy family will mourn, yet know not where to find thee; thy daughter, thy dear Ildiz, will weep for thy return in vain. Ali-Ahmed!" continued the Syrian, raising his voice; " wouldst thou die like a dog?"

" God will reward the faithful!" said the old man, meekly raising his eyes to heaven.

" Old dotard! hard of heart!" returned the other with suppressed emotion, " thy blood be on thine own head. Suicide, once more I ask you; give me your daughter?"

" Never; thou art infamous!" A gleam of rage shot across the hitherto calm features of the Syrian. He paused an instant.

" I will do more than take thy life—I will add bitterness to death. You make me as a famished tyger, and henceforth away with remorse: hear me—I will seek thy child—the fair, the beautiful—I will bring her news of her father—she will fly to me—she is bright as the star whose name she bears—she is pure as the dew of heaven that waters the earth.—Bright and pure will she be no longer.—I will bear her to the desert!—aye, I swear it! or may I never see the face of the blessed Prophet in Paradise!' Ali-Ahmed trembled; his eyes grew dim with tears. The chord of his heart had been touched.

" Young man, young man, break not my heart with this cruel threat;" his voice faltered as he spoke; " have pity on my child! O she is beautiful and good! take my wealth—take all—all—I give it you; but when I am dead, have mercy on my child!" The old man had fallen at the feet of the Syrian, he clasped his knees, and looked at him imploringly. The stranger stood wrapped in his thick mantle, his face half concealed by his large turban; but his look was stern and cruel.

" Pity from me! mercy from me!—what mercy have I had at thy hands? have you not turned me from your door—spurned me like a dog from your threshold? Old man without heart, learn that without Ildiz I die! but her *I will have*—living or dead—in wedlock or in dishonour. For the sake of your child, for your own peace, I ask you for the last time Ali-Ahmed—give me your daughter?" He took from his belt a roll, in which were all the materials for writing, which he handed to the old man. " Here," he continued, " here is all you require, write what I shall tell you; I will see to the rest. The moon is clear and bright." The old man passively took the pen; he seemed resigned to what appeared inevitable. His face was deadly pale, and his hand slightly trembled as he wrote the letter which commanded his daughter to marry Ali-Effendi, nor wait for his return. The Syrian snatched the letter from the old man's hand; he could not conceal his joy.

" Ali-Ahmed!" said he, " I am satisfied; but there is one thing more—a trifle—which I require of thee. You see this young man," pointing to Zahab, who stood with the patience of an Arab, a silent

witness of the scene, "he is my friend, and must be rewarded. You have sold your possessions in Dheli, and are going to receive the treasure; let my friend receive it for you—you understand—write to your agent to that effect: my friend is a worthy man." The old man looked at the Syrian with an expression of ill-disguised contempt; but did as he was ordered, and threw the writing before him.

"May God reward you as you merit!" he ejaculated earnestly. "Is there aught else you require of me?"

"Nothing more—it is time we separated—Ali-Ahmed;" and here the voice of the Syrian became low and half articulated as though some terrible feeling was rending him. "Ali-Ahmed, did you not say you were prepared to die?" The old man looked at him enquiringly as though he did but half understand the import of the words; "for," continued he, "for neither to Bagdad nor to Damascus wilt thou ever return!" in saying these words he drew his gleaming sabre from its sheath. The old man covered his head with his hands in sign of supplication.

"You have taken all—have you the heart to shed my blood?" "Would you have a drop of water from the spring?" said the Syrian, alluding to the rites of the Mussulman before death. The aged victim sunk upon his knees by his ruthless destroyer.

"May the Prophet receive my soul!" he murmured faintly; "farewell, my child—farewell, my——" but ere the sentence was breathed the sabre whistled through the air, and the head of the noble old man rolled in the sand! The Syrian gazed for a few seconds on the bleeding corse, then, with the assistance of the Arab, fastening to it a large stone cast it into one of the wells. The Arab took the bleeding head, and with his sabre buried it deeply in the sand, beneath the shade of the date trees.

"Now, brave Zahab!" said the Syrian, with a forced expression of gaiety, "I have redeemed my pledge—go you to Dheli—claim the treasure of the old man, and use it well; you will be a chief in your tribe—may it bring you the happiness you covet. I part for Damascus, to claim my bride. Now fare you well, thy road is to the east, mine to the west; and may the Prophet grant that we may never meet again!"

And the murderers parted.

Several years had elapsed since the commission of this crime, when on the very spot we have described crowds of workmen were seen erecting a magnificent palace. In this wild spot it arose as though by the wand of an enchanter. Troops of camels, laden with rare marbles and precious things, were continually arriving. Beautiful gardens sprung up where formerly all was waste—the oleander, the orange, the wild jasmin, the citron, bloomed where the jungle had been undisturbed for ages; and in the place of the rude wells were now immense basins of alabaster, into which sparkling jets of water fell with a tinkling sound. The floors of the palace were of perfumed cedar, and the divans were covered with the golden stuffs of the Indies; carpets from Trebisond and Constantinople yielded to the footstep, and the walls were clothed with silken tapestry, on which were portrayed flowers in the vivid colours of nature, and arabesque figures of

rare design; these were mingled with verses from the Koran, and couplets from Saadi and Mèsihi, wrought in letters of gold. Numbers of slaves of all countries were in attendance in this sumptuous residence; and it was here that the Bedouin Zahab, now called Mohammed-Ildirim, removed his harem, filled with the most beautiful females of Circassia and Mingrelia. His stables contained horses of the best blood of Arabia; and nothing was wanting that wealth could procure to realize the Bedouin's ideas of bliss. Crowds of visitors daily thronged his halls from all parts, attracted by the delights of the place and the hospitality of its noble master. The caravans journeying to and fro paused to admire the splendour of the building, and to marvel at the riches of its owner.

Day after day Mohammed invented new delights, until his imagination was weary. His guests were regaled with the rarest wines of Shiraz and Archipel, and sherbets, perfumed with the richest essences, were presented to them in jewelled cups. They lived in the lap of luxury and voluptuousness, and the music of sweet voices lulled their excited spirits to rest. But the heart of the Bedouin was not yet at ease. Among the beauties of his harem he wandered, like the inconstant breeze from flower to flower, and nowhere could he fix his regard. Vainly they set off their charms; to no purpose were the arched eyebrows pencilled with eastern art, or was increased the eye's dark lustre. Though the tapering nails were tinged with the brilliant dye, vieing with Aurora, who, tradition tells us, thus acquired the appellation of "rosy fingered;" no art could fix the love of their inconstant lord.

Though the air he breathed was rich with the perfume of flowers —though the incense of flattery fed his ear—though the caresses of beauty spoke of love and tenderness—the eye of the Bedouin belied the smile that played upon his lips. Couched upon down, he beheld in his dreams the bed of sand in the Sahara—the humble vestments of the Arab wanderer, the carbine, the lance; and he awoke weeping. He sought with his eye the clear blue spangled heavens, that used to form his canopy; but draperies of silk and gold hid them from his sight. The same feeling that possessed the heart of the poor Zahab, still remained with the rich Mohammed—a restless and unquenchable desire after that which he had not—a void in his heart that could never be filled, which made him poor in the midst of plenty, and would make him miserable for ever.

One evening, when Zahab and his guests were revelling in the enjoyments of his palace, a man, enveloped in a large mantle, and mounted on a black Syrian horse of the best blood, galloped into the outer court of the palace; Zahab's head steward received him, and, supposing he was an invited guest, asked him to join the fête given that evening by his master; but the stranger told him that he had only just arrived from a distant country, and that it was the first time he had ever seen the palace, or heard the name of Mohammed-Ilderim.

"Let me announce your arrival to my master," said the tchiaouch, "you are fatigued, and he would not that a stranger departed without food and rest."

"I thank thee, tchiaouch," said the stranger; "but I am now in advance of the caravan, and I would not halt on my journey—here, take this purse for thy good-will; this palace pleases me; tell thy master, if he will sell it, I will give him a million of piastres. In eight days I will return—meet me at this gate, and give me his reply; thou shalt have a similar purse for thy pains. Saying these words, the stranger set spurs to his steed, and soon disappeared on the road to Dheli. When Zahab was made acquainted with this offer, it disquieted him exceedingly. A dark frown overspread his countenance; he appeared humiliated to think that a wandering stranger should offer so lightly to purchase his princely abode, and rich enough to pay down so large a sum.

"A million of piastres!" he muttered to himself, while playing with the light curling tresses of a beautiful Greek girl; "a million of piastres for my palace! when you see the Syrian, tell him that it cost me, in building, double the sum. Away with you, and summon the dancers—the music. Let the approaching rays of morning fade before our brilliant lights!—Fill high the cups with the old wine of Shiraz!—The dancers—the dancers, with their beautiful bosoms of snow! This night shall be devoted to joy!"

The tchiaouch of Zahab moved not from the outer court of the palace on the eighth night, as appointed by the Syrian. He waited long in vain; but at the hour when from the lofty minerets the faithful are summoned to prayer, the gallop of a horse was heard along the paved causeway, and the Syrian, enveloped as before in his white mantle, and mounted on his black charger, rode into the court-yard. He was informed of the reply Mohammed made to his offer, which appeared to mortify him excessively.

"Tchiaouch," said he, "go to thy master, and offer him from me two millions of piastres for his palace; and take this purse, it contains more than thou hadst before. My heart is fixed on this palace. If I have it, it shall be well for thee. In eight days I will return."

When Zahab heard this fresh offer of the Syrian, he conceived a mortal jealousy of the man who was sufficiently rich to throw away such a fortune in what seemed a mere whim. Sleep forsook his pillow when he thought of the superior magnificence of the Syrian. His palace now seemed no longer worthy of him—its beautiful furniture and gardens, so fresh and odoriferous, appeared in his eyes only fit to amuse a cotton planter, or a dealer in camels. He waited with impatience the return of the Syrian, that he might know the man who valued gold so lightly.

The evening preceding the day that the stranger promised to return, it was announced to Zahab that a lady of rank had arrived at his mansion. She was borne in a magnificent litter, and attended by a numerous escort of armed slaves. She desired to see Mohammed-Ilderim. He dressed himself in his richest habits; the most exquisite perfumes were scattered around, and he descended into the gardens, where the lady awaited him. She was concealed by a long veil, and clothed with a mantle which entirely hid her form. She alighted from her litter, and took a seat opposite Mohammed, under the shade of laurels, roses, and wild jasmins.

"Illustrious Mohammed!" she said, when her suite retired, "may the Prophet in his goodness guard you! Many a month has no elapsed since I quitted Syria with my husband with the intention of fixing our abode in this country. When traversing this road, my husband—may the favour of heaven alight upon him as the dews of the morning on the palms of Bagdad!—has become enchanted with the beauty of your palace, and has the most vivid desire to possess it. He offered you in exchange the small sum of a million of piastres; it must have been without thought; he has never seen the beauty of the Serail, and those Persian kiosks, the freshness of these gardens, with their living waters and their scented trees. He returned to offer two millions, which you doubtless will refuse; but most gracious Effendi, as our riches are great, will you condescend to name your own terms; for my husband has such anxiety to possess the place, and fears so much your refusal, that a violent illness has seized him, and I fear for his life. I should be eternally obliged by this favour—you would for ever merit my friendship and esteem." At this moment the wind raised the light veil of muslin that concealed her countenance, and Zahab beheld, as he thought, one of the houries of Paradise—a countenance radiant as the east, a neck fairer than the pearls that twined around it—lips like the rose, and embellished with the sweetest smile. Zahab was struck, as by an enchanter's wand—he promised everything, and his fair guest arose to depart.

"Your husband is from Syria," said he; "pray make him known to me?"

"His name is Ali Effendi." The countenance of the Arab grew as dark as midnight—he turned aside to hide its expression—the name aroused bitter recollections of things long past.

"Then are you the beautiful Ildiz?" he asked, inquiringly.

"That is my name."

"I ought to have guessed it from the lustre of those eyes. Madam, command me as you will, my palace and all that belongs to it is already yours; I have but one condition to make, which whoever possesses my palace must agree to. Say to your husband, Madam, that I will await him here to sign the contract."

Hardly had the beautiful Ildiz departed from the palace, attended by her slaves and servants, when Zahab retired thoughtfully to his chamber. That evening was marked by silence throughout the mansion. No music was heard—the dancers were still—not a light gleamed from the casement—the mind of Zahab was absorbed in one sole object—the beauty of Ildiz had taken possession of his soul.

Meantime the Syrian was not long in waiting upon his ancient friend; but Mohammed-Ilderim was so changed that the mother who bore him would not have recognized her son. In the bright-complexioned joyous countenance of the rich Zahab who could trace the dark thin features of the Bedouin? During their conference, Ildiz, attended by her women and accompanied by some friends, walked in the gardens, and found something to admire at every step. She was soon joined by her husband, who, full of joy, told her the contract was signed, and that henceforth the palace and all that be-

longed to it was their own. Ildiz congratulated her husband, and inquired the condition that Mohammed had required to the contract.

"A mere childish whim," returned Ali; "I can hardly call it more; he says, that every man has his foolish fancy, and that this is his. He has such an affection for the place he has built, and the trees he has planted, that he cannot consent to think himself entirely dispossessed, and therefore he has reserved for himself the right of fixing and keeping here a single *nail*. It is a silly whim, but he would consent on no other terms."

"God grant," said Ildiz, "that it may mean nothing; but, dear Ali, I am sorry you consented to so strange a clause." As they returned towards the palace, they beheld four slaves with difficulty carrying a long box of lead to place upon the back of a dromedary. Mohammed, mounted upon a splendid Arabian steed, richly caparisoned, watched and directed their work with the greatest care. Ali approached him.

"In taking possession of this palace," said he, "I feel curious to know some particulars of it. The people of these parts inform me there were wells hereabouts celebrated for their antiquity. Can you point me out the spot where they formerly were?" A sort of savage joy passed over the features of Zahab at these words.

"I ordered them to be filled up," he replied.

"Did your curiosity never tempt you to examine them before they were filled?" enquired Ali.

"To what purpose should I have taken that trouble?" returned the other; "perhaps for my pains I might have found the body of some murdered man—some nameless corse—thrown there to hide a crime and escape the law."

"Murdered man! corse!" repeated Ali, and the colour left his cheek.

"What ails you, Effendi?" asked Mohammed, "you ought indeed to be an exemplary man when the bare mention of crime causes such emotion. However, re-assure yourself; on such points I know nothing; I have filled the pit with stones, and whatever they cover there remains; what God has concealed man has no right to disturb." As they parted, Mohammed rallied the other; but in his laugh there was a sort of bitter sneer full of secret and sinister meaning. He made the dromedary with its load precede him, and, with his slaves, he took the road towards Dheli.

"Ali!" said Ildiz, tenderly, to her husband, as Mohammed departed, "the mirth of that man makes me sad. His eyes seem to me to possess almost a supernatural meaning: they freeze me."

"I confess," said he thoughtfully, "that his eyes have a most extraordinary expression. I cannot but fancy that I have seen them before."

"Dear Ali!" she replied, "you have doubtless encountered some such in your former wanderings, before the death of my poor father; for he must have died on that fatal Indian journey, when he commanded me to receive you as my husband."

"Do not, dear Ildiz, I pray you, revive such sad recollections;

what God has ordered we must not dispute; thy poor father fulfilled his destiny; let us devote this day to happiness." She threw her arms around his neck.

"Ali! dear Ali! you are right, I will think of nothing but the delight of loving thee. Every thing here seems to foretel happiness. I see happiness in the heavens above, pure as thy good heart. I see it in the blooming flowers around, as tender and faithful as thy love. Let us return within; with thy love I will forget my grief."

They re-entered the palace, but Ali remained pale and thoughtful.

Some days after the departure of Mohammed, there was a brilliant fête at the palace. Singers, musicians, and dancers arrived to lend their talents to the entertainment, and people of quality from distant parts came to do honour to the opulent Syrian. Their ladies, closely veiled, were admitted behind screens placed for their reception, to enjoy the music and the dancing. In the middle of the entertainment Mohammed arrived, and entering the saloon, after gracefully saluting the host and his guests, with a hammer, which he carried in his hand when he entered, he drove into the wall a long and sharp *iron nail*, to which he immediately suspended a beautiful bouquet of flowers. This he did with so much gallantry and good nature, that notwithstanding the nail was not the most sightly object in the saloon, and the wall into which it was driven was covered with the richest tapestry of Persia, the act was applauded mightily, especially by the ladies. Ali complimented him upon the pleasant manner in which he had claimed his right to enter the palace, and Ildiz even modified the injurious opinion she had first formed of him, and declared it illiberal to judge so hastily. That evening Zahab taxed his power of pleasing to the utmost; his conversation was replete with wit and gaiety. Ali was delighted with him, and he no longer regretted the clause which at first seemed so singular. Indeed, so pleased was he with Zahab's society, that had he desired a nail in his Serail he would hardly have refused.

For many weeks Zahab regularly visited the purchaser of his palace, and each time he brought bouquets more fresh and more rare, which he suspended to his nail. These bouquets, however, were mingled with epigrams and snatches of verse, written in the Persian tongue. Love invariably formed the subject of these effusions, and the beauty of the stars of heaven was always introduced. But as the name of *Ildiz* signifies a *star*, the allusion could not be misunderstood. The friends of Ali mentioned to him that reports were circulated injurious to his honour; that even the inhabitants of Dheli had heard and repeated things disrespectful of him. Ali attributed these reports to malice, and for a time disregarded them; but at length the visits of Mohammed became longer and more frequent, and his verses were couched in terms even less equivocal than before. Ali then spoke to his friend Mohammed, who promised that in future the verses should be omitted from the bouquet.

This nail of Mohammed was placed, unfortunately, in the very best and coolest room in the palace, and it was in this room that Ali chose to pass the hot nights of summer. Mohammed kept his word, and for the space of a fortnight nothing was seen upon the nail but

flowers, and he became much more circumspect in his visits. At length however, one evening, when retiring to rest, Ali found his wife in tears. Ildiz refused at first to tell him the cause of her grief; but at his earnest entreaties she pointed to a roll of paper, suspended to the nail. Ali, indignant at the unworthy attempt to injure his wife by the repetition of such absurd proceedings, immediately unrolled the paper; but the first glance he cast over it seemed to paralyze him—he trembled violently, and the blood forsook his cheeks. It was a drawing coloured with the utmost nicety of art, and represented, in a country sterile and desolate, near to some wells, an old man with his hands and eyes upraised to heaven, imploring mercy of two assassins, one of whom held a naked sabre above his head. The murderers were placed in shadow, so that their features could not be distinguished; but the traits of the old man, illumined by the light of the full moon, offered the most vivid resemblance to the father of Ildiz, Ali-Ahmed.

Ali consoled his wife in the best manner he was able, and tried to persuade her that the likeness she traced was the effect of imagination. He tore the accusing scroll to atoms, and his wife soon slept in his arms. But Ali slept not.—His sleepless eyes glanced around the chamber, fearing he knew not what; and the desire to bury his crime in oblivion, and the inward dread of discovery and punishment rent his heart. He could not doubt but that Mohammed possessed some knowledge of his secret, but by what means he could hardly divine; for he had not the most distant suspicion of the truth. He determined to be upon his guard, and to dismiss by every means in his power, any fear or suspicion that circumstances might create in the breast of his adored Ildiz. During many days afterwards Mohammed did not make his appearance; but one evening, when Ali and his wife entered the room to retire for the night, they saw on the nail a large white thick muslin veil, which seemed to cover and conceal something beneath its folds.

Ali involuntarily shuddered. He would not risk the removal of the veil; but concealed his fear under the pretence of respect for the property of another. But this indifference only roused the curiosity of Ildiz. She threw her round white arms about his neck, and playfully, yet tenderly begged him to let her remove the veil which she felt assured was some pleasant surprise, to atone for his former improprieties. But Ali would on no account permit it, and at last gave her a positive denial. She said no more and seemed contented; and Ali planning how, on the morrow, he should rid himself of Mohammed's importunities, fell asleep.

Who shall control the curiosity of woman? Who can extinguish the fire that, like phosphorus, water cannot quell, nor aught intervening stay? The curiosity kindled in the imagination of Ildiz became an uncontrolable desire! Her beautiful eyes, now so wakeful, were fixed on the extremity of the chamber. They seemed almost to penetrate the secret of that mysterious veil, which, by the pale and flickering light of the lamp, appeared moving with life! Her heart thrilled with affright as an undefined persuasion came over her mind, that to unravel that mystery would destroy her peace; but the

excitement of her mind, stronger than her fear, and in despite of her better feeling, urged her to learn the secret, that a vague presentiment coloured with such sombre tints.

Ali slept soundly, and his trembling wife slowly and carefully withdrew herself from his circling arms. With a palpitating heart, and holding her breath through fear, she noiselessly placed her little white feet on the carpeted floor, and lighted a lamp by that which hung from above.—Making a shade with her transparent hand, that the rays of the flame might not awaken her husband, she glided onward, trembling and pale, towards the object of her regards, still hanging, as before, with its white mysterious folds. She approached —she gazed on it with an undefinable fear—the light folds moved to and fro with a gentle motion, and she started with affright!—'Twas but her breath. It seemed to invite the hand—she yielded to the temptation—she gently raised the veil!

Horror! horror! she beheld the ghastly head of an old man—the long white beard all clotted with black blood!—the eyes stretched open widely, and staring directly at her with a look of intense agony —the mouth unclosed, as though vainly crying for vengeance!

Terror froze her blood; her limbs were unable to support her, and uttering a cry, she sunk on her knees, her eyes still directed with a sort of maniac fixedness upon the ghastly spectacle! She recognized in those mutilated remains the head of her father! It had been embalmed with care in the manner of the Egyptians—its very colour was preserved, and it retained the last expression of agony, as in the moment of death!

Ali started from his bed the moment he heard the cry of Ildiz. He arose like a phantom, for in his heart there was a presage of evil. He glanced fearfully around, until his eyes rested upon the frightful object before which his wife was kneeling as though one bereft of sense! He neither moved nor spoke, but seemed to petrify while gazing;—the discovery of his crime flashed before him, and he beheld a damning accuser raised from another world.

The groans of Ildiz were answered; another voice was heard—a voice of mockery and triumph, like that of a demon. A portion of the tapestry which covered the wall was suddenly rent away, and behold! there stepped forth a swarthy Arab, clad in an old mantle, soiled and tattered, and bearing in his hand a naked sabre, which glittered in the lamp-light.

Ali uttered a cry of fear as he pronounced the name of Zahab! and he rushed for his arms. "A useless struggle!" said the Arab, interposing; and he thrust him backward on the bed disarmed and powerless, while his features betrayed terror and despair.

"Effendi! do you remember your ancient friend?" said the Arab, "now, when in his former garb, and his face, as when darkened by toil? Do you recollect the Bedouin Zahab, who on one bright night, with the full moon shining above us, assisted thee to slay the white-bearded old man—the father of Ildiz."

"Oh! God protect me from my father's murderers!" cried Ildiz, and she shrieked wildly, and with a phrenzied feeling tore her long dark tresses, until they were scattered around her and on her snow-white garments like a mantle of black!

"Yes, Zahab, I know thee now!" said Ali, in a low, deep, tremulous tone; and his hand convulsively, but vainly sought to clutch his poniard.

"Effendi! You once gave me gold for blood! and you thought me paid. Fool! The heart I bear is immense—void and unfilled as the insatiable sea! Not all the treasures of the Indies, of Persia, or of Araby can fill that void. Thou alone canst do it, Effendi! Disarmed as you are, with my sabre at your throat, you hold my life in your hands—nay, more than life, my peace! my happiness! Be generous once again—for the last time—I swear it shall be the last. Before, I envied you your palace, your luxury, your wealth,—now, I envy you your wife! 'Tis Ildiz, with her eyes like the stars of heaven for whom I die! Give her to me, Effendi! give her to me, and I will retire with her to my native deserts—to the tents of my brethren, and the world shall never see me more! You answer me not! A smile of scorn is upon your lip!—Ali-Effendi give me thy wife, or plunge this dagger in her heart! Take thy choice—'tis my last word!"

"Ali!" said Ildiz faintly—she had drawn herself with difficulty to his feet—"my husband! whom I have loved so dearly, let me die—let me die by thy hand!" Zahab drew a dagger from its sheath of silver.

"Effendi! hast thou chosen?"

"Give it me," said Ali, in a low but firm voice. Ildiz sprung up to clasp her husband, but ere she could give him this last embrace, with a stifled scream she fell at his feet in her heart's blood!

The eyes of Ali glared upon his savage foe, as holding the dagger in his hand, red with the blood of her he loved, he thought upon revenge; but like a fell executioner there stood the Arab, with his deadly blade uplifted ready to strike! The poniard dropped from Ali's grasp. He remembered the same image in the desert, and covering his face with his hands, he bowed down his head, as though stricken with despair. All was still, save the convulsive sobs that broke from the overcharged bosom of Ali, and the deep-drawn breath of the Arab. At that moment Ildiz sighed faintly her last sigh! Gusts of passion swept over the soul of the Syrian, succeeded alternately by the faintness of death.

"Arab! art thou satisfied?" murmured he.

"I am,—my heart is at rest!"

"Dog of a Bedouin! with a heart blacker than a fiend of hell! leave me."

"You forget Effendi, that I still possess the *nail!*" and with one blow of his ruthless sabre he struck the beautiful head of Ildez from her body, and twisting the long shining tresses round the nail, left it hanging beside the ghastly remains of her father!

"Now, brave Effendi, adieu!" said the Bedouin, his face gleaming with a demon's joy; "rest in peace beside the body you have loved so much; but remember, on your peril touch that nail,—it is mine; and I will hold possession to the last. Thus shall your saloon be decorated until that beautiful flesh shall fade, and the bones fall asunder by decay. Thus shall our contract continue—farewell!" The soul of Ali was subdued, he was smitten to the dust. Tears uncontrolled rolled in big round drops, and forced their way, as, with his face still covered, he bent over the bleeding body of his murdered wife.

"Bedouin!" he called in a voice choked and suffocated—"Bedouin, it is finished—I have paid the penalty of crime. The prophet has smitten me by thy accursed hand! Thou hast broken the sole bond that linked me to a hated life. I have sealed my love for her in the blood of her race; but she will be dearer to me dead and in the tomb, than living, between thy arms. Listen, Bedouin, to another contract, 'tis the last I shall ever have with thee. Restore me the body, which now thou canst not envy me, and take back the palace of which I have paid thee the price!—give me that, and keep the palace and the gold!"

SPECULATION ON GHOSTS!

WITH THE SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE OF A DREAM.*

PERHAPS there has never been a subject that has engaged the speculations of philosophers, or furnished so rich a mine for the antiquary, the poet, or the novelist, as that of supernatural agency. It is remarkable with what eagerness and avidity in our own times a tale of mystery and ghostly horror is swallowed, even by those who are fain to take umbrage at the least imputation of aught like superstition, or a too unphilosophical credulity. The fact is, there is an unwillingness to part with the favourite notions of our ancestors, and a fondly clinging to the legendary remains that gave a pleasing mystery, bordering upon terror, to the days of chivalry and romance. There is, moreover, a principle in the human mind for ever restless and unsatisfied with material creation, and a longing, even whilst in this embryo state of existence, to break, as it were, the shell and peep into the invisible world. It is curious and interesting to observe the various hues and shapes in which this superstition has presented itself to our views, according to the condition, character and genius of the nation by which it has been received and upheld. Among the Jews, for instance, there was a vein of rich poetry in certain parts of their theory on supernatural agency, and which seem for the most part to have been encouraged for the purpose of more effectually guarding the law, and preserving with veneration the traditionary doctrines of their wise men. Thus, in the sayings of the sage, Rabbi Joshua Ben Levi, we are told that "every day a voice (or literally a בת־קול Bath Koel, the daughter of the voice) proceedeth from Mount Horeb, which cryeth out and saith, 'Woe be to those who despise the law!'" In many of their legends there was a feeling displayed bordering upon sublimity. The romantic and fanciful Arabian, fertile in the poetry of his ancestors, whose life is one scene of wandering and adventure, enters with a deep feeling into all the mysteries and traditions connected with his people—perhaps in no country besides

* We insert this article, knowing, from the character of the writer and the high respectability of the parties, that the singular circumstance mentioned in the paper are fac's.—ED.

has imagination been more alive to the supernatural, or more industriously displayed in the careful preservation of their legendary tales, delivered as they are from one generation to another through the aid of no other medium than oral tradition.

If we pass from the warm and cultivated regions of eastern mythology, and visit the cold and sterile districts of the north, we still discover the influence of superstition, holding, however, the imagination of man in a more rigid grasp. The character of Druidical worship, the immolation of human victims, the blood-rites that usually accompanied these religious ceremonies, together with those wild and dreadful legends which guarded their sanctity, were sufficient to stamp the disposition of those pagan tribes with every impression of the terrible and wild. To this melancholy source we may trace that veneration among the modern Germans for the marvellous, in all its unrelenting and supernatural horrors, and which manifests itself in all their romances and works of fancy, wherein the imagination is left to revel without control. This mental thraldom to the credence of invisible agency, which prevailed with little variation in all Europe, was, during the dark ages of papal supremacy, carefully inculcated by those spiritual guardians of men's consciences—the priests, who were well persuaded that there existed no domination over the mind like that of superstition, and that, whilst they could exercise this power, there was little to fear. But it must be confessed, from the national constitution of our own country, this spiritual domination was of a much milder and more attractive nature than that of other countries of the north. When we look back upon the days of chivalry and romance, the baronial castle resounding with warlike preparations, we feel the association of monkish superstition, so inseparably interwoven, that without it half their interest would be wanting. There was scarcely a castle or old manor-house but had its traditionary tale of wonder, and a family ghost seems to have been an indisputable sign of aristocracy in the "good old times." Even in the present day, who is there so free from a slight leaven of superstition that does not, while traversing the silent aisles of some dismantled cathedral, or wandering round the ruins of the untenanted castle, but feels a sensation, he knows not why, that compels him for the time to yield to the popular belief, and to confess a veneration for all those legendary marvels connected with the memory of days of yore. Say what we will, even in our own matter-of-fact days, there is yet a kindly yearning after the good old times and all its deeds of marvel and horror.

To come nearer, however, to what in this respect may be called modern times. It is not long since when the interposition of supernatural agency was a doctrine of almost universal belief. It was even considered as a foundation for certain physical results; for Burton in his curious work entitled the "Anatomy of Melancholy," in speaking of the causes of that malady, gravely produces witchcraft as one, and learnedly sets to work in building a theory thereupon; for this, moreover, the most ample and salutary provisions are afforded by our laws, by virtue of which the good and philosophic Judge Hale piously condemned two, tried for witchcraft at the Bury

assizes, and in pursuance thereof they were executed for the edification of all well-disposed believers in ghosts and spirits.

There is a case of still more recent occurrence at Chelmsford, in which a man was tried and condemned for a supposed murder on certainly very strong circumstantial evidence; but that which was more relied on, even by the judge and jury as conclusive, was the accused party having touched the body of the deceased, whereupon blood immediately flowed from the wound! By good fortune, however, the condemned man escaped from prison, went abroad, and did not return till it afterwards came out that the victim was not murdered (in a legal sense), but killed in an affray with another person, he himself having been the aggressor. Indeed, so fond are ghosts and apparitions of our own beloved country, that it is, comparatively speaking, but within a few years that they have taken their last farewell of us, which they must have done with aching hearts, they having been so long cherished and defended by our great grandsires. It was impossible for them, however, to endure the blaze of philosophy and bustle of commerce; whilst intellect in its rapid strides, threatening to kick these venerable beings to a place I dare not mention, they made virtue of necessity, turned to the right-about, and departed like voluntary exiles for ever. It is true we hear of a haunted house now and then; but this is nothing, the mere shade of a ghost—the spectre of modern times are nothing to your goblins of antiquity when supported by church and state. But now should a vagrant goblin dare to molest a peaceful neighbourhood, he is either treated with contempt, or bound over to keep the peace before some civic dignitary.

Within the last century some of our gravest, best, and most learned men were firmly impressed with the truth of the existence of spiritual visitations. Among this number we may reckon Dr. Johnson, Doddridge, Wesley, Lord Lyttleton, Sir W. Scott, "*cum multis aliis;*" and taking the doctrine for the purpose, and in the light in which they viewed it, there can be no harm in the belief, especially when divested of the absurd fictions, which from length of time and vulgar credulity have been permitted, like sordid patchwork, to flutter about it. The idea that there are guardian spirits from the unseen world continually hovering around our path, accompanying our lying down and rising up, cannot fail to inspire the breast of a good man with reverence and awe, attended, however, by an undefined feeling of delight and inward gratitude from a secret consciousness that he is the object of such unceasing protection of beings, concerning whose disembodied nature he can form but an imperfect conjecture. The idea which the royal lyrist entertained on the same subject was agreeable to this doctrine—"He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." Again, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him." Equally poetic, and perhaps borrowed from the same source, is the well-remembered couplet which calls up the recollections of childhood—

"I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed."

The late John Wesley, and many others, seem to consider that although the doctrine may be a mistaken one, yet there may be some danger attending the radicating the belief of ghostly visitation, and the existence and possibility of apparitions; for, as long as such a persuasion holds possession of a man's mind, so long scepticism may be defied. On the contrary, it is one grand object of the infidel in making converts to prove, by means of physical logic and philosophical principles, the impossibility of their existence. This done, the impossibility and absurdity of miracles succeed—a denial of revelation then follows as a matter of course—and thus, although for the sake of argument the doctrine of spiritual intercourse may be one of error, yet seeing that it has been upheld and countenanced by the wisest and best of men, there is less harm in embracing it than, by putting it aside, of becoming a prey to scepticism and infidelity.

With this view of the doctrine, apart from the idle gossip tales of elfs, bogles, brawnies, and the whole fraternity of fairy-land, the persuasion that there are troops of ministering spirits haunting our path, employed as agents in the unseen world, or as instruments through means of which the Deity, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, is pleased to employ in our behalf, is neither unreasonable or wanting in probability. Taken in this light, I say that the idea is calculated rather to inspire devotion, and a religious sense of the goodness of our Maker, than a superstitious dread of those phantoms which owe their origin to the harsh appalling rites of our pagan ancestors.

With respect to *dreams*, although, generally speaking, they may be considered as the wild vagaries of the fancy let loose from the control of our judgment during the dormant state of the physical powers, yet a remarkable faith has been observed in almost all ages in the circumstance of their being chosen as a medium for disclosing some important event that has baffled perhaps the most diligent investigation. It is almost unnecessary to cite the numerous instances in Scripture of the divine visitation by means of dreams as well as visions, &c., and which, from their import, could not have been the result of mere physical causes. The Greeks and Romans were clearly imbued with the same belief in the truth of nightly visitation; and hence we read of many important transactions that are said to have been brought about by the instigation of some divinity.

If we again soar from classic ground, and alight on our own isle, we may still find innumerable traces of this early impression. I do not now advert to those of vulgar belief, arising probably from the influence which monkish ingenuity possessed over the mental condition of darkened Europe by means of pretended miracles, dreams, and visitations; but I speak now of that sober and implicit faith which some excellent and learned individuals have possessed, whose refined taste and classical attainments have given lustre to the age in which they lived. I have been led to these reflections from a circumstance that transpired many years ago; but still, as it was somehow connected with part of my own family, and related circumstantially and faithfully by those whom I was ever taught to venerate and respect, I may be excused if I refrain from turning into ridicule

the memory of those who, strongly impressed with the truth of what they asserted, felt bound to give credence to occurrences when aided by the testimony of their own senses.

My grandfather, who was a clergyman, and held a small living in the county of Suffolk, was one of those upright, honest, and useful members of the establishment who effected much good in a quiet way. He was, moreover, one of your trustworthy men whose word was his bond, and whose sturdy love for veracity displayed itself in all that he said or did. His promise, once pledged, even to a beggar, no moral power could induce him to forgo its redemption. There was an old cow-leech who lived in the village; of him and my grandfather it was facetiously remarked, that they together told more falsehoods than any other two persons in the parish. This was true, nor was any one misled by this witticism, as every one knew my grandsire too well to believe him capable of an untruth; so on the contrary, they were fully aware of old Chris. Crupper's ability in filling up both their measures in that particular even to the overflowing.

My grandfather had an elder brother, a substantial manufacturer, of whom he ever spoke in the highest praise, and in a manner which showed that his esteem arose no less from a consciousness of his personal merits as a man than his feelings as a brother. It was the habit of my grandsire to visit us annually, or oftener, as his duties permitted him. On one of these occasions he was accompanied by his brother, who at that time lived at a distant part of the kingdom. He was an elderly man, portly, and somewhat magisterial in his appearance, but of gentle manners. I can just remember his person—he wore a well-powdered wig, with three tiers of curls, a Lord Townley-cut coat, hugh flaps to his waistcoat-pocket, and a pair of immense silver buckles in his shoes. As he sat after dinner in a cumbrous arm-chair, enjoying the soothing influence of his pipe and tobacco, he looked the very picture of honest old English luxury. I might, however, from lapse of time, when aided by no other *technica memoria*, have forgotten both him and his appendages of wig, flap-pockets, silver shoe-buckles, pipe, and all, but for two circumstances; his having presented me with a handsome silver watch, and his recital of a tale, in which he was himself concerned when a young man, and which for years afterwards was deeply engraven on my mind, on account of its mysterious development of a dark and diabolical transaction. Years, however, passed away, and my great uncle died, and even the tale itself began to fade from my memory, and made me sometimes fancy that as I was at the time it was related but a child; the whole might have been a mere fiction, and that I had jumbled it up with some other tale of mystery, of which among nurses and domestics there is no lack. It happened, however, the last visit my grandfather (who lived to the verge of extreme old age, but is now gathered to his fathers) paid us, the conversation taking a ghostly turn, I reverted to the story which my uncle had many years ago related whilst sitting after dinner in the very arm-chair then occupied by my reverend ancestor, and requested the latter as far as his memory would permit, to give a circumstantial detail of the whole affair, which he did as follows:—

"Although a period of some length has intervened since the adventure to which my brother alluded took place, yet it has ever since made an indelible impression on my memory. After the same manner in which your uncle related it to you, so he did to me when the matter had just transpired. I was then at college, and as often as I have had conversation with him as touching the singular adventure, he has never varied in the substantial part of his narrative. He was at that time the junior partner of an extensive manufactory, and in that capacity was appointed to travel a certain round every year. As he was recently married, his wife usually accompanied him on these occasions. It happened at the close of one summer's day, or rather towards nightfal, he arrived for the first time in his life at a small obscure town in the northern part of Suffolk, and alighted with his wife at the Commercial Inn, which happened to be just at the entrance of the place. As he was a stranger, and withal fatigued with his journey, he determined to betake himself to his supper and then to repose; accordingly, having given the necessary orders, which were promptly obeyed, he dispatched his meal and soon retired to rest—resolving, like a thrifty man of business, to spend the next morning amongst his customers. He was not long before he fell into a profound slumber; but during his sleep he had a dream, which, although by no means extraordinary in itself, yet from the events that followed, and its singular coincidence with those events, might be considered as one of those wonderful instances of a providential interposition in the affairs of men, for the purpose of revealing a series of crime which has long remained buried in oblivion to all but the criminals themselves. He fancied that he had just alighted at the very inn in the middle of the day, and instead of entering the house, he amused himself by walking up the town and observing, with the curious eye of a stranger, every thing worthy of notice—he came to the end of the main street, and turning the corner to go down another, which appeared to lead out of the village, the parish church came in sight. After pausing a minute or two to mark its structure, he went on following the track of the second street, until it led him into the high road, the opposite end of the town by which he entered. He continued his walk, however, till he reached a lane; feeling as if urged on by some strong impulse, he turned down its narrow winding till he reached a cottage of miserable and desolate appearance. He entered the garden, where nothing met his sight but a well—but on looking down, he saw to his horror the resemblance of a human skeleton. When he awoke, he endeavoured to shake off the disagreeable recollections of his dream by calling to mind the various engagements of the day, and as it was high summer and a clear bright morning, he rose early for the purpose of taking an airing and enjoying the freshness of the cooling breeze. Being as I said before a man of business and activity, he did not suffer the unpleasant nature of his nightly slumbers to disturb the duties of his waking moments; accordingly, having dressed himself, he saillied forth on his morning ramble. The sun was mounting brightly in the clear blue firmament; the birds chirped merrily from the trees, and the lark soared high and gaily leaving a

train of song behind him, whilst the sweet air borne over fields of clover and meadows of newly-made hay brought freshness and hilarity to the waking world. It was now about seven o'clock, and as my brother strolled along, sniffing the morning air and turning his eyes from one side to the other, scanning the busy apprentices opening their shops, and house-maids scouring the steps of the doors or rubbing the brass knockers that glistened in the morning sun, something struck him that the shape and appearance of the street and houses were not altogether strange to him, and as he passed along an indistinct idea of something like the present scene floated across his brain. 'Surely,' said he to himself, 'there is something marvellous in all this; I cannot have seen this town before, and yet it somehow calls up an association of former ideas.' He had now reached the end of the street, and as he turned down another at right angles a church presented itself directly opposite him; he started, and for the first time his dream shot across his recollection. He stood gazing for a few seconds wondering at the strange coincidence; he then walked onwards and every step brought something that bore a striking resemblance to the objects of his dream. 'Am I dreaming now,' he inwardly exclaimed, with a slight degree of trepidation creeping over him, 'or is the whole scene to be realized?' He now felt himself as if spell-bound, and giving way to the impulse he hurried on till he reached the identical lane. Nature was pouring forth her richest beauties; but the sparkling fields and feathered choruses were unheeded by my poor brother; he was not a superstitious man, and was too much a man of the world to enter deeply into the metaphysical doctrine of spiritual agency, yet as he told me, he felt as if under the influence of enchantment. Although, as he expected, he found the hovel at some distance down the lane in the same condition that he had seen it in his dream, yet when he beheld for the first time its dark and lonely aspect, he started from the loathsome spectacle associated as it was in his dream with a deed of foul mystery. He essayed to reconnoitre the garden, which seemed cold, dark, and neglected, and expected every moment to behold the well, but was disappointed—this one object was wanting to perfect the prophetic vision.

As he returned to the inn a thousand strange thoughts came crowding upon him. He could not feel satisfied at the idea of abandoning the adventure so singularly commenced, and at last came to the conclusion of sifting the affair to the very bottom. While they were at breakfast, his wife, observing his unusual abstraction, eagerly inquired the cause, whereupon he related the whole of his mysterious adventure: at her suggestion he was induced to call in the landlord, that he might furnish them with what information he could respecting the house and its inhabitants. The host immediately attended the summons, and, after asking several unimportant questions, which were answered with a circumstantial detail in proportion to their insignificance, my brother came nearer the point by inquiring to whom the cottage belonged which stood by itself in the narrow lane, and what the character and occupation of its tenants. The landlord looked rather surprised at the apparent interest which so wretched a

hovel had excited in his guest; and answered, that he believed it was inhabited by an old man and his only daughter, but such was their mode of life and unsocial habits, that few knew or cared about them, separated as they were from all the town beside, by situation and unneighbourly feeling. This account rather stimulated than allayed my brother's curiosity; and, having finished his breakfast, he resolved to call at once upon the magistrate, in order that he might obtain further advice upon the matter. He just reached the door as this official person was stepping into his carriage. My brother requested a few minutes' audience, which the other, seeing perhaps from the earnestness of the demand that it must be upon a matter of some moment, politely assented to, hoping, however, the conference would be brief, as business of importance then demanded his attention: the other was not long in delivering his errand, for he had a peculiar habit of telling a tale in a straightforward manner, without the aid of simile or metaphor. At the close, however, the magistrate seemed struck with its singularity, and regretted that he could not afford him his personal attendance at the investigation; but, if it were his wish, he would allow a couple of constables to attend him in any search he might be inclined to make. To this proposal my brother readily assented; and, having thanked the magistrate for his politeness and attention, went, accompanied by the two officers, who had already received their instructions from their superior. The trio soon reached the cottage, and entered the patch of ground by which it was surrounded. Here they were met by the old man, who, in a surly forbidding manner (upon the constables making known their intention to search his house and premises), told them 'they might do as they pleased.' They entered the abode, where every thing wore the appearance of extreme misery; they examined every place to no purpose, for they could find nothing of a suspicious nature, and every effort to discover the least signs of a well were unavailing. Having been engaged for some time in a fruitless labour, they were about to return, much to the disappointment of my brother; when it so happened, that a number of people, whose curiosity had been moved at the appearance of the constables going on some official errand with a strange gentleman, followed them to the spot. By this time there were about a dozen collected, besides a proportionable complement of children. It soon became rumoured among the wondering group that the object of investigation was the discovery of a well.—'A well? a well?' exclaimed an old woman, pressing forward—'why, what can they want with it—there has been none to my recollection for nearly forty years? I remember it, however, as though 'twere yesterday, and many a time have I and Gaffer ———'s daughter amused ourselves by throwing down stones to hear the rolling echo that sounded like thunder.' This was sufficient to call up the feelings of my brother to a fresh state of excitement.—'Where was the spot?' said he, eagerly. 'Where?' re-echoed the old woman—'why, as near as I can guess, you are now standing over its mouth.' 'It must be so,' he mentally answered. Upon this piece of information they went to work with renewed ardour, and by the assistance of the by-standers the earth was soon cleared away, till

they came to some planks and brick-work closely cemented. A pick-axe, however, being procured, this obstruction was soon removed, and the aperture was distinctly seen.—'I thought that must be the spot, or I was much mistaken,' said the old informant, as she moved away, thinking, doubtless, it was merely some caprice of the owner in having the well re-opened: 'he was a cursed old fool for blocking it up, and thus give himself the trouble of trudging a quarter of a mile every day for fresh water.' It was some considerable time before they could fix the apparatus for a descent; but when the grappling irons were fastened, and the rope let down, there was a breathless silence in the interval; the line was drawn up several times without any thing but rubbish attached to it. At length, however, something heavier than usual was laid hold on by the grapplers—an uncouth box, or trunk, was drawn up, scarcely held together by reason of its damp and rotten state. They managed, notwithstanding, to land it; but when it was broken open, a sight presented itself that filled the by-standers, who were not prepared for the spectacle, with horror—it proved to be the skeleton of a child!

"The sensations of my brother cannot be described.—'This is a foul deed, neighbours,' observed one of the constables—watch the body a few minutes, and we will return.' They instantly darted into the cottage, secured the old man, who, although past eighty years of age, made an obstinate defence. They succeeded, however, in binding his hands, and, leaving him to the charge of two men, recommenced their search in the apartment. In a little time they had removed a pile of faggots, and other lumber that lay heaped up against the wall, and here they found, crouching like a hunted cat, a woman about sixty, of wretched appearance, the daughter of the old prisoner. It seems that at first sight of the officers she had, from a consciousness of guilt, thus secreted herself. The whole village was by this time gathered round the house, each one having something to say, and withal declaring they always entertained a suspicion that all was not right. The prisoners were brought before the same magistrate whom my brother had met in the morning. On their examination, although the older culprit maintained a dogged silence, yet the woman, overcome by a sense of her situation, confessed the child to have been her's by her own father;—that shortly after its birth they conspired to destroy it; and, to prevent detection, secured it in a strong box, and threw it down the well—then, by way of further precaution against any accidental discovery, they closed its mouth with boards, and bricks, and garden-earth. They had lived together ever since like two proscribed spirits, shut out from all intercourse with their fellow-men. A crime so dark and revolting, accompanied with so many extraordinary circumstances which led to its disclosure, created a strong sensation at the time among the inhabitants of the little town, who looked up to it as a special instance of the finger of Providence, in appointing a stranger to become the discoverer of a crime that had been committed among them nearly forty years previous. It remains only to be said that the guilty parties were tried and executed at the county town shortly after; the house was pulled down, and the well being filled up, the whole premises was laid out

and made part of an adjoining field. My brother, who usually visited that town twice a year for a considerable time afterwards, always found a warm reception from the magistrate and the principal inhabitants of the place; and it was through the interest of the former that I obtained the living, and have preached so long in that very church which formed so prominent an object in the landscape of my brother's strange adventure." F.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

I NE'ER may mark the spot where thou dost lie;
Upon a mountain's brow they've raised thy tomb,
In a far land beneath a southern sky,
And shrubs, they say, around, and flowrets bloom
In rich profusion. And the red round sun,
When o'er the heavens his proud career is run,
Doth pour his tend'rest splendours o'er the sod,
And hallow it with loveliness most sweet:
But ah! by foreign foot that turf is trod;
And foreign eyes those touching hues must meet.

II.

At the deep midnight hour I think of thee,
When roll the stars upon their silent course,
When the deep shadows of a world to be
Come o'er the soul with their subduing force.
And as I mark the countless orbs of light
Softening away the darkness of the night,
I marvel which may be thy radiant home;
Where in celestial beauty clad on high,
Thy glad voice mingles with the hosts who roam
Those fields of light, in solemn jubilee.

III.

Oh! in that hour of dread, and doubt, and gloom,
And solitude, and silence, when the soul
Would fain o'erleap the boundaries of the tomb,
And pierce the clouds that round its empire roll;
And memory, the magician, from their caves
Calls the pale ghosts of vanished hours, like waves
From the dim ocean of departed years:
Thronging and thick athwart the aching sight
They come, and mock us with our hopes, our fears,
Our smiles, our sorrows, and our earliest tears.

IV.

Oh! in that hour of watching hath the long,
Long yearning of my over-burdened heart
Burst forth in words of passion wild and strong—
Oh! come to me, my friend, where'er thou art!
Come, as in other times of happiness,
In all thy sweetness, all thy gentleness;
When thou couldst smile away my griefs, and scare
Afar the miseries of despair and gloom,
And gently smooth the wrinkled brow of care;—
Come and reveal the mysteries of the tomb!

A VISIT TO THE GREAT ST. BERNARD,

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1833.

THE ascent of the St. Bernard occupies generally a period of about ten hours; it is merely, what it has been called, "a secondary Alpine pass." There are, of course, objects of considerable interest on the route (for in what part of Switzerland are there none?); and, besides peculiar attractions, the scenery here partakes of that majestic character, which will be found more or less to distinguish all mountainous districts. Here, to be sure, are not the glaciers of Chamouni, or of the Oberland; but the eye lingers on many an Alpine torrent, hurrying from mountain to rock, and from rock to hill; with some, the amazing volumes of water come thundering at once down some declivity, rising again in the purest vapour; while others come frothing over ledges of rock thousands of feet in elevation; and you may see rainbows, coming and going with the sun, sit hovering in its spray. There, too, on the hill-side, repose the huge pines and mighty timbers, all rotting together in confusion, where they have been prostrated by the storm; and on every side are to be seen gigantic masses of rock, the natural supports of which having been undermined by ages, they have been precipitated by their own weight, and slid off bodily into the vale below. Now and then, too, a report from the rifle of the chamois-hunter breaks smartly upon the ear, re-echoed from a hundred points; and sometimes, though of course more rarely, the hunter himself may be seen descending from the heights, in the dress peculiar to his vocation, and with the animal he has killed swung around the body. Even the numerous goats, and the stray cattle with their enormous bells, bring with them the interest of association, adding life to the solitary grandeur of such a scene; and not unfrequently the imperial eagle of the Alps, that terror of the goatherd, darts forth into view from his lofty retreat, or sails impudently about your path.

About half way lies the hamlet of St. Pierre; here it is usual for the traveller to seize the only opportunity that offers of rest and refreshment, unless, indeed, a desolate hovel; which the avarice of some individual has erected still higher up in the mountains, can be called a place of entertainment. On quitting St. Pierre, you begin to feel the real mountain air, and to wrap your cloak more closely around you, for the elevation is already considerable, and becomes every moment progressively greater. Beyond this point, too, the path is more liable to be missed, as the great landmarks of mountains on either side no longer serve as guides, and preclude the wandering of travellers. The great danger now is the concealment of the track by snow, for if there be any foul weather in this cold region, it will of course be a snow-storm; and now, at last, the head of the mountain is itself visible, towering some thousands of feet above the clouds, if clouds there should unluckily be; but if it could be seen as I saw it, on the clearest of Octobers days, with its snows beautifully set against a deep-blue sky in the back-ground—perhaps nature could not pre-

sent a more sublime object than the St. Bernard—unless, indeed, it were its loftier neighbour, Mont Blanc itself.

Reaching the spot where the monntain rises more abruptly, the traveller must prepare himself for a rougher and more careful ascent; not unfrequently he will find himself compelled to climb up with hand and foot the different steeps that present themselves. There is much sameness and little interest in this occupation; but it does not last long before a low-roofed shed becomes visible, on the right of the path, which is styled "The Refuge." This hovel, which is nothing more than four bare walls, with a roofing to them, and without even a door to the entrance, was built for the temporary reception of such travellers as are too late to reach the Hospice that day, or are too fatigued to proceed farther; the building, such as it is, is also useful in case of accidents: here the servants of the Hospice, accompanied by the dogs, lie in wait every day, when the season is unfavourable, for the relief of travellers; and should they not return at a certain and fixed hour, it is concluded at the Hospice that something is wrong, and the monks, one and all, go forth in a body, with food and restoratives, to their assistance.

About a stone's throw from the Refuge, but standing more off from the path, is another lonely shed; this is the bone-house; as the distance from this spot to the Hospice is somewhat considerable, it was found necessary to build here a receptacle for the bodies of those who had unhappily fallen asleep in the snow, or had been killed by avalanches.

The first view of the Hospice breaks suddenly upon the eye, when but a stone's throw from its bleak-looking walls; it seems to start up suddenly as it were from the elevation on which it stands, having about it a comfortless naked look, and unrelieved of course by a single tree or even shrub. The materials of which it is composed are from the rock on which it has been built, and the only natural advantage it possesses is the neighbourhood of a lake, which is ice more than three-fourths of the year: it is the highest habitation of the known world, and said to be upwards of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The pass by it into Italy is a saving of two days. On the steps of the door generally may be seen lying one of the celebrated dogs; the moment you are in view, you are welcomed with the deep and peculiar bark of these animals, and having once noticed him and thus introduced yourself you are friends forthwith; it is even prudent to do this, for I was afterwards told that in the event of neglecting it you are sure to be watched by the animal during your stay, and perhaps suspected to be what you ought not to be. As I approached the building, my attention was particularly attracted to three or four Italian boys, who were gazing about the premises with intense curiosity, though they were but lightly clad, and stood shivering in the pityless blast of these mountains, with their arms folded over their breasts; they seemed to be feeling for the first time the immense difference between the atmosphere they were in and that of their own sunny Italy; one of them had a monkey for a companion, another a cage of white mice, and a third music; they informed me in the house that these boys came across the mountain in

such shoals, upon their way to England, that it has been found imperative from the scantiness of provisions to allot them only a certain portion of food each. They also sleep three or four together in one apartment.

A few yards from the Hospice itself stands the charnel-house, a low square building, distinguished only as to its exterior by a massy grated window. Here repose, and have reposed for centuries, the bodies or bones of all those who have met their fate on this mountain, from frost or accident. Decomposition goes on, of course, very slowly here, and though the floor of this apartment is covered to some depth with confused bones, yet the bodies which still stand against the walls, or lie reclined in great numbers, are in a state of wonderful preservation; the flesh still remaining upon the bones, has the appearance of shrivelled parchment, and, notwithstanding the number of bodies, the nicest sense of smelling could detect nothing offensive. But the eye is the organ that is offended upon entering this dead-house: the teeth, and hair, and even eyes, still remain upon all that have not actually fallen to pieces, and the expression of the countenance, yet more horrible in death, is still there which it had in the moment of dissolution. The more general expression is that of grinning (the effect of extreme cold upon the jaws); but there are some faces among them not to be overlooked, which give horrible evidence of the acutest suffering. There is one corpse, in particular, of a woman enfolding in her arms her infant child; she is in a kneeling attitude, and the expression in the face of the dead betrays the most extreme mental anguish that could be conceived. Even in death the child is folded to the breast with a mother's last grasp, and it never was attempted to loosen it. In the centre of the room, upon a shell a little elevated, lies the last victim of death in his winding-sheet. The body at present there is that of a servant who died some years ago—there being no other burial-place even for the domestics of the Hospice. The monks themselves are, of course, buried in the vaults of their chapel.

The fraternity consists of fifteen persons, including a principal; their ranks are supplied, in case of death, from the priesthood in the canton below, and, though it would seem to be a change for the worse, yet it is looked upon as promotion to become a brother of the convent. The brethren are obliged to go down at intervals to recruit themselves in the valley, either at St. Pierre or Martigny, for otherwise it has been found that the human frame is incapable of standing such a continued siege of frost. Certainly, the existence of such an institution as this, and the fact that men can be found to live under it, speaks highly for humanity; for, in fact, what higher effort of philanthropy can be carried? The monks seem to spend the greater part of their day in prayer, and service appeared to be constantly going forward in their chapel. Their profession of faith is Catholic; but, be their creed what it may, these ecclesiastics seem to comprehend the true spirit, and practise the best part of religion—"love towards one another." For the entertainment of their guests no charge whatever is made by these hospitable men, and from the poorer or larger class no remuneration of any

kind is expected. There is, indeed, fitted up in the vestibule of the chapel, a box (having in its lid a small aperture) "for the benefit of the unfortunate," and it is usual for the richer visitors to testify their gratitude in this way; but even if the proceeds of this collection were applied towards supporting the expenses of the establishment, they would supply a very inadequate fund indeed. Provisions and even fire-wood are forwarded from Martigny, of course with great labour and at considerable expense; and for such purposes the mules and servants of the society are under the necessity of descending the mountain every day. There is always an average number of guests to entertain, for even if the weather be too unfavourable for travellers to make the pass, then the persons already there are *snowed up*, and must of course be fed and catered for during their stay. The truth is, such an establishment is not, and never could be, maintained by the chance contributions of any passing strangers; a tax is laid in the first place upon the inhabitants of the Valais, perhaps in the shape of provisions; and secondly, it is supported by bequests and the liberal donations of patriotic individuals.

We must not forget to mention, casually at least, the dogs of the convent. The appearance of these celebrated animals, and the duties allotted to them, have been so often described, that it is perhaps needless to be diffuse on the subject here. Many are the lives reported to have been saved through their assistance; they effect, in short, what human aid never could contrive. By their wonderful instinct they are enabled to discover and trace the path, however concealed by snow. They roam over the mountain day and night, and should they fall in with any poor wretch who has wandered from the tract, or who is disabled by accident, they either lead the way for him as a guide, or fly back alone for assistance. It is reported that the original breed is lost; but this is not admitted at the convent, and at any rate the present race seem sufficiently sagacious and efficient for the duties assigned them. There are now but five of these animals employed, but they are far from being scarce, and when untrained may be purchased by strangers for a sum varying from two to six napoleons. The mountaineers, and even the peasants of the vallies below, are often to be seen with a dog of St. Bernard attendant upon them, and do not at all scruple paying the value of so noble a companion. The dogs are never bred on the mountain, in consequence of the severity of its atmosphere; but there is a kennel for them at St. Pierre, and again another at Martigny.

On reaching the Hospice, travellers are immediately received with the greatest hospitality, and every want is attended to; a bed-chamber is allotted to each person, but in consequence of the extreme cold in these upper apartments, the guests are cautioned not to remain there (unless it be for repose) any longer than is absolutely necessary. They are afterwards ushered into the antique looking saloon, at the entrance of which stands a fine slab of black marble, having on it a Latin inscription, and erected by the republic of the Valais in gratitude to Napoleon. The saloon, or receiving chamber, is a curious wainscotted apartment, having about it a very monastic air, but a little spoiled, as it seemed to me, from the presence of

several fantastic trifles from Brighton; the gift probably of some well-meaning lady, who has reached the convent. In this apartment you are left to amuse yourself till six o'clock, the supper hour (should you arrive before that time), and there are not wanting several objects of interest to engage the attention. The Album of St. Bernard, or traveller's book, is a curious record of facts and opinions. In this it is usual for every one to write his name, and whatever else his fancy or gratitude may dictate. It does not seem to have been kept for more than three years, or if it has there has been sad depredation committed upon its leaves by the autograph-hunters. I observed there in particular, one grateful acknowledgment coming from a whole family, who had been saved from probable destruction. It was dated in the winter of 1832.—This family, it seems, was crossing the mountain into Italy, when a snow storm came on, and they wandered from the path. They fell indeed over no precipices, but most of the party were up to their arms in snow, and in fact, had given themselves over for lost, when the dogs came upon them.

Adjoining the saloon is a small room or cabinet, containing coins and other Roman antiquities. These were all dug up near the Lake or on the site of the present building, where it seems in the time of the Romans there was a temple to Jupiter. Among the coins I noticed a gold piece with the head and superscription of Romulus. Here are also a few good pictures, and I perceived in one of the frames Landseer's fine engraving of the Dogs of St. Bernard, which the Holy Fathers are not a little proud of. It is clear, however (as they themselves observe), that the artist could never have been at the convent, or if he had, he has sacrificed truth to effect. There are no trees of any description on the mountain. The outline given of the building in the distance is as unlike as may be, and the costume of the monks is very unfaithful.

At the hour of six you are received at supper by one of the monks, who do the honours in rotation. I was fortunate enough to be present when this was the principal's office. There were, besides myself, two American gentlemen, who had ascended that day from the Italian side. The monk addressed himself attentively to each of us in turn, and had about him so little of the recluse that he seemed rather the courtier and man of the world. Every information we could seek he was ready and even anxious to afford; and as we naturally desired that which was *local*, he willingly gave us every particular of the establishment. The substance of the conversation has been already laid before the reader.

It is the custom of the monks to retire betimes to their cells; the time of going to rest is of course left optional to their guests, but it is easy to see they would be more pleased by keeping early hours,—and no one is very anxious to keep watch after a toilsome day's journey.

In the morning those who can rise in time, may be much gratified by attending service in chapel; and it is considered a compliment to do so: here, too, is a fine monument of General Desaix well worthy

attention; the General was buried in this spot by order of Napoleon; the monument itself being forwarded from the French capital.

After the service, we were received at the breakfast-table by our entertainer as before; he afterwards sent a domestic for a large bunch of keys, and obligingly offered to shew us whatever else was attractive in the house. The library contains an extensive collection of valuable and rare books; many of them, however, seemed to be in manuscript, and somewhat venerable. There is also another cabinet of natural curiosities upstairs, having, besides, an excellent electrical machine, and several valuable miscellanies, presented, I was told, principally by American travellers.

When we had thus seen all, the principal of the convent took leave of us kindly;—for it is expected of course, should the weather permit, that you proceed on your journey, and make way for new guests. Such, then, is this admirable institution, the Hospice of St. Bernard;—a spot, not only interesting from historical association, but which all who have visited, can hardly fail to think better and more nobly of their species!

I. F.

Geneva, Oct., 1833.

TO A DREAM.

Tell me, bright vision of the fleeting form,
Did'st thou dive in my wounded heart, and shower
On its iced griefs thy talismanic power,
Like a sweet halcyon brooding o'er a storm,
To teach me that I was not quite misgiven;
That lips of love, and eyes divine, entrancing
Still o'er love's starry firmament were glancing,
Shedding their splendour o'er that burning heaven!
Beautiful spirit! thou did'st flood my heart
With gentle thoughts and aspirations healing;
And virgin hopes their flushing cheeks revealing
All that the sweetest visions could impart:
I'll rend the veil that shadows love's light skies,
Again woo rosy lips, warm cheeks, and sparkling eyes.

P. V.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

THE meeting held on Wednesday, the 19th, at Exeter Hall, in support of the Labourers' Friend Society was, both in itself, and still more, perhaps, in the reflections and hopes which it was so eminently calculated to inspire, one of the most important and interesting that had taken place within the whole month, not to say the whole year. This did not, indeed, seem to be the opinion of the press, part of whom did not condescend to notice it; while those who did, did it so very slightly as scarcely to do it any service at all: a thing the more to be wondered at and regretted, as they are said to be uniformly favourable to its object, and a great part of the expenses of the society consists in disseminating the knowledge of it by publications. It is much to be regretted that the remarks of the meeting were not taken more at length, which would have given a further and more lively idea of the advantages of this excellent institution than any mere summary statement could do. They were important and interesting from the character of the speakers in a double respect. First, in coming from persons who had had the largest personal experience, and who were, therefore, best qualified to speak, both with knowledge and feeling, on the subject; and secondly, and still more (what is particularly deserving of attention, and excited, in a degree, perhaps, altogether unprecedented on any other occasion of equal importance), as exhibiting a *perfect* co-operation and unanimity not only of spirit and sentiment, but of action, in persons who differed from each other on almost every other question which it was possible for good men to differ in: a circumstance which was alluded to, though not in as profitable a manner as it might have been, by several of the speakers. It is the singular and, we believe, unique advantage of *this* institution, that while it possesses the most powerful recommendations to all well minded persons, it has not one single objection against it, as was observed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells in his excellent speech at the meeting.

But any one would do great injustice to this society who would imagine (what its modest title might lead many persons to do) that its only object or effect was to improve the condition of the labouring classes. Though this itself would be a most laudable object, yet it would not be one of that powerful and commanding interest that ought to excite a sensation over the whole kingdom, and make every individual anxious to contribute his mite in whatever way he can—whether by money, influence, or publication—to so excellent and universally extensive an undertaking. Well did the Bishop of Bath and Wells observe that it was quite astonishing and inconceivable to a person who had not seen its effects what a quantity of good was produced by so simple and quiet a means. In whatever point of view it be considered, it will perhaps be found the most affective means that has ever yet been devised for improving the whole population of England—not only the agricultural but the *manufacturing* (a fact testified by the most unsuspicious authorities, namely, persons interested more particularly in the *latter*, Lord Morpeth in particular at this meeting), and not only their condition but their *cha-*

racter, and that, too, in a *variety* of ways; first, by attaching them, not in the literal but moral sense of the word, to their own soil, giving them an interest in, and fondness for, it—a circumstance which, though apparently overlooked by the generality of political economists, is of the highest importance to that which is the primary object with every sound philanthropist, the real and not apparent happiness of the population; secondly, in inspiring gratitude and goodwill in the humbler classes towards the higher, and yet without any sense of humiliation or dependence—a circumstance beautifully dwelt on in the speech of the Bishop of Litchfield, one distinguished for good sense and philanthropy in the highest degree, and the best of all made at the meeting (though not given by a single one of the papers, except the *Morning Chronicle*, and which gives it as that of "a *Reverend* Gentleman, whose name we *could not learn*); thirdly, in giving them habits of industry, morality, and religion—the natural consequence of the first; and all these, be it remembered, are *facts* and not theories.

But besides these advantages in the *object* promoted by this institution, which are shared more or less by other institutions, it possesses in the *mode of attaining it* advantages altoger unique and unparalleled by any other. In the first place, there are very few measures in which all persons—even well-meaning persons—can even *agree:* such as reform in parliament, in law, in the church, the poor laws, the corn laws, and innumerable other things. But secondly, even where they do agree in approving of the object, yet it is generally one that cannot be attained but *at the expense of some other good:* thus the money spent on schools, hospitals, charities of all sorts, is so much *given up* to that object, and therefore necessarily detracted from some other; in short, in order to benefit the poor, the rich must be contented to lose—but here we have not even that—for the poor man is enriched (besides being benefitted in still more important respects) without the rich being the poorer for it—a most singular and important feature, and which was pointed out with merited emphasis at the meeting. And what is more, this is true not only literally but morally; for while the former acquires additional independance and self-respect, the latter loses nothing; but then it is a relation of mutual good-will and attachment, like that of the head and the members of a family, in which authority and distinction is without oppression, and respect without servility. In short, it is exactly that relation which ought always to exist between the rich and the poor, and in which the latter are decidedly happier. It is, in fact one of the happiest expedients that ever was hit upon for making the interest of all classes amalgamate.

But we may hope there is a better motive than interest on both sides, and that, if several have been led to patronize this scheme at first from such a motive, the effect has been similar to that produced by the preaching of Dryden's incomparable "Parish Priest,"

> "And fools who *came* to scoff remained to pray."

So in this case, those who had been led to patronize it on calculation of good to themselves, have caught the contagious enthusiasm of benevolence and generosity, and found their greatest reward in the good

they have *done*, not that they have *got;* and thus a way has been paved for the introduction of better feelings on both sides, through the connecting link of the half-selfish virtues of gratitude on the one side, and the self-approving pride of good deeds on the other. Certainly we were much deceived, if any one of the speakers at that meeting were not actuated, or fancied themselves at least so for the time, by a spirit of pure disinterested benevolence, unalloyed by any grosser considerations; and if all the bishops had always spoken in the House as the two representatives of that body did there, there would be no propositions made for relieving them of their parliamentary labours, or, at least, it would not have met with so favourable a reception from a large party within the House, and the almost unanimous support of the press out of it.

But interesting and edifying as this sight was in itself, it was still more so from the reflections and hopes to which it was calculated to give rise. Several of the persons present did indeed observe the pleasure they felt from being able, in this instance, cordially to co-operate with persons from whom they were obliged to differ, and even to oppose on most occasions. But the reflection is capable of being extended much further. It is not indeed to be expected that that unanimity which here so happily prevailed, and which it were to be wished should exist on all *important* questions, will ever exist, even on such, although we may perhaps hope yet to see it in a much greater degree than at present. But one thought presents itself very strikingly. If persons opposed on many points can yet bring themselves to unite on some, why may they not also differ and oppose each other without bitterness or animosity? This may be at once attained if they can only bring themselves to believe that their opponents are acting conscientiously. This would be at least drawing the sting of political hostility. And be it observed that this would be doing much even towards clearing the way for positive agreement in opinion and action; not of course absolute, but to a much greater extent than hitherto, so as at least not to hear any person giving, as a reason for voting against a measure, that another had voted for it. And thus might we reasonably look forward to a nearer realization of that which Lord Anglesea designated "a union of all that is good against all that is bad."

The moderate party possesses one signal advantage over both the extremes, even though it were inferior in numbers to each: namely, that by occupying the middle ground between two irreconcileably hostile extremes, it can throw its weight into either scale if it thinks proper, and gain many deserters, too, as it has done, from the two extremes; but then it should never be forgotten, as it very often is, that this enviable position can be kept only by a steady course, moderate because consistent; not vascillating and doing things by halves, which some of those who act, but very few of those who look on, mistake for moderation. Another advantage which they possess in a most signal and incontestible degree, but which they seem infatuated to neglect in the most unaccountable manner—

"Fortunati nimium sua *si* bona norint!"

—is that alluded to above, that their *real* ultimate objects (and theirs

alone) are those that the other party *profess* in theory, while they deny them in practice—an inconsistency which would be fatal to the latter (at least in *argument*, the way in which their contest are generally carried on, especially in the House) if the former at all knew how to take advantage of it. Thus, for instance, if the talk about the sacredness of vested right were combatted on its proper ground, the absurdity and immorality of *founding* right *on* wrong, instead of the slippery and unsound ground of utility, they would be clear masters of the field; whereas they must often feel humiliated, even in carrying a measure, that they are forced to rely for their only defence on a subservient majority. It would also be as easy for them to prove that their objects are in unison with Scripture as with justice; but this, too, they never have the sense to take advantage of, not even when reproached with going contrary to it.

To give one signal instance of the way in which they might make use of the principles of their opponents—there is one principle in which both will agree (and which was strikingly impressed at the meeting), that it is at all events better that reform, if it be at all, ought (except in cases of conscience) to be granted by the higher orders with a good grace rather than extorted by the lower; and that a concession granted with evident reluctance is almost always injurious—more so at least than if willingly given—witness Catholic Emanciptaion. Had this argument been used, joined with an appeal to the *ultimate* principles of the opponents of reform, it would at least have gained a great advantage in argument, and probably have done something even to strengthen their cause.

BRIAREUS AND THE BULL.

It is a glorious day in fair Seville,
Or Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea;
When the assembled Dons prepare to kill a
Bull, 'mid the pageants of old chivalry.
What heavenly eyes flash forth from the mantille,
And rain their influence on the grand melée!
And what sweet lips applaud the sport so gory,
That English ladies faint to read in story!

Loud is the gladsome murmur of the throng,
Piled round the smoothed arena's wide expanse,
When the plumed cavalier is borne along
On veering steed, with nicely balanced lance,
Before the lord of lowing herds, that strong
And mighty in his terribie advance,
Rushes against him in his headlong course,
And gores the stomach of the flying horse!

Thelance hath fled—he writhes with agony;
Another—he is weltering in his gore:
In vain he spurns the earth, and furiously
Fills the wide air with his terrific roar:
In gaudy cloak of gay embroidery
Lo springs against him the light matador;
The scarf is flung, and flashes quick the brand—
The forest monarch rolls upon the sand.

And such the bloody sport of Spain! but thine
Is different, "island of the sage and free;"
Thou hast thy fooleries, but they incline
To gentler feats, sublimer in degree.
Thou hast thy bull-fights in another line,
The combats of the intellect so free;
When places serve for steeds, for lances words,
Quibbles for cloaks, and epigrams for swords.

Westminster's city now shows signs of bustling,
The cabs are rolling to St. Stephen's dome,
Police are scouring, pickpockets are hustling,
Reporters flying to their dingy room;
And up the staircase petticoats are rustling,
To gain the loop-holes that o'erlook the gloom;
All is commotion now, for lo! to-night
Th' Hibernian monster must be quelled in fight.

The Speaker 's seated, and in close array
Th' assembled senators are packed around,
Exulting in the prospect of the fray,
"No seat I ween for lated wight is found."
This night will compensate for long delay,
This night their long crossed wishes shall be crown'd;
And the great giant, stretched upon the floor,
Close his career, and agitate no more!

The signal's giv'n, and with delib'rate pace
Erin's Briereus strides amid the bands;
Awful and huge he lifts his dauntless face,
As threat'ning woe to church and state he stands;
While wide he flourishes thro' upper space
Shilelahs num'rous in his hundred hands,
With which "through Connaught, Lienster, Ulster, Munster,
"It is his pastime rare to make the fun stir!"

Scrawled o'er with hieroglyphics black and red,
A parchment girdle round his broad waist shone,—
The rent-roll of a kingdom! and his head
"The likeness of a kingly crown had on;
His feet were cas'd in brogues, with which he sped
From shire to shire when work was to be done;
And what was fitted most to make men quail,
From his huge r—p there grew a huger *tail*."

Him to encounter, rapid as the light,
Darts a spruce cavalier with headlong speed;
His casque, nobility; his armour, bright
Integrity; and office is his steed.
His glittering lance, his withering sarcasms blight,
And eloquence his terrible jereed,
And in his hollow deep-set eye there sate
A look of unextinguishable hate.

Onward he came careering, and he cast
His lance against the giant's brazen head
Right gallantly, and scathed it as he passed;
Shouted the throng applauding: fierce and red
Briareus' eye-balls glared; in volumes vast
Writhed his great tail in torture, as he bled,
While his shilelahs, with a whirlwind's power,
Fell on the knight's casque in a wooden shower.

He reels, he falls; away, vain youth, away!
Trust to the swiftness of thy practised steed.
Ho! to the rescue: in embroidery gay.
Start the light matadors with ready speed,
And round Briareus' open flank they play,
Watching the moment they may make him bleed.
Sudden he turns, nor sword nor cloak avail,
Before the wild gyrations of his tail.

But then in turning, in a way particular,
His tail and legs got tangled awkwardly,
So that he could not keep his perpendicular;
But flounder'd, like a ship struck by a sea.
The knight beheld th' obstruction thus reticular,
And dashed against him with a savage glee,
A single thrust—and lo! upon the floor
Erin's Briareus welters in his gore.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

It must be with unfeigned delight that every lover of humanity must have read the statements which Mr. Stanley afforded to the House, of the success of their measure of Emancipation. Whatever qualms some might have had from having heard old women's stories relating to the obtuseness and doggedness of the Negroes, of intractibility of disposition, and insensibility to kindness, and such like absurdities, which an interested few have vainly endeavoured to propagate, there is not a kinder hearted race under the sun than the Negro, with humane treatment, or more patient under hardship. Their reported incapacity, and inferiority of intellect, we are inclined to treat as idle fables,—we are continually hearing their humour quoted with effect.

A story is related, by Bryan Edwards, of a negro who fell asleep, and not waking when called, a companion jogged him, exclaiming, "You no heree massa call you?"—"*Sleep,*" said the poor fellow, and again closing his eyes, "*Sleep no hab massa.*"—The following anecdote is perhaps of a more original cast:—A tradesman came to town with his negro, and being disappointed in not receiving some money he expected (no unusual thing in Port of Spain), the man on asking the master for something to eat, received for reply—that he must wait a little, as he had then no money." "*No hab money!*" said the man, whose wit had evidently been sharpened by a visit to the grog-shop, "*dat somebody who no hab corn, no hab business for keep fowl!*"—"Have patience!" said the master. "*Hab patience!*" retorted the negro, "*patience wid full belly sabby tell hungry belly 'keep heart?*"

Negroes are said to be as fond of set speeches as professional orators; yet amidst their verbose and tautological harangues, we meet, if not good argument, at least that which resembles, and even supersedes its necessity—that is to say, acute illustration. Does a negro wish to express that it in folly to brave danger unnecessarily, this he will not do by mode and figure; but will at once say—"Crab what walk too much go 'na pot." Does he wish to indicate that oblivion generally follows the death of any one, he says,—"When man dead, grass grow at him door." Nor are there wanted instances of a higher kind of eloquence. An old negro having been beaten by a young one, the former was called to give an account of the transaction. Instead of coming directly to the point, he brought a little negro child—a little woolly-headed knave—and holding the ebony-skin'ed infant up in one hand, spoke to the following effect:—"Do you see this boy? When that man (pointing to his opponent) came from Guinea no bigger than this child, he was given by the white people into my charge; when he called for his father I consoled him; when he wept for his mother I dried his tears; when hungry, my plantains fed—when weary, my bed supported him; until my kindness drove both father and mother from his memory, for I was both to him. For this I am well repaid! 'Nourish a young serpent, and when big enough it will sting you.' Now he has grown as tall and stately as a Palmiste, while my own hair is as white as a cotton shrub, he abuses me, he curses me, he strikes me! Ah Cudgo, Cudgo! 'tis not me you insult, *'tis the ghost of your father!* 'tis not me you curse,' *tis the spirit of your mother!* 'tis not against me your impious hands are raised, 'tis against Heaven!"

A Question for the St. Simonians.—At the Warwick assizes, on Friday, March 7, William Ross, aged seventy-four, was found guilty of the murder of a woman with whom he had cohabited. The sentence of death, which was passed in a most solemn manner, did not appear to cause the slightest emotion in the prisoner. On going from the bar, he said "he had lived a long life,—that he could not expect to live much longer, and that he might as well die now as at any other time."

It is a remarkable fact, and in stating it we rely wholly upon our memory, but the impression is as strong, and, we believe, as accurate as if we had made a list of these peculiar cases of murder, and then drawn the average, that out of twenty cases of murder, occurring between men and women, fifteen of these twenty violent deaths take place between parties cohabiting merely, and not being married. We hear much sarcasm at, and sometimes censure of the marriage-tie; but how will the decriers of this moral, or religious, or merely legal contract, whichever they choose to consider it, get over this startling truth? The proportion of number of the two classes, the cohabiting and the married, are, we should think, as two in two hundred: how is it, then, that the proportion of violence ending in death is so much larger in the one case than in the other? Let the St. Simonians answer. But, no doubt they will, or will attempt it at least—for those sorts of puffy theorists are always wiser than ten men who can render a reason; and if you beat them with one truth, they have always forty falsehoods with which they can outswear you, and make the fools who are their jurymen hesitate and deliberate whether truth herself is not a liar.

The Parlour Schoolmaster a little abroad.—Every ale-house has its oracle—every public-house parlour in London has its parson (not to speak it profanely). He is commonly a gentleman of much more impudence than intelligence; but his admirers do not discover this, and, if he leads them wrong in nineteen instances, he leads them right in the twentieth. It is with one of the nineteenth we have to do. A parlour party was disputing the meaning of the word *succedaneum*, which we see continually advertized: many ingenious guesses were made at it, but all was doubt till the Sir Oracle at last arrived, and a general smile of joy spread round the room as he entered, and hung up his hat, which was of the rustiest, on the usual peg, having carefully dusted it with a decentish sort of handkerchief enough. "We're glad you're come, Mr. O' something, for now we shall *larn*. You're a scholar, Mr. O'———; what's the meaning of this word here?" showing it to him in the column of advertisements. Mr. O'. looked twice at it as though he was bothered, and twice he scratched his head, and paused; and you might have heard a pin drop. An Irishman always will give an answer, and if he does not happen to be the right one, which is very probable, wait a bit, and he will try again, and still be as far off the mark; "Faith! then ——no; och! then, I'm bothered: yes, it is, sure enough! *succedaneum?* It's a *Latin* singular for *succeed any how!*"—Need we say, the parlour was pacified!

Suckling Senators.—"Lord Milton presented a petition from a parish in Northamptonshire, praying for the repeal of the Malt tax. In consequence of the decision of the House last session, upon the motion of the Hon. Member for Lincolnshire, with respect to the Malt tax, and the course Ministers were now pursuing, he should, although with great pain to himself, *withdraw from them his support.*"

Heaven preserve us from such a calamity! Lord Milton is, we believe, just of age, that is to say, he is a biggish sort of boy. We have no objection to youth—it is a process which all men must go through to arrive at age: but we do most solemnly object to big boys assuming the attitude and airs of men of years, wisdom, and weight, and standing up in their place in Parliament, and talking this and threatening that to Ministers, either popular or unpopular, merely because they happen to be sprigs of nobility, and have found upon that account, and that account only, a small constituency foolish enough to send them among the commons of England. We once had hopes that a Reformed Lower House would no longer be considered as a sort of seminary for Lord Jacky's training for the Upper House; but that hope, with a many others of a like kind, is past. Any one who ever entertained delusions upon that head has only to take a bird's-eye view of the present 658 members, to see of what sort of fractions that almost useless "tottle of the whole" is now compounded—the greater part of them mere whipsters, just out of their academic gowns, and in their fourth or fifth pair of manly pantaloons—youngsters who, if right was right, and reform really was reform, should not have so much as a vote for members of that house, much less be themselves members. And these Parliamentary "babes and sucklings," who are not old enough to trust themselves "to go alone," usually catch hold of the leading strings on one side or the other, to keep themselves from falling; and whether they lay hold of the right string or the wrong one, their weight pulls the state balance to the one side or the other; and we all know and feel the expensiveness of keeping up this Parliamentary nursery.

Genuine Nativeness.—The solemnity of a Court of Justice is continually endangered by Irishmen. The following anecdote was told us as having occurred at a County Assize. "An Irishman was lately brought up for trial at a County Court, for having "kilt" his bosom friend in a fray. Pat, as soon as he was placed at the bar, protested, by all the saints in the calendar, that he would not be tried by a jury of all Englishmen—let him have half and half of each country, and he would be hung with all the pleasure in life. The learned judge, entering into his feelings, said, if he had any objection to any party or parties on the jury, he might *challenge* them. Pat's love of pugnaciousness aparkled in his eyes at this information; and turning to the jury box, he looked defiance at them, and politely remarked that it would not be "the illigant thing to pick and choose, so that if they had no particular objection, he would challenge the intire of 'em, and lick 'em in the bargain, provided his honor's worship would stand by and see fair play."

Musical Amateurs, high and low. — The rapidly increasing predilection of the English people for foreign novelties is not the least remarkable "signs of the times;" and nowhere is this passion carried to greater excess than in music and the theatres. Like all other fashions in England, there is no limit to it. No English artist

can be supposed to sing, and no instrument can be endured in any other than foreign hands. The humbler classes have caught the infection. Any fellow tricked out with a feather and a cracked guitar will command an *audience*, while itinerant *native talent* may "waste its sweeteess in the desert air."

We recollect sometime since reading Mr. Planché's entertaining "Tour by the Danube," when he speaks with a sort of operatic rapture—very excusable in a good lyric poet and dramatist—of the universal music he heard on either shore; the small family orchestras in every hut or cottage, the girls playing trombones, trumpets, &c. and other feminine instruments; the boys violins, clarionets, and "such like dulcet" discoursers of "most eloquent music." We must make allowance for the excitement which so new a scene and such pleasing accessories to it must beget in a mind of a tyro traveller, possessing moreover the right warmth of poetic temperament; but when he descants on the scientific skill which these cottage Viottis and Schmidts display in their performances, of four parts of his rapture we must yield him one part, and deduct the other three. That music is a mere common enjoyment or accomplishment with the humbler classes on the Continent than it is here in "merry England," we have no doubt; that it is superior, we deny.—Of course we do not allude to individual instances of perfection; for no one can for a moment deny the excellence and the superiority in a number of admirable foreign artists over our native professors. Nevertheless we have admirable men in our orchestras; they are not numerous, but where they are good, they are as good as the best; that they are not so considered by their countrymen is easy to be accounted for: prophets are not honoured in their own land—nor are fine musicians, save by the discerning few. We love "foreign wonders," and must have them: so be it; but let us not overlook the merit at our own doors—we shall not then have one word of objection to make to the growing taste for musical exotics; let it grow and spread, till England is the market for all the musical world.

But what we mean to contend against is the superiority of the humbler musicians of the Continent over those of our own shores. We have been listening to a band of Swiss players, male and female, all dirt, blue frocks, and cock's feathers of the dingiest hues. Never did a more squalid group meet our eyes; but we have not to do with their poverty, but with their talents; and these we deny. They have played some half-dozen waltzes in the most common-place, spiritless manner possible---in wretched time, and not always in tune; one or two of them sharp at most up to the unendurable, and the others flat down to the execrable. These people we must suppose to be fair specimens of the peasant bands of which Mr. Planché and others have rhapsodized so pleasantly: they have, perhaps, thought themselves above the average of their brother mountain players, else they would not have wandered so far to give us "a spice of their quality." We are quite satisfied as to the merits of those we have not heard by those we have. They play on instruments, but they are not musicians. They are gone, and we are not sorry to part with them. And now we listen to four English street-players---

trombones, key-bugle, violin, and clarionet. They have played five or six pieces of difficult execution in the exactest manner—linking their most subtle harmonies in one, and touching their most delicate points with a skill and finish which their Swiss predecessors could no more approach than a Christmas carolist can approach to Pindar. So much for prejudice!

THE SCOTTISH MARTYR.—Never did mortal man, saving Mr. Irving and Bow'sen Smith, so constantly oppose himself to what he considers the sins and vanities of this wicked world as this sainted baronet, and few have been so meagrely rewarded for their toil. If he is again discomfited—if the lieges will not be saved on any terms, we shall have the cracked-brained Quixote turning out to the road-side and trying his skill upon the traveller. We hope the seed may not fall among thorns, but that he may reap a goodly crop of saints. But to be serious—we really would advice poor Sir Andrew to let these Sabbath bills be handled by some one of a less zealous temperament; for good Sir Andrew is a man of too "cribbed, cabined, and confined" a mind to do any good in so important and delicate a subject—one in which the interests of this world and the next have to be equally weighed and adjusted, or else not touched at all. Sir Andrew looks only to the last; but with such eyes as, while they are shut to the Sunday indulgences of the rich, are wide open as day to the walking-out-of-town, tea-gardens, road-side-public-house, boating, and one-horse-chaise enjoyments of the middling and poorer classes. That this sacred day should be observed as sacredly as possible, we agree. That there are many things done, and many businesses transacted on that day which are not necessary to it, we believe. If for no better reasons than the refreshment, and the health, and the sanity both of body and mind, which one day's interval of repose between twelve days of toil and trouble brings with it to the overworked bodies and minds of this world, we should warmly approve of the seventh day being set apart, and even being compelled to be set apart for rest, and for such other solid purposes as lie between a man's duty to this world and his reverence for a better. But Sir Andrew would do more than this—he would compel more than this. He would make us observers of religion if he cannot make us religious. His countrymen are great observers of Sunday ordinances; you may walk through the cities and towns of Scotland at church-time, and they are desolate. This decency of deportment lasts till the close of the evening service, when every tavern is reeking warm with whiskey-toddy; and we have it from the honest confession of a Scotchman, that before "the iron tongue of Time has tolled twelve," there are more drunken men to be seen in the good city of Edinburgh, with its limited population, than you could meet with in London with its millions. So much for mere observances—for mere outside signs of decency, where "the inward and spiritual" grace is wanting. Would Sir Andrew bring us to this pass? If he would, let him try; but he will, as the lawyers say, "take nothing by the motion."

If Sir Andrew would confine his interference to such Sunday evils

as are a disgrace to a moral people, and a disgust to the decent and reflecting among all ranks—if he would let fly his religious wrath *only* against such splendid nuisances as the "gin-palaces," whose princely revenues are drawn from the very vitals of the poor, he should have our hearty commendation. *They* are at any rate unnecessary of a Sunday. It is quite enough that these poisoners for a penny should be allowed to rot the livers of the poor during six days of the week: they do not keep houses of refreshment for the traveller. The devil himself, if he were a wayfarer, would be ashamed to *bait* in them. The less, then, that they are open the better; the honest trader, selling a wholesome draught or dram, might thus have his turn; and if he broke the Sabbath by his trading, he would not break constitutions, which is something in his favour. Strike your harpoon into these leviathans of sin, Sir Andrew, and leave the minnows alone.

Church Sermons.—An advertisement appeared in the *Times* the other day to this effect:—

"To the Country Clergy.—Twenty manuscript sermons, *warranted original*, fitted for a country congregation. Apply—" to the house of a respectable firm of booksellers in Cornhill.

This advertisement of ready-made eloquence proves one of two things—either that the clergy of the Church of England are the most incompetent men in the world for their office, or else the most indolent, which is worse. If a vicar or rector, as the case may be (for we cannot imagine for one moment that lazy luxuries of the sort mentioned come within the narrow means of poor curates), is incapable of writing twenty sermons for himself (each one, upon a fair average, requiring perhaps twenty minutes to deliver it, and the whole taking twenty Sundays selected out of twelve months to go through the new purchase), he is incompetent, totally and entirely: if from gross idleness he snatches at this advertised bargain, what can we say or think of him? Why, the sooner such a drone is expelled from the clerical hive the better; for he is of less value to society than the pauper peasant who breaks stones at sixpence a day, but *finds his own hammer*. One word more—the Church of England affects to be surprised at the contempt in which it is held by some men, and at the apathy and indifference of others. Can these things be wondered at, when the obnoxious idleness of its members is thrust up to one's very eyes—advertised in Gath and published in Askalon? Look around at the dissenting world, and there you see men always diligent in their calling. Look even at the labours of that great Paganini of the religious world, Mr. Irving: one day preaching to Jews—the next, to the stage-cads and Jerusalem-pony proprietors of Hampstead; the following day, three times to congregations in as many several places; and all this without any fixed fee or reward! Twenty sermons such as those advertised, however "original" and "warranted" would go but a small way with such a man. One of his two-hours-long orations would swallow up some eight or ten of the twenty, "marrow, bones, and all!" If the church clergy, at least the indolent do-little-or-nothing portion of that body, are not ashamed of themselves, why

then "let the devil wear a black" gown and cassock, for he is the most industrious archbishop in the world, and looks much closer after his temporalities.

Rural Simplicity.—The bumpkins have always been a fund for our side-shakers; to wit the following:—A countryman was observed the other day, puzzling his "puppy brains" over a written direction, turning it this way, and that way, and every way, to no purpose, and then muttering, "What a 'nation cramp hand 'Squire do write, surely! I can't make un out! Wou'd you, zur, please?" He thrust the paper into the hand of a passer-by, and stepping back a yard, and taking off his round-crowned hat, garnished with turnpike-tickets, stood smoothing down his raven black hair, waiting in respectful attitude to hear the response of the oracle. "Not make it out!" exclaimed the reader; "why it's as plain as *print!*"—"O! be it," replied the raw, "that accounts for it—*I can't read print!*"

A Sprinkling of Stars.—The illustrious King of the Dutchmen has been enacting a farce at his palace of the Hague—were the H omitted, the name would be more appropriate.—The money-loving monarch cannot get over that rebellious attack upon his coffers—the secession of the Belgians. The Belgic provinces were very pretty pickings for him while they lasted; but the people tired of being plucked—and then was an end of it.—So it is with all the good things of this life, they seldom last long, and the monarch may console himself that he is not singular in that respect. And it must be confessed that his majesty was *a little hard* upon his faithful *Belges.* They had no King Log when they were favoured with him—theirs was the reverse of the frogs in the fable—if he did not actually devour them, he was much too active about the regions of their breeches pockets to be at all agreeable. We read in the *Morning Post* the following morsel:—

"We find an additional proof of the *kind consideration* of the King of Holland towards the *brave defenders* of the citadel of Antwerp. The official journals contain *another* list of persons on whom the order of knighthood has been conferred, in consequence of their having distinguished themselves on that momentous and trying occasion."

What is the English of all this?—simply, that his highness of the Hague having had his dance has now to pay the pipers, and he finds it much cheaper to pay his Dutch boobies in red ribbons than in sterling pensions; let his majesty alone when a cash measure is the order of the day—he is the best financier of any king in Christendom. We do not know how the *brave defenders* may relish this mode of payment—it is quite as much as they deserve; but people never estimate their rewards in proportion to their merits. Standing behind stone walls, and environed in case-mates of proof, requires no such vast hardihood; but we will not revive the old story. It is clear the monarch has been drawing on his wit to serve his exchequer—knights will be as plentiful at the Hague as pickled herrings; and the streets of Amsterdam will be like the "milky-way"—there will be no moving without jostling a "star."

THINGS THEATRICAL.

KING'S THEATRE.—We are glad to see M. Laporte again at the head of affairs. There are few who understand the management better than he. It would be unfair to criticise severely the vocal talent employed at the commencement of a season, or augur from it what may be in progress. Managers are generally under some difficulties at starting, and must put up with much, ere the season may be said to be in progress. But the ballet department is, even now, unexceptionable,—with Taglioni, Duvernay, and others of their class, M. Laporte may be said to begin where others would be glad to close.

The Stage continues barren. At DRURY LANE, we have had the political comedy of *The Minister and Mercer*, in which the translator has faithfully shown how polished French may be turned into ungrammatical English; and at COVENT GARDEN Irish, Welsh, and Scotch dancers, re-christened with French names, have pirouetted to a most thinking people.

The pleasant OLYMPIC is closed for the season: it would be too much to expect wisdom in a Lord Chamberlain; and therefore we must be grateful that he permits us to enjoy ourselves at an elegant and well-conducted theatre six months out of the twelve.

The ADELPHI has terminated a successful (in the words of the press people) "campaign" The prosperity of this theatre is a disgrace to the morals and the good taste of the metropolis. We have sufficiently analyzed the Adelphi stock pieces in our last. By the way, during the last week in Lent, when every other theatre was closed, Mr. and Mrs. Yates were *At Home!* We presume the managers must have great Court interest. Indeed, we have heard it whispered, that George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, was godfather to Mr. Yates. This may account for exclusive privileges.

At the VICTORIA the managers intend to follow up Knowles's play with a five-act Drama, by John Serle, who will play the hero. This is as it should be.

At ASTLEY'S, Wellington is to be made a feature of. Oxford and Ducrow seem just now to be the only friends of his Grace.

The SURREY, whose *Jonathan Bradford* has most successfully brutalized an English audience, is to be purified by the management of Mr. Yates, who, with his wife and Mrs. Honey (a most admirable actress of short petticoats), will act until Michaelmas. Since Elliston departed to the Church in the Waterloo Road, the Surrey, from a well-managed theatre, has become a public nuisance. During the reign of *Jonathan Bradford* it is said two butts of beer were nightly consumed in the boxes. However, Mr. Yates, with *Lurline* and "the nymphs sporting and bathing" may do wonders.

FINE ARTS, &c.

We attended the private exhibition at Suffolk Street Gallery on Saturday the 22d. Among an immense number of indifferent pictures, some of very great merit may be found, but portraits still predominate.

Our landscape school of painting appears to be in its greatest glory. We have no Wilson's or Gainsborough's, but we have Turner's, Callcott's, and Fielding's, Stanfield's Roberts' and Linton's ; the rich massyness of one side has descended to glittering splendour,—a momentary attraction in place of lasting beauties,— we see the beauty of the moderns at one glance—the others time shows us, the more we look the more we see.

In Linton's picture of "Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage" the power of our modern school is most visible, and this is where its beauty lies. We meditate with Marius, and deplore the fallen state of the great city ; its magnificence is seen at once. Had Claude or Wilson treated it, we should have felt the situation of Marius, but not the splendour of Carthage.

Roberts' "Moorish Town at Seville" is a good architectural painting, well-drawn and well-treated ; it has attractions that other facsimile pictures cannot boast of.

The "Head of Haidee" in Hurlston's large *canvas* is expressive ; the other figures are but indifferent.

There is an enchanting little landscape by Creswick ; the heat of the room caused a wish that we might for an hour or two be laid on the bank of that cooling water you have, friend Creswick, so well limned.

Like Sir Joshua, speaking of the Dutch painters, none are named but to praise ; we will finish then by writing the name of Mrs. Carpenter.

The last meeting of the artists and amateurs at the Freemasons' Tavern was badly attended, and indifferently lined with pictures ; there is little pleasure in viewing barren spots, and gracing tame meetings.

The Graphic Society had good attendance and good pictures. Mr. Wadmore exhibited a portfolio of original drawings, containing a capital pen-and-ink sketch by Rembrandt, two beautiful sets of human figures by Rubens, fleshy and natural. But the gem and curiosity was a coloured sketch by John Burnet, our great engraver, of the interior of a cathedral with monks and processions, on whom a rich light was thrown from one of the windows ; and this was began and finished in *three hours* without the aid of a pencil or friend to rub up his colours. If ever we wished to possess a great painter's sketch, it was this. Mr. Wood lent a three-quarter length of Miss Sheridan, of comic celebrity ; we would inquire of the painter whether the dress was made for the lady or the lady for the dress? The room was well attended, and furnished with some interesting drawings.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The third volume of Allan Cunningham's Edition of Burns has just appeared, containing many Original Poems hitherto unpublished: Illustrated with beautiful Engravings. By Cochrane and M'Crone, Waterloo-place.

Just Published, Part I. in demy 8vo. of the second edition of "The Architectural Director," with a Glossary of Architecture. By John Billington, Architect.

Also, in demy 8vo. "The Artificer's Complete Lexicon," for terms and prices adapted for Gentlemen, Engineers, Architects, &c. &c. By John Brunel, Engineer.

"An Address to the Nobility and Landed Proprietors of Great Britain and Ireland, on the Distressed State of the Agricultural Population, and the Baneful Effects of Absenteeism;" in which are displayed the Benefits arising from small Allotments of Land. By a London Merchant.

In the Press, "Analysis of the Defective State of Turnpike Roads and Turnpike Securities; with Suggestions for their Improvement." [By Francis Philips, Esq.

In the Press, "Necessity of a Commutation of Tithes, and the Means of rendering the Soil of the British Islands capable of abundantly supporting twice the amount of their present Population." Addressed to the Right Hon. Viscount Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c. By T. A. Knight, Esq. F.R.S. and F.L.S. and President of the Horticultural Society of London.

Preparing for Publication, "A Popular Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects," serving also as a Sequel to the "Introduction to Entomology" of the Rev. W. Kirby and W. Spence, Esq.: comprising an Account of the Habits and Transformations of the different Families; and a Synopsis of the British, and a Notice of the more remarkable Exotic Genera. Illustrated with several Hundred Figures, some of them coloured after Nature. By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., &c.

Nearly ready, "The Physiology, Pathology, and Treatment of Asphyxia," including suspended Animation in New-born Children, and from Hanging, Drowning, Wounds of the Chest, Mechanical Obstruction of the Air Passages, Respiration of Gases, Death from Cold, &c. &c. By James Phillips Hay, M.D.

"Sixteen Discourses on the Liturgical Services of the Church of England." By the Rev. Thomas Bowdler, M.A., 1 vol. 12mo. just ready.

A little work from the pen of Silvio Pellico, author of "The Ten Years' Imprisonment," and entitled "The Duties of Mankind," is now, we are informed, in course of Translation by Mr. T. Roscoe. It will contain, also, numerous additions to "The Ten Years' Imprisonment;" with Biographical Notices, by the Author's Friend, a fellow-prisoner, Maroncelli.

"The Modern Cambist, or Manual Foreign Exchanges." Second Edition, by William Tate.

"A New System of Commercial Arithmetic." By W. Tate, jun.

"The Young Muscovite," is just published by Messrs. Cochrane and M'Crone; translated by Captain Chamier from Original Russian Documents, giving authentic particulars of Russian Life.

The first volume of "Cowper's Life and Works" is in the course of publication by Messrs. Smith and Elder: it is embellished with an Engraving of the Poet.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

March, reversing his ancient characteristic, came in like a lamb, and is going out like a lion. We have had a peck of his dust, and the agriculture of our country is *ransomed*—at least, thus far ; for the weather, during several past weeks, has been most propitious to every operation of agriculture, and, notwithstanding the manifold distresses of the farmers, the utmost possible industry appears to have been exerted to get in the various crops of the season, if not in the best manner, yet in the best which a long train of adverse circumstances has left practicable : and this, we regret to say, with no very sanguine hopes of future indemnity. We regret also that we cannot honestly be the *avant-couriers* of good news ; but long experience has taught us the lesson that a mild winter, in our climate, has seldom been succeeded by a warm and favourable summer ; a fact to be reflected upon, and, as far as possible, provided against, by every cultivator of the soil. The immense benefits which the country has received from the March dust can only be equalled by those of the glorious and fructifying rains which have succeeded since the 20th, and which will put vegetation of all kinds into the utmost state of forwardness. Indeed the wheats, the rye, the grasses, the winter barley, and winter crops generally, are in a state of advance, which in some seasons we scarcely have witnessed on May-day. The woodbine, alder, and other early growing trees came into leaf almost immediately on the commencement of the month, and throughout the hedges have made a beautiful display with the white flowers of the blackthorn. There is much similarity, thus far, between the March of thirty-three and the present. Notwithstanding the moist and unfavourstate of the weather, wherever the land would admit of it, considerable breadths of spring beans, peas, wheat, Tartarian and other oats, were in a train of culture during last month, and finished early in the present.

The late dry weather must have had a very salutary effect in checking the inordinate growth of the wheats, which on all rich soils have exhibited a somewhat alarming appearance of winter pride and rankness, indicating the prospect of a larger crop of straw than of corn. This has induced many farmers to resort to the ancient practice of feeding of the wheats with sheep, and in some parts even with cattle ; a practice which we, as *drillers* especially, could never approve. But we must not forget our unfavourable auguries, during last Spring, respecting the wheat crop, which nevertheless proved one of the most plentiful which our land has borne. Its fellow in the present year would give a strange turn to our agricultural and commercial affairs. The lands, we should conceive, so far as the weather has affected them, are universally in the best possible state for carrying through the seed processes of the important month of April. The frosts and cold which have succeeded the rains will have a great effect in further checking the growth of the wheats, but will be most unfavourable to fruit and vegetation in general. The turnips, a generally inferior crop, where reserved, run to seed—of course retaining little nutriment for sheep, a loss not of that consequence which it would prove in a severe winter, the mildness of the present season affording so many resources. Hay, as in last season, is so abundant that the bulk of it must be again kept over year. As a pregnant evidence of the mildness of last winter, the Cheviot Hills in Northumberland were scarcely ever covered with snow throughout the season—an instance which has not occurred during the last twenty years ; and in the Lowlands not even a shower of snow had fallen.

Instead of an advance in the price of wheat and other farm produce, which was expected to take place in the spring, the reverse seems more probable; for which, indeed, many obvious causes seem to combine. The live-stock of the farm is the only species which can possibly make a profitable return; but, unfortunately, too many farmers have been understocked. Good beasts carefully wintered have sold well. As to horses, the story of years past may be very properly repeated—good ones, or the first class of every description, are ready money at a very high price; those of the second class are more easily come-at-able, and the last or ordinary kind a mere drug; yet even these are not to be had at the low rates which we have formerly known. Pork and bacon, which for years had maintained such an extraordinary price, and commanded such a ready sale, have, since last Michaelmas, suffered an equal depression—thanks to the unwearied exertions of the breeders and feeders of Ireland! the most flourishing commercial country of Europe, in the opinion of a noble lord. No doubt need be entertained of a sufficient supply of pork from Ireland, after the following statement:—"Between the 4th and the 10th inclusive of this month, were imported from Ireland to Liverpool, 6806 pigs,—also 464 cows, 144 sheep, 96 lambs, and 19 horses." The supply of the 10th, however, at this immense mart, is styled in the letter before us a scanty one; business very brisk, a considerable advance in price took place, and scarcely any thing remained unsold. Beef, 5½d. to 6½ per lb. Mutton, 7d. to 8d.

The lambing season is nearly finished, more prosperously of late than at the commencement, when a considerable number of both lambs and ewes were lost, the latter chiefly from the disease known by the name of the *heavings*—a disease which we never actually witnessed in sheep, but in former days, greatly to our loss and sorrow, in pigs; and, in all probability, the present writer, in the course of nine or ten years, lost more pigs by that disease, than many other man living. It is not so difficult, whether in pigs or sheep, to ascertain the cause of this disease, as to find a cure; but a substitute may be found, which is *prevention*. A very able and experienced flock-master, westwards, attributes the heavings in ewes to injudicious feeding immediately before parturition,—or it may arise from the injury the constitution of the ewes may have received from being wintered in wet and heavy turnip lands, up to the belly in mud and dirt. The early loss of lambs is said to have been atoned for by the unusual number of twin lambs. The wool market is rather at a stand, but the nominal prices remain the same, and will probably continue so until the next clip. Of the state of the hop-grounds we have yet received no information. The import of foreign wheat, except to be bonded, has entirely ceased since last harvest. Seeds and flour only are imported for market, whilst the exports of wheat and flour from London and Liverpool are rather considerable. There will be fine shelter for game upon the lands during the present spring, promising a successful breeding season. Lord Althorp's bill for the repeal of the house-tax will come into operatian from the 5th of next month.

The *Dead Markets*, by the carcase, per stone of 8lb.—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 6d.; Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 10d.; Lamb, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.; Veal, 3s. to 4s. 8d.; Pork, 3s. to 4s. 4d.; Dairy do. 5s. Game of the season at Leadenhall in sufficient plenty, and at reasonable prices.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 38s. to 58s.; Barley, 24s. to 30.; Oats, 15s. to 23s. The London loaf, 4lb. Hay, 50s. to 84s.; Clover do. 65s. to 95s.; Straw, 30s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 14s. to 17s. 9d. per ton.

Middlesex, March 25.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

LABOUR, WAGES, AND TRADES' UNIONS.

It is the misfortune of those that adopt an anti-popular opinion to have their motives mistaken by the unreflecting, and misrepresented by the interested. We have endeavoured throughout to advocate, to the best of our ability, the rights of the humbler classes of society against what we conceived to be the undue influence of rank and wealth. The unjust preponderance of this influence has been adjusted by the Reform Bill—a measure for which the country cannot be too grateful. Its wholesome effects we are already beginning to experience in the flourishing state of our finance, and in the general prosperity of our commerce. But as friends to real freedom, we are equally bound to discountenance a monopoly whether of wealth or labour; both are unjust in principle, and tyrannical in execution; we therefore feel it an imperative duty to combat such measures, however unfriendly the spirit may be in which our motives are canvassed by those with whom we would more gladly be upon terms of companionship than of opposition.

I. *On the Study of Political Economy.*

Much has been written during the last few years to urge the importance, and induce a study of what is termed the science of political economy. It is not our intention here to enter into a recapitulation of the arguments already advanced, nor to add any new ones to them, in recommendation of this branch of inquiry. Life being in this world the first object of every one's impulse, and life being constantly dependant upon external resources for its continuance, it becomes at once a subject of interest to all to inquire what those external resources are, and how they may be most profitably appropriated to our use. These considerations form the basis of political economy. It is, therefore, undoubtedly a study of the first and most universal importance; and it would seem natural that being a study of such universal application and such common interest, it should also be so simple in its truths as to be generally appreciable by the common understandings of mankind. And so it would be if men would but view it so. It is a study which every man who wears a coat or a pair of shoes, or eats his loaf of bread, is daily illustrating by those very means, and which he ought to be able to understand if he but thought of it as he should do; that is, as a study as simple in its principles as the very illustrations of it, which, as we have said, he is daily affording. Then why is it that political economy, instead of being looked upon in this useful and comprehensive light, is regarded by all as abstruse and difficult, and avoided by many as dangerous and fanciful? It is because those who have stood forward as its *professors*, and arrogated unto themselves the sole dominion in this field of inquiry, have hitherto gratified their vanity by treating it as a sort of charmed or fairy ground, instead of a vast mart of bread, and beef, and shoes, and stockings. To simplify what in itself was by

nature so simple, they first deemed as unworthy, and soon found an impossible task; but that which they could not simplify they have succeeded in elevating into some degree of doubt and mystery. By their theories not only have they rendered the subject itself one of some difficulty and complexness, but have so hemmed round the very portals to their speculative labyrinth with the niceties of definition, and distinctions, certainly "more nice than wise," that few thinking minds can pursue the inquiries they offer without doubting at the very outset upon matters which are wholly unimportant if not irrelevant to the subject. If our readers will take the trouble of opening any one of the treatises hitherto published upon this subject, they will find that the best half of the book is occupied by discussions of the above description, which have no concern with the facts or principles of the study itself, but only with the import of a few words, simple in themselves, which are attempted thus to be elevated into a technical preciseness. It is worthy also of remark that no two writers are found to agree upon the meaning of any one of these terms, and the consequence is that their several disciples are not only distracted by the verbal obscurity of their respective teachers at the very outset, but can have no community of sentiment between themselves, being deprived of a community of expression. A recent writer upon the subject,* who pretends to treat it in an especially popular manner, has not only encumbered his pages with a conflicting statement of all the definitions under which the study has been obscured by every writer from the time of Adam Smith to M'Culloch; but, as if that were not enough to impress his readers with the difficulties of the inquiry, has added, of his own free will, a series of what he is pleased to call "axiomatic principles," by which all the homely operations and the homely resources of mankind are pretended to be regulated. Suffice it to say of this attempt—first, that the "axiomatic principles" in question are not "axiomatic" at all, inasmuch as many of them, so far from being self-evident, are easily controvertible; secondly, that many of them are not at all applicable to the nature of the subject; and, lastly, that none of them are attempted to be used as principles of argument in the few really "economical" discussions which follow. The failure of this work, we believe, has fully shown the absurdity of attempting to elevate into a *science*, in the usual acceptation of the term, a *study* so simple in its truths, yet heterogeneous in its materials, and so irresponsible in its various agents—as that of political economy.

We are aware that it has been attempted by another writer† to represent the truths of political economy in their truly homely and simple vigour, by means of illustrative fiction. These publications have fallen into a vast number of hands, and have undoubtedly done much towards familiarizing the subject:—how far they are free from error in their doctrine, we will not now inquire. It has been thought, however, that the field is yet open to another class of labourers, who, without the adornments of fiction or romance, should endeavour to present the grand truths of the subject before the eyes of those who

* Mr. Poulett Scrope. † Miss Martineau.

are most interested in it, divested of the intricacies of theory, and the nicetics of definition. The subject of the present essay is LABOUR—its USEFULNESS, and its REWARD.

II. VALUE.—*Labour an ingredient of, but not the standard of value.*

"The word value," says Adam Smith, "has two different meanings, and sometimes expresses the utility of some particular object, and sometimes the power of purchasing other goods, which the possession of that object conveys. The one may be called *value in use*; the other *value in exchange*. The things which have the greatest value in use have frequently little or no value in exchange; and, on the contrary, those which have the greatest value in exchange, have little or no value in use."

For instance:—"Water and air," says Ricardo, "are abundantly useful; they are indeed indispensable to existence; yet, under ordinary circumstances, nothing can be obtained in exchange for them. Gold, on the contrary, though of little use compared with air or water, will exchange for a great quantity of other goods."

So much of definition we have quoted, without comment from acknowledged authorities.

"The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it. What anything is really worth to the man who has acquired it, and who wants to dispose of it, or exchange it for something else, is the toil and trouble which it can save to himself, and which it can impose other people."—*Adam Smith.*

"Labour was the first price—the original purchase-money that was paid for all things."—*Ditto.*

"Labour alone, *never varying in its own value,* is alone the ultimate and *real standard* by which the value of all commodities can at all times and places be estimated and compared."—*Ditto.*

We have quoted these passages not so much with a view of controverting their principle, as by way of shewing how they are susceptible of misapprehension and error on the part of those who do not thoroughly enter into the spirit with which they were penned. When Smith says, that "real value of everything" is the labour of acquiring it, he does not mean to speak literally and of individuals; he means merely to assert the grand principle that the value of the whole mass of useful commodities in the world has its original cause in the labour with which they have been converted or appropriated from their natural source in the bounties of creation. The above rules will be found to hold strictly good, if we consider them in reference to a society in its primitive state, when to live from day to day was the sole object of daily solicitude, and the result of daily labour. That man should live by the sweat of his brow, was the Almighty ordinance in the beginning; and there was a time when every man, literally and individually, fulfilled this injunction of heaven. In course of time, however, as population increased, and as the principle of acquiring and retaining property obtained, and as dominion was assumed and allowed to man over his fellow men, the prophecy

was less literally, though not less implicitly obeyed. Individual man does not always live immediately by the daily sweat of his own brow, but the community does, and must ever continue, to live by the accumulated labour of its members. As, in course of time, luxuries were added to the mere necessaries of life, and as amassed wealth descended from father and son without the purchase-price of labour, the richer man exchanged a portion of his goods for the labour of those who were poorer than himself, and dispensed with a portion of his superabundant luxuries, to avoid in his own person the general penalty of humanity.

This accumulation of commodities of exchangeable value is termed CAPITAL,—and capital therefore becomes an ingredient in the production of commodities, and consequently in their price.

Smith says, that "the real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it."—"the toil and trouble which it can save to himself, and which it can impose upon other people."

But the price paid by a man of capital for any particular service performed by a poorer man, is not to be considered as the precise sum at which he values his freedom from the toil of personally performing that service. Say, by way of example, that a rich man wishes to have his field dug. The price he pays the labourer for so doing we will suppose is two shillings a day. But it is evident that two shillings a day is not the precise amount at which he values his labour necessary for digging that field; for if so, upon the least advance of price—say to two shilling and sixpence a day—he would rather prefer to dig the field himself, than pay sixpence a day more than he valued his freedom from toil at.

Then, in this view of the case, what is there to prevent the labourer charging two shillings and sixpence, or three shillings, or five shillings, or any conceivable price, which the employer would be willing to give rather than work himself?—COMPETITION; there being always poor and unemployed hands ready, in case of such an exorbitant demand, to offer their services at a lower rate. Competition of the majority, therefore, as in the market of commodities, so also in the market of labour, is that which regulates the cost. And the more extensive the competition, the less will be the marketable price of the same labour at different points of time.

Labour in its application is so connected with different degrees of skill, and regulated by judgment, that in no two persons, in no two occupations, is it precisely of the same value. An imprudent man may spend much labour upon the production of a commodity which may be little esteemed by the rest of the world; and he will either find himself unable to dispose of it at all, or be obliged to exchange it at a price much less than he could have procured for the same amount of labour, had he directed it into more profitable channels.

The exchangeable value of labour, therefore, being fluctuating in itself, in regard to other commodities, cannot be considered in the light of the sole *standard* of value,—a standard being necessarily, by the definition of the word, fixed and unchangeable.

Under these circumstances we are rather inclined to adopt as the general definition of the word VALUE, that which Ricardo gives as the definition of value in certain things limited in quantity, as peculiar wines, pictures, antiques, &c., and assume generally, that the exchangeable value of all commodities is "wholly independent of the quantity of labour originally necessary to produce them, and varies with the varying wealth and inclinations of those who are desirous to possess them." For as in the case of scarce or unique articles, the price depends upon the inclination and ability to purchase of the buyer—so in articles of general consumption, the market price is fixed by the lowest price which a preponderating bulk of sellers are willing to take, and a preponderating bulk of buyers ready to give; insomuch that those who cannot afford, or do not choose to buy or sell on those terms, must go out of the market.

III. *The Market of Labour.*

The actual labour employed by the hodmen attendant upon builders in carrying bricks, mortar, &c. is much greater than that of the mason, who puts the materials together in the building; yet he receives less wages. The labour of the journeyman builder is much more than that of the master who superintends; yet the latter makes more by his day's business than he pays the former. The price which the master builder pays the journeyman builder for his day's work is not precisely what he (the former) would rather give than be obliged to do the work himself; the value of his own time is such that he would find it convenient, should necessity arise, to pay a considerably higher price for journeyman's labour, rather than do it himself. And if all hands were fully occupied in various businesses, and there were none to find as substitutes in case of any refusing to work, he would be obliged to give almost any price they might demand. This would be the effect of a monopoly; but such a monopoly never has and never can exist for any length of time in the natural course of things. It is true, and indeed it often happens, that, upon a sudden demand for any particular kind of labour, the price of that labour will immediately be somewhat increased beyond its usual standard. But it will continue at that advanced price at the utmost only so long as the increased demand exists; for immediately on the demand falling off, and there being less work than there are hands to do it, the most needy labourers will be willing to take the employment that remains at a lower price; and thus, by offering competition, oblige the rest of the craft to work for the same price. If, on the other hand, the demand should continue—nay, suppose even it was to go on increasing—the advance of wages could not continue very long. For idle persons, or some of those engaged in other less profitable sorts of business, would begin to turn their hands to this, and in due time offer a competition of supply, which must immediately reduce the wages to a fair, if not their usual level. Sometimes it will happen—such are the ever-balancing power and counteracting principles of nature—that by reason of the increased influx of hands induced by the temporary or increasing demand, the price of that particular species of labour will fall eventually below what it was before.

IV *Combinations amongst workmen cannot raise the market price of labour; their natural tendency being rather to depreciate it.*

If the whole labour of the country were fully employed in different manufactures, and a perfect unity and understanding were to exist, not only between the individual members of the different manufactures, but between the several bodies of trade, not to interfere or offer any competition with one another, they might increase their demand for wages to almost any conceivable price which the riches of the country could afford. Under such circumstances, combination would be successful for a time, in producing a considerable advance of price. But, fortunately for the world, and for the deluded persons who hope by combination to increase their wages beyond their fair exchangeable value, such circumstances never have, and never can be, found to exist. In the first place, the available labour of the country is not at any time fully occupied; and in the second place, whatever union or combination may exist between the members of particular trades, and particular grades of those trades, not to interfere with one another's profits, such an union can never be made to hold between the bodies of different trades, nor even between the different grades of the same business. If, therefore, any particular class of workmen were to combine and stand out for an increase of wages, and every individual of them were to agree, and stick to his agreement, not to work until such increased wages were given them, what would be the consequence? The master manufacturer would at the utmost be put to a temporary inconvenience;—the public would, perhaps, remotely feel the effects of that inconvenience. But it would not be long before a supply of hands would be found out of employment, or working in other trades, or in other branches of the same trade, at lower wages, who would gladly take the place of the refractory workmen. Their place would be easily filled up by hands hitherto in a still lower grade of employment, and at lower wages, till at last a quantity of new hands would be called into operation, from hitherto unemployed sources; whilst those who first refused to work are, probably, for a long time left to a precarious existence upon what resources they may have saved. But mark the consequence still further—for the change does not stop here. The refractory workmen being now—if they have had resolution to stand out so long—effectually forestalled by other hands, there is not the remotest hope of their getting the increased wages offered them which they demanded. But more—the market being now fully stocked with hands (as sooner or later it must be), there is very little or no demand at all for their services, even if they were willing to take employment on the original terms. There is now a double supply of hands in their particular department, and—such is the force of competition—that the instant they are reduced by poverty to offer themselves to their former employers, the price of wages must fall below what they were before; so that what with the competition of the new hands, who would be willing to take much less wages than they do, rather than the still low wages of their former occupation, and would therefore be continually underbidding them rather than lose their employment,—and what with

the natural disinclination of the master to discharge new and ready hands in favour of refractory and discharged persons, they would eventually be obliged to take employment at lower wages than ever, or live upon their own precarious resources, or *starve!*

Two cases in illustration of this principle have occurred in this metropolis within the last two months. The first was that of the stone-cutters employed at the new buildings in Charing Cross, who gave notice in the early part of the week of their intention to strike on the Saturday, unless higher wages were given them. Their employer met this announcement with very proper decision, and informed the men that he would not even retain them till the end of the week, but that as each man finished the piece of work he was about, he should quit the premises. This they did, when some of the ablest of the attendant labourers were invited to fill up their places, at the regular wages, which of course, being higher than those they had been accustomed to, they cheerfully agreed to. They soon became expert at the busiuess, under the instruction of the superintendant, and the old hands were effectually supplanted. The other case happened at the London Gas-works, where the men struck for wages, left their work, and the town was in consequence in partial darkness for one night. The next day an entirely new set of hands were called in; the old hands were excluded, and in the course of a few days they were reduced to the greatest distress.

V. *Combinations further considered. If they are successful for a time in raising the nominal rate of wages in any place, their natural effect then is to drive the demand to another district, or to another community.*

We have hitherto treated only of the principle of combinations, and have, we trust, succeeded in shewing that the natural tendency of such a system of organization amongst any particular class of workmen, is to induce a new supply of hands, who, if necessity should occur, would be prepared to undersell the old hands upon their again applying for work. This principle was so obvious a one, that its fatal influence could not have been overlooked by the parties interested in combinations of this sort; and, accordingly, their business has ever been to counteract this natural power of re-action, and by all possible means oppose the admission of new hands to supplant them in their several lines of business. In some trades these attempts have at once most signally failed, as in the case of the stone-masons, already mentioned; in others they have borne a better semblance of permanence and success. Let us now consider the peculiar circumstances which may tend to favour or discourage combination. It must be obvious in the first place that in any line of business which may be quickly learned, or does not require long practice and apprenticeship, a supply of hands may be procured much more readily than in another which demands a longer course of instruction. In the former case, combination would be obviously futile; it would be like a set of men fighting for a monopoly, having really nothing to monopolize. On the other hand, in a business demanding a certain degree

of skill—this very skilfulness, which is only to be acquired by practice, becomes a valuable qualification in the hands of him who has acquired it; and this he may monopolize by all fair means in his power, till another set of men have had time to acquire the same degree of perfection. When that time arrives, however, this temporary monopoly must necessarily cease, unless by other means the fresh supply of skill and labour is kept out of the market. This has been attempted to be done, in various ways, by intimidation, and by inducements of pecuniary advantage. Intimidation, which was at one time carried on to an alarming extent, has now been nearly effectually checked by the operation of a wholesome enactment. The other means of bribing or inducing labour to keep out of the market, is still carried on extensively and systematically. Almost every trade has formed itself into an union, with each a general treasury, supported by contributions from workmen in employ, for the temporary relief or support of those who are out of work, whether of necessity, or in conformity to the rules of the association.

An article in the last number of the Monthly Magazine contains a sufficient amount of evidence to prove the deplorable folly and utter inefficacy of these institutions. The evidence adduced before the House of Commons' Committee shows that in every case the objects for which these unions have been formed, have been defeated, after an obstinate resistance, worthy of a wiser and a better cause. At the risk of being thought almost redundant, we will now quote a few of these cases, in illustration of our arguments.

The history of the cutlers' trade of Sheffield is remarkable at once for the obstinacy with which the endeavour to force wages was carried on through a long series of years, and the total discomfiture of the combinators, in the event. Ever since the year 1810, the artisans engaged in the various branches of this trade have been either permanently or occasionally in a state of combination, for the purpose of raising or upholding wages. The most perfect organization was preserved amongst them, and the committee were indefatigable in their labours and inquiries, and met with the most liberal tolerance at the hands of the authorities, in the prosecution of what they considered their good cause, Nay, more,—the masters themselves have sometimes united, or at least concurred with their men, in this great scheme for bettering their condition. Yet what have been the result? The wages—though occasionally, and for very short periods, they have been forced above their natural pitch—have continued to fall lower and lower till 1831, and "have now reached a point of depression beyond the farthest to which they had ever before descended." But mark the result still farther. By these combinations the workmen of Sheffield have called up a formidable rivalry against themselves, and "are driving certain branches of the hardware trade from that town to other parts of England. The trade in plated goods, for example, has already in great part migrated to Birmingham, where the wages are not more than one-half what a combination amongst the workmen compels the Sheffield masters to pay."

A somewhat similar example occurs in the history of the carpet

manufacturers of Kidderminster, which we abridge from a respectable periodical*, who takes its facts from the House of Commons' Committee's Report:—The history of the strike in 1828 by the workmen in this trade reads an instructive lesson on the subject of combinations. The prices of carpets having been reduced in the market by the competition of the manufacturers in Scotland and Yorkshire, where the wages were about one-sixth lower than in Kidderminster, it became necessary for the manufacturers of the latter place to bring down the wages of their workmen to the same point. An announcement to that effect was accordingly made. Upon this, acting under the direction of the committee of their union, the weavers to the number of about 2,000 men and boys, all struck and left their work. The strike took place on the 25th of March. It is but justice to the workmen to state, that their conduct during the whole of this turn-out was perfectly peaceable; and it is, therefore, the more deeply to be regretted that, through an erroneous impression, they would have been led into a line of conduct which eventually induced so much misery upon themselves. After a short time, their little savings being expended, they were obliged to sell their furniture, and their sufferings became extreme. Even with all their sacrifices they were not able to hold out on their own resources alone. They were supported, it appears, by subscriptions from different parts of the country, which were distributed by the committee of the union, the allowance to a man with a family of three or four children being eighteen pence a week. A general meeting of the men was held weekly, at which the committee laid before them the state of their affairs. Discipline was enforced by strict orders issued by the committee; so that those who were inclined to work at the reduced wages were prevented by intimidation, if other means failed. In this way the turn-out was persisted in with obstinacy for some time, yet *the men were at last obliged, by absolute want and starvation, to give in.* They returned to their work about the middle of August, having been twenty-one weeks idle; and the only concession they obtained from their masters was an allowance of twenty shillings to every single man, and thirty shillings to every man with a family—a poor compensation for the five months' wages they had lost. But the consequences of this useless struggle did not end here. The masters made no profits during the continuance of the strike; business was at a stand still, and eventually both the weavers and the inhabitants of Kidderminster suffered considerable loss by the partial transference of the trade to other places, which took place during its suspension. The workmen themselves confess that the effect upon trade of their disagreements has been very bad, and that employment has never been so regular since as it was before.

The case of the shipbuilders and sawyers of Dublin is another, well worthy the consideration of the advocates of Trades' Unionists. We have not space to go into its details. Suffice it to say, that in consequence of the unreasonable demands of the workmen as to their own wages, added to other tyrannical restrictions as to the admission of apprentices, &c. which they tried to impose upon their masters, the

* The Companion to the Newspaper.

trade of shipbuilding, which was at one time carried on to a considerable extent at Dublin, has now been almost wholly driven away to other ports. And can we wonder at it, when the sawyers of Dublin stand out for wages at the rate of 4s. 2d. for the same work which is done at Liverpool for little more than half the money?

In the above cases it invariably appears, that where the system of combination has been introduced amongst the workmen of any particular district, it has had the immediate effect of throwing the demand for that species of labour into some other district, where the same circumstances do not prevail. These results, though they materially affect the relative interests of the individual manufacturers of those two places, will probably not extend their baneful influence to the national prosperity at large. The Sheffield workman is thrown out of employ, and industry at Sheffield is at a stand still. But straightway the orders which the Sheffield manufacturer cannot execute by reason of the combination amongst his men, are transferred to Birmingham, where lower wages are paid. The Birmingham workmen and the Birmingham manufacturers have increased business; and the capital which was formerly employed at Sheffield, is in due time carried to Birmingham. Under these circumstances, the workmen of a particular district are badly employed, but the public is equally well supplied with the article of their produce. But let us suppose a combination so extensively and so well organized, that no hands can be found throughout the kingdom to supply the place of the disaffected. Under such circumstances, the cost of that particular manufacture must be increased, and, as a necessary consequence, its supply must decrease, and not only amongst ourselves, but abroad. Foreign nations will be stimulated to manufacture for themselves, instead of importing from us; and the competition becomes one, not between Birmingham and Sheffield, or Manchester and Spitalfields, but between England and France, or Prussia, or Germany. The consequence is, that actual labour being from five to twenty-fold cheaper on the continent than here, the skill and practice being soon acquired, England is in due time deprived of her foreign customers—her export trade falls from her bit by bit. One illustration of this will suffice; it is contained in the evidence of Mr. Jackson, before the Committee of Manufactures:—

"I remember," he says, "after a journey to the continent in 1826, I obtained considerable orders for what are called the billet webs (a particular description of saw); we could at that time compete both with the German and the French manufacturers; but on arriving at home, business was good, and the workmen refused to manufacture these articles, excepting by a certain process, which, *being more expensive, rendered us altogether unable to supply the French market with that article. Since that, the French manufacturers have so much improved, that competition is out of the question.*"

It may be urged, in reply to this argument, that it does not apply universally, but only to such articles of manufacture as are generally subject to exportation. This is *prima facie*, a fair enough objection; and wishing to treat the subject upon the broadest possible grounds, we will endeavour to show that the principle still holds good in all

cases; though certainly more remotely in some than in others. Let us take an individual and well known instance, a trade which is spreading rapidly, not only in England but throughout the world—PRINTING. Why is it that French books are so much cheaper than ours—that butfor the prohibitory duties which is put upon their importation, books of English manufacture would be put entirely out of the market by a cheaper foreign supply? It is, that besides the greater cheapness of the raw materials, and the exemption from taxes under which the home manufacturer labours, the price of journeymen's labour in Paris is not much more than half what it is in England, whilst their expertness, and their perfection in the art being equal if not superior to ours, the result is eminently in their favour. Then why, it may be asked, is it, that in woollen, hardware, and other manufactures of a like kind, they do not equally excel us in cheapness as in printing; the raw material being equally cheap to them as to us, and labour so much cheaper? It is because the perfection of our machinery is as yet far in advance of theirs,* and that, consequently, with an equal number of higher paid hands, we are enabled, as yet, far to surpass them both in the quantity and quality of our produce. But what good grounds have we to expect that this superiority should continue for ever undisturbed? Why may not France, as she already equals us in the art of printing, one day equal us in the application of machinery to other purposes? There is not only no one reason to offer against such a prospect, but, on the contrary, experience already shows that there is every probability that such a state of things may not be far distant.

It is a notorious fact that the hardware manufactures, both of France and of Prussia, are fast advancing upon our own. In some of the finer articles of cutlery we are already in part supplied by France; and, on the other hand, the foreign demand for some of our articles of brass ornament, as those for doors, &c., has almost entirely been superseded by the competition of foreign manufacturers.

What is it that urges the foreign manufacturer to compete with us in our hitherto peculiar articles of exportation? why, the hope of making them cheaper at home than he can buy them from us. Then how should we best oppose such competition? why, by keeping our prices as low as possible, by every means in our power, not only in the cheapness of our actual labour, but in employing it by means of machinery to the most extensive advantage. There must, indeed, be "*a union*" amongst our manufacturers to enable us to bear up against the competition which rival nations oppose to us; but it must be a real union of interests, not of parties—a union of interests, not a clashing of them.

This brings us to another view of the case, and the final consideration, that:—

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* There is evidently another cause that operates in England to give us a superiority in cheapness and excellence of production over any other nation—and that is our command of CAPITAL. This consideration, however, is not essential to our present view of the case, and may be treated of in a subsequent article.

VI.—*Cheapness in the cost of a commodity does not necessarily incur low wages to the producer of it.*

We will grant, for the present, that in some branches of industry a combination among the labouring hands may tend to keep up their wages; that is, they will not work for less than a certain price;—well, nobody can force them to work for a less price than they choose, and if the manufacturer cannot get other hands to work for a less price than they demand, he must give them what they demand, or, mark the alternative,—*leave the work undone.* In a land of liberty no man can be obliged to work for less money than he chooses to take. Very true. But also in a land of liberty no man is forced to buy what he thinks too dear, or dearer than his means will afford. Let not the labourer in any particular trade suppose, that by refusing to work for less than a certain sum, he obliges the public to pay him that sum. No; the public will, if not wholly, at least partially, dispense with that particular kind of service, and the labourer will go unemployed, and unpaid. It has been fallaciously supposed that the cheapness of a manufactured article necessarily incurs the consequence of low wages to the artisan. That such is not the case hardly needs proof in the present enlightened age. The cheapness of the article certainly depends in great measure upon the cost of the labour bestowed upon it; but that price of labour depends not immediately upon the price paid to the individual labourer for his day's services, but to the quantity of that day's labour bestowed upon the particular article in question. If, by means of mechanical contrivance, a day's labour be made to produce twelve times as many of a particular description of article as heretofore, without the use of such machinery, it is evident that the expense of manufacturing one of those articles may be reduced twelve-fold, and yet the actual wages of the labourer remain the same. Thus the public is benefited by being able to purchase five or six times as many of that article as before, and the labourer may still be adequately remunerated for the hand he has had in its production. But the benefit of cheapness does not end here; it is a system of reciprocity which spreads its branches and their fruits throughout all the relations of society. If the stocking weaver is enabled to sell half-a-dozen pair of stockings for the price he formerly got for one pair; and the hatter to sell two hats for the former price of one; of course the stocking weaver can afford to wear two hats in the year instead of one; whilst the hatter walks about in undarned hose, having a dozen pair instead of a couple in his wardrobe. Moreover, he will perhaps be able to purchase commodities of a more luxurious kind, which he never could before.

But what become of those trades who refuse to join this general union of interests, and who jealously hold themselves aloof from the march of production? They refuse to sell their labour and their commodities cheaper, and consequently there are fewer of their commodities purchased and fewer of their hands employed. The rest of their body, we will suppose, are supplied with the mere necessaries of life from the general fund; and the question arises, whether a hundred men are better off, each employed, and receiving twenty shillings a

week for his individual labour; or fifty of them, or say eighty of them, being employed at thirty shillings a week, with the unemployed hands, from twenty to fifty in number, dependant upon them for support? This, we say, is the question for that particular body of men. The question for the public is of a wider import. The connexion between all branches of trade and manufacture is so universal and so sensitive, that not one particular branch can suffer check or hinderance without affecting in some degree every other link in the chain of exchange. We will take printing, or the manufacture of books, again, as our illustration. On the printer directly depends the paper-maker, the type-founder, the ink-manufacturer, the press-joiner. On the paper-maker directly depends the engineer, the druggist and the rag-merchant; and on the rag-merchant, in some measure, depends the cotton-weaver and draper. The type-founder employs the miner to procure his metals and his coals; the ink-manufacturer employs the oil-merchant, and through him the whale-fishers, and others employed in shipping. All these parties, and many more are, to be employed before the book is printed. After it is printed there are the bookbinders, booksellers, and others to have a hand in the business and the profits of production before the book finds its way to the book-shelves of the reader. It must be obvious, therefore, that everything that can facilitate the cheap multiplication of books must give additional employment to all these branches of industry, cause an increased demand for hands, reduce the number of idlers in the community, and, by reducing the number of candidates for labour and wages, increase the value of the latter, and eventually not only enrich and improve the state at large, but the condition of its individual labourers also. The experience of late years in this very branch of production will be found fully to bear out this train of reasoning. By the introduction of what is termed machine printing, whereby two men and a boy can throw off five or six times as many copies of a work in a given time as could formerly be done by the common hand-press; and by the invention of stereotype copies of the type-forms of the work itself, the multiplication of books is increased in quantity and cheapness beyond all that could have been anticipated. When these methods of production were first introduced, they were viewed with jealousy and alarm by the workmen already in employ under the old system, who naturally thought that if one man could now do the work of ten, the other nine would be thrown out of work and left to starve. But they forgot one very material point in the case—that as there has been no limit as yet assigned to production, so there is no assignable limit to demand. The natural limit to production is, in all cases, the demand—and the demand is limited by the cost. If one man can be made to do the work of ten in the way of production, it is not unreasonable to say that twenty men can afford to purchase a book at a penny for one that could buy it at sixpence. The number of *employers* is thereby multiplied twenty-fold, and it follows most arithmetically that, instead of the number of *employed* being reduced to a tenth of what they were before, they must be increased twofold to meet the increased demand. But this is not all. We have seen that printers are

doubled in number, because one man can do the work of ten. But the printers are not alone benefited by it. The paper-makers, type-founders, bookbinders, and booksellers have increased employment, and that in a greater proportion than the printers. The printers, we have supposed, are increased twofold, but then their productions are increased twentyfold. Therefore, the increased employment for book-binders, type-founders, paper-makers, &c. is twenty times what it was before. Think how many idle hands this takes out of the market of labour, many of whom would have offered themselves to the printing business amongst others, but have now found employment elsewhere—and, by leaving the printer's labour-market less glutted, have left the prices of labour better than they otherwise have been.

Society at large benefits yet more strikingly. Wretches who formerly went about with uncovered heads and feet, can now afford the luxury of hat and stockings; and those who had formerly enough to do to cover the outsides of their heads, can now afford to store the insides of them with useful and pleasurable instruction. This growth of knowledge in return nourishes and stimulates the genius of invention, and thereby improves the power of production. It is thus that the fields for consumption and the fields for production are alike inexhaustible. It is thus that luxuries are day by day added to necessaries, and that the productiveness, the wants, and the comforts of the whole community are continually increasing.

SONNET: ON THE DEATH OF * * * *

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

In man's strange fickle destiny perchance
Crosses befall that suddenly o'ercloud
A brilliant course, and bring on black despair;
Then comes the weariness of life, and prayer
To have it ended: eyes that wont to glance
O'er a career with lofty glory proud,
Shrink, wither, pine, and faint with grief and care,
Then seek the calm of the inclosing shroud.
Neglect—dishonour—the averted sight—
The voice that hailed with cheerfulness, grown mute,
Turn the gay beams of day to chilling night,
And crush the joy of every fond pursuit.
If some slight ray a moment's warmth impart,
It turns the sickness back redoubled to the heart.

Geneva.

LEAVES FROM A LOG.—No. II.

We arrived at Old Guiana, where stands an irregular fort, neither in appearance, or in fact, a very strong post; but, remarkable, as being the last hold the Spaniards possessed on the Orinoco. Our friend the Llanaro quitted us for the purpose of bartering with the pretended crew of a privateer, whose small brigantine was at anchor in the river opposite the fort called San Carlos. The people had brought the entire of their cargo on shore for the purpose of selling it, and (as they said) of evading the duties; a more suspicious looking set of fellows I never met. Their captain was in height above the middle standard, but, from his disproportionate breadth of chest and stoutness of limbs, he appeared rather below it. He seemed of irresistible strength, but his figure did not betoken activity. His features were large, hard, and heavy; his hazle eyes were so small and so overhung by immense brows, that they were scarcely visible; nor did he seem to wish they should be seen, for he scrowled and looked down incessantly. His complexion was so swarthy that, at first view, one might be led to doubt whether it was darkened by toil and climate, or if his tint resulted from his mixed African and European race; yet, after examination, his light hair and eyes, and somewhat hooked nose, soon convinced me that no African blood flowed in his veins. His voice was gruff and low; he spoke as occasion required to those around him in Spanish, French, and English rather fluently, but yet in such an imperfect manner that it seemed neither was his mother-tongue. I have seen men who have done dreadful deeds, but no one did I ever behold on whose form nature had written "villain" so legibly.

The appearence of the rest of the crew, though not quite so repulsive as their captain, was far from prepossessing. Here stood four or five negro sailors, whose dialect, oaths, affected strut, and swagger, at once convinced me they were runaway slaves from some English island. When these people wish to pass for free men, they generally so over-act their part that it requires no great shrewdness to detect them. The rest of the crew, about thirty in number, were of all nations—Spaniards, Portuguse, Italians, Dutch, and men whose country I could not ascertain. I have said they pretended to be privateersmen, and were, what is called, *running their cargo*; but the way which they disposed of their valuable commodities to the inhabitants of Old Guiana caused suspicions that they were something worse than either smugglers or privateersmen.

Here stood a little Portuguese on a pile of Indian goods acting the part of an auctioneer, speaking in mixed Spanish, knocking down merchandize to the first bidder, while a Dutchman acted as his clerk; and though the articles were sold about one-tenth of their value, the honest Hollander put down their prices even lower in his dirty pocket-book. Both the auctioneer and his assistant were smoking—the one a *meerschaum* pipe, and the other a long cigar.

There seemed to be a very good understanding between them; they joked and laughed together continually.

There stood a tall and slender Corsican selling brandy, Madeira, and French wines at the reasonable rate of three reals (about fifteenpence) the pailful. To facilitate sales, several pipes and other casks were scuttled, that is, square holes were cut in the bulge big enough to admit the largest bucket, with which he was bailing out the liquors to his customers. The captain was bargaining with an Angosturian dealer, whose launch lay in the river, offering him several hundred jars of grapes at a real the jar, and a quantity of dried fruit at much the same rate. In another place stood a French sailor trying to sell a mass of various kinds of trinkets and jewellery (thrown in an old hat-box) at one-third of the value of their metal.

"Do you wants to buy a watch, Sir?" said one of the negroes I have just described, at the same time putting into my hands an old-fashioned chronometer, made by *Harrison*, with heavy gold cases; while curiosity induced me to examine it, he added, "I wants money, Sir, or I wouldn't part with *her*. Our second lieutenant there, Tom Wilson, says she keeps good time, and will tell you where you are, let you be where you will. I dosen't understand the watch myself, because I runn'd away from school young, which is so long ago that I quite forgets how to read. Howsomdever, you shall have that watch for ten dollars: she is worth the money, the outside you see is *yeller*; for what I knows she may be gold." I perceived that the chronometer was capped, jewelled, and exquisitely finished. The devil, who is an excellent casuist, whispered in my ear that it was worth 80*l.* or 100*l.*, and the fellow not knowing its value might break it up; but conscience will intrude upon bargains of this nature, and the idea of buying from a pirate a watch plundered from some captain, who, perhaps, was murdered by the wretch with whom I was at that moment in communication, was not the most pleasant reflection in the world. I returned him the chronometer, and kept my dollars.

During this man's conference with me, he pointed to his second lieutenant, whom I had not before observed; as he was slowly promenading a little distance from the rest of the crew, regardless of their occupations. There was something in this man's appearance different from the rest of his party. Curiosity impelled me to direct my way towards him. We crossed each other's path; and he, with some politeness, saluted me first in Spanish; but instantly observing by my dress, I suppose, that I was an Englishman, repeated in English, "Good day, Sir." Brief as were these words, their accent, and the slight bow that accompanied them, indicated that he was not of the herd: his appearance confirmed this. He was about five feet nine inches in height, and of a remarkable good figure; his features were what might be called "aristocratic." He had a fine high forehead, and rather a large though well-formed nose, with this peculiarity, that it descended in a straight line from his forehead without any indentation near the brows; his eyes were full, dark, and expressive; his hair and eyebrows were of a glossy black, so were his whiskers, which were full and curly. His dress, although plain, and cut after the fashion of that of a common sailor, was of the best materials,

nearly new, remarkable for neatness and even taste. Few men who possess a form that sets off dress to advantage, are negligent with regard to personal appearance, in whatever situation of life they are placed. The same motive that induces the handsome dandy to spend two or three hours at his toilet, causes the well-looking foremast-man of a line-of-battle ship to take pains in his apparel. This, too, may be said of well-made negroes, priests, and even Quakers.

The schooner I sailed in had anchored lower down in the river to take in a cargo of mules, and as some time would elapse before the forage could be cut and the animals shipped, I had plenty of time to stroll about the town and adjoining places before it was necessary to return to the craft. It was burning hot, and being rather fatigued, I sought the shelter of a thick-spreading tree amidst a jungle, through a bush of which I could discern the waters of the Orinoco, with their forest fringes, and the many-coloured birds that flitted from bank to bank.

Scarcely was I laid down, when I heard the sound of voices, which I immediately recognized as belonging to the ferocious-looking captain and the Dutchman, who acted as auctioneer's-clerk. They entered into another part of the copse, and without seeing me, began their conversation; it was of a kind not intended for a third pair of ears. However, I thought there was more danger in quitting the spot after their conference had commenced than remaining. This respectable pair spoke what is called "Plattdeutsch," a kind of German *patois*, in which at one time I could discourse fluently, and yet understand. Whether they conversed in low German because the captain was a German, or for secrecy, knowing this *vernacular* to be little understood in the New World, or from both these causes, I know not; but I will give the substance of their discourse in English, omitting the oaths (many of them quite untranslatable), with which these men embroidered their discourse.

"Is it possible," said the Dutchman, "that you can resolve about sinking the "*Meerchaumer*"* in the Orinoco? What can induce you to do so?"

"The brigantine," replied the captain, "is rather a dull sailer; besides, she begins to be too well-known—I would not venture again in the 'blue-water' for fear of the English cruisers; besides, my agent has bought us a sharp-built Baltimore schooner, which is waiting for us at Angostura."

"Why do you not," rejoined the Dutchman, "sell the brigantine; she will fetch three or four thousand dollars, which will be something to share amongst us."

"Dutchman-like," said the captain; "you are always thinking how to make the most of everything. You don't consider, that by securing our money, and getting the carpenter to bore a hole in her before we get to Angostura, we shall avoid some awkward inquiries respecting a few captures we have made, that might induce even the Colombian authorities (indulgent and negligent as they are), to string us up at the yard-arm. We found bribing the officers at Yaya, to let

* This word signifies sea-skimmer, and figuratively a pirate.

us pass without putting disagreeable questions, easy enough; but at Angostura, though not as exact in those matters as at the custom-house at Amsterdam, it is not quite so likely that men of our description will pass without scrutiny."

"And you intend to embark the whole of us on board the Baltimore clipper?" asked the Hollander.

"All," replied the captain, "but that Englishman, Tom Wilson."

"What! discard Tom Wilson!"

"Not discard him," said the pirate. "I mean (swearing a dreadful oath) to do for him."

"I thought him your favourite officer. I am sure he's the best sailor on board; besides, he saved your life at Maracaibo."

"Very true, so he did; and he is as active an officer and as good a seaman as ever paced a deck; cool in danger, bold and skilful in engagement; and when he boards an enemy, woe betide those who oppose him; but he is dangerous—we *must* get rid of him!"

"What," is he treacherous? If I thought so my pistol——"

"None of your vapouring, *Van-der-Plaank*, I don't yield to *you* in courage; but I would no more encounter Wilson openly when his blood is up, than I would jump on board a ship on fire, when the flames have reached the powder-room. No, no, Tom must be dealt with differently. The little Portuguese, Lopez, has planned the matter with the black cook, so as to wound him with a pin steeped in Indian arrow poison, when we get on board to-night. I will tell you my reasons for this; though Wilson is a devil when in action, yet, no sooner does an enemy strike, but he grumbles if we make them walk the plank, and has saved many by his foolish scruples. This won't do for us; a rover's maxim should be, '*dead men tell no tales!*' Besides, since the last affair of putting *the captain of the Yankee steamer in his own boiler*, Tom has become gloomy and discontented; he threatens, and, I believe, intends to leave us. Now, as I know him to be a man above any act of treachery, I would allow him to quit us, if he pleased; but he might ruin us without intending it. You remember he was wounded in the head during the engagement with the Dutch *letter-of-marque* we took off Carthagena. I thought he would never have recovered; but the Spanish barber-surgeon on the north side of Cuba, spliced a piece of silver in his brain-case; he got partly well; but whenever he takes the smallest quantity of grog, or is in any way sick, or when troubled with the night-mare, he is apt to blab all manner of nonsense, which, though well enough amongst ourselves, would perhaps blow us all up if heard by strangers; this makes me resolved on puncturing him in his sleep. The fact is, '*poor devil,*' he suffers so much from his wound in the skull, is so troubled with ugly dreams, and so often driven mad by '*remorse*' (this expression he spoke in English) as *he* calls it, that to put him out of his misery is, after all, only an act of common *humanity!*—But the breeze freshens," said this *humane* man, "and it is time to embark. The people have disposed of their goods, and if we stay much longer on shore, *Glasgow* and the rest of the black fellows will be getting groggy, and they will be troublesome to get off."

Saying this, the worthy pair left the copse the way they entered it without seeing me; thus relieving me from a terrible situation. Had they discovered me, I don't suppose they would have inquired whether I understood them; but as they were armed and I was not, I should have doubtless been dispatched in accordance with their prudent maxim, "dead men tell no tales!"

After a pause I ventured to draw a long breath, which I scarcely dared to do while the villains were within ear-shot. I did not so much wonder at overhearing that they were pirates—this I suspected the moment I got near them; but the captain coolly declaring his determination of murdering his brave companion who had saved his life, while this treacherous and bloodthirsty vagabond persuaded himself that he was doing what he called an act of common humanity, was a trait in the history of human nature quite new to me.

The breeze that the pirate had noticed was springing up, and I went down to the beach to seek the companions of my overland jaunt, and find the Englishman, whose life was to be attempted by his comrade. Scarcely had I made the beach ere I saw the lieutenant of the pirate brigantine in conversation with the cockswain of a boat in which were seated my two companions. I went to the shore; Wilson was coming from it; I informed him of the conversation I overheard as briefly as I could; he heard me with a coolness that astonished me, while his lips curled with a bitter smile. After a pause, he exclaimed:

"Miserable wretch! I saved his life! no matter—I thank you, although I was already acquainted with his intentions respecting me; the negro cook, whom the captain and the Portuguese were to have made the instrument of my destruction, was once saved from being flogged by my interference; the man has some gratitude, and has informed me of their plan. I have half a mind to blow that murderous traitor's brains out;" and he clutched his pistol with a desperate energy.—"No, that act might betray what we all are, and involve the whole in ruin.—I intend leaving them; I thank you, Sir, for the concern you have shown for my safety."

"Pardon that concern," said I, "if it causes me to say, from admissions I overheard, made by the man who planned your death, that I judge you to be formed by nature for something better than a pirate." The mariner turned aside his face.—"Let me warn you, ere it be too late, to turn from the terrible trade you have chosen; you have just escaped from death—you have yet time for repentance."

The pirate's countenance again assumed a bitter smile.—"Repentance!"—he paused—and then burst into a half-frantic laugh.—"Repentance!—no!—remorse I *have* felt—to madness!" He struck his forehead with his hand, and his eyes gleamed with insanity. "But repentance! when one drop of water can quench the eternal flame of hell, then may *repentance* wipe off the load of crime that hangs on *this* heart!—Farewell, friend; I am grateful to you, and I would offer you my hand, but it is red, even to the wrist, *with blood!*" Saying this, the unhappy man abruptly left me; and joining my companions in the boat, the strong current of the Orinoco, aided by four lusty oars, soon bore me back to the schooner I had quitted.

A GLANCE AT SOME OF OUR PARISIAN CONTEMPORARIES.

BERANGER—VICTOR HUGO.

We would fain give the English reader some idea of the untranslateable Beranger, the celebrated chansonnier who enjoys so much popularity among his countrymen. Some critics have compared him to Anacreon, but the comparison seems by no means just or appropriate: it is true they both sing of love and wine, both admire a sparkling eye and a sparkling glass, but here all their similarity ends. Anacreon is a heartless and selfish debauchee,—he has no wishes but for the bottle, no desire but for the smile of his mistress: but Beranger has more soul, more feeling; his thoughts take a higher range and his admiration a wider circle; when he raises the goblet to his lip, it is to drink a flowing bumper to the welfare of his country, and he finds time even in the arms of his Lisette to sing of the glory or to weep for the misfortunes of France. Though he possesses, in some degree, the licentiousness of the Greek poet, yet his keen and polished satire of men and manners, and his ardent and unconquerable love of liberty render him immeasurably his superior. If we must draw a comparison between Beranger and another bard, we would say that he resembles Burns more than any other we are acquainted with. They were both born in the lap of poverty and cradled in its blast, and into both their bosoms the spirit of song descended, and rendered each the glory of his country. Liberty, love, wine, and good fellowship are the muses which inspire them; both are occasionally coarse, but oftener tender and sublime, though we must say that Beranger never composed anything so beautiful as the lines "To Mary in Heaven," or so natural and tender as the "Cotter's Saturday Night."

The character of the man is impressed upon his writings; and fully to appreciate him, we ought to know some particulars of his history. We will give the few facts we have been able to glean respecting him.

P. J. de Beranger, as he himself informs us, in the song entitled, "Le Tailleur et la Fée," was born in Paris on the 19th of August, 1780, at the house of his maternal grandfather, a tailor, and this is all we know of his ancestry. Noswithstanding the aristocratic particle "De," which is prefixed to his name, he has no pretentions to nobility of birth; and in one of his most satirical and cutting songs he takes the trouble to inform all whom it may concern, that he is "*vilain et roturier.*" A lad, with a mind so poetical as his, could find no pleasure in the operation of stitching coats and mending old breeches. Accordingly we find that his earlier youth was passed in a more intellectual, though quite as humble an employment, *viz.* a journeyman printer, which he afterwards quitted to accept of a situation as clerk, or *commis*, in a banking-house. Such has been his profession ever since, but the dry detail of calculating profit and loss have in no degree blunted his poetical powers. Song has been his delight, his solace, and his comforter— he has lived for song, and song has repaid him in her own coin for all the difficulties and trials which he has had to

encounter. He has thrice, we believe, been incarcerated by the Bourbons for his political satires; but each successive imprisonment has served no other purpose than to increase his popularity. A merry life he led in prson, though condemned to the meagre fare of bread and water—for scarcely an hour passed, during his confinement, that the doors of St. Pelagie were not besieged by his admiring friends, laden with good things, and the sparkling wine he had loved so well, to cheer his heart in his narrow dungeon. Many were the bribes held out to him if he would turn traitor to the cause of the people, and wield his formidable pen in the service of despotism and the Bourbons; but he has ever been proof to them all, and has preferred honourable poverty to such despicable wealth. Like a true philosopher, he loved his independence: and, like Diogenes of old, he only wishes the great to get out of his sunshine, and asks no further favors from them. When all France was dazzled by the splendour of Napoleon's victories, and kings and nations were crouching at his feet, and tamely paying court to their master, the poet dared to satirize the faults of his government in so masterly a burlesque, "Le roi d'Ivetot," that the mighty Emperor winced upon his throne before the unsparing lash of the obscure chansonnier. The same noble feeling which made him ridicule the monarch's faults in the zenith of his glory and splendour, made him look with a weeping eye and a bleeding heart upon his sad reverses and unhappy fate, and France contains no heart which beats with more reverential feeling at the name of Napoleon than Beranger's.

Beranger is licentious—very much so—but when we examine more closely, pieces which at first sight may have offended our delicacy, we find that they are not so much the expression of his individual feelings, as they are able satires of the licentiousness and debauchery of the times;—he first draws a glowing picture of the vices of the great city, and then he loosens the flood-gates of ridicule upon them, and among the French ridicule is more potent than execration; or, as some author observes—"un ridicule est pire qu'un crime." The songs of Beranger are the mirror of his times—the very epitome of Paris; with the eye of an artist and the heart of a poet, he walked through the crowded city;—he accommodated his genius to the spirit of the people—with the chivalrous workman and the enthusiastic journalist. He raised the hymn of Liberty; with the gay philosopher he sang of wine and beauty, and with all he raised his voice against the pretensions of the priesthood, and the insolence of the aristocracy. All "*La jeune France*" exists in his pages. *La jeune France* is gay, thoughtless, often enthusiastic, and ever moved to noble daring by the cry of freedom, and so is Beranger. Hence his popularity is not posthumous—he enjoys it now because he has so completely identified himself with the extraordinary and changeful age in which he lives. He is a man of the people—he speaks their language, and sustains their interests. But what perhaps contributes to his popularity as much as any other circumstance is, that he is poor—this to an Englishman, who considers poverty on a par with crime, may appear paradoxical, but the respect for wealth is not carried to such an extreme on the Continent as it is with us; and I would venture to assert, that

if Beranger to-morrow possessed wealth and honours, his popularity would diminish in the same proportion as his gold increased.

Criticism may be said to abdicate two-thirds of its prerogative when it refrains from finding fault; but Beranger has already passed through the ordeal, and it would ill become a foreigner, who cannot be supposed to enter into the spirit of his country's feelings, to cavil against what his own compatriots have so unanimously approved, for most of his songs are decidedly political. His bacchanalian and amatory effusions, take a wider though less noble range, and of them we are competent to judge more impartially. Their distinguished mark is, they are so eminently social;—Beranger could not drink and sing alone in his bower like Anacreon—he must have others to share his glee, and participate in his "*ivresse.*" He has too much *bonhommie*, to drink for drinking's sake, and too much philosophy to get absolutely drunk, for he makes wine his friend, not his master. We would fain translate "Le Senateur," "Le Marquis de Carabas," "Les petits Cours," "Plus de Politique," and many others; but into English he is really untranslateable—that is, to do him justice. We have seen many attempts, but all failures; those who can read French will want no counsel to read him in the original; and to those who cannot do so, we would apply the peer's remark to the young poet, who solicited his patronage. "Sir," said his Lordship, "you should study Spanish." The poet applied himself, and in a short time rendered himself master of the language, and full of hope presented himself to his patron, and in high glee informed him of the progress he had made. "Then," said his Lordship, "I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original."—Reader, if you do not know French, learn it—and the perusal of Beranger will alone repay you for the trouble.

Victor Hugo is the chief of what is called "L'école romantique," which may be designated the Whig, or rather radical party of the French litterateurs, as the opposite party of the Académie may be denominated the Tory. The dissensions between the two are numerous and violent—the Academy accusing the Romantiques of barbarism and bad taste; while the Romantiques, with Victor Hugo at their head, accuse the Academicans of tameness, and a mean servility to the milk-and-water maxims of Boileau. But we must leave them to their wrangling, our present object being only to examine the writings of this very original author. We might very justly compare Victor Hugo's productions to some old gothic cathedral of the middle ages, with its heavy and massive towers, its gloomy arches and ponderous doors, and its old tombs of knights and warriors, with the sunshine streaming on them through the blue, green, and crimson of the high gothic windows. All his writings are in this lumbrous and costly style; they have none of the simplicity and elegance of more modern times; all is dark, cumbersome, and striking.

One fault he is very free from;—when he is melancholy, it is in a manly mood; he has none of the puling tea-table sensibility, which in a wishy-washy flood deluges the works of some of his contemporaries; his grief is that of a man, not of a love-sick and moping miss, who longs to be free from the trammels of the boarding-school;—his whole intellect is of a bold and masculine stamp, and what he may some-

times want in softness and grace, he more than repays in freshness and energy. His fame does not rest upon his poetry alone; he has tried and succeeded in several branches of literature, and we shall accordingly pass his productions in review, considering him as a novelist, a dramatist, and a poet.

To begin with his novels—we have perused attentively his "Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," "Hans d'Icelande," "Notre Dame de Paris," and one or two others, and we finished them with an impression that the author instead of being looked upon as the chief of the "école romantique," might with greater propriety be considered the founder of the "école horrible;" there is throughout such a striving to excel in the portraiture of the horrible, such a frenzy to show poor humanity in its most revolting shapes, merely to satisfy the vitiated taste of the public. He is as cruel in his descriptions as the surgeon would be who would dissect a man alive for no other purpose than to show his auditory the horribly picturesque distortions of the poor devil's limbs, and to regale their ears with each peculiar scream or groan which the unhappy wretch might vent as the knife touched some more than usually sensitive part of his devoted frame. This is his great fault, and it is the fault of all his disciples and imitators (and he has many), as every man of a truly original talent is sure to have. The French are said to be a light and frivolous people, but their present works of fiction most certainly do not bear the impress of such a character. The writings of Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, and others of the same description, would not continue to issue in such shoals from the press if the public had not a relish for the highly seasoned messes which they contain.

Another peculiarity which serves to distinguish Victor Hugo, is the immense number of old words which he brings into circulatiou; he ransacks with all the rapture of an antiquary all the ancient archives, the old wills, and the musty documents which aged minsters or rare black letter can supply; and when he meets with a word which, in his opinion, should not be suffered to fade into oblivion, he does not hesitate in the least to rake it up from its grave and transfer it to his own pages. For this we are very far from blaming him;—there are good old expressive words in every language which we moderns, and our more immediate progenitors have suffered to fall into disuse; some of them are gems and gold of a right good mintage, and the writer who restores them to the place of honour, renders a service to his language and its literature. There are several words in Chaucer and Spenser which we would rejoice to see again in general circulation, and we would think the country indebted to the writer who should re-introduce them. But this, in the eyes of Messieurs de l'Académie is one of Victor Hugo's greatest faults, and they accordingly accuse him of deteriorating the French language;—we should rather say that he improved it. This circumstance most probably is the reason that he is so obscure to the majority of English readers, and is, moreover, the cause of his being so wretchedly translated.

"Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné" enjoys as much popularity as any of his novels, if novel it may be called. It is the anatomy of a man's feelings on the day preceding that which must launch him into

eternity, by the hands of the "deathsman," as our ancestors forcibly designated the executioner. The excruciating agony and horror with which a guilty man might count the fleeting seconds between him and dissolution—the despair with which he might hear each toll of the bell, and the frenzy in which he might curse the too rapid flight of time, are, we think, admirably expressed. It did not enter into the author's plan that the unhappy being should enjoy the solace either of philosophy or religion: he deprives him of all hope and comfort; and with the desire of rendering the picture as excruciating as possible, he takes away from its force and reality, and renders his hero despicable. A man who cannot meet with firmness and resignation the fate which he knows to be inevitable, loses all that hold upon our pity or esteem which his misfortunes might otherwise have entitled him to; and a rigid critic may very justly accuse the author of a want of tact and discrimination in handling his difficult subject.

The same remarks may, in some measure, apply to his other novels: they have some faults and many beauties, but are all what the French designate *outré*.

In his dramas he laughs Aristotle to scorn, and transgresses continually upon all the unities: in that, however, he is not singular, though his classic opponents consider it a grievous fault; but they can in nowise derogate from his talent as a dramatist; and his plays, though partaking of the faults of his romances, are undoubtedly the work of a master mind.

Victor Hugo, as a poet, is one in every sense of the term; and it argues much for his powers, that he has given to the naturally unpoetical language of the French a ductility and a grace which former writers have in vain endeavoured to impress upon it: he twists and he turns it into every attitude to suit the wild freaks of his luxuriant fancy. If we had never read his poetry, we could never have suspected that the French language could have been made so musical, so rich, and so varied. He takes a pleasure in showing you what he can do, and succeeds in measures and rhymes which, before him, no writer ever attempted. His style of poetry is singularly bold and original, though there is more scenic description in it than knowledge of the human heart. "Les Orientales," in which he describes the manners of the eastern nations, in a series of songs and ballads, is, perhaps, one of his happiest efforts. We need only cite "Les Fantômes," a wild and beautiful poem, and "Grenade," a Moorish ballad, to prove that, as a poet, he is capable of more than he has ever yet attempted. We have lately seen a publication of his, entitled, "Feuilles d'Automne," in which there is more real feeling and true nature than in any of his works that ever came under our notice, and we are impressed with the firm conviction that he is one of the most talented and original writers that France ever produced.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

Mrs. Tibbs was, beyond all dispute, the most tidy, fidgetty, thrifty little personage that ever inhaled the smoke of London; and the house of Mrs. Tibbs was decidedly the neatest in all Great Coram-street. The area and the area steps, and the street-door and the street-door steps, and the brass handle, and the door-plate, and the knocker, and the fan-light were all as clean and as bright as indefatigable white-washing, and hearth-stoning, and scrubbing and rubbing could make them. The wonder was that the brass door-plate, with the interesting inscription "Mrs. Tibbs," had never caught fire from constant friction, so perseveringly was it polished. There were meat-safe-looking wire-blinds in the parlour windows, blue and gold curtains in the drawing-room, and spring roller blinds, as Mrs. Tibbs was wont, in the pride of her heart to boast, "all the way up." The bell-lamp in the passage, looked as clear as a soap-bubble; you could see yourself in all the tables, and French polish yourself on any one of the chairs; the bannisters were bees'-waxed, and the very stair-wires made your eyes wink, they were so glittering.

Mrs. Tibbs was somewhat short of stature, and Mr. Tibbs was by no means a large man; he had moreover very short legs, but, by way of indemnification, his face was peculiarly long; he was to his wife what the 0 is in 90—he was of some importance *with* her—he was nothing without her. Mrs. Tibbs was always talking. Mr. Tibbs rarely spoke; but if it were at any time possible to put in a word, just when he should have said nothing at all, he did it. Mrs. Tibbs detested long stories, and Mr. Tibbs had one, the conclusion of which had never been heard by his most intimate friends. It always began, "I recollect when I was in the volunteer corps, in eighteen hundred and six,"—but as he spoke very slowly and softly, and his better half very quickly and loudly, he rarely got beyond the introductory sentence. He was a melancholy specimen of the story-teller. He was the wandering Jew of Joe Millerism—ever pursuing and ever shunned.

Mr. Tibbs enjoyed a small independence from the pension-list—about 43*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* a-year. His father, mother, and five interesting scions from the same stock drew a like sum from the revenue of a grateful country, for what particular service it was never distinctly known. But as this said independence was not quite sufficient to furnish two people with *all* the luxuries of this life, it had occurred to the busy little spouse of Tibbs that the best thing she could do with a legacy of 700*l.*, would be to take and furnish a tolerable house, somewhere in that partially-explored tract of country which lies between the British Museum, and a remote village called Somer's Town, for the reception of boarders. Great Coram-street was the spot pitched upon. The house had been furnished accordingly; two female servants and a boy engaged, and an advertisement inserted in the morning papers, informing the public that "Six individuals would meet with all the comforts of a cheerful musical home, in a

select private family, residing within ten minutes' walk of everywhere." Answers out of number were received, with all sorts of initials; all the letters of the alphabet seemed to be seized with a sudden wish to go out boarding and lodging; voluminous was the correspondence between Mrs. Tibbs and the applicants, and most profound was the secresy which was to be observed. "E." did'nt like this, and "I." couldn't think of putting up with that; "I. O. U." didn't think the terms would suit him; and "G. R." had never slept in a French bed. The result, however, was, that three gentlemen became inmates of Mrs. Tibbs' house, on terms which were "agreeable to all parties." In went the advertisement again, and a lady with her two daughters proposed to increase—not their families, but Mrs. Tibbs'.

"Charming woman, that Mrs. Maplesone!" said Mrs. Tibbs, as she and her spouse were sitting by the fire after breakfast; the gentlemen having gone out on their several avocations. "Charming woman, indeed!" repeated little Mrs. Tibbs, more by way of soliloquy than any thing else, for she never thought of consulting her husband. "And the two daughters are delightful. We must have some fish to-day; they'll join us at dinner for the first time."

Mr. Tibbs placed the poker at right angles with the fire-shovel, and essayed to speak, but recollected he had nothing to say.

"The young ladies," continued Mrs. T., "have kindly volunteered to bring their own piano."

Tibbs thought of the volunteer story, but did not venture it. A bright thought struck him—"It's very likely," said he.

"Pray don't lean your head against the paper," interrupted Mrs. Tibbs—"and don't put your feet on the steel fender; that's worse."

Tibbs took his head from the paper, and his feet from the fender; and proceeded. "It's very likely one of the young ladies may set her cap at young Mr. Simpson, and you know a marriage"——

"A what!" shrieked Mrs. Tibbs. Tibbs modestly repeated his former suggestion.

"I beg you won't mention such a thing," said Mrs. T. "A marriage, indeed!—to rob me of my boarders—no, not for the world."

Tibbs thought in his own mind that the event was by no means unlikely, but as he never argued with his wife, he put a stop to the dialogue, by observing it was "time to go to business." He always went out at ten o'clock in the morning, and returned at five in the afternoon, with an exceedingly dirty face, and smelling very mouldy. Nobody knew what he was, or where he went to; but Mrs. Tibbs used to say with an air of great importance, that he was engaged in the City.

The Miss Maplesones and their accomplished parent arrived in the course of the afternoon in a hackney-coach, and accompanied by a most astonishing number of packages. Trunks, bonnet-boxes, muff-boxes, parasols, guitar-cases; and parcels of all imaginable shapes, done up in brown paper, and fastened with pins, filled the passage. Then there was such running up and down with the luggage, such scampering for warm water for the ladies to wash in, and such a bustle, and confusion, and heating of servants and curling-irons, as had never

been known in Great Coram-street before. Little Mrs. Tibbs was quite in her element, bustling about, talking incessantly, and distributing towels and soap, and all the *et ceteras*, like a head nurse in a hospital. The house was not restored to its usual state of quiet repose until the ladies were safely shut up in their respective bed-rooms, engaged in the important occupation of dressing for dinner.

"Are these gals andsome?" inquired Mr. Simpson of Mr. Septimus Hicks, another of the boarders, as they were amusing themselves in the drawing-room before dinner, by lolling on sofas, and contemplating their pumps.

"Don't know," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks, who was a tallish, white-faced young man, with spectacles, and a black ribbon round his neck instead of a neckerchief—a most interesting person; a poetical walker of the hospitals, and a "very talented young man." He was very fond of "lugging" into conversation all sorts of quotations from Don Juan, without fettering himself by the propriety of their application, in which particular he was remarkably independent. The other, Mr. Simpson, was one of those young men, who are in society what walking gentlemen are upon the stage, only infinitely worse skilled in his vocation than the most indifferent artist. He was as empty headed as the great bell of St. Paul's, and had about as long a tongue. He always dressed according to the caricatures, published in Townsend's monthly fashions, and spelt Character with a K.

"I saw a devilish number of parcels in the passage when I came home," simpered Simpson.

"Materials for the toilet, no doubt," rejoined the Don Juan reader.

> "———— much linen, lace, and several pair
> Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete;
> With other articles of ladies' fair,
> To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat."

"Is that from Milton?" inquired Mr. Simpson.

"No—from Byron," returned Mr. Hicks, with a look of profound contempt. He was quite sure of his author, because he had never read any other.—"Hush!" said the sapient hospital walker, "Here come the gals," and they forthwith both commenced talking in a very loud key.

"Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesones, Mr. Hicks. Mr. Hicks—Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesones," said Mrs. Tibbs, with a very red face, for she had been superintending the cooking operations below stairs, and looked like a wax doll on a sunny day. Mr. Simpson, I beg your pardon—Mr. Simpson—Mrs. Maplesone and the Miss Maplesone's,"—and *vice versa*. The gentlemen immediately began to slide about with much politeness, and looked as if they wished their arms had been legs, so little did they know what to do with them. The ladies smiled, curtsied, and glided into chairs, and dived for dropped pocket handkerchiefs; the gentlemen leant against two of the curtain pegs; Mrs. Tibbs went through an admirable bit of serious pantomime with a servant who had come up to ask some question about the fish sauce, and then the two young ladies looked at each other; and every body else appeared to discover something very attractive in the pattern of the fender.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Maplesone, to her youngest daughter, in a tone just loud enough for the remainder of the company to hear, —"Julia."

"Yes, Ma."

"Don't stoop."—This was said for the purpose of directing general attention to Miss Julia's figure, which was undeniable. Every body looked at her accordingly, and then there was another pause.

"We had the most uncivil hackney-coachman to-day, you can imagine," said Mrs. Maplesone to Mrs. Tibbs, in a truly confidential tone.

"Dear me!" replied the hostess, with an air of great commiseration. She couldn't say more, for the servant again appeared at the door, and commenced telegraphing most earnestly to her "Misses."

"I think hackney coachmen generally are uncivil," said Mr. Hicks, in his most insinuating tone.

"Positively I think they are," replied Mrs. Maplesone, as if the idea had never struck her before.

"And cabmen, too," said Mr. Simpson. This remark was a failure, for no one intimated by word or sign the slightest knowledge of the manners and customs of cabmen.

"Robinson, what *do* you want?" said Mrs. Tibbs to the servant, who, by way of making her presence known to her mistress, had been giving sundry hems and sniffs outside the door, during the preceding five minutes.

"Please, ma'am, master wants his clean things," replied the servant, completely taken off her guard. There was no resisting this: the two young men turned their faces to the window, and "went off" like a couple of bottles of ginger beer; the ladies put their cambrics to their mouths, and little Mrs. Tibbs bustled out of the room to give Tibbs his clean linen,—and the servant warning.

Mr. Calton, the remaining boarder, shortly afterwards made his appearance, and proved a surprising promoter of the conversation. Mr. Calton was a superannuated beau—an old boy. He used to say of himself, that although his features were not regularly handsome, they were striking. They certainly were: it was impossible to look at his face without being forcibly reminded of a chubby street-door knocker, half-lion, half-monkey; and the comparison might be extended to his whole character and conversation. He had stood still while every thing else had been moving. He never originated a conversation, or started a new idea; but if any common-place topic were broached, or, to pursue the comparison, if any body *lifted him up*, he would hammer away with surprising rapidity. He had the tic doloreux occasionally, and then he might be said to be muffled, because he didn't make quite as much noise as at other times, when he would go on prosing, rat-tat-tat, the same thing over and over again. He had never been married; but he was still on the look-out for a wife with money. He had a life interest worth about 300l. a year—he was exceedingly vain, and inordinately selfish. He had acquired the reputation of being the very pink of politeness; and he walked round the park, and up Regent-street, every day.

This respectable personage had made up his mind to render him-

self exceedingly agreeable to Mrs. Maplesone—indeed, the desire of being as amiable as possible extended itself to the whole party; Mrs. Tibbs having considered it an admirable little bit of management to represent to the gentlemen that she had *some* reason to believe the ladies were fortunes, and to hint to the ladies, that all the gentlemen were "eligible." A little flirtation, she thought, might keep her house full, without leading to any other result. Mrs. Maplesone was an enterprising widow of about fifty; shrewd, scheming, and good-looking. She was amiably anxious on behalf of her daughters; in proof whereof she used to remark, that she would have no objection to marry again, if it would benefit her dear girls—she could have no other motive. The "dear girls" themselves were not at all insensible to the merits of "a good establishment." One of them was twenty-five, the other three years younger. They had been at different watering-places for four seasons: they had gambled at libraries, read books in balconies, sold at fancy fairs, danced at assemblies, talked sentiment—in short, they had done all that industrious girls could do, and all to no purpose.

"What a magnificent dresser Mr. Simpson is!" whispered Miss Matilda Maplesone to her sister Julia.

"Splendid!" returned the youngest. The magnificent individual alluded to wore a sort of maroon-coloured dress coat, with a velvet collar and cuffs of the same tint—very like that which usually invests the form of the distinguished unknown who condescends to play the "swell" in the pantomime at "Richardson's Show."

"What whiskers!" said Miss Julia.

"Charming!" responded her sister; "and what hair!" His hair was like a wig, and distinguished by that insinuating wave which graces the shining locks of those *chef-d'œuvres* of perruquerian art surmounting the waxen images in Bartellot's window, in Regent-street; and his whiskers, meeting beneath his chin, seemed strings wherewith to tie it on, ere science had rendered them unnecessary by her patent invisible springs.

"Dinner's on the table, ma'am, if you please," said the boy, who now appeared for the first time, in a revived black coat of his master's.

"Oh! Mr. Calton, will you lead Mrs. Maplesone?—Thank you." Mr. Simpson offered his arm to Miss Julia; Mr. Septimus Hicks escorted the lovely Matilda; and the procession proceeded to the dining-room. Mr. Tibbs was introduced, and Mr. Tibbs bobbed up and down to the three ladies like a figure in a Dutch clock, with a powerful spring in the middle of his body, and then dived rapidly into his seat at the bottom of the table, delighted to screen himself behind a soup tureen, which he could just see over, and that was all. The boarders were seated, a lady and gentleman alternately, like the layers of bread and meat in a sandwich; and then Mrs. Tibbs directed James to take off the covers, and salmon, lobster-sauce, giblet-soup, and the usual accompaniments were *dis*covered: potatoes like petrefactions, and bits of toasted bread, the shape and size of blank dice.

"Soup for Mrs. Maplesone, my dear," said the bustling Mrs.

Tibbs. She always called her husband "my dear" before company. Tibbs, who had been eating his bread, and calculating how long it would be before he should get any fish, helped the soup in a hurry, made a small island on the tablecloth, and put his glass upon it, to hide it from his wife.

"Miss Julia, shall I assist you to some fish?"

"If you please—very little—oh, plenty, thank you;" (a bit about the size of a walnut put upon the plate.)

"Julia is a *very* little eater," said Mrs. Maplesone to Mr. Calton.

The knocker gave a single rap. He was busy eating the fish with his eyes; so he only ejaculated, "Ah!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Tibbs to her spouse, after every one else had been helped, "What do *you* take?" The inquiry was accompanied with a look intimating that he mustn't say fish, because there was not much left. Tibbs thought the frown referred to the island on the table-cloth; he therefore coolly replied, "Why—I'll take a little—fish, I think."

"Did you say fish, my dear?" (another frown.)

"Yes, dear," replied the villain, with an expression of acute hunger depicted in his countenance. The tears almost started to Mrs. Tibbs' eyes, as she helped her "wretch of a husband," as she inwardly called him, to the last eatable bit of salmon on the dish.

"James, take this to your master, and take away your master's knife."—This was deliberate revenge, as Tibbs never could eat fish without one. He was, however, constrained to chace small particles of salmon round and round his plate with a piece of bread and a fork, occasionally securing a bit; the number of successful attempts being about one in seventeen.

"Take away, James," said Mrs. Tibbs, just as Tibbs had swallowed the fourth mouthful—and away went the plates like lightning.

"I'll take a bit of bread, James," said the poor "*master* of the house," more hungry than ever.

"Never mind your master now, James," said Mrs. Tibbs, "see about the meat."—This was conveyed in the tone in which ladies usually give admonitions to servants in company, that is to say, a low one; but which, like a stage whisper, from its peculiar emphasis, is most distinctly heard by everybody present.

A pause ensued before the table was replenished—a sort of parenthesis in which Mr. Simpson, Mr. Calton, and Mr. Hicks produced respectively a bottle of sauterne, bucellas, and sherry, and took wine with everybody—except Tibbs: no one ever thought of him.

Between the fish and an intimated sirloin there was a prolonged interval.

Here was an opportunity for Mr. Hicks. He could not resist the singularly appropriate quotation:—

> "But beef is rare within these oxless isles;
> Goats' flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton,
> And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
> A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on."

"Very ungentlemanly behaviour," thought little Mrs. Tibbs, "to talk in that way."

"Ah," said Mr. Calton, filling his glass, "Tom Moore is my poet."

"And mine," said Mrs. Maplesone.

"And mine," said Miss Julia.

"And mine," added Mr. Simpson.

"Look at his compositions," resumed the knocker.

"To be sure," said Simpson, with confidence.

"Look at Don Juan," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks.

"Julia's letter," suggested Miss Matilda.

"Can any thing be grander than The Fire Worshippers?" inquired Miss Julia.

"To be sure," said Simpson.

"Or Paradise and the Peri," suggested the old beau.

"Yes; or Paradise and the Peer," repeated the deeply-read Simpson, who thought he was getting through it capitally.

"It's all very well," replied Mr. Septimus Hicks, who, as we have before hinted, had never read anything but Don Juan. "Where will you find anything finer than the description of the siege, at the commencement of the seventh canto?"

"Talking of a siege," said Tibbs, with a mouth full of bread,—"when I was in the volunteer corps, in eighteen hundred and six, our commanding officer was Sir Charles Rampart; and one day, when we were exercising on the ground on which the London University now stands, he says, says he, Tibbs (calling me from the ranks), Tibbs ——"

"Tell your master, James," interrupted Mrs. Tibbs, in an awfully distinct tone, "tell your master if he *won't* carve those fowls, to send them to me." The discomfited volunteer instantly set to work, and carved the fowls almost as expeditiously as his wife operated on the haunch of mutton. Whether he ever finished that story, is not exactly known.

As the ice was now broken, and the new inmates more at home, every member of the company felt more at ease. Tibbs himself most certainly did, because he went to sleep immediately after dinner. Mr. Hicks and the ladies discoursed most eloquently about poetry, and the theatres, and Lord Chesterfield's Letters; and Mr. Calton followed up what everybody said, with continuous double knocks. Mrs. Tibbs highly approved of every observation that fell from Mrs. Maplesone; and as Mr. Simpson sat with a smile upon his face and said "Yes," or "Certainly," at intervals of about four minutes each, he received full credit for understanding what was going forward. The gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room very shortly after they had left the dining-parlour. Mrs. Maplesone and Mr. Calton played cribbage, and "the young people" amused themselves with music and conversation. The Miss Maplesones sang the most fascinating duets, and accompanied themselves on guitars, ornamented with bits of etherial blue ribbon. Mr. Simpson put on a pink waistcoat, and said he was in raptures; and Mr. Hicks felt in the seventh heaven of poetry, or the seventh canto of Don Juan,—it was the same thing to him. Mrs. Tibbs was quite charmed with the new comers, and Mr. Tibbs spent the evening in his usual way—he

went to sleep, and woke up, and went to sleep again, and woke at supper-time.

* * * * *

We are not about to adopt the licence of novel-writers, and to let "years roll on;" but we will take the liberty of requesting the reader to suppose that six months have elapsed since the dinner we have just described, and that Mrs. Tibbs' boarders have, during that period, sang, and danced, and gone to theatres and exhibitions together, as ladies and gentlemen, wherever they board, often do; and we will beg them, the period we have mentioned having elapsed, to imagine further, that Mr. Septimus Hicks received, in his own bed-room (a front attic), at an early hour one morning, a note from Mr. Calton, requesting the favour of seeing him, as soon as convenient to himself, in his (Calton's) dressing-room, on the second floor back.

"Tell Mr. Calton I'll come down directly," said Mr. Septimus to the boy. "Stop—Is Mr. Calton unwell?" inquired the excited walker of hospitals, as he put on a bed-furniture-looking dressing-gown.

"Not as I know on, Sir," replied the boy. "Please, Sir, he looked raythur rum, as it might be."

"Ah, that's no proof of his being ill," returned Hicks, unconsciously. "Very well: I'll be down directly." Down stairs ran the boy with the message, and down went the excited Hicks himself, almost as soon as the message was delivered. "Tap, tap." "Come in."—Door opens, and discovers Mr. Calton sitting in an easy chair, and looking more like a knocker than ever. Mutual shakes of the hand exchanged, and Mr. Septimus Hicks motioned to a seat. A short pause. Mr. Hicks coughed, and Mr. Calton took a pinch of snuff. It was just one of those interviews where neither party knows what to say. Mr. Septimus Hicks broke silence.

"I received a note—" he said, very tremulously, in a voice like a Punch with a cold.

"Yes," returned the other, "you did."

"Exactly."

"Yes."

Now, although this dialogue must have been satisfactory, both gentlemen felt there was something more important to be said; and so they did as many in such a situation would have done—they looked at the table with a most determined aspect. The conversation had been opened, however, and Mr. Calton made up his mind to continue it, with a regular double knock. He always spoke very pompously.

"Hicks," said he, "I have sent for you in consequence of certain arrangements which are pending in this house, connected with a marriage."

"With a marriage!" gasped Hicks, compared with whose expression of countenance, Hamlet's, when he sees his father's ghost, is pleasing and composed.

"With a marriage!" returned the knocker. "I have sent for you to prove the great confidence I can repose in you."

"And will you betray me?" eagerly inquired Hicks, who in his alarm had even forgotten to quote.

I betray *you!* Won't *you* betray *me?*"

"Never: no one shall know to my dying day that you had a hand in the business," responded the agitated Hicks, with an inflamed countenance, and his hair standing on end as if he were on the stool of an electrifying machine in full operation.

"People must know that some time or other—within a year, I imagine," said Mr. Calton, with an air of great self-complacency—"We *may* have a family, you know."

"*We!*—That won't affect you, surely."

"The devil it won't!"

"No! How can it? said the bewildered Hicks. Calton was too much enwrapped in the contemplation of happiness to see the equivoque between Hicks and himself; and throwing himself back in his chair, "Oh, Matilda!" sighed the antique beau, in a lack-a-daysical voice, and applying his right hand a little to the left of the fourth button of his waistcoat, counting from the bottom. This was meant to be pathetic—"Oh, Matilda!"

"What Matilda?" inquired Hicks, starting up.

"Matilda Maplesone," responded the other, doing the same.

"I marry her to-morrow morning," said Hicks, furiously.

"It's false," rejoined his companion: "I marry her!"

"You marry her!"

"I marry her!"

"You marry Matilda Maplesone?"

"Matilda Maplesone."

"*Miss* Maplesone marry *you?*"

"Miss Maplesone? No: Mrs. Maplesone."

"Good God!" said Hicks, falling into his chair like Ward in Gustavus: "You marry the mother, and I the daughter!"

"Most extraordinary circumstance!" replied Mr. Calton, "and rather inconvenient too; for the fact is, that owing to Matilda's wishing to keep her intention secret from her daughters until the ceremony has taken place, she doesn't like applying to any of her friends to give her away. I entertain an objection to making the affair known to my acquaintance just now; and the consequence is, that I sent to you to know whether you'd oblige me by acting as father."

"I should have been most happy, I assure you." said Hicks, in a tone of condolence, "but you see I shall be acting as bridegroom. One character is frequently a consequence of the other; but it is no usual to act in both at the same time. There's Simpson—I have no doubt he'll do it for you."

"I don't like to ask him," replied Calton, "he's such a donkey."

Mr. Septimus Hicks looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor; at last an idea struck him—"Let the man of the house, Tibbs, be the father," he suggested; and then he quoted, as peculiarly applicable to Tibbs and the pair:—

"Oh, Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meeets she there?
'Tis—tis her father's—fixed upon the pair."

"The idea has struck me already," said Mr. Calton: "but, you see, Matilda, for what reason I know not, is very anxious that Mrs. Tibbs should know nothing about it till it's all over. It's a natural delicacy after all, you know."

"He's the best-natured little man in existence, if you manage him properly," said Mr. Septimus Hicks. "Tell him not to mention it to his wife, and assure him she won't mind it, and he'll do it directly. My marriage is to be a secret one, on account of the mother and my father; therefore he must be enjoined to secrecy."

A small double knock, like a presumptuous single one, was that instant heard at the street door. It was Tibbs; it could be no one else, for no one else occupied five minutes in rubbing their shoes. He had been out to pay the baker's bill.

"Mr. Tibbs," called out Mr. Calton in a very bland tone, looking over the bannisters.

"Sir!" replied he of the dirty face.

"Will you have the kindness to step up stairs for a moment."

"Certainly, Sir," said Tibbs, delighted to be taken notice of. The bed-room door was carefully closed, and Tibbs, having put his hat on the floor (as all timid men do), and been accommodated with a seat, looked as astounded as if he were suddenly summoned before the familiars of the Inquisition.

"A rather unpleasant occurrence, Mr. Tibbs," said Calton, in a very portentous manner, "obliges me to consult you, and to beg you will not communicate what I am about to say to your wife."

Tibbs acquiesced, wondering in his own mind what the deuce the other could have done, and imagining that at least he must have broken the best decanters.

Mr. Calton resumed: "I am placed, Mr. Tibbs, in rather an unpleasant situation."

Tibbs looked at Mr. Septimus Hicks, as if he thought his being in the immediate vicinity of his fellow-boarder constituted the unpleasantness of his situation; but as he did not exactly know what to say, he merely ejaculated the monosyllable "Lor!"

"Now," continued the knocker, "let me beg you will exhibit no manifestations of surprise, which may be overheard by the domestics, when I tell you—command your feelings of astonishment—that two inmates of this house intend to be married to-morrow morning,"—and he drew back his chair several feet to perceive the effect of the unlooked-for announcement.

If Tibbs had rushed from the room, staggered down stairs, and fainted in the passage—if he had instantaneously jumped out of the window into the mews behind the house, in an agony of surprise—his behaviour would have been much less inexplicable to Mr. Calton than it was, when he merely put his hands into his inexpressible-pockets, and said, with a half-chuckle, "Just so."

"You are not surprised, Mr. Tibbs?" inquired Mr. Calton.

"God bless you, no, Sir," returned Tibbs; "after all, it's very natural. When two young people get together, you know ——"

"Certainly, certainly," said Calton, with an indescribable air of self-satisfaction.

"You don't think it's at all an out-of-the-way affair then?" asked Mr. Septimus Hicks, who had watched the countenance of Tibbs in mute astonishment.

"No, Sir," replied Tibbs; "I was just the same at his age." He actually smiled when he said this.

"How devilish well I must carry my years!" thought the delighted old beau, knowing he was at least ten years older than Tibbs at that moment.

"Well, then, to come to the point at once," he continued, "I have to ask you whether you will object to act as father on the occasion?"

"Certainly not," replied Tibbs; still without evincing an atom of surprise.

"You will not?"

"Decidedly not," reiterated Tibbs, who appeared as calm as a pot of porter with the head off.

Mr. Calton seized the hand of the petticoat-governed little man, and vowed eternal friendship from that hour. Hicks, who was all admiration and surprise, did the same.

"Now confess," asked Mr. Calton of Tibbs, as he picked up his hat, "were you not a little surprised?"

"I b'lieve you!" replied that illustrious person, holding up one hand; "I b'lieve you! when I first heard of it."

"So sudden," said Septimus Hicks.

"So strange to ask *me*, you know," said Tibbs.

"So damned odd altogether," said the superannuated love-maker; and then all three laughed.

"I say," said Tibbs, shutting the door which he had previously opened; and giving full vent to a hitherto corked-up giggle, "what bothers me is, what *will* his father say?"

Mr. Septimus Hicks looked at Mr. Calton.

"Yes; but the best of it is," said the latter, giggling in his turn, "I haven't got a father—he! he! he!"

"*You* hav'nt got a father. No; but *he* has," said Tibbs.

"*Who* has?" inquired Septimus Hicks, almost rabid.

"Why *him*."

"Him, who? Do you know my secret? Do you mean me?"

"You! No; you know who I mean," returned Tibbs, with a knowing wink.

"For Heaven's sake whom *do* you mean," inquired Mr. Calton, who, like Septimus Hicks, was all but out of his senses at the strange confusion.

"Why Mr. Simpson, of course," replied Tibbs; "who else could I mean?"

"I see it all," said the Byron-quoter; "Simpson marries Julia Maplesone to-morrow morning!"

"Undoubtedly," replied Tibbs, thoroughly satisfied; "of course he does."

It would require the pencil of Hogarth to illustrate—our feeble pen is inadequate to describe—the expression which the countenances of Mr. Calton and Mr. Septimus Hicks respectively assumed at this unexpected announcement. Equally impossible is it to describe,

although it is much easier for our lady readers to imagine, what arts the three ladies could have used, so completely to entangle their separate partners. Whatever they were, however, they were successful. The mother was perfectly aware of the intended marriage of both daughters; and the young ladies were equally acquainted with the intention of their inestimable parent. They agreed, however, that it would have a much better appearance if each feigned ignorance of the other's engagement; and it was equally desirable that all the marriages should take place on the same day, to prevent the discovery of one clandestine alliance, operating prejudicially on the others. Hence the mystification of Mr. Calton and Mr. Septimus Hicks, and the pre-engagement of the unwary Tibbs.

On the following morning Mr. Septimus Hicks was united to Miss Matilda Maplesone. Mr. Simpson also entered into a "holy alliance" with Miss Julia, Tibbs acting as father, "his first appearance in that character." Mr. Calton not being quite so eager as the two young men, was rather struck by the double discovery; and as he had found some difficulty in getting any one to give the lady away, it occurred to him that the best mode of obviating the inconvenience would be not to take her at all. The lady however "appealed," as her counsel said on the trial of the cause, *Maplesone* v. *Calton*, for a breach of promise, "with a broken heart to the outraged laws of her country." She recovered damages to the amount of 1000*l.*, which the unfortunate knocker was compelled to pay, because he had declined to *ring* the *belle*. Mr. Septimus Hicks having walked the hospitals, took it into his head to walk off altogether. His injured wife is at present residing with her mother at Boulonge. Mr. Simpson, having the misfortune to lose his wife six weeks after marriage (by her eloping with an officer during his temporary sojourn in the Fleet Prison, in consequence of his inability to discharge her little mantua-maker's bill), and being disinherited by his father, who died soon afterwards, was fortunate enough to obtain a permanent engagement at a fashionable hair-cutter's, hair dressing being a science to which he had frequently directed his attention. In this situation he had necessarily many opportunities of making himself acquainted with the habits and style of thinking of the exclusive portion of the nobility of this kingdom. To this fortunate circumstance are we indebted for the production of those brilliant efforts of genius, his fashionable novels, which so long as good taste, unsullied exaggeration, cant, and maudlin quackery continues to exist, cannot fail to instruct and amuse the thinking portion of the community.

It only remains to add, that this "complication of disorders" completely deprived poor Mrs. Tibbs of all her inmates, except the one whom it would have afforded her the greatest pleasure to lose—her husband. That wretched little man returned home on the day of the wedding in a state of partial intoxication; and under the influence of wine, excitement, and despair, actually dared to brave the anger of his wife. Since that ill-fated hour he has constantly taken his meals in the kitchen, to which apartment it is understood his witticisms will be in future confined, a turn-up bedstead having been conveyed there by Mrs. Tibbs's order for his exclusive accommoda-

tion. It is very likely that he will be enabled to finish there his story of the volunteers.

The advertisement has again appeared in the morning papers. Whether it will be productive of any beneficial result, we of course are unable to foretell. If it should, we may, perhaps, at no distant period, return to Mrs. Tibbs and her "Boarding-House."

THE MEETING OF THE DELEGATES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE MS. OF AN UNIONIST.)

DURING the raging fever of political unions, which came into England some time ago with the cholera, I caught the disorder, and became a member, among many hundreds, equally careless and ignorant with myself. All that I could ever clearly understand was, that we had to pay sixpence a month, which was called the "musket-fund," and was reserved for purchasing muskets, with which we were to shoot king, lords, and commons; considering every man as a common enemy who possessed more wealth or property than ourselves. We had committees, orators, secretaries, chairmen, and pennyless treasurers, who never met upon business without swallowing a musket, or the worth of one, and reducing the fund a musket less; for no business would they transact unless we allowed them two quarts of ale and six papers of tobacco per man, besides bread, cheese, and onions. We also took in every paper which spoke favourably of political unions, no matter how short the paragraph; but if they ever dared to dictate, or advise, or reason with us, the editors were instantly marked down as rank tyrants, and an order sent to every unionist to throw up that paper. One evening, when our honourable committee were all drunk, having applied themselves diligently to the glass, and smoking business and the affairs of the country, for six hours, it pleased them in their barley-corn-inspired wisdom, to delegate me, along with five others, to open another branch of the union at the small quiet village of Chillwell. Large posting bills were printed early the next morning, and posted upon almost every cottage and barn-door in the village; the contents read thus:—

"'UNION IS STRENGTH—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'

"Countrymen—if you love LIBERTY, attend to-morrow evening at the Sheep's Head, when several Gentlemen from Leicester will honour you with their Company, and show you that you are SLAVES. They will also receive entrance money, enrol names, and open No. 27, of the Leicester Political Union.—*Pro Bono Publico.*"

About dusk the Six *Gentlemen* delegates, namely, two stocking-weavers, with coat elbows out; an old shoemaker, hat crown staved in, the brim flapping on his cheek; and a broken-down player, shoe-sole fastened with a string, which came round his instep to prevent separation, while something of a dirty white colour hung dangling

behind, like a tail; an old blacksmith, leather apron down to conceal sundry rents in his corderoys; and myself—after each filling our short pipes and emptying our pints—went staggering to open the union. Every puff we took was followed by some wise remark on the good that would ensue to unborn generations from our visit, and every reel we made across the wide highway made us conscious that we were patriots.

"I say, Ned," said the player, addressing the old shoemaker, who could scarcely walk, "if I propose a vote of thanks to you, after you've made your speech to-night, will you do the same for me when I've made mine?"

"I will my lad, Dick," said he, "give us your hand, you know I'm allos ready for ought as el mak things comfortable; and I'll do it as it ought to be done, my lad, for you know old Ned can."

"Do you mean, Dick, finishing your speech to-night with that bit about the banner, as you picked up frae th' papers?" said the oldest stockinger.

"To be sure I do," answered the player—"why?"

"Nought particular," said the stockinger, "only I was thinking o' heving it mysen, just to meck a finish wi, if you didn't, that's all."

"Stuff!" said Dick, "you can't do better than pitch the corn laws."

"I think I shall give 'em my old yarn," said the blacksmith; "it 'ill be new to them."

"It will so," said another; "but don't get too much drink before you begin, and forget half of it."

"Whose agoing to open the meeting?" said the younger stockinger.

"I am," answered the old shoemaker; "and Dick's to finish, he makes a pretty finish; he's got sich sublime idees."

"Do you think I have?" said Dick; "I've often been told that my mind's magnitudinal."

"I like that bit about th' thunder an' lightning," said the old blacksmith, "its devlish fine. How do you like my bit about Christ's Apostles?"

"It comes in very applicable," answered Dick; "where did you pick it up?"

"I took the idee," said he, "from an old speech of Chatham's, as came to me wrapt round a nounce of backer; so, you know, I thought it would do. If I should happen to forget it, just whisper apostles before I've done, will you? I'll do the same by you if you should forget thunder and lightning."

Dick promised.

We had by this time entered the Sheep's Head inn, where about fifty smock-frocked rustics were seated, on rude benches, smoking and drinking; they all arose as we entered, baring their heads, and staring, like stuck rats, at sight of us—gentlemen delegates. The old shoemaker had contrived to cram his brinkless hat under his arm, and, as the room was but badly lighted, all passed off well.

The room we entered was long and low, badly lighted, and worse furnished; the wall was hung with printed confessions, and songs

with red and yellow wood-cuts. Here and there a long ale-score stood shining, like a row of white teeth; a long rough deal table occupied the length of the room, around which was seated the village politicians, nearly hidden in clouds of tobacco-smoke.

Before business commenced six pints of ale were called for; and as every rustic pressed us to drink with them, before spouting took place each gentleman delegate began to see double. The chairman was an old wood-cutter, who had lived in the village for seventy years, and who was to call silence by striking the table with a large stone, which an hour before had lain on the highway. Tap, tap, tap, went the stone—"order, order, Mr. Potts," was called; and up rose the old shoemaker; but he had scarcely mounted the table, and hemmed out—"Gentlemen"—than down he came, flat amongst jugs, pipes, and glasses; a friend rose up and apologized, saying,—"Gentlemen, our friend Potts often arrives to such a height of excitement in the cause, that he is at times overpowered, and cannot give utterance to the vasty things he feels within him." The apology was accepted, and the blacksmith next arose.—"Apostles!" whispered Dick, as we lifted him upon the table, when after giving three hems, he thus commenced:—

"Fellow-countreymen and bruthers, it is we pleasure as what I look round about me an see so many inlitend men as are here afore me, wot are tied of been slaves; isn't there now someat in that word slave wot one cant do we; why are we forced to work and the king not, eh? (Hear, hear, hear!) Yes, I ask agean why are we forced to work and the king not? why, my enlitened cuntrymen, I'll tell you; it's becoys we're fools to work for him." (Hear, hear!) "Apostles!' whispered Dick.—"An them parsons, wot rite hey we to pay to em? why the devil don't they take a pot and a scrip and go round frae door to door, same as wot Christ's apostles did, picking up halfpence where they can, an let us live in their fine houses, then I shud call em Christians; let em come volunteary as I've done to night for the good of my country, then I shall call hem Christians; let em put up we a sup of ale, (just let me wet my throttle,—thank you!); let em put up we a sup of ale, not their fine wines, but a sup of ale I say and a bit of backer same as I do, then I shall call em Chritsians (hear, hear, hear!) let em wear such like stockings as these, an not silk ens—then." But here the uproar became so great, that the climax of the orator was lost in the clouds, and he was obliged to resume his seat beside the old shoemaker, who had so far recovered as to be able to again blow a cloud and uplift a full quart.

After a short pause, the young stockinger uprose, and when mine host had replenished the glasses and jugs, he thus proceeded:—

"Fellow-labourers! you will understand that in joining the Union, you are not only doing good for yoursens, but for your childer after you, and when there's no more tyrants upon God's earth—for believe me the Unions will cut them all off—then think what pride your childer will have when your laid down in the earth, at saying—'My father was one of them men as paid six-pence a month to the Union, and bought a musket to shoot the king, and helped to set his country free, and turned all the rich men out of doors,'—think, I say, wot pride

they'll feel when instead of living in these little houses like pig-sty's, they'll be living in castles, and have no masters. (Hear, hear!) We want no king, we can do without any tax-gatherer, we want no parsons, nor no churches; where was Adam's church? (hear, hear, hear!) —he kneeled down and prayed we Mrs. Eve any where; he wanted no church; sometimes his church was under a crabtree; he had nobody coming to his sty an taking one of his pigs out for tithes (hear, hear!) he had no tax-gatherer coming knocking at his door we a red book in his hand, saying, I want 7*s.* 6*d.* for poor-rates, or 5*s.* 6*d.* for church-rates, or 3*s.* 2*d.* for highway rates; no, my fellow countrymen, Adam would hev nocked em down wi his garden-rake if they'd come to him for taxes. Come then, let's be united an buy muskets, an when they come to our door for taxes, let's shoot em like dogs; if they hang us we can but die once—an look wot a noble death to be hanged for the good of one's country! Beside we can soon larn were exercise; I've been in the militia two years, and if you've a mind when this meeting breaks up, I'll just show you how to shoulder arms, prepare, fire, and march; then, my lads, you'll begetting your hands in again th' muskets come; you can easy get some besoms or pitchforks, or hedge-stakes to do your exercise with. Be firm, be united, be resolved, be staunch, be friendly, be resolute, don't flinch, don't fall out, don't give in, an then if we ant free, if we ant mesters of England before three more months, why my name's not Jack Calfs-head. Now that's all my lads—here's all your healths!" He next sat down amid thunders of applause, when the old stockinger slowly uprose. He seemed big with speech and ale, and arose looking cautiously round with ludicrous solemnity, as if life, death, slavery and liberty sat upon the glance of his drink-twinkling eye, when he thus begun—

> "By oppression's wars and pains,
> By our sons in dearest veins;
> We will drain our servile chains,
> But they shall be free.'

Such, my fellow-countryman, was the language of the poet of liberty, John Milton, who writed the Illiad; yes, and my heart feels all on a glow whenever I recitation them words. We are men, my fellow-sufferers—men, who have always been brave. Did not our antiguties forefathers, the ancestors of our children, compel King Henry the ninth to sign manify charter, and shall we petition for wot they drained their dearst livers for? No; our plucks is as good as theirs, our hearts is as sound as theirs, our lights are as much in light as theirs. —(Hear, hear, hear!)

"Did not our progeny fight Julia Ceaser when he come we fifty men-of-war an two million thousand cannon? yes, my brave countrymen, and drived him back into Botany Bay where he comed from; and arnt we as brave lads as our progeny (we are!) and when King Alfred wanted to lay a window-tax on our generations didn't Wat Tyler and Oliver Cromwell fight like devils, and hang King Alfred up in Lunnun, all becoss he was a tyrant? Hey, an we'll hang our king (we will!) and shoot the queen, (hear, hear!) and burn the bishops, and drown the churches, and pelt Wellington, (hear, hear!) and knock

Peel down, and wollop Wetherall, and go to parliment ourselves (hear, hear!) an play hell with hem and knock him down.—(Hear, hear!)" He had long been shifting his position on the table, when, just as he repeated the words "knock him down," the table tipped over and down fell the orator, with his hand in the boiler, that had been left open, and filled with water, which, if not quite boiling, was hot enough to be more than unpleasant. Upon recovering himself he perceived mine host laughing at his warm bath, and, seizing the ale-warmer, which was always standing in readiness on the grate, dipped it in the boiler, and hurled its contents at the offender, who, being on the alert, stooped down and avoided the reeking shower, which alighted full in the face of the shoemaker, who immediately returned the compliment with a pewter pot and contents in exchange, which went crash through the window. "Order, order!" shouted the Chairman, "Union is strength!' vociferated the blacksmith. "Silence, gentlemen, and conduct yourselves like men, on whom the eyes of all Europe is rivetted!" said Dick. "Chair, chair!" order!" and "silence!" was alone heard, and formed the sole deafening confusion. Order was at length restored, when Dick the player; who was our greatest orator, arose, blowing his nose before he commenced, then, placing one hand in his bosom, and the other upon the table, which he had read somewhere was Canning's custom, he thus begun:

"Englishmen, and fellow-countrymen! the time has at length arrived when we are to be slaves eternally, or for ever free; already has the muttering thunder of public opinion pealed through the hollow concaves of echoing custom, and the scythe-winged lightning-glare of whirlwind-treading liberty has flashed desolation on the nodding turrets of a castle-girded aristocracy! Freedom has drawn her blood-gilded sword and hurled away the scabbard; the lion of British liberty has arisen from his dormant slumber, and shaken the dew-drops from his mighty mane; —the trumpet has sounded that cries 'be slaves no more!' America first blew the battle blast, that flew, rolling down her deep shaking cataracts. Greece caught the sound, and answered, with her heart-stirring trumpet, along the mist-mantled mountains. Poland lifted the massy instrument to her pale lips, and died ere the full-pealed trumpet's blast was fully blown. France started up at the sound, and blew the daring note that struck the Bourbon aghast. And shall England, the vaunted land of liberty, shrink from the sound? Never: the unions have already lit a beacon light, whose glare shall flash consternation upon a congregated world! We have already seen the unfurled banner of liberty, with its golden letters flaunting in the sunshine, and its silken folds rustling in the blue breeze as it waves upon the mount of reform, and are determined never to rest satisfied until we have grasped the sacred Standard!"

The orator now resumed his pot and pipe, amid the deafening plaudits of plough-boys, who had sat attentively listening to what no one could ever understand. "My eyes, Bill," said one of the yokels, "that is a larned man, is'nt he? he does understand politics some." Dick now took the pipe in his hand, and went outside the door; but before going out, he gave the old shoemaker a wink, who had considerably sobered within the last hour. Dick could scarcely have ap-

plied his ear to the keyhole before the old shoemaker rose, and spake in the following manner:—"Gentlemen, I rise to propose a vote of thanks to that young man whom occasion has just called to the door. I say a vote of thanks for that eloquent, sensible, good sound speech which he has just delivered. What need we fear while we have a man like that amongst us? Those who are of my opinion will hold up their hands." This was done unanimously; his health was also proposed, and drank with three times three. The shouting had scarcely ceased when Dick re-entered, and was minutely informed of what had occurred during his absence. Two or three hems, and he was again on his legs, and returning thanks in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I feel more than grateful for the high honour, which you have this evening conferred upon me; and feel very sorry that poor words are alone the only visible medium by which I can express my unbounded, illimitable gratitude. Believe me, gentlemen, when I say that this is the proudest moment of my existence; and if I had as many hearts as would fill the dark-resounding caverns of wave-barking Charybdis and Scylla, I would devote them all to my country. Gentlemen, Liberty has mounted her blooming chariot, and is now rattling through the tyrant-tottering earth, while the loud prancing of her lightning-breathing steeds is heard, as they leap thundering from realm to realm. Gentlemen, you will ever find me at my post, and when the good of my country requires this poor life, thanks to that patriot feeling which in me is hereditary, I am ready to resign it on the bleeding altar of my country's wrongs!"—Dick again sat down, amid the tumultuous plaudits of the open-mouthed peasantry. The old shoemaker, according to agreement, next absented himself; but Dick was too busy drinking with every one by whom he was invited, to think of proposing a vote of thanks to old Ned, who returned, looking any thing but pleasant. The woodman next arose, and as chairman, said—"Before I leave this here chair, I wish to say some two, three, wods. Now you mun know as wot I'm turned of 70, and have seen a good deal in my time; I can remember when bread was fourteen-pence a stone, and good beef and mutton fourpence a pund. Now, at that time o' day, when my old dame went to market, she used to teck her ten or a dozen shilling, and buy us grub for all the week, and hoppen bring home a new hat, or pair o' shoes for one of our lads, or some flannel to mend her petticoat; now if she were to go to th' market next week, and find provisions that price again, why she would come home, and say, 'Lithee, my lad, bread's dropped a shilling i' th' stone, and meat threepence a pund; I've bought mysell a bit o' print to make some aprons on, and a bit of calico to mend thy old shirts wi'.' Now I say wot sich things would be pleasant. I can recollect how at a Christmas one used to hev one's friends about one, to the pig's funeral, as we called it; but now one's forced to sell th' pig to pay for one's shoes and rent wi; and we've niver no pork pies and black puddings at a Christmas. T'other day my youngest daughter Sall was married; she's turned o' thirty-five, and she comes to me—'Feather,' says she, 'what are you going to give me to th' housekeeping.' 'My lass,' says I, 'I've got nought to gie' thee but my blessing an' advice, and I hope as if to's as many childer as thy

mother, and she'd seventeen, thou'll make 'em all unionists.' 'I will, fether,' she said, 'else I'll break their backs !'—So you see, my lads, as I've always the good of our cause at th' heart. God bless you all, an' I hope we shall mister all them rich *fellors*."

It was now past midnight, and as our sixpences had been paid for muskets, we proposed pulling up some hedgestakes, and going to drill on the forest. On looking over our subscription list, while mine host was putting us up in bottles twelve gallons of ale, beside a proportionate quantity of tobacco, to take with us on our exercise, I could perceive some had paid a shilling, with this item—"Jos Bole, wun shillin tuwardes a dubble-barell gun, to shute too wi." After having borrowed all mine host's besoms and pitchforks, and tearing up his fences for the hedgestakes, and loading ourselves with stone bottles, pipes, tobacco, and a tinder-box, we staggered to the forest, there to learn our exercise, and make ready to kill all tyrants, and set England free. The old shoemaker bore a gallon bottle, and kept lessening its weight every ten or twenty yards; while the stockinger marched first, shouldering a hedgestake, and whistling the "Rogues' March." Before we reached the forest, I perceived the shoemaker linger behind, until at last, stepping aside to a pond covered with ducks'-meat, he again filled his bottle, which he alone had emptied during our march; then, staggering first, he threw down the bottle upon a large stone, as if by accident, and swore it was a bad job spilling all that good ale. After having seated ourselves upon the dewy grass, and deeply dived into John Barleycorn, we arose to do our exercise, one half of us smoking short pipes: "Shoulder arms !" cried the stockinger. "O Lord !" exclaimed a Johnny wop, "your hitten me over my chin we that dam'd pitchfork. "Ground arms !" "Dam it, Bill, dont knock a man's toes off we your great garden-rail." "Eyes right !" "A say, Ned, you've burnt my cheek why your pipe. "Stand at ease !" "Joe, you've fetch'd the skin off my cheek we your blasted besom." "March !" O, genius of Dundas ! what marching ! "Dont tread on my heels !" "Are you going to poke my eye out ?" "How you keep popping that besom in my face." "Jack, is your pipe out ?" "Sam, give us a light." "Tom, is there ought in the bottle ?" "Dam it, Fred, save us a sup; dont be a hog, be matish;" with many other military phrases, were constantly vociferated, while we were preparing to liberate England. At length we grounded arms, when the stockinger, after finishing the last draught of ale, addressed us in the following manner:—

"Brother soldiers, I have been in the militia two years, and out of that time have been up six weeks doing exercise; but never did I behold a finer body of men than these now before me. You are an honour to your country, and the glorious cause in which you have listed, and are more masters of your exercise in this bit of time than the regular militia, and, as soon as you get your muskets will be ready to tackle any garrison in England. Proud am I that my knowledge of militia discipline makes me compos mentus to larn you your exercise. You will retire soberly and orderly to your homes, and this day fortnight us delegates will again come to give you farder

instructions, and see how your Union gets on. Farewell, brother soldiers!"

We now wended home, patriot-like, arm in arm, and reeling drunk. Dick and the old shoemaker got to high words because he had not proposed a vote of thanks: to this Dick pleaded guilty by saying that he made no speech, nor never knew how in his life, and that he would spout him for half a gallon of ale, in any Union house in England. Daylight dawned when we reached Leicester, where, with our readers, we for the present must halt.

STANZAS.

How oft, at some gay festival,
When high the flowing cups were crown'd,
And mirth re-echoed thro' the hall,
And song and music floated round;—

When every heart with joy beat high,
And eyes flashed love to eyes again,
And hope was breathed in ev'ry sigh
And pleasure left no room for pain;—

How oft, in that delicious hour,
In that enlargement of the soul,
When reason half forgot her power,
And joy would wildly spurn control,—

Would darksome thoughts my mind invade,
Like clouds that flit across the sky,
And, trembling, to myself I said—
"If one amongst us were to die!"

I shudder'd, and a sudden tear
Adown my burning cheek would flow,
Arresting joy in his career,
And half presaging future woe.

And must they die? And must the light
Of each bright eye be quenched in death;
The cheek forget to bloom so bright,
The lips to yield their balmy breath?

And must they die? Is it my doom
To live and see each bright one fall?
O grant me, Heav'n, an early tomb—
O let me perish first of all!

April, 1834. SIGMA

ANDALUSIAN SKETCHES.

No. I.—The Miller of Almoraima.

At a distance of about ten miles from the land-gates of Gibraltar is the forest of Almoraima. It covers a space of nearly forty square miles, and is chiefly composed of cork trees, although there are some of the finest oaks I have ever seen, and which disabused me of a popular English prejudice—that *real* oaks were only to be found in our own country. Perched on the summit of a rugged mountain overhanging the forest, stands the fortified village of Castellar, better known to the English as the "Castle of Andalusia," and where the scene is laid of an admired dramatic piece. Here resides the steward of the owner of this fine property, the Marquis of Moscoso, who lives in splendour at Madrid on the income derived from this and other extensive estates. A sum, averaging yearly fifty thousand reals de Vellon (two thousand five hundred dollars), is alone paid to him for permission to drive large numbers of pigs to feed on the fallen acorns; and so excellent is this food for these animals, that the swine of Almoraima are celebrated in all parts of the south of Spain for the firmness, whiteness, and delicious flavour of their flesh. But a more considerable source of revenue arises from the bark of the cork trees, and the enormons quantity of charcoal made. This gives employment and support to a numerous population who occupy small villages of huts, erected on spots cleared by the destruction of the trees. One broad road through the centre of the wood leads to the town of Ximena; from this, branch off on either side, innumerable narrow paths which conduct the curious explorer to small plains, some of them having huts, but many without any sign of inhabitants. At a distance to the left of the road, in a low swampy situation, is a convent which takes its name from the forest. It is now inhabited by a few friars belonging to the different religious houses of Cadiz and Seville who are sent for various terms of from one to five years, as punishment for ecclesiastical offences; a severe penalty indeed, as those who survive a third years residence are, for the remainder of their lives tormented with ague. About two miles south-west of the convent winds the Guadaranque, a mountain stream, on the left bank of which is a well beaten track. Following this one morning, during a ramble on horseback, I came to a rudely erected wooden hut and mill. I had often heard mention made of the owner, and I resolved to take the present opportunity of endeavouring to become acquainted with him. I rode up to the door, and was received by the loud noise of a pack of yelping snarling dogs. These were soon silenced by the appearance of him I sought, the miller—Pepé Romero, a tall handsome man, of about thirty-five years of age, swarthy complexion, large black eyes, and an expression of countenance most particularly mild and humane. In this instance the physiognomists—the disciples of Lavater—would be sadly at fault. He was dressed in a black curly sheep-skin jacket,

the edges bound with red cloth, breeches of tanned leather, black shining leggings curiously embossed and stitched, and the usual red thick woollen sash girded round his waist. From the side pocket of his breeches protuded the handle of the formidable knife, which, though an illegal weapon, is possessed by every man in Spain. Pepé saluted me gracefully and with urbanity, demanding my pleasure. I pretended fatigue, a wish to rest myself and my horse, and a desire for refreshment. I was soon seated on a low rush-bottomed chair in the outer apartment; my horse was led into a shed behind the hut, disencumbered of saddle and bridle, and a liberal supply of fresh chopped-straw thrown before him. During this operation, a frightful old hag, apparently the miller's only assistant, spread upon a small wooden table a coarse but clean cloth, laying thereon two large loaves of bread of exquisite whiteness, and then she lifted from a charcoal stove an earthern pot containing a savoury olla. My host now entered, and without many ceremonies we proceeded in right earnest to do justice to this excellent mess, qualifying it with comfortable draughts from a large leathern bottle filled with very tolerable red wine. Then came the cigars, and here I was not unprovided. I furnished my gratified entertainer with some which he pronounced to be *legitimos*—real Havanahs. I have said that I had heard of Pepé Romero; few can reside for any length of time at Gibraltar without doing so. He is the terror of the entire district, where he has the character of being the most blood-thirsty villain in Spain. Report says he has committed nine murders, and yet when I have asked the scared narrator of these dreadful deeds for particulars, some excuse for the crime, some redeeming quality of the miller, was always stated. I felt, therefore, some curiosity to learn from himself an account of the circumstances, and at length I ventured to say that I had been told of certain events in which he had been concerned. He listened to me with a significant smile, and after a short pause, said—"You have doubtless been informed that I am an assassin; *that* I deny. If I have shed blood, it has never been for hire, for gold, but always in revenge of injury to which no Spaniard can submit,—in self-defence, or to afford protection and to right the weak. You shall hear how these affairs happened; and I will tell you, first, of the death of the custom-house officer, Juan Ramirez, for that is the worst of all, and brought me into some trouble.

"It is about two years since that I went to Gibraltar and purchased a variety of articles I needed, packed them in the usual manner, placed them on my horse, and arrived safely through the Spanish lines. This ordeal overcome, I had arranged with Juan the *guarda* (custom-house officer) on the San Roque road, for a consideration paid before-hand, not to search or interfere with me. Guess, therefore, my astonishment and indignation, when I found that Ramirez, instead of being at his usual post near the Almendral, and quietly passing me and my cargo, was purposely absent, and in his place I encountered a whole tribe of his brother sharks, from whom, thus coming unexpectedly upon me, there was no escape. I lost my good horse and all my purchases. But Pepé Romero was not the man to submit tamely to such a trick! I vowed vengeance. Juan

heard of my threats, and fled; but I felt assured that the day of retribution would arrive. About a year afterwards I was on my way home from Puente-Mayorga, crossing the path which leads over Carteia, when I met, in its narrowest pass, Juan Ramirez, seated on a *borico* (an ass) slowly jogging along. He knew me as quickly as I recognized him, and that his doom was certain. I saw in his sinking eye and pallid brow that he was aware his fate had overtaken him. Why did the wretch return to this part of the country, and thus place himself in the way of my just revenge? 'Base—avaricicious—dishonourable villain,' said I; 'get down from the borico, and avail yourself of the few minutes you have to live, to ask pardon of heaven for your sins. Five minutes I give you by this watch,' which I produced to mark the time. He did pray, loudly and earnestly; but, I must admit to you, that his supplications were addressed to *me* to spare his life. They did not avail him—the minutes passed quickly; I levelled and pulled the trigger. The fates seemed to favour the traitor! My gun, for the only time in my remembrance, missed fire. The unhappy man, having then hope of escape, attempted to run away. But it was to be. Fresh priming was soon shaken, and—'*Muriò la muerte*'—(he died the death)! That gun, without which I never leave this roof, sent the unerring bullet through his head. The matter made some noise. It was well known that I had threatened revenge. I had been observed in the direction of the old Roman town (Carteia) on the day Juan's body was found dead in the path, the ass quietly gazing by its side. A company of soldiers (the mere civil-power would not venture to pay me a hostile visit in this forest) apprehended me, and I suffered four months' imprisonment in Cadiz gaol ere my trial took place. It cost me money, and I was acquitted in default of evidence. Now was I so much to blame in this affair?"

I was unwilling to commit myself by any reply to this query, and pretended to be fully occupied in lighting a new cigar. The miller did not repeat his question, but continued his recital.

"As for another transaction," said he, in a confident tone, "and which was also much talked of, I think you will excuse me altogether. It occurred a few years since, during the time of 'the Constitution,' that period of terror when Spain was misgoverned by three hundred tyrants called the Cortes, who bellowed the word 'liberty,' but put to death, banished, or imprisoned every one who did not echo their insane cry, and submit to be plundered of half his substance to pay large salaries to these mock patriots. '*Viva el Rey absoluto!*' say I. Let Spain be governed by one just man instead of a band of needy adventurers. Let us retain her old laws and customs, under which she will be more happy and contented than with your new-fashioned French notions and charters. It was, I say, during the second year of this 'sovereignty of the people,' as it was called, that a detachment of those fellows, the *nacionales* (national troops) was on its march from the San Roque to the town of Alcala-de-los-Gazules, and passed through this wood. Near my mill—not half a mile distant—is an humble hut inhabited by an industrious old man, a gardener, who, with his wife and pretty daughter Francesca, support

themselves by the sale of vegetables, raised on a small spot which they have cleared around their dwelling. By dint of hard labour old Manuel had at length saved sufficient to purchase a borico on which he could carry his produce to your Gibraltar market, and thus obtain a better price. Well—to return to the *nacionales*—a couple of stragglers from the detachment, a corporal and a private, following at a distance in the rear, strayed off the road, and came upon Manuel's hut. They insolently demanded refreshment, and such as could be procured they obtained; then, seeing the ass, they claimed the animal for the service of the *pueblo sobrano* (the sovereign people.) In vain the old man and woman implored the pity of these robbers. The pad was strapped on the sleek beast, their knapsacks and firelocks secured upon it, and their prize led off amidst the tears and lamentations of the aged couple. But the daughter, Francesca, was not idle. During the parley, the *chiqutia* (little girl) had scampered with breathless haste to the mill, found me here, and made me acquainted with what had occurred. My gun, always ready loaded, was soon on my shoulder. I struck across a path where I knew I must have a good chance of falling in with the thieves. Sure enough I saw them advancing as I stood reconnoitering from behind a large *quejigo* (oak-tree) on the road-side. The corporal was sitting on the ass, which was urged onward by his comrade following on foot, armed only with a long stick, which he applied without remorse to the flanks of the unwilling beast. They were singing together a constitutional song, the burthen of which was 'Mueren los *Negros*,' 'Death to the *Blacks*,' as they called us loyal men. I never miss my aim. I levelled at the corporal, and he fell, a dead man! The borico stood still, and the astounded private fled into the opposite thicket ere I could reload. I did not consider it necessary to follow him. I threw off the animal's back the baggage of the soldiers, and led the *boriquillo* to his delighted owners.

"This matter was talked about for a while, but none thought it of sufficient consequence to interfere with *me*. I had only killed one of the tools of the detested Cortes, and there are few 'afrancesados' in this district. What do *you* think of these affairs?"

This was a delicate question. I was released from the necessity of answering by the impatient neighing of my horse, anxious to quit his present quarters. I took leave, but not before my host had uttered repeated invitations to me to refresh myself as often as I might feel disposed to call at the "Molino del Conde," for so his mill is named.

"I will tell you on some future occasion," said he, "of the other *muertos* (deaths) in which I have unluckily been concerned, and of which, perhaps, you have heard false tales. You will not find the devil so black as he is painted."

Although I could not but feel that Pepé Romero was a cold-blooded villain—one reckless of shedding blood, yet, I confess, I was anxious to hear from his own lips some further particulars of the causes which led him to commit the numerous murders attributed to him by common report. I, therefore, shouldered my double-barrelled Manton, and followed by my two faithful pointers "Grouse" and "Pan,"

set out one morning from San Roque, soon after my first interview with the miller, and walked to the mill, determining to make it my head-quarters for a day or two, and enjoy the very good sport to be found, at all seasons, in the Almoraima Forest. Pepé was from home, but I explained to the old female my intention of returning in the evening, in the hope of being accommodated for the night. Considering that I am an indifferent shot, I had a successful day's sport, as *vide* my game-book, in which I find entered under that day's date—woodcocks, bagged 7; snipes, 13; landrail, 1.

When I approached the hut late in the afternoon, I found Romero at the door, awaiting my arrival, and I received from him a welcome greeting. "Our meal will soon be ready," said he; "and there," pointing to a tolerable enough couch made up in one corner upon boards and trussels, "you will sleep soundly after your walk." Supper being ended, I produced another liberal supply of my *legitimate* cigars, with which I had taken care to supply myself. "I am well pleased to see you again, *Caballero*," said the miller, of his own accord commencing the conversation. "I am very glad to have an opportunity of telling you some of the circumstances which brought about the deaths in which I have been concerned; and I particularly desire to relate to you how the earliest of these terrible events occurred. Did you ever hear of that of Don Tomas Iglesas, the son of the *escribano* (lawyer) of Los Barrios?"

I called to recollection having been told that a young man of that name had, some years since, been killed in a fray in the Cork Wood.

"Well then," continued Pepé, "I will explain to you how that happened. It is now more than six years that I first paid court to Pomasina Iglesas, the most lovely maid of this province, the rose-bud of Los Barrios. I need not tell you a long love tale; enough to say that I gained her heart—that she pledged to me her troth. What happy days were then mine! Scarcely an evening passed that I did not find occasion to ride to the town. The reception given to me by the family was all I could desire. The father, the old Don Henrique, was my warm friend in the matter. I must admit that at that time my reputation was not what it now deservedly is. Alas! my hands were then clean! I was of course anxious that our marriage should at once be celebrated. Pomasina gave her consent, but the old people would not permit it until Don Tomas, their son, who held a civil employment at Ecija, could obtain leave of absence to attend the wedding. One night I was sitting in the large apartment of Don Henrique's house, playing upon the guitar, whilst my beloved Pomasina was gracefully moving to the measure in a *bolero*, accompanying herself with the spirit-stirring castenets, when the door suddenly opened, and two men enveloped in cloaks entered. In a moment father, mother, and daughter, were embracing one of the strangers. To me it appeared that he received these endearments sullenly. He quickly broke away from them, and said in a harsh voice, "Have you no other welcome for my friend, Don Rafael, and myself, after our weary day's journey over your vile mountain roads? Is there not an *olla* ready?" Soft answers to these unkind words were given, and assurances of immediate refreshment, to prepare which,

apparently, the ladies left the room. The two travellers now laid aside their hats and cloaks, and I looked with no approving eye upon them. Don Tomas was an athletic handsome young man, his features bearing strong resemblance to those of his sister—to Pomasina. Rafael, his companion, was a short insignificant-looking fellow, with a countenance singularly forbidding, sallow complexion, downcast look. At length Don Henrique observing me still seated with the guitar in my hand, and evidently dissatisfied, spoke. Turning towards Tomas, "My dear son," said the old man, in a mild and tremulous tone of voice, "let me make known to you Don Jose Romero, the accepted lover of our Pomasina. He is a miller well to do in the world, and will I feel assured make our beloved girl happy." I rose, prepared to receive the greeting of my future brother-in-law; but it was so coldly, nay, so rudely offered, that I could scarcely refrain from shewing at once my feelings of deep displeasure. But I did control them, and soon made some excuse for retiring. What a miserable night I passed! Sometimes vowing dire revenge against the insolent Tomas; then transferring my animosity to his companion, who I at once pronounced to be my intended rival. You will easily infer that he was so. On the morning of each of the two following days I rode to the door of Don Henrique's house, but failed to obtain an admittance. The family were denied to me, but the confused look of the menial who answered me betrayed the falsehood of his assertion, that *all* were from home. The third day was the Patron Saint's Day of Pomasina. I had long since resolved again to entreat that our nuptial day should be fixed, when I presented to my love the appropriate offering of flowers, which you know is the custom in Spain upon these anniversaries. I reached the door of the house; the nosegay of delicious perfume was in my hand, but my heart sank—my lips could scarcely give utterance to the usual demand for admittance. I was ushered forward. When I entered the room my worst forebodings were confirmed. Pomasina sat on the white dimity-covered sofa, placed at the farther end of the apartment. She had already received the first offering of flowers, which she held in hand, carelessly I must own, her countenance sorrowful, her eyes dim and filled with tears. Beside her, in a constrained, uneasy attitude, was seated Don Rafael; and on chairs at a distance were the old couple in evident grief. Don Tomas paced the floor in sullen mood. For an instant I was staggered; but I recovered myself, and advanced towards her whom I loved more than words can express. "Let me present," said I with energy, "let me offer to my affianced bride these token-flowers. They tell of my constancy—of my hope. Let my beloved now name the day which will make her mine own. I would not ask this question before others, in the presence of a stranger too, but that I fear to delay it longer, and Don Rafael seems domesticated in the family as a second brother." And here I am sure I looked not very blandly on the intruder. He turned away from my fiery glance of defiance. Before any one could reply, Don Tomas stepped forward. "Let me put an end to this foolery," said he in a bitter sneering tone. "This can never be. My sister is no meet wife for the dweller in a forest. A *miller* I am told he calls

himself, but I rather fancy he is of a very different trade." I could no longer contain myself. My hand was upon my knife, a dagger of true steel and of Albacete make; but my arm was soon powerless. I was clasped round by my then guardian-angel. "Forbear, Pepé," said she, "forbear, and draw not weapon in woman's presence, and least of all in mine, and that against my brother, my own flesh and blood. For *my* sake attend not to what Tomas says. He has been bred up in large cities, and knows not us country-folk. But let me make peace between you; and at all events let me distinctly declare that I have plighted my faith to Pepé. I believe him to be worthy. My parents gave their consent, and I will not retract; more I cannot say now. Come to my aid, my dear father, my kind affectionate mother, and assist me in endeavours to soften the obdurate feelings of Tomas, that he may make reparation for the unjust reflections he has thrown out against Pepé."

Whilst she uttered these words I had recovered my temper; but the brother, darting at me a look of hatred and defiance, made no reply, and rushed out of the house, followed by his companion. Then did I learn from the weeping girl and her sorrowful parents, that Tomas had forbid my again visiting them, or considering Pomasina as my bride, had uttered calumnies against my character, had insisted upon my being dismissed, and that his friend Don Rafael, should be received as an accepted lover in my place.—"But," said Pomasina, "I will never marry other than yourself. By the blessed Virgin, my sure protectress, I vow it! Now you, Pepé, must also promise something to me, that you will abstain from seeing me during the remaining few days my brother stays with us, and further, that you will never lift your hand against him whatever may be the provocation." I made these required asseverations, and I left Los-Barrios. For several days I moped about the wood, dissatisfied with myself and with all the world. One evening, on my way home, I met some of the charcoal people, and learned from them, that at the outskirts of the forest, towards Ximena, several wild hogs had appeared, and were doing much mischief in the small patches of cultivation here and there to be found near the woodmen's huts. I resolved to pay these foragers a visit. At dawn on the following morning, I was off, armed, as indeed, I always am, with that capital gun, a good supply of ammunition, and a second knife in my left pocket, in case I should come to close quarters with a wounded hog—no uncommon occurrence in this sport. I was unsuccessful in meeting with the marauders, although the whole forest, and the usual haunts of these animals in their occasional visits from the *Sierra*, are well known to me. I was about to give up the pursuit, and turn homewards, when I perceived two figures moving down a goat-path on the side of a steep hill. It occurred to me that these persons might have seen the game, and could give me some intelligence; I therefore loitered about until they might approach. I was more occupied in directing my attention to every hole and thicket likely to prove the hiding place of the swine, than in looking towards the two men, so that it was not until we were within a few paces of each other that I recognized in them—Don Tomas and his friend. They were armed with guns, and seemed on a similar

pursuit to my own. We all three stood perfectly motionless for a few seconds. Don Tomas spoke first, advancing gradually towards me, holding his gun in his left hand, and making threatening gestures with his right. "Well met, most renowned Miller," said he, with a bitter sarcastic smile. "I am rejoiced to be enabled to communicate to you, before I set out to-morrow for Ecija, that my sister has recovered her senses, and will act with her wonted judgment and wisdom. She no longer thinks, but in the manner she ought, of an outcast like yourself; a chief of banditti for aught I know or can learn!" As he concluded these words he had approached close to me, and I felt his hand fall heavily upon my breast as if inflicting a blow. Could man endure this? My gun in my hand—cocked—ready for the wild hog. Can you wonder that I forgot my oath to Pomasina, and—that this was the last act and speech of the wilful young man? I stepped back a few paces, and—he died on the spot. "Murderer!" shouted Rafael, as he levelled his gun at me, and in an instant I felt that I was wounded. But it was a coward's aim, and I was not disabled sufficiently to prevent my rushing upon him, and dispatching the meddling fool with this trusty knife. The presuming scoundrel, to think of Pomasina as *his* wife! For him and his fate I had no compunction;—I feel no regret. But when I looked on the corpse of Tomas, marked his strong likeness to his sister, I almost lost my senses, and fled, like a guilty man, as I am, to my house. My wound was slight, in fact the ball had merely grazed my side, but I did not leave the mill for several days. At length I could no longer endure this state of suspense, and I rode towards Los Barrios. Near the cross which stands on the summit of the hill, overlooking the town, I met a man with whom I was well acquainted. "Where are you going, Pepé," said he, with a look of consternation. "Do you not know, that yesterday, Don Tomas Iglesas, and Don Rafael Aranda, after being missing from home for several days, were found dead in the Cork Wood, murdered; and that *you* are suspected of having done the deed! The mass for the repose of their souls is to be chaunted to-night—to-morrow the interment takes place. Innocent or guilty—go not there." I turned my horse, and galloped home. For some time I brooded over my situation; but this state was insupportable, and I resolved, come what might, to see Pomasina. I went to the town, to the house, and was admitted. I found the family in deep mourning, the room darkened. I was received in solemn silence. The old people appeared to be so overpowered with their grief as scarcely to be aware of my presence. After a dreadful pause of some minutes, Pomasina spoke; "Wretched Pepé," said she, "what have you done?—for that this bloody deed was yours, I can have no doubt. I had faith in man's love—in man's devotion to one dear object. I believed in the existence of a feeling—of a passion, which could keep down, control, the natural violence of your dispositions. Alas! I am awakened from my dream! You have destroyed a whole family. These miserable old people are broken-hearted; they have not long to live. I shall close their eyes, and then—unite myself to another lover, one who will not deceive me. A convent will be my abode. Now go, they wil not molest you. The *Corregidor* has been here and made en-

quiry into the affair. My distracted parents could not utter a word, and—may God forgive me!—I declared our belief, our firm persuasion, that *you* had no hand in this horrid crime; that we were certain it was the act of banditti, for whom search is making. Go—live and repent."

"To *you*, kind Englishman," continued the Miller, after a pause, "to *you* I venture to tell all this. I think you will pity me. I never beheld Pomasina again. She is a nun in a convent at Madrid. From this fatal affair I date the commencement of all my misfortunes, my *crimes*, if you will. Had Pomasina been permitted to become my wife, I should never have proved the unfortunate wretch you see before you."

I retired to the couch, which had been prepared for me, my gun by my side, and I quietly slipped a ball into each barrel over the usual charge. But there was not any danger. This man, murderer as he is, would not shed the blood of a guest. I slept soundly. Early on the following morning I was off again in pursuit of another day's sport. J. W.

SONNET: TO ZENOBIA.

Of Tadmor's queen by night and day I think,
Brought to this musing by a matchless maide,
Who ne'er to me a word of love hath saide;
Yet, through her glance I am on Sappho's brink.
She has the name Palmyra's queen once bore
The dauntless foe that tamed Aurelian's pride,
And rul'd the city of the desert wide;
And Syria own'd her lord, and countries more
Knewe well her conqueringe force. Such is my love,
And such her beautie fair that few her see
But fall down charm'd, and worship silently,—
Sweet beautie's essence is my own pure dove.
Earth's other gifts I reckon would as nought,
Were she but mine—the maid that rules each thought.

RODERICK THE "FAIR-HAIRED:"

A TALE OF THE NORTH.

THE "season of the singing of birds" has always been remarkable as that in which the human mind is most susceptible of the energies of nature; when the universal chorus of creation finds an answering sympathy in every heart. It was on a beautiful evening in April, when the buds of the mountain-timber and the green leaves of the lichen had just expanded into existence; when the snow-wreaths of Slochkmuick had receded toward the mountain-top before the genial influence of the reviving sun, that Roderick Vich Allan Bain, or the fair-haired, set forward to pay a formal visit to "his ain dear lassie." Bonny Mary MacCairbre, who tarried beyond the ridges of the breezy Minikaig, was the idol of his heart; but, as "the course of true love never did run smooth," Roderick's connexions were as averse to his attachment as his fondness and affection were ardent and sincere. Mary had been the object of his early selection, on whom his spirit doated; and like twin-tendrils they had grown up, unconscious of their mutual regards, and knew love only by its name.

Their tender solicitudes had become so identified with their existence, that the casual absence of either was lamented not as an ordinary incident, but as an evil which the voice of their mourning could alone express. Roderick delighted in attending for Mary her lambkins, when she had wandered far away from her fleecy charge, perhaps to pluck a handful of crow-flowers or gowans to wreathe the snowy neck of her pet lamb, or to gambol over the green sward with her hoyden playmates. Rather than suffer her to follow, or his "colly" to annoy the bleating wanderers, strayed along the bog, he would toss with a jerk his highland plaid across his well-set, broad, and brawny shoulders, and dislodge them with a tenderness meant for Mary's special observance, of which it was so worthy. Having attained to those years when woman's stature, if not her maturity, incite her to a higher sphere of maiden duty, an offer was held out to her by a distant relative, of distinguished family, lately married, in the capacity of a humble friend. This lady's husband, Saunders MacSillergrip, Esq., had by a former marriage, in India, two volatile minxes of daughters, carrotty, insolent, and in their teens, besides a maiden sister, an atrabilious canting paragon of stale perfection, and an ever-meddling mother, a thrifty dowager well stricken in years, living with him *en famille*, from whose annoyances, attached as they were by ties so numerous and so strong, the persecuted, unsuspecting, inexperienced creature found it quite impracticable to escape. The engagement thence became no less consolatory and gratifying to the lady herself than desirable to Mary. Her education having in time been carefully superintended, and her natural aptitude making the task of instruction light, she, after a little while, became the pride and toast of Starvitout, her only ambition being to make conquests, until her success had smitten her self-love into a desire to adore the attrac-

tions of her own charms. Ever since her preferment to the favour of her lady-relative and protectress, Mary had, to Roderick's bitter disappointment, lost all recollection of her former admirer. They, however, who look deeper into the mysteries of human motive than a fond, confiding lover, may account for the defection of one "as faithless as she was fair," without taxing her with more ingratitude than ordinarily falls to the lot of erring, frail humanity. Where woman chooses for herself, wealth, or the reputation of possessing it, are often leading requisites in her selection—and where these are desiderated, personal endowment and address will sometimes stand in better stead—requisites which prove supreme in every grade, from the fair slip of nobility, adorned with the splendour, gems, and sunshine of her nuptial morning, to the youthful spinster, escaped from her native obscurity, and arrayed in a "kirtle of green." Of possessing all or any of these qualities, however, it was Roderick's good or ill fortune never to have been accused. In their absence he had imbibed, in his early youth, a provoking squint, with an awkwardness of gait and demeanour so frequently characterizing stupid, staring rusticity. The obliquity of his visual organs had been attributed to an old crone residing in his native village, who was reputed to have held mystic converse with the author of evil and his imps of darkness, and to have revenged herself upon her revilers by causing the hare-lip, and swivel-eyes, and rickets to their bonniest bairns. Old Nacketty Poker (for by that name was the beldame known) had often puzzled, with her cabalistic sayings, the learned acumen of Parson Donald, the parish minister of Droneaway; puzzled Snuffy Willie, the ruling elder and leather-cutter of Starvitout; perplexed the godly of every denomination; and exasperated all the villagers. The subjoined verse Nacketty had been overheard repeating, which all adjudged as applicable to Roderick and his fond attachment to bonny Mary, the idol of his early choice:—

MacCairbre's mighty line is gone,
That left the land A LONELY ONE,
But, ere A BRIDE be sought and given,
There's EYES shall look TWO WAYS TO HEAVEN!!!

No more to dally with the caprices, or submit to live the may-game of his unfaithful fair one, Roderick's despair and indecision gave way to renewed energy and prompt resolve; and, saddling Bauldy his pony with the alacrity of one intent on knowing "from whence his sorrows grew," determined to ride into Starvitout before the dawning of the morrow.

Though seldom lacking courage on ordinary occasions, especially at weddings, wakes, and country fairs, where cracked crowns are so frequently in current circulation, Roderick inherited an insuperable aversion to spunkies, fairies, benshees, witches, fetches, wraiths, and other hobgoblins and instruments of malevolence and slander, which frequently deterred him from venturing a bow-shot beyond the threshold of his own domicile without turning his eyes on each other, and these again in suspicion on the inmost recesses of his soul, for which their obliquity rendered them so peculiarly well fitted. Ro-

derick was the complete abstraction of a true Highland dandy of the old school. Over the breasts and broad skirts of his tartan jacket a profusion of plated buttons, deployed in double columns, a fashion still in splendid repute with the "hernes and gallow-glasses" of the North. His ample plaid, or rauchan, was of a texture known by the name of "Charlie's pattern," crossed at right angles, and formed into regular divisions, like the chequers of a tavern door. A broad blue bonnet, tastefully bound and decorated with ribbon, protruded over his eyebrows like a hen in the act of hatching; whilst his hair, sandy-yellow, hung over his shoulders in elf-locks, commingling with the satin bands which fastened his bonnet behind; and his hair combed down in front to meet the intervening lines of two well-chiselled eyebrows, giving to his countenance an expression lover-like and handsome; which, barring the deformity of his swivel-eyes, was marked by traits of no ordinary sentiment, feeling, ingenuousness, and observation.

The cloud of night, which had now set in, gave evidence of that hallowed time when man desires to hold communings with his spirit, and was rendered still more solemn and impressive by the sober and chastened livery which all things wore around. Bauldy, the pony, was led forth, every way "loth," from the shelter of his warm stall, to accompany his master's lone pilgrimage across the distant moors, whose gestures sufficiently indicated he had as lief be left behind. To no purpose he pawed the green sward, and looked cross, as his master was inexorable; though such an hour of night was calculated to shake from its purpose any resolution, unimbued with the heroism of affection, or a heart less sturdily constructed than honest Roderick's; he set off at a handy-gallop from the door-post of Bauldy's stable, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and leaving his aunt, Tibby, a maiden resurrection of dry bones, and Jenny Glendinning, a fair one who had long set her cap at him to little purpose, and the heiress of a mud cottage and a yellow cow, to wind up the catastrophe of their mutual forebodings. Riding at a good round pace for many miles, he arrived at the dreary mountain-pass of Glendhu, where the hills stand out in bold relief, and are covered to their summits with brushwood and the pine, while the torrent rushes for ever at their rocky foundations, which stand, unharmed, in mockery at the wrath of ages. For miles around the air is rendered vocal with the romantic melody of the clime. Here, from the mountain aloft, where a coppice-wood embowered the brae, a human voice was heard, and afterwards a rustling amongst the leaves and trees, demanding who passed? Roderick, naturally disposed to civility, made answer as mildly as his contempt for danger, and a sense of his own energy, permitted, which was that sort of courage that animated the Celt when he met the spirit of Loda, and plucked him by the beard—starting from his ambush, and snatching the colt's bridle with the desperation and despair of one prepared for a sanguinary event, he had almost gained the mastery, when, in their struggle, each discovered in the other an old friend, the intruder being no other than poor English, "a man more sinned against than sinning;" who, having beaten all the crack men of Starvitout at the old game of fisti-

cuffs, and, like Alexander, having nothing more to conquer, was declared by universal clamour as "a terror to the country," for which he had found it expedient to wander in search of a more hospitable clime. Having intended no personal harm, his only object having been to secure a steed, to bear him to some inhabited spot, where his miseries might at least be pitied if not relieved, little obstacle was presented to the renewal of their ancient friendship. Having thus met under circumstances as extraordinary in their character as fortunate for their mutual convenience, they agreed that during the remainder of their journey, Tom having consented to return with his old acquaintance, the well-known accommodation of "ride and tie" should be enjoyed. A bumper of genuine Glenlivet (from whose locality the two fast friends were now at no great distance) tended to make their hearts as cheerful and unfettered as ever scorned demon or danger in the pass of Glendhu. A native of Yorkshire, Tom had been known on the turf as an unsuccessful, rash, and respected speculator, who had run through an ample fortune in his ruinous pertinacity in betting on the long odds. He had afterwards found it expedient to seek an asylum in the Highland capital, in the hopes of one day being enabled to repair his broken fortunes—that asylum he too bitterly discovered, "which vultures give to lambs," where the denizens of the North would sooner view the basilisk, armed with all its terrors, than look upon the face of a stranger, and that stranger's name unceltified with some eternal "Mac." Having traversed the moorlands without encountering any other adventures than such as are to be expected in a mountain region, peopled only with the heath-fowl and deer, the country gradually threw off its sombre aspect, opening into a pisgah-view, which presented Starvitout in the distance, with its casements gleaming in the morning sun. At a short distance from the town the travellers reclined on the gentle slope of a green hillock, luxuriating in the prospect spread before them, of hill and dale, the water-fall, the Druid temple, the mountain in mist, with the blue waves, and expanse of the shipless sea; and last, though not unworthiest in Roderick's estimation, because his love, and life, and soul were centered there, Mac Sillergrip's abode, where bonny Mary was expected still to tarry.

The feathery clouds had flung their variegated shapes athwart the lines of heaven in resplendent variety, contrasting their tints with the deeper dye of the pure cerulean blue, the aspect betokening a day devoted to sunshine and showers. Here the travellers remained for some time, calculating probabilities, and concerting measures for poor Tom's safety, until the cloud of night should shelter him from surprise. He was to be met at the Druid stone, near the house-gate of Mr. Mac Diddleton, the legal "doer" or adviser of Saunders Mac Sillergrip, Esq., "a great man amongst little men, and a little man amongst great."—After parting with Tom, Roderick seemed perfectly absorbed in abstraction, all external objects being entirely lost to his perception, and his countenance betraying a melancholy and a mourning as though he had been attending the funeral of his own hopes. His thoughts revolved on the object of his tenderest solicitude, a being so exalted in his esteem, while the pangs of absence, and the fulness

and feeling of mutual endearment alone engrossed his memory. His reverie, however, was suddenly aroused by the clanking of bells at every little Highland habitation, sprinkled "few and far between," along the spacious surface of the "Great Glen." This trick of bell-ringing has long been a favourite freak with the "Gentlemen of the North," which is practised on pretence of summoning their retainers to their breakfast and dinner gruel, but in reality to ring their importance in the ears of passing strangers and of one another, verifying to the letter the proverb of "the hog's shearing—great cry and little wool." For ages, however, other petty lairdlings have continued thus to exact their "peppercorn of praise," a species of black-mail, contributed at the expense of passing travellers, which, for want of knowing better, many are but too ready to concede; whence may thrice a-day be heard the discordant tingle of bells, at the mansions or farms of all the potent families, known chiefly by their patronymics —of the Mac Clatters, the Mac Tatters, the Mac Shuffles, the Mac Shifts, the Mac Needymores, the Mac Greedymores, the Ragmores, the Lackfields, the Heathfields, the Altnaclaws, the Coiryfiddles, the Fillyfaddles, the Castlelacklesses, the Braxybraes,—with a host of other equally distinguished people, the least of whom would be considered moderate in their appropriation or pretensions if, besides their Highland inheritance, they did not also, perdue, lay claim to a whole Eastern province, or a sugar island at the least, of which they know as much as Sancho Panza, with his barber's basin, of the island and governorship of Barataca.—But, as Crabbe says—

> "Well, go your way, for I do feel it shame
> To stay such beings with so proud a name."

Passing onwards, Roderick came in full review of the pretty little valley of Flowerdale, a spot long sacred to fancy, feeling, and the muse, and associated with circumstances connected with literature, which must render it interesting to the admirers of genius and of song. Here lived the venerable Cato Bean, from whose legendary stories Mac Pherson drew so largely in his Highland tours; and here was the favourite haunt of David Carey, who sung the "Pleasures of Nature," and the "Reign of Fancy," and whence the chief attractions of his finest effusions have been drawn; here also Mrs. J—— concocted her lessons in the cuisine, by which the gourmand has so highly profited, under the designation of "Meg Dodds;"—here wandered, in his happiest moods, the author of "Modern Athens," and "Babylon the Great," until sickened and soured with the ways of men in this land of oppression, the recollection of which his soul has indelibly retained;—and here "even-handed Justice returned the poisoned chalice" to the lips of Scotland's king, and where the grave of Duncan is still pointed out. Impressed with the grandeur and solitude of the scenery around, Roderick's feelings, involuntarily bursting the bonds of control, vented forth in melody, which was timed to the simple modulations of his own rustic verse; and however rude the cadence, or unworthy of Apollo's ear the strain may have been, yet tenderness certainly marked the emotion with which he poured it forth, whose pathos is never wanting when affection finds a theme:—

RODERICK BAIN'S SONG.

My bosom has glow'd an' been blithe as might be,
Though the cauld blasts o' winter hae blawn upon me;
In my Highland plaid belted I brav'd their alarms,
Wi' my flocks on the brae an' my maid in my arms.
In the shieling at eve, when the sun has gane down,
I hae told her the deeds o' our grandsires' renown,
An' the hopes o' our hearts that hae parted in sorrow
Gave promise to day o' new joys on the morrow.

I hae climb'd the high cliff in the howl o' the storm,
To pluck a bright gem frae thy brow, Caringorm!
Which my lassie wore snooded 'mid ringlets o' jet,
Like the star shinin' out when the red sun is set;
An' the clan-blood she boasted deep-thrill'd frae the core
As the light o' her e'e dimm'd the diamond she wore.
For she priz'd it the mair that in danger 'twas riven,
Where nane but the eaglet was witness an' Heaven.

If the deer stood aloft on the heath o' the hill,
When the chace was forgot and the stalker was still,
She would say 'twas the likeness o' Love, sae untrue,
Love trampling on tears as the deer on the dew.
Syne my troth I replighted till joy's beamin' glow
Rose elate like the heath frae the bound o' the roe,
When the pibroch's loud numbers to her I resounded,
An' the gush o' her heart in its gladness rebounded.

The fame o' our fathers reviv'd in the strain,
Till the clans in my fancy a' gathered again;
Their meikle farraras red-kindled in wrath,
Where the files of the foe lay encumbering their path,
Whilst the national thistle wav'd withering an' lone,
As the brave on the heath o' their mountains were strown,
An' the maid o'er the melody hung, an' accorded
Such praise as the mountain-tongue fondly afforded.

Breadalbane I told her was winsome and fair,
Though the robes o' the winter its hills ever wear;
Its clear burnies rinnin' like Highland hearts free
To the streams o' Dunkeld an' the tides o' Dundee.
A cot there I promised to build o' the pine
If she gave her consent to be faithfu' an' mine;
An' the sunshine mair softly ne'er drapt on the river
Than she yielded to me to be faithfu' for ever.

The braes ha'e been bonny, the glens ha'e been green,
An' the mists on the mountains in slumbers are seen,
When my flocks wi' the flocks o' my love would recline,
An' her lambs on the moorlands aye mingled w' mine.
There is love in a cottage an' wealth in conten
An' the hopes that rely on their lot ne'er relent,
Sae I think ere the sun glints again owre the heather
Ae plaidie shall twine our two fortunes thegither

Having nearly attained to his journey's limits, objects, long familiar to former observation, successively invited Roderick's gaze, like the land-mark to the mariner, as he first descries the bold blue promontories of his native shore. Every shrub and tree, from the sheltering thorn to the gnarled oak was hallowed by reminiscences, whence the emotions of his spirit derived an answering sympathy and tone. The steeple of Starvitout, surrounded by flickering squadrons of uproarious daws, splendidly uprose like a giant in his strength; and at a little distance from it the public seminary, where the learned languages are taught in purity and ease, and the morals of its teachers and pupils corrected by the castigating staff of the Laird of Ragmore;—next was seen the court-house, that arena so ripe with the conflicts of insatiable Highland litigants, who, having consigned the claymore to self-destruction, rely for revenge on the law's award, which is marked by a loss of "siller," and not of life.—Arrived at the approach to the "gude town," a hue and cry was bruited all round, that a stranger had entered, when doors, casements, attics, and alleys, became instantly peopled with stupid, staring spectators of every grade, from the kilted dealer in sulphur and broad-cloth, down to the raw-boned "gilly," whose only ideas of civilized existence were derived from the occasional appearance of a passing traveller. Crossing a ricketty old fabric, endued with the fearful responsibilities of a bridge, where a toll had long been levied to defray the charge of drains and "snishen," ab sederunts of the town council, the fond, the fair, the long-expected termination of Roderick's toils—the Eden of his bliss, and El Dorado of his happiness—bore in view. A hand was distinctly seen to rest upon a window-sill, which, exciting the tenderest sensations of one naturally vivacious and keen, he kissed at, smiled upon, and waved to, until on nearer approach he discovered the hand to be the withered member of old Granny Mac Sillergrip, laid out to catch a little warmth in the sun. Arrived at the mansion, Roderick dismounted, and announced himself to the porter, a whity-brown-faced savage, who sometimes also acted as the Laird's amanuensis, purveyor of scandal to the ladies, and conscience-keeper to the family at large, who had aforetime qualified himself by a few months' study at the University of Aberdeen, where he had picked up as much tolerable broken English as enabled him to carry on his vocation with a degree of success, creditable to him as a "stitchet minister" from the alma mater of that renowned city.

In a moment the fellow returned from Mac Sillergrip, his master, intimating, with an Aberdeen air and bow, the desire of that gentleman to see Roderick in the drawing-room. On his admission he discovered the family seated all round, occupied with their various pursuits and pastimes, namely, the laird scrutinizing his leases and debentures; his daughters conning over the last new rondo; his sister, Miss Helen, exploring the "Whole Duty of Man;" and old granny Mac Sillergrip employed like another Omphale at her distaff, half smothered in orts, and begriming the Turkey carpets, and other costly furniture, with her refuse of flax; whilst the sorrowing, meek, neglected, unprotected, and miserable creature, Mac Sillergrip's degraded wife, sat brooding over her sorrows in silence, exposed to the

homilies (for her soul's health) of Miss Helen; the taunts and contempt of the baggages, her step-daughters; the occasional sniftings of old Granny Mac Sillergrip; and the interminable snubs of the beast, her husband. In the midst of such a circle was Roderick introduced, scarce knowing whither to turn himself, how to best advantage to get rid of his hat, and hands, and arms; and, not the least in an inexperienced rustic's estimation, when and to whom to do the genteel. Having soon satisfied the party of the purpose of his visit, (to the commingled mirth and wonderment of each who listened to his tale,) Granny, with a measure of garrulity, the gifted privilege of old age, was the first to undeceive him with regard to Miss Mac Cairbre's imputed infidelity to her lover, whose narrative as she proceeded was helped out or amended by the young ladies, nodded to in assent by the model of dried antiquity, her daughter, at times interrupted by the broad laughter of the laird, and heard in silent sorrow by his wife. As Granny had a sage old maxim of "singing a quick tune and working to it," her story and occupation proceeded with an equal pace, the necessity being urgent indeed that could whistle her away from her wheel. During her off-hand and round-a-bout relation, Roderick, like Regulus in his barrel, suffered a thousand pangs, whilst every word she uttered inflicted as many tortures. Just as the old lady's threads had numbered twenty-four, her story quickened to a pretty smart conclusion; she performing her manipulations with a tact, celerity, and precision that would have done honour to Cocker or Dilworth, and conferred immortality on Napier and his bones. "The fause quean!" added she, with a toss of her head, "she did weal to despise the coonsels an' desert the bonny roof-tree o' the auncient fameely o' the Mac Sillergrips; there's twenty-five, an' wi' her joe, a loup-the-land scape-grace Irish officer there's twenty-six, as glaiket, gearless, an' unsib to kith or kin as ony moolan' cowte; there's twenty-seven, wha decoyed the bairn-bride awa' afore the half-mark minister o' Littlegoodie; there's twenty-eight, to join their two misfortunes together; there's twenty-nine, an' I wish the deil had broken baith their necks, an that's thirty."

On hearing the fatal issue of all that had been to him animating in hope, and mortified at the thought of having been jilted, Roderick's struggling sensibilities broke forth in an agony of tears; and dropping his half-fledged chin, as yet innocent of razor, into the loose folds of his cravat, a drop of Granny's choice unchristened Glenlivat being presented to him, the brooding troubles of his wounded spirit appeared for a time to yield. Even the laird himself, "albeit unused to the melting mood," felt for the poor fellow's state, presenting him at the same time with a substantial proof of his kindness and commiseration, an act largely recompensed by the measure of satisfaction and self-approval which his generosity yielded to his own heart. Roderick, on taking leave, and expressing his gratitude for the kindness he had received, was proceeding to retrace his steps, when met by the "sticket minister" at the hall-door, and again honoured with a second representation of his Aberdeen bow, which he continued to perform while Roderick grouped for a small coin to reward him with, on receiving which the out-pourings of the fellow's gratitude and

joy were equalled only by the fervour of his benisons and extravagance of his praise (approaching to the worship of divinity), when with three huge strides he stalked along the corridor towards his kennel, as great in his own estimation as any "dominie" who ever "broke Priscian's head" in the University and King's College, Aberdeen. Going up towards Bauldy, the pony, he discovered the poor brute in a brown-study, with his mane in disorder, as though he had been luxuriating himself in his master's absence by scraping acquaintance with the door-post, a trick at times imputed to many of Bauldy's Celtic betters. Roderick forthwith mounted his beast with a determination again to tempt that nucleus of every terror, the old bridge before mentioned, in search of shelter for himself, Bauldy, and poor Tom, when the little hostel of Duncan the Gentleman, invited his attention. This Duncan had owed his honourable soubriquet not to the common origin whence the "great men" of Starvitout—for they are all great men in Starvitout—derive the patent of their honours, namely, to self-esteem, and steadily adhering to the prudential maxim of "Caw me, caw thee," but to a circumstance the relation of which the indulgent reader may not deem a breach of the ordinary unities of "a true and faithful history." A bachelor of sixty, and weary of the reputed comforts of "single blessedness," Duncan became of a sudden mightily taken with the attractions in purse and beauty of a buxom widow, residing in his neighbourhood, and possessing the additional recommendation of being of kin to Andrew Mac Diddleton, the influential lawyer, and chief proprietor of "burgage tenement," in Starvitout, a personage as useful in his vocations in a town where continual appeal to legal remedy is as indispensible to one's security and comfort, as its whisky-punch to dissipate the gloom and vapours engendered by its miserable clime, and on whose good offices in the way of business Duncan had calculated to the value of their last groat. It however happened that the widow had set her cap at higher game in Dominie Doall, already mentioned, whose attachment to the attenuated purse and person of the antiquated Miss Helen Mac Sillergrip seemed the only bar to their mutual cleaving; and having besides but little relish for the business of Duncan's trade, "to chronicle small beer," her rejection of his suit was the more readily determined. Rejection to a man of Duncan's sensitive and fiery qualities, and "one whose instincts did the work of reason," was more than pride could bear, and, tossing over his shoulder his spick-and-span new tartan mantle, he rushed from his domicile with the furor of one prepared for a rash event, like Ajet, when he went forth never to return. A struggling in the stream which skirted Mac Sillergrip's mansion, commingled with the cries of the repentant Duncan, aroused the household to his assistance, who, with the aid of pitch-forks, tongs, and mop-sticks, succeeded in fishing the poor fellow into shoal water, and afterwards spreading him out in the sun-shine to dry! His identity being discovered by means of a cotton stripe, in imitation of scarlet, interwoven in the texture of his tartan mantle, which Granny Mac Sillergrip had spun, and alone could dye, Duncan was trundled homewards like a dripping Triton, vociferating all the way he "should die like a gentleman!"

whilst, in the mean time, Granny Mac Sillergrip had swooned away, and fallen into hysterics, because the man had dared to attempt drowning himself in cloth of her spinning. To Duncan's exclamations he owed the name of "the Gentleman," which it must be admitted he ever afterwards proved in quality, though not in degree, endeavouring, in his humble calling, to render the readiest service of any in Starvitout, and affording the best and cheapest "entertainment both for man and horse" in that renowned borough.

At nightfall Roderick proceeded to the spot appointed for relieving poor Tom, whom he found not at his post, but in his stead, two whose presence had never for a moment entered into his mental calculation, namely, his aunty Tibby, accompanied by Jenny Glendinning, the heiress of a mud cottage and a yellow cow. On mutual explanation it turned out that Tom had met them on his return to the mountains, where he meant for the night to bury again his slumbers on the cold ground, when he intended to take the rout of the Spital of Glenshee, bidding everlasting adieu to a degenerated country, devoid of hospitality, liberty, and breeches. It also appeared that the tidings of Roderick's misadventures had been revealed to his aunt by the mysterious visitations of a dream, as well as the suspicions of her waking fancy, with the vagrant rumours which had crossed the moorlands and found her in her distant Highland glen. These had induced her to proceed forward to render the only gift she had to bestow, her consolation, which Roderick accepted with the utmost cordiality and gratitude. The party proceeded onward to the inn of Duncan the Gentleman. Duncan himself was descried in a little while pacing before his door in readiness to receive them, surrounded by his whole household of man-servant, maid-servant, pigs, poultry, mastiff, cat and kittens, mountain-goats, and every other creature which was his. His ample sign-board bore, as usual in country hostels, a more conspicuous figure than any other part of the mansion, armed with the common emblems of bacchanalian warfare, punch-bowl, dram-glasses, bottles, jugs, and decanters, in the middle of which a huge mountaineer revelled in pictorial pride, in the true paradise of every Highlander's desire, having "plenty of whiskey, enough of snishen, and a rams-horn for a mull." The party were shown into a little sanded parlour, which aforetime had been the sanctuary of Simon Lord Lovat, when the troubles of his times had obliged him to enter into voluntary exile, where the renowned Macpherson partook his stirrup-cup, in wending forth to Morven of the many storms—and latterly the chosen haunt of every good fellow for many a mile around. Although the spider and time had netted and encrusted its walls with cobwebs, and the erugo of years, yet there was seen around that which bespoke the former existence of better days, not to mention the more modern decorations of Duncan the Gentleman, comprising "The Prodigal Son"—"Solomon in all his Glory"—"The Drowning of Pharaoh and his Host in the Red Sea"—and the "Tailor riding to Brentford"—which formed the leading graces in Duncan's unique cabinet. To defeat witchcraft and dispel glamour, boughs of rowan-tree or mountain-ash were arranged around the walls in tasteful variety—a sprig adorning the diadem of

Solomon—the a-hungered prodigal cleaving to another as to his last hope—Pharaoh's Host submerged in a flood of rowan-berries, "purple as the Tyrian dye;" and the Tailor's coat brocaded all over with leaves of the liveliest green. The landlord, availing himself of the ancient privilege of "preein' his ain stoup," showed the best example to his guests. The "tass" plied cheerily round until Roderick's fancy and feelings, elevated above the cares, anxieties, and disappointments of his former affection, derived renewed energy and hope from the love-smiles and maiden innocence of Jenny Glendinning, and the more substantial attractions of her mud cottage and her yellow cow. Marriage was named by his aunt, and listened to with the divinest loveliness by Jenny. The reverend Thomas Twinetext was forthwith invited as "the canniest at puttin' twa thegither," who performed the holy rite with due Presbyterian decorum, to the cordial satisfaction of all. The neighbours all round were summoned to assist in and countenance the nuptial festivity, while Willie Morrison's best reels and strathspeys relieved at intervals the martial and spirit-stirring measures of the bagpipe, giving youth to age, and elasticity to the limbs of all who had met there to lash the helm of harmony. The potency of Duncan's usquebaugh having rather overcome the joyous heart of the happy bridegroom, he was put to rest in comfortable ignorance of the felicities which awaited him, while the company kept it up with unabated joviality until broad day, every one promoting his own happiness by conferring it on others. Awakening from his slumbers, Roderick seemed unconscious of all that had been transacted the night previous, and least of all suspecting "where a fair bride lay," he addressed her as to Tom, who he supposed had taken shelter with him for the night, enquiring "why he wore a woman's cap on his head of nights?" But being undeceived, * * * * * * * * * *

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

Now welcome, welcome, baby-boy, unto a mother's fears,
The pleasure of her sufferings, the rainbow of her tears,
The object of your father's hope, in all he hopes to do,
A future man of his own land, to live him o'er anew!

How fondly on thy little brow a mother's eye would trace,
And in thy little limbs, and in each feature of thy face,
His beauty, worth, and manliness, and every thing that's his,
Except, my boy, the answering mark of where *the fetter is!*

A FRAGMENT

Oh, such faces as we see when we are oung —Byron.

The bells are ringing cheerily,
Hark to the peal of the signal gun,
A king with the flower of his chivalry
And the pride and pomp of his pageantry
Comes forth to tell of freedom won.
And the kerchiefs are waving, the banners are flung
To the breeze, and the shout of the swelling throng
Rolls awful and grand o'er the stillness among
The lone aisles of yon gothic cathedral strong.

I stood beside a pillar lone,
In that vast crowd unmarked, unknown,
To gaze on the flow of that gorgeous throng,
As it rolled its stately billows along—
And England's noblest dames are there,
And few are they who with them may compare.

But who is she with the jewelled brow,
And the noble air, and the Phydian face,
And the lustrous eyes that are bent on me now,
Like an angel's, in pity, from that high place?

Oh, God, such loveliness, such power
Of youthful beauty, till this hour
Ne'er shook my soul so, though on high
I've winged me to the glorious sky,
Into the realms of thought afar,
And viewed the countless forms of light
That dwell in every shining star,
As their own holy essence bright,
Upborn by that high poet's wing,
The Florentine, to whom was given,
T' unveil the mysteries of heaven.

Yet it was not the jewel that flash'd through the braid
Of her dark shining hair, nor the hue of the rose
That slept on her cheek, nor the graces that played
Round her lips, or in dimples, were lull'd to repose
That wrought on my soul. Oh no, for my eye
Had wandered o'er faces as glorious in hue,
And heeded them not, save as sunbeams that fly
O'er our path for an instant, and vanish from view.

Words may not paint it, 'twas a power
That beamed from those dark lustrous eyes,
Beneath whose softness seemed to cower
One's thoughts,—a feeling of the skies;
Something of mystic and sublime,
A dream of worlds beyond all time,
Such as the painter's hand of grace
Hath placed within the Sybil's eye,
Or in your martyr's raptured face,
Of inspiration,—constancy;
Or like the starry midnight's gleam
That sleeps on the breast of the tranquil stream.

* * * * * *

FRENCH NOVELISTS.

GUSTAVE DROUINEAU.*

It is with a more than ordinary degree of satisfaction that we feel called upon to notice some of the writings of the author, whose name we have affixed to this article, inasmuch as they present us with the solitary example of a modern French composer of fiction, who has uniformly studied to interweave the soundest philosophy with the more elegant graces of fiction, and to make the labours of the novelist subservient to the inculcation of morality and religion. How great was the desideratum, which it is the object of this founder of a new school to supply, must have been obvious to every peruser of modern French literature, and no slight praise is due to the judgment that dictated, and the firmness and ability that effected, a return to a more healthy and invigorating tone of composition. Hitherto we have had cleverly executed pictures of society, clever satires upon modern manners, involving the most daring speculations upon all high and abstruse principles of politics and religion; but they have been all deficient in a moral end. Their object seems to have been to vex and unsettle, rather than to soothe and allay, the troubled waters of society: to perplex and lead astray the untutored intellect in the mazes of scepticism, rather than to point out the necessity of its seeking a support in some acknowledged system of morality and religious belief. The benefits derived by France from her bloody revolution, and her bloodier years of warfare, are undoubtedly great—liberty of thought and action, the destruction of privileges and monopolies, the incessantly progressive right of electing her representatives, admissibility to places, the gradual distribution of property, a well digested system of jurisprudence, the adoption of the trial by jury, the liberty of the press, liberty of the arts and sciences—in fine, liberty civil and religious. But all these are vain and nugatory without the binding principles of moral and religious justice. Of what avail is the trial by jury, when there is no sanctity accorded to an oath? Is life less secure when at the mercy of an arbitrary judge, than when it depends upon the verdict of a man who acknowledges no moral responsibility. Hence it is that the working of the new system has given so little satisfaction. To make the trial by jury a serviceable safeguard to the lives and liberties of the people, there must previously exist a moral aptness and fitness in the community that adopts it to give force and effect to its operations. It must be based upon conscientious feelings, and a due respect to the inviolable sanctity of oaths, and these are incompatible with the scepticism universally prevalent among our neighbours; in a word, it must rest upon religious conviction, whatever shape that conviction may assume. Another point of equal importance to the due appreciation of the benefits and proper discharge

* L'Ironie: a Novel. Paris.

of the duties resulting from these constitutional forms of liberty which seems to have been wholly overlooked by the popular French writers, is the encouragement of the domestic virtues: the affections that cluster round the family fireside, the purer and more exalted sympathies of our nature, that bind man to man in the bonds of social benevolence, should be fostered and promoted with the greatest care. Around this point every thing else must rally; it is the nucleus of the social system. To demonstrate the importance of these truths, and to promote a general belief in the necessity of their adoption, has been the laudable endeavour of Gustave Drouineau, in a series of novels, of more or less merit, which he has given to the public. They all embody some philosophical principle, which is uniformly made to bear upon a moral object.

In that which forms the subject of the present article, he has laboured to point out and to combat the desolating influence of the spirit of irony—that spirit which humiliates in order that it may afterwards deny morality, which laughs at principles that it may efface the recollection of that from which it emanates, which sports with all creeds, whether political, moral, or religious, and from whose attacks the natural affections are not safe.

In his attempt to reduce it to a system, to trace it in its various disguises in the political and social world, M. Drouineau, it must be owned, has given ample latitude to the meaning of the simple word irony. In fact, he not unfrequently makes it the characteristic feature of a combination of events, of a course of policy, of the events of an epoch; he is strange, but there is method in his strangeness—but our readers shall judge for themselves.

The story commences at the period when the events of the 18th Brumaire had placed the genius of Buonaparte in the ascendant. The feeble and contemptible Directory had disappeared in the all-absorbing glory of the hero, and France, tired of the experiments of empyric statesmen, transferred her destinies to the victor of Lodi. He talked to the people of liberty and equality, while he rivetted their fetters; and but a few short days after a funeral procession in honour of Washington, he proceeded in state to instal himself in the Tuilleries, and to reconstruct monarchical etiquette, after a new fashion. His genius was not content with governing the deliberations of the assemblies, but descended to direct the private concerns of families, as an elephant picks up pins. He disposed of the hands of rich heiresses in favour of his chosen followers, because his system of fusion demanded it.

Among those whom Buonaparte thus made it a part of his policy to reward with a wife, was the Count de Juviessy. He was a man of considerable talents, and had acquitted himself of his diplomatic functions with distinction. Though eminently gifted with that happy elasticity of a true courtier which can bend itself to every thing, even to virtue itself, he possessed a dignity of demeanour which served to cover the baseness of the mind. His conduct was the invariable result of previous calculation; but as he jested upon all subjects, he was thought to want depth. His habits of raillery made it hard to distinguish his real from his assumed opinions. His conversation wa

pointed and epigrammatic; he made use of irony as an habitual weapon, rarely for the destruction of others, except when interest and opportunity concurred to urge him to it. His pliability and tact had brought him safe through the perils of the revolutionary assemblies, and he was now the devoted adherent of Buonaparte. The hand of the young and beautiful Salicetta de Naviers was to be his reward *par ordre*.

Salicetta's mother had been Spanish, and her daughter had all the grace and engaging eccentricity of the children of the south. She had received a mystic education in Spain, and at fifteen found herself transplanted into the midst of a society without religion. French manners were cold and deceitful in her eyes, for her mind was filled with the Spanish and Moorish romances, in which mistresses cut off their long hair in the absence of their lovers, while the lovers heroically plunged poniards into their arms to demonstrate the strength of their affection. But a short extract will give a better idea of her character than pages of description. Her uncle and aunt, the Count and Countess de Naviers, are charged to communicate to her the proposal of Juviessy, when the following scene takes place:—

"The Count and Countess entered the saloon with a grave deportment. The efforts of the Count in particular, to maintain an air of dignity, were so comical, that the gaiety of Salicetta could not withstand it. 'Excuse me, uncle,' said she, 'but your gravity is irresistible;' and she sunk upon a sofa, while laughter brought tears between her long black eyelashes.

"'This gaiety augurs well,' said the Count to his wife: but observing signs of discontent upon her countenance, he was silent.

"'Eh! what!' said Salicetta, 'what do you mean?'

"'You shall know it presently, my little niece,' said the Count, caressingly.

"'Presently—oh no—let it be immediately—don't keep me in suspense—quick—quick, I beg of you,' said she, joining her hands.

"'Bless me, what impetuosity," said the Countess, 'at the moment when you should be calm and collected, in order to receive the proposals we are to make to you with propriety.'

"'Enough, aunt, I guess what is to follow this preamble. Has another lover presented himself?'

"'Exactly,' said she, with a quiet archness, meant to repress the agitation of the young Spaniard.

"'Gracious Heavens!—Another? and one that does not even attempt to press his own suit: probably he is some great Lord, who will not condescend to make himself agreeable. Let us hear? Is he tall or short—or dark or fair—his name, his name?'

"'I shall not tell you his name, Salicetta; you are not in a temper to hear it; suffice it to say, that the man who bears it will render it illustrious: he deserves your esteem—your affection he cannot fail to secure.'

"'And why, then, do you fear to mention his name?'

"'What pride in those few words! No, I am not afraid to mention the distinguished individual who does you the honour of soliciting your hand; but I am at a loss to know how you can reconcile vanity and devotion.' And she rose to depart.

"'My dearest aunt, you must not go away displeased with me; I shall be quiet and attentive: do sit down, and I shall do all you require.'

"'Ah, we shall come to an understanding,' said the Count, somewhat ashamed of the part he had played in the business: 'surely there is no

need of such precaution in telling you that the individual for whom we plead is the Count de Juviessy.'

"'Why that exclamation? Is he not a man of the most distinguished merit, and capable of aspiring to the very highest rank?'

"'Granted,' said Salicetta, with caution, while her eyes were fixed upon the ground: 'but our ages are different; he is quite gray.'

"'His experience will be of use to you in the world; and then he is not forty.'

"'And I am eighteen. To be brief, I don't love him.'

"'But you will.'

"'Never—never!'

"'My dear Salicetta, do not pronounce these irrevocable words; God only can say always and never.'

"Salicetta clasped her hands and remained silent; then suddenly drawing forth a miniature which hung from a gold chain about her neck, she gazed upon it with overflowing eyes—it was the portrait of her father. 'Oh, if you were living,' exclaimed she, in the accents of grief, 'I should be spared this persecution; you would not ask me to marry against my inclination. Thou best of fathers, I shall never cease to lament your death: until this moment I never knew the full extent of my loss. Oh, father, see how unhappy your poor daughter is!' Her lips were rivetted to the miniature; the Count and Countess were moved: the image of her father seemed to have inspired her with new energy.

"'No, Madam,' said she, rising, 'the man who has not my heart shall never have my hand. The Count de Juviessy has not inspired me with the slightest particle of affection: let him cease to importune me, or I shall consider him as nothing better than one of those vile fortune-hunters, who persecute poor girls who have the misfortune to be rich, and who can never know if they are wedded for true love, as my father did my mother. Oh, they were indeed happy! Let me but be loved like her, and, like her, die young! Go, I pray you, proclaim to the world that I have become suddenly poor; invent some tale that may allow me the prospect of being loved for myself, that I may cease to think that it is the vile thirst of gold which draws around me those fawning things whose base hypocrisy is so tiresome and disgusting.'

"'All this is very romantic, Salicetta.'

"'I have never read romances; my confessor forbids it: but I can understand my heart. Tell Juviessy, that to proceed farther is to expose himself to the contempt of a woman.'"

After this explosion the Count de Naviers repairs to the first Consul to announce that the matrimonial ultimatum was rejected, while the Countess bears the tidings to Juviessy. The door of Buonaparte's cabinet was thrown open; a nervous sensation, like electricity, ran along the crowd; Buonaparte seemed agitated; he advanced with a quick step to the Count de Naviers, and said, in a voice as sharp as the point of a sword:—

"'I never busy myself with the details of those matters: but it's all settled, is it not?'

"'Yes, General,' replied the heroic Count, trembling as if in a palsy fit.

"''Tis well,' said Buonaparte, retiring.'"

Let us now see the effect produced upon Juviessy. He rose from his seat, and walked up the room—"If the Consul," said he, "finds out that the Count had not the courage to say no to him, he will have a sad opinion of him; all will be lost. On the other hand Salicetta pretends she does not love me. Well, here is room for a bold and subtle

stroke; I must prove so her that she does not know what she says, and that she loves me to distraction." Here he mimicked the walk and gesture of Buonaparte.

"'Will can do all things;—it made the world,—it shall make a marriage, I swear. The part of an empassioned lover is not so very difficult. I have a good memory, and since Salicetta must have a Spanish passion, she shall have one of the most high-flown, with the accompinament of the guitar. The guitar shall be my Amphion's harp. By the sounds of its chords I shall build the edifice of our conjugal felicity. Imagination shall be my Proteus (I am decidedly mythological to-day). To be brief;—Madam, I shall cure your niece of this sentimental madness, that baneful poison, extracted from romances. Common-sense is the basis of everything, even of love. I hope, in a month, to be able to say to you,—I came, I saw, I conquered!'"

Juviessy conducted his attack with such consummate art and dexterity, that the innocent Salicetta was soon entangled in the net of his sentimental hypocrisy.

"'I have been too hasty in judging him,' said she, 'can it be that his habitual irony and disdain are compatible with passion? Is it suffering that gives to his lips that turn of mockery? He has spoken of the mysteries of his life and heart? Has he been unhappy? Is he capable of an unalterable attachment?'"

This was much: a temporary absence and correspondence effected the rest. The account of the latter is thus given by Juviessy, writing to the Count de Naviers:—

"'I have just given the decisive blow! having written several letters with the proper admixture of the pathetic. I am not quite sure of having steered clear of the shoals of common-place; but it is so difficult to be new in writing love-letters. I am half afraid of having mixed some diplomatic jargon with the burning phrases of passion;—in truth, I am losing that fine style which gained me so much favour with the women; and were it not for the Heloise, I should never have got through with it. I was obliged to draw upon that fool Rousseau, for a supply of enthusiasm, and for the honour of a phrase I was forced to distil some tears in a glass. One of them, let fall upon the name of Salicetta, will produce a wonderful effect.'"

Three months' assiduous attention completed the fascination inspired by this imposture. Salicetta became the wife of Juviessy.

Time and accident soon discover to her that she had been duped. A sight of the ironical correspondence of Juviessy with her uncle Naviers revealed to her the cold artifice that had been practised against her happiness. Contempt and hatred for her husband followed the self-humiliation of the discovery. Doubt in the reality of virtue next took possession of her mind. The irony of Juviessy had destroyed the poetry of her affections, and it soon obliterated the poetry of her religious feelings. Led away by the desire of producing effect, and of scattering the scintillations of his wit around him in profusion, he demolished, at one moment, the principles he had laid down the moment before. Politics, morals, religion, science, history, arts, nature,—all were confused and melted away by the electric fluid of his ingenious scepticism, Salicetta was soon bereft of all belief, and in its stead she learned to wield the powerful weapon of irony for destroying it in others. A victim was not long in presenting himself. Monsieur Laviteal, a valued friend of the Count de Juviessy,

on his death-bed, commanded his two sons, Exupere and Fulgence, to the care of the Count. Laviteal had been firmly attached to revealed religion, and had given his sons a saintly education. Exupere repaired to an uncle in America, and settled down into the peaceful and industrious existence of a manufacturer. Fulgence became the secretary of Juviessy. Everything around Exupere tended to strengthen and confirm his religious impressions; the ironical sallies of Juviessy and Salicetta soon dissipated those of Fulgence. Young, susceptible, and enthusiastic, he looked upon things through the prism of the imagination, but raillery pierced him to the soul. His susceptible heart was soon won by the beauty and gentleness of Stephane, the *femme de chambre* of Salicetta, who happened to be a person of breeding and education above her station. They loved with all the ardour of youthful passion. Salicetta, who had been entangling Fulgence in the mazes of a flirtation, discovered their attachment, and in a fit of jealousy, orders Stephane to quit her house. Fulgence follows her to the humble roof of her father, a village schoolmaster,—declares his attachment, and his intention of joining the army of Napoleon, in order to be able to offer her a position in society, worthy of her merits. The resolution was soon put in practice. Fulgence soon distinguished himself; but as Colonel Laviteal he was a being very different from the unsophisticated Fulgence, the secretary. In vain his brother Exupere reminds him of the religious precepts inculcated by their father,—in vain Stephane reminds him of his plighted troth. The gay Colonel was an infidel, and a man of the world, too much occupied with the dissipation of the times to give heed to what reminded him of the inexperience of his youth. The glories of the empire had passed away, and the peaceful sloth of the restoration left him at liberty to pursue the career of pleasure. He again met Salicetta, and was again fascinated by her coquetry and beauty. He becomes her acknowledged admirer, and her constant attendant in the round of dissipation. On his return home from accompanying her to the opera, he observed,

"reclining on a stone bench opposite his door, a female with her head wrapped in a black veil and her garments drenched with the rain that had been falling at intervals. He drew a piece of money from his pocket and placed it upon the bench, the female rejected the proffered alms with a sudden motion; she drew aside her veil, and exclaimed, 'I am not as yet a beggar' * * * he recoiled as he recognized Stephane.

"'Stephane, you must come with me to my apartments.'

"'Never, unless with the title of your wife.'

"'What brings you here in this plight, what have you to ask of me?'

"'Can you ask me such a question, have I not received a letter from you that has almost driven me to distraction. Unable to endure uncertainty, I have sought to know the truth, however cruel it may be. Have you ceased to love me, Fulgence? have you resolved upon abandoning me? —speak, speak!'

"'Listen to me, Stephane—when I first saw you I was young and inexperienced; sympathizing in the same illusions and sorrows, we loved each other, and I combatted with ardour the passion which seemed to cool my affection for you; for you I quitted the house of the Count de Juviessy and embraced the career of arms. In the enthusiasm of passion, I promised:—

"'No more, I understand—you are going to tell me that you now

feel the obstacles that separate us; you cannot marry the woman who, in the freshness of youth and beauty, was your mistress, concealed and observe, waiting with impatience for the short visits you could pay her in the interval of two campaigns. She has known misery in all its horrors.'

"Fulgence covered his face with his hands. 'Your sufferings go to my heart, but you are unjust in attributing them all to me. I gave way to the power which your beauty and the qualities of your mind were calculated to exercise over the breast, but I was not then aware of the rash influence of marriage upon the life of a man. I promised in a moment of phrenzy, when I could have promised to die after. But I leave it to yourself, Stephane,—could you be made happy by a union which must mar my destiny? You are poor. I have nothing but my scanty pay. I will divide it with you. I am not to blame for the prejudices of the world; would it not close its doors against you? Could I enter it without you, and be subject to the ironical whispers of malicious fools? I have given proofs of courage in the field, but I fear a naked sword less than a sarcasm. I cannot shut myself up in my brother's factory. I have lost the belief in religion by which he regulates his life; I abhor hypocrisy, and nothing can be more tiresome than perpetual discussions that lead to nothing. Let us both preserve our independance; let us be united in heart—it is the only union that society will permit us to indulge.'

"'Anything farther is superfluous,' said Stephane, with dignity. 'I want not your alms, the labour of my hands shall be my support.'

"'In what a dilemma do you place me, between the indelicacy of giving an alms or the baseness of abandoning you!'

"'While I am between the infamy of receiving alms and the misery of servitude. A fine position this!' said she, folding her arms, with a ghastly smile. Here a moment of agonizing silence ensued.

"'Stephane! Stephane!' cried he, 'I have more than once thought of ending the matter with my life, and you this moment place me in contact with the infernal idea of suicide.'

"'You commit suicide!' said she;—'no—that is left for me who have no other resource but to imitate some of my predecessors in misfortune. Do you live on, for life still smiles upon you; I often say to myself you are in the right, that our marriage is impossible, but more frequently I am the victim of the most agonizing tortures. I grant you cannot overcome existing prejudices, and I should only merge your destiny so full of spirit and vigour in the narrowness of my own as in a leaden shroud. You are right. . . But why did you love me . . . forgive me if I cannot forget.' She squeezed his hand, and disappeared in the obscurity of a winding alley."

We have lingered so long with these extracts that time and space begin to admonish us to hasten to a conclusion. Stephane wears out a wretched existence as governess to the young heiress on whom Fulgence has fixed his affections, and whom, after sundry perplexities and obstacles have been surmounted, he at length makes his wife. The Countess de Juviessy continued to seek, in the hurry of dissipation, some relief from the ill-temper of her husband and the tyranny of a profligate son.

As a contrast to these, we have a beautiful picture of the domestic felicity of the manufacturer Exupere, a felicity based upon the only principles capable of bestowing it—a concientious discharge of the moral duties inculcated by religion in this life, and a firm, calm reliance upon its promises for the next.

THE SNOW-DROP.

How serenely the moonbeams sleep on thy pale breast,
That lies like a star on the blue plains of rest!
From the white-waving bed where thy sister bells lie,
Thou wert pluck'd by an angel and dropp'd from the sky;
Or, while he lay sleeping where Zion's brook sings,
The breath of a seraph blew thee on his wings.
When the gold trumpets sounded; his pinions he spread,
To sing the soft vesper, while thou to earth fled.
Were Venus to gather a wreath for her brow,
She would place in the front such a blossom as thou.
But her love-mantled bosom would soil thy sweet head,
When it rose with hot sighs thy soft bloom would be shed.
The garlands with which her white doves she bedecks
Are the snow-drops of heaven twin'd round their fair necks,
Perhaps while Diana was braiding her hair,
She took off her chaplet and thou didst bloom there,
And hung thee upon a pale beam of the moon,
Not deeming thy stem would dissever so soon.
Thou but wav'd in the moonlight, then gracefully fell,
And she now hath descended to gaze on thy bell.
While thou deck'd her fair brow then like thee she was pure,
And with sweet-lipp'd Endymion rested secure.
Thou hast come to cheer earth, and then upward wilt fly
To join thy companions, who dwell in the sky.
O stay until summer, that fairies may sip
The pure dew of twilight from thy virgin lip.
Ere summer voluptuous comes reeking with haste,
Thou wilt sleep with the snow in a region more chaste;
For the snow is thy sister, the flake in thy bell,
Now dissolving in silence, loves with thee to dwell.
Thou wilt hear the first note of the early lark come,
Then mount on its music and haste to thy home.
Thou hast come to make winter to mortals more kind,
And wilt vanish with him like a thought from the mind.
Farewell, gentle herald! sweet angel of flowers!
Too good and too chaste for this gross world of ours.
While thy beauty can soften stern winter, sure we
May gather a lesson of patience from thee.
And when from this earth like thyself we are driven,
May our brows be encircled with thy gems in heaven!

T. M.

A SCHOLAR'S "PASSAGE OF ARMS.

We are, as times go, a scholar—though neither a denizen of Grub-street, nor yet an inhabitant of May-fair, nor a member of the Athenæum, and i' faith the other day we had a right scholarly adventure. The evening was wet, and our little parlour was snugly illuminated by a Sinembra, aided by a cozy sea-coal fire; and the old house-keeper, a very incarnation of *comfortableness*, had put the tea-things on the little table; we had our Poetæ Græci in hand, in which we had "*sicut est mos*" been spelling over the tit bits of "pure Simonides," and the glowing lyrics of the Lesbian lover, and thrilling through and through at the war songs of old Tyrtæus—when, lo! we became oblivious, heaven knows how long. Suffice it that we were restored to consciousness by a severe pain in the right leg. Well, we took a precious long journey that evening sitting in our stuffed chair, though we were with our feet one on each hob, bachelor-fashion. Whether Merlin touched us with his wand, cannot now be said; most likely he did, and *presto*, we were a Spartan; troth we suddenly acquired a taste for black broth and flagellation, though as we were a ready-made man, the latter operation was not experienced. However we were clearly a Spartan of 2,567 years ago—that is, in the time of the first Messenian war, and, strange to say, we were in Messenia. We were wondrous wrath with those loose young Messenians, who behaved so rudely to our Spartan damsels, one of whom was our sister and another our betrothed bride—aye, marry, as lovely a girl as ever bound the sword of her true love to his side at his departure for the battle-field, or raised her shrill treble to laud and magnify the wars of Lacedæmon. Offer violence to such an one, we were overwhelmingly indignant—and true even in sleep to our old English propensities, we devoted the souls and limbs of every Messenian and Athenian who trod the earth of those two accursed spots to Phegethon and Styx, and Tartarus, in as good full-toned Greek as ever rung upon mortal ear. We thought of our beloved Teleclus to whom we had so often paid the homage of love and admiration; we thought of him reigning in the hearts of the Spartan brave, and proud and lusty, and right royal as he was—and anon we thought of him cold and dead, and mangled—and we said to ourselves—"who hath done this thing?" and it was answered "they of Messene;" and our blood boiled, and forth burst the volume of our rage in a torrent of execrations against the hated people who respect not the bravery of heroes, nor the chastity of women. Then we heard a report that they of Messene had not slain our maidens, but that certain of our heroes had arrayed themselves in the garb of women to surprise and assault them. Base, degenerate lie! when did the eagle array herself in the plumes of the dove to work mischief against the sparrow? These things must come to pass ere the Spartan clothe himself in the raiment of his women to engage his foe; sooth thuogh it be, that in the bosom even of a Lacedæmonian woman throbs the

big heart of valor, such as the men of other nations wot not of. We vowed vengeance, and we were revenged; we devoted their cities and their people to destruction, and they were scattered—nay, had the gods smiled propitious, they had been dispersed before us as the chaff before the winds of heaven. Nine years had we lain before Ithome, and still we prevailed not. The Spartan knew now for the first time, what it was to the tigress to be withheld for a time from inflicting her just vengeance upon the base brute who hath done despite to her young. He knew now what it was to be wronged and to have the vengeance, which he knew was his of right, delayed by a stronger arm than his own interposed between himself and its object, for though delayed it was not to be withheld. The hearts of the besiegers did not fail them, for they of Lacedæmon know not what it is to faint; but all hearts were hardened, and as the storm bursts with greater violence after the short, still deathlike calm which precedes it, even so was it with us; the voice of mirth was silent, and a mantle of gloom was hung over the spirits of the brave, and all was sadness —not the sorrow of despondency, but the stern quiet of determination. At length arose one of our wisest and bravest and departed, and we saw his footsteps recede, and we asked not whither nor why he went—anon he returned and said, "we must beseech the Athenians to give us a leader." Then some of our young men lift up their voices and said "Never." But the elders knit their brows and frowned upon them, and he who had departed said—"The gods will it," so saith the oracle, and our young men were silent, for none but cowards and ideots despise the voice of the gods.

* * * * * *

He from Athens came, and bitterness was in our souls, for in derision they had sent him, and he was lame and squinted, and a hump was on his back, and no sword was at his side, and no helmet was on his brow, and our young men surveyed him with their eyes, and stood in knots and conversed, in a low voice indeed, for the son of a Lacedæmonian must expire ere he complain aloud of the decision of his rulers, and there are none among them who dispute the wisdom of heaven; but still it was clear they desired not to follow such a leader, instead of a sword he had a pipe in his hand, and verily our wrath was like to burst the channels of our blood, so turbulently did it throb at the thought, that they had dared to send a player upon the pipe and a mime to lead the armies of Sparta. The elders and leaders of our people discoursed of war with him and Tyrtæus, (for so was he named) declared that he knew not the art of war, and they marvelled, but he had been provided by the gods, and mortals could but receive what was sent by them. At length it was determined to hazard another assault upon the city, for the tenth year had arrived and still we were before the walls of Ithome; and when we were about to march against the city, Tyrtæus stood up on an high place, and the pipe was no longer in his hand, but he had a harp; and our young men as they passed sneered outright, impiously saying within themselves, "who is this buffoon that was sent to lead the warriors o Sparta?" and Tyrtæus struck his harp and began to sing; and they stopped to hear him, and he sung thus:

There's not a man whose name in song of mine should have a place
For prowess in the wrestling match, or swiftness in the race:
Nor if he had the Cyclops' strength and eke their stature too;
Or Thracian Boreas himself in fleetness might out-do;
Nor if than e'en Tithonus were his beauty far more fair,
Nor if his wealth with Eingras and Midas might compare;
Nor if than Pelops, mighty king, his power were more strong,
And sweeter than Adrastus' voice the honey of his song;
Nor if, without a warlike soul all virtues he might have—
For no man in the battle's heat can e'er be truly brave,
Who steadfastly to look on deeds of slaughter cannot bear,
And boldly front the foeman, man to man, and spear to spear.
This, this alone is valour, and the best of gifts hath he,
The youth to whom this gift is given most abundantly.
To the city and the citizens he hath done a common good,
Who in the battle's foremost rank unwavering hath stood.
And he whose noble soul disdains to think of shameful flight,
Who coming danger doth oppose with life, and main, and might;
And with courage e'en to perish can his comrade's heart inspire,
In such a bosom truly glows the flame of martial fire;
And he whose single arm hath turned the phalanx of the foe,
And made the stream of battle in another channel flow;
And fighting in the foremost rank hath sunk and fallen down,
And a blaze of glory o'er his father's name and city thrown.
Thro' the boss upon his shield, and thro' the breastplate o'er his heart,
And thro' his noble bosom pierced with many a foeman's dart,
His funeral cry of young and old, alike the voices swell,
And his country for her hero mourns who fighting for her fell.
And sacred is the tomb wherein his hallowed ashes lie,
And his fame in generations yet unborn shall never die.
No! by the taint of death his name shall never sullied be,
But ever shall enjoy the greatest immortality;
Whomever fighting manfully amid the dread affray
For his country and his kindred, bloody Mars shall put away.
But should it be his lot to 'scape the dreamless sleep of fate,
And from the battle to return with victory elate;
O then with due respect to him, both young and old will bend,
And to his course of honor, death alone shall put an end;
Old age shall have no cares for him, for reverence and right
Will be his shield—but none to such a man would do despite.
And in the theatre to him both young and old arise,
And very proud is he whose seat the hero occupies.
Go now, my friends! let each one strive to gain this glory's height,
With heart and soul intent upon the fortune of the fight.

The minstrel ceased, for he was now prodigiously exalted in the minds of those who heard him. We marched forward with a loud shout, our hearts beat with ecstasy; we shouted amain—we heard a sudden crash as of a wall battered in we felt the pain of a wound which was as nothing in our character of a Spartan warrior, but which was abundantly sufficient to awaken us to the dull realities of this every-day world. Our housekeeper burst into the room with a shriek—"Lord deliver us!" cried she; "why, Mr. Barnaby, if you have not broke every bit of that new china tea service, and thrown over the kettle, and broke the table and all! O Lord! O Lord! Surely my poor master is demented." All save the last clause of the

worthy woman's oration was true to the letter; we had converted the parlour into Messenia. Our tea-table had become Ione, when Tyrtæus ceased in our dream we had rushed forwards, throwing out our arms sideways and upsetting the tea-table, and sending our legs forward had put the left into the fire, and brought the full tide of wrath in the shape of a stream of boiling water upon the right. All this, O Tyrtæus, we lay at your door—but be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee; the bard who sung "οὐδ' ἀνμνησαιμην" and "μεχριστευ κατακεισθε" shall never draw an angry exclamation from the lips of a scholar.

B. B.

SUNSET.

I.

How beautiful is eve—so pure—serene,
Or when it gilds the front of feudal halls,
Buried within the thick wood's shadowy screen,
And sheds a lustre o'er the falling walls;
Or when afar the outstretched clouds retire,
And roll their volumes vast in waves of fire;
Or when embosomed in the seas of heaven,
The bright effulgence shiver'd, rent, and riv'n,
Capriciously, fantastically strays,
And forms a thousand clustering cyclades.

II.

Oh, gaze upon the sky! behold! on high,
Piled by the breath of the compelling wind,
A thousand floating clouds condensed, combin'd,
Veer their unknown dimensions curiously.
Beneath their outline a pale brilliancy
Flashes at times, as if a giant of the sky
Had drawn his sword of radiance suddenly.

III.

And still the sun, thro' masses piled and roll'd,
Pours his full tide of mellow light, that streaming
Gives to the humble cot a dome of gold,
And leaves the forest-trees all bright and gleaming;
Or battles with the coming mists of night,
That from the east begin to wing their flight;
Or on the dark green herbage falls, and makes
The spreading pasture gleam like fiery lakes.

IV.

So in the chequer'd heav'n a crocodile,
A mighty monster, flames along the sky,
With broad red back, and teeth in triple file,
And flashing eyes that glitter fearfully.
The wreathed clouds, in many a burning fold
Collected, form his scales of purest gold.

V.

Here rises a proud palace; and anon
The hush'd air trembles, and beneath the shock
The mighty edifice is fled and gone,
And tumbles into ruins vast, that block
The far horizon's edge; their cones are red,
And downward hang above the wond'ring head,
Like mountains overset, in furious strife
Of hell's foul fiends against the sons of light.

VI.

Those clouds of brass, gold, copper, iron, lead,
The hurricane's, the lightning's, thunder's lair,
Where sleep with hollow murmurs, deep and dread,
The grim destroyers of the earth and air;
'Tis the Almighty that afar on high
Hangs them in masses 'gainst the vaulted sky,—
Like the proud warrior that in feudal halls
Hangs his dread arms on his ancestral walls.

VII.

Oh! gaze upon the sky, and when the day
Hath closed around, in every clime and hour,
Let thy full heart's devotion long delay.
Upon the veil that mantles o'er their power
There's mystery in its beauty, and the dews
Silently dropping from the stars diffuse
A holy quiet, a sweet influence,
That softens and exalts the purer sense.

Oh give me wings! away—away
I'll flee unto those realms divine,
On earth I can no longer stay,
No longer fancy and repine;
Oh! let me seek another sphere
Enough of doubt and dreaming here;
Enough of striving in the night
To seize the mysteries of Heav'n,
To catch the flitting forms of light
For man's delusion only giv'n.
Perhaps the voice that strikes my ear
On high may echo deep and clear;—
Perhaps I there may find the key
Of the great mystery concealed
Beneath the universe, and see
The secret of the world unveiled.
Perhaps, to child of song tis giv'n
To read that other book of Heav'n.

HENRI D'EGVILLE, OR, THE DUELLIST.

SHORTLY after my arrival on the other side of the Atlantic, business called me to the island of ——. Although my sojourn there was brief, and I was not possessed of a single introductory letter, yet I found no difficulty in getting into the most respectable society the place afforded. West-India hospitality, in those days, threw open every door to the stranger. "Times have changed;" and although the planters cannot say, "we have changed with them," inasmuch as they possess the same warm feeiings as formerly, unfortunately they have no longer the means to indulge them. Things were otherwise in the times I speak of (1817): it was during that year, in the Island of ———, that I dined with a large party who were entertained by a merchant. The dinner was excellent, the dessert superlative, and the madeira, claret, and champagne exquisite. During the repast I was called upon to take wine with every gentleman in company (some twenty in number), and had the gallantry to pledge every lady present. After the dessert, the king's health was drunk, the ladies retired, and the *speechifying* commenced. We all assured each other that these were the happiest moments of our lives. The bottle circulated freely, and after several songs were sung our host proposed rejoining the ladies, when one of the party begged, ere we took our coffee, to call upon Captain Stewart for a Gælic song. To this, our host acceded; but the Captain, a prepossessing, though somewhat melancholy-looking man, objected, for a very sufficient reason, declaring, that although a highlander, he had been educated at Edinburgh, and had been so little among his native mountains, that he could scarcely speak the language of his fathers, nor did he know one highland song. This answer satisfied all, save he who moved the call; this was a Mr. Henri D'Egville, a *ci-devant* colonist of St. Domingo, who, at an early period of his life, had escaped after the revolution in that island. He was a man, that at first view might be judged to have passed the meridian of life, on account of the dimness of his eyes and his furrowed brow: yet, on a second view, an observer would judge that he had scarcely reached that period. He was rather bloated and corpulent, and it was easy to perceive that the lustre of his eyes had been quenched rather by intemperance than time. Yet, with all these defects, his form and features bore marks of having been at one time handsome.

D'Egville insisted, in a peremptory tone, on Stewart's singing a Gælic song. The host endeavoured to appease him, and proposed an adjournment. This would not satisfy the St. Domingian he became warmer on the subject; one or two of us interfered, amongst the rest myself. I was next to him, and his unreasonable ire was suddenly directed to me. Amid the confusion created by this unpleasant affair Captain S. put a period to it by declaring with a smile of good humour that he now recollected a highland song. Silence was restored, and to the tune of the "Highland Laddie," the captain sung the "Ode of Anacreon," commencing

"Ουσισκεραται ταυροις"

The effect produced by this witty ruse is indescribable. D'Egville's education, like most of those instructed in the colonies, was confined to one or two of the living tongues, and some of the exterior accomplishments; so that the Greek ode passed muster very enough with him for Gælic; besides, his senses were rather obscured by wine. Two or three of the company understood the noble languages in which the bard of Namos sung, and could scarcely restrain their laughter at the whim of chaunting his lay to a Gælic air. Three or four more of the party knew enough of the classics to find that Stewart was singing Greek: these smiled; but the most interesting countenance to contemplate, was that of a Mr. Donald M'Phearson, a native of the Highlands; he knew not a word of the dead languages, but he well knew that Greek was not Gælic; he displayed a gallery of faces; at first he looked most profoundly mystified, not knowing what to make of the fine-sounding tones that Stewart was uttering. Then he seemed highly indignant at the insult the Captain was offering to his mother tongue; but for the prudence of which most of his countrymen are remarkable, got the better of his patriotic ire, and he smiled in applause of the singular stratagem.

The Græco-Gaelic song ended; a burst of applause followed; none were louder in their approbation than D'Egville, who, drinking a large claret glass of madeira to the health of Stewart, said that the *Scotch* was a language almost as soft and musical as the French; and requested the captain to translate his song. This request the captain good-humouredly complied with, by turning Anacreon's ode literally into English. D'Egeville was so delighted at the gallantry of what he called the Highland poet's praise of beauty, that he shook Captain Stewart by the hand, who looked at the Creole with a very equivocal expression of countenance, which, the latter being "*Bacchi plenus,*" could not observe.

Nothing particular occurred during the rest of the evening, when the party broke up. As my path home lay towards the sea side, I accompanied Captain Stewart on his way to join his boat, which waited to put him on board his ship—a fine West Indiaman, on the eve of sailing to Europe. He had been a master in the navy, enjoyed half-pay, and by permission of Admiralty, I believe, was now in the merchant service. During our walk I had some conversation with him, and congratulated him on his ingenious stratagem of substituting a Greek ode for a Gaelic song, diverting several of us, and at once satisfying and turning to ridicule the silly and impertinent demand of the inebriated French Creole. He told me in reply to a remark I made on his classical attainments, that at the end of ten years' service in the navy his trifling collegiate acquirements were nearly forgotten, but being in 1814 appointed to a signal station on the western coast of England, and having much leisure and little society, he renewed his acquaintance with his long-neglected friends of Greece and Rome, "one of whom, you see," he observed, "got me out of the ludicrous dispute with Mr. D'Egville; but he is equally quarrelsome when sober; one of his dangerous description should not be admitted into respectable society."

"Is he a duellist?" At this question of mine the captain paused

in his conversation, and stopped walking: after a lapse of some time he said, with agitation,—

"True, sir—most true: a duellist should be shunned by the worthy part of mankind. But yon wretched D'Egville is worse than a duellist: he is a murderer!—at least, so I account one who, by continual practice with the pistol, can hit the ace of hearts at fifteen paces—who, by being 'out,' as it is called, so frequently, is so accustomed to human destruction that he can make *bons-mots* and take snuff the moment before he pulls the trigger;—one whose talent for getting insulted is so exquisite, that he has been known to wear a new hat tied round with *rope-yarn* to attract notice, which notice he has resented, made into a quarrel, and finally brought to a duel. He has the blood of some twenty victims to account for!" I shuddered to think that I had been in companionship with such a cold-blooded assassin. "Some villains have a conscience," continued the Captain, "but this man seems to have none; he is still on the watch for fresh victims, and seems never so happy as in the prospect of twelve paces and an opponent. I have heard of an assassin who declared that he could never looked at a clock at the time the hands pointed to the hour when his black deed was perpetrated, but he beheld the face of him whom he murdered glaring at him from the dial. Yet, strange to say, D'Egville having wantonly destroyed many, with a fiendish delight, seeks to add to his guilt."—Stewart again paused, then added in a voice tremulous with emotion, "while I, having in my youth slain one man in a duel, the remembrance is permitted to haunt me through life!" The remark was of a nature and made in a manner to preclude a reply: after a pause of some minutes, the Captain resumed—"And yet, according to what is called 'honour,' I acted rightly. I sought not the quarrel. My fellow student, Cameron, in a theatre, brutally insulted a young lady: I interfered, and he struck me. I called on him for '*satisfaction*;' we met, and although I never before exploded an ounce of powder, at the first shot Cameron staggered, fell, and after a few struggles of agony ceased for ever to breathe! And yet the recollection of this event imbitters my days. Do I sleep amid night visions, I behold the prostrate form of Cameron writhing in death struggles, and hear the mortal rattling in his throat! Am I sick, low-spirited, or lonely, I see him with his smoking pistol dropping from his hand, staggering and falling! Often on a serene night, when the dark bosom of the ocean glittered with the moon's rays, have I beheld his shrouded cadaverous form rise from the deep, and glide across the horizon;—plainly amid the howlings of the storm have I heard the short cry of agony, between a yell and a groan, that he uttered when this fatal arm slew him!"

We walked in silence some distance further, each busy with his own reflections, until I was preparing to take leave of my companion, when he invited me to go on board his ship, the "Planter." As the rain had fallen heavily that day, it brought a great cloud of musquitos, whose stings I could avoid by sleeping at sea; and my new friend had so won upon me, that I frankly accepted his offer. His gig was waiting for him, in which we embarked, and in a few minutes we ascended the accommodation-ladder. It was late, or, rather early,

that is to say, about two o'clock, and we retired to rest, the captain in his state-room and I in a cot in the cabin. I slept soundly, and the next morning was awoke by the steward, who acquainted me that breakfast was ready. A head-ache immediately informed me how I had spent the preceding night, to remedy which the Captain advised me to spend the day on board, where the air is much cooler than in town. I had little business on shore, and that little I felt no inclination to go about, so I followed his prescription.

The cargo of the Planter being completed, Stewart had little todo, so that the morning was spent in conversation, he being a great talker, and was, besides, what great talkers are not often—a deep thinker. It is true, he had some singular ideas, yet if not always just, they were original; he was sometimes erroneous, but never dull or trivial.

Who can that be coming on board, in a shore-boat? asked the captain, looking through his telescope. "As I live, it is that scoundrel Willthorpe,—"Captain Willthorpe of the Columbian service," as *he* calls himself.

"Who may he be?"

"One of the Duellist's fraternity; report says he killed a brother republican officer, by the ingenious plan of loading his pistol with a ball cut in quarters, and joined neatly together. I can guess the purpose of his visit." The boat came alongside, and a person enquired if the captain was on board; receiving an answer in the affirmative, he mounted the ladder. He was a young man of rather an effeminate appearance, to obviate which, he had cultivated immense whiskers, and a most warlike pair of mustachos. His head was remarkably erect, and his cheeks puffed out with affected importance; his gait was "would be military." He wore a rather threadbare surtout, covered with enormous frogs, and a high black stock,—there was a mixture of formality, overstrained politeness, and military non-chalence in his address that reminded me of a private in the barracks, who affects to imitate his officer.

"Have the honour of addressing captain Stewart?" The Captain bowed assent.

"That, sir, being the case, sir, I ah—* have, ah,—to request, the honour of ah—a private interview, sir—"

"I cannot conceive that you have any business with me, that this gentleman should not be a party to."

"May I presume to ask, sir, if—ah—this gentleman has the honour, sir,—ah—of being, sir, your *friend?*" This he said eying me, and laying a strong emphasis on the last word.

"Whatever this gentleman has the honour of being, can be of little consequence to you, sir;—will you be pleased to open your business?" At hearing this rebuff, Willthorpe elevated his head to its utmost height, puffed out his cheeks, pulled up his false collar, and then, formally took from his pocket-book, a note, which he handed to the Captain, saying, "Will you, sir, be pleased to peruse this,—ah, note,

* The Captain introduced a kind of drawling interjection between every five words.

sir?" Stewart took the note and read those words, evidently written by a hand whose nerves were none of the steadiest,—

"Le Porteur, M. le Capitaine Vilthorpe mon, ami est, chargé de "l'affaire d' honeur entre le Capitaine Esteuarts et moi.

"HENRI D'EGVILLE."

"Well, Sir," said Stewart, after reading this brief epistle, "What does Mr. Henry D'Egville mean by this note? "He means, Sir, to send me to you as his friend, Sir, in order, Sir,—ah—that I may explain to you, Sir, that he conceives himself greatly insulted, Sir, by your conduct in regard to a pretended Gaellic song, Sir, last night at the table of Mr. Invoice, Sir; and not doubting, Sir, that he has the honour of sending to a gentlemen and a man of honour, Sir,—ah—he has requested me, Sir, to say—ah—that he hopes to have the pleasure of meeting you—at—to morrow at gunfire, on the beach behind Iguanna rock, Sir—ah."

"Mr. D'Egville shall *not* have the pleasure of meeting me as he calls it; by which he means the pleasure of adding me to the line of the score he has already *murdered*."

"Surely, Sir, that is not the answer you would, Sir, send to a gentleman—ah—whom you have insulted, Sir, ah—am I to understand that you refuse to meet my friend?"

"I speak, and you understand English;—do you wish me to send an answer in Gaelic or Greek to Mr. D'Egeville?"

"Are you aware, Sir, that my friend Mr. D'Egeville, Sir, will conceive you refusing to meet him to be effects of cowardice?"

"It matter little to me what the conceptions of your friend may be on the subject," said Stewart, with the admirable coolness he had preserved through the interview.

"And, Sir, are you aware, Sir,—ah—that my friend, Sir, thinking the—ah—man who would be base enough to insult him, Sir, without having the courage to meet him as a gentleman, deserves to be treated as a scoundrel. He will feel himself called on publicly to chastise you."

The choler rushed into Stewart's face at hearing this insulting menace; but in a moment he was cool. Putting himself in Willthorpe's attitude, and admirably mimicking his voice and action, he said, "Are you aware, Sir, that by honouring me, Sir, by going down this accommodation ladder, Sir,—ah,—you will save me the disagreeable necessity, Sir, of pitching you, Sir,—ah,—overboard, Sir." This remark was made in such a manner that it provoked the mate, carpenter, steward, and two sailors, who had unperceived drawn within earshot, to a boisterous fit of laughter. Willthorpe coloured deeply, and tried to smile in contempt; but he looked, to use the mate's reading of a passage in Shakspeare, "like Patience on a lee-cat-head, smiling at a wet-swab."

"Let us tar and feather the unboiled lobster," said the steward. No sooner was this proposed, than, delighted with the suggestion, the people surrounded Willthorpe, and the mate bawled out, "Here, cook, bring the tar-pot; here's the devil to pay and no pitch-hot."

"Go forward!" said the Captain, in an authoritative tone: "how

dare you interfere with my quarrels!" The seamen reluctantly obeyed.

"I hope," said Stewart, "that Mr. Willthorpe will not again give me the trouble of protecting him from insult." Willthorpe thought the hint too good to neglect it; so, descending the ladder, seated himself in the boat, and, darting a revengeful look at the Captain, went ashore.

"I know not," said Stewart, calmly, "nor care I what may be said of my conduct; but having once shed the life's blood of a man, my conscience forbids my accepting any more challenges. I conceive life too estimable a gift to treat its Giver with ingratitude, by throwing it away to satisfy the fiend-like propensity of one I despise."

"Your resolution does you honour, but should he—" I was about to express that which I should not on recollection. I took the awkward course of stopping in the middle of my sentence.

"I anticipate your thoughts; you need not fear to utter them. You would inquire how I would act were this D'Egeville to put in practice what yon cat-faced youth threatened. I have about my person the scars of five 'wounds in front.' These are honorable marks of my having served my country; three of those were obtained on board the Victory, the day that the greatest naval hero that ever the ocean bore exchanged a life of glory for immortality. These scars"—he displayed two on his breast as he spoke—"are too deep to be effaced by the hand of an inebriated duellist."

These resolutions were noble: (but, alas, for human nature) they were not kept. Within an hour of this conversation, Stewart had business on shore to "*clear out*" his vessel, preparatory to his sailing the following morning. Being free from the disorder with which I awoke, I accompanied him. After we landed, and while Stewart was giving orders to one of his seamen, D'Egville, who had waited for him at a corner, sprang unperceived and unexpectedly upon him with an activity that was surprising for a man in his state. He struck the captain with a small horsewhip across the face; and ere Stewart recovered himself, vaulted into his saddle and rode off. This was done in the presence of several persons. Never shall I forget the dreadful expression of Stewart's countenance. On ordinary occasions his features were handsome and so regular, that one might judge them incapable of strongly indicating any deep passion; but now they were inimitably and inexpressibly awful. The most violent indignation and the blackest wrath flashed from his eyes, and distorted every lineament of his visage, which became absolutely party-coloured with conflicting emotions.

After some minutes I lead, or rather dragged, him into my apartments; which happened to be on the ground-floor within a few yards of us. He was quite passive. I conjured him to moderate his rage; he seemed not to hear what I said, but burst into a terrible laugh. Tears are seldom shed by agony: groans, and even execrations, relieve it; but the laugh of wrath indicates the climax of human passion. After a pause, he walked, with a hurried step, across the apartment several times; then stopping short, called me by my name, and asked me if I was near. I answered in the affirmative, and he again

traversed the room; when he repaused, and said in a deep tone —"Yes, it shall be so; I will rid the world of a murderer at the expense of my life——Tropic, where the d—— are you?"

"Here, Sir." He grasped my hand with a force that brought the blood to my nails; and, looking me in the face said—

"Will you be my friend on this occasion?" To remonstrate with him for inconsistency in his present state of mind were madness: besides, I felt too indignant at D'Egville's conduct to attempt to pacify him. I, therefore, answered in the affirmative. "Listen then to the terms I intend sending this ——" he paused for an epithet; but memory could not supply him any one with which he chose to designate his enemy. He briefly told me of theplan he had formed to rid the world of D'Egeville, and at the same time sacrificing himself. His proposal was so dreadful, that after a pause I declined being his second.

"What!" said he, "you would be my *friend*, as it is called, and place me at ten or twelve paces for the assassin safely to destroy me? —no matter, I will seek some other—but where?—true!—No one will, perhaps, second a man who they are sure would be killed, so I'll meet him without a second. Willthorpe, the bullet-splitter shall officiate for both!" I was in a horrid dilemma. I had to choose between the alternative of seconding him in an affair in which both the principals were morally sure of being killed, or of leaving him to fall unattended by a friend—perhaps exposed to the machinations of Willthorpe, whose conduct and character were infamous. After a moment's consideration, a kind of hope whispered to me that Stewart would escape.

"I will be your friend," I exclaimed, "in this dreadful affair." He said nothing, but embraced me. "But hold! I must send four of our seamen to dig our grave; then write my will, and give directions to my mate—remember, the hour is six; and the place, on the beach behind Iguana rock. On no other consideration will I fight."

"I will recollect."

"Away, then!" I left him, sought the dwelling of D'Egville; and was ushered into his presence.

Although it was two o'clock he was at *déjeuné;* this repast consisted of a strongly-seasoned dish, called "pepper-pot," and a bottle of claret; on my entering he arose, bowed, and said, "à votre service, Monsieur." I briefly thanked him, declined his invitation, and informing him that I bore a message from Captain Stewart. At hearing this his countenance brightened, and took a demoniac smile; anticipating my errand he said,

"Ah, he at length consents to meet me: I wonder a man of his former profession should give me so much trouble to make him act like 'un homme comme il faut.'"

"You have rightly guessed the cause of this visit; and will, of course, have no objection to meet my friend, at the place that Captain Willthorpe proposed?"

"None whatever."

"It now remains with me to name the terms on which Captain Stewart will encounter you."

"Ah, bah! as to the terms, Willthorpe and yourself will settle them on the ground."

"Pardon me, sir; Mr. Willthorpe is a man with whom I wish to have as little intercourse as possible. I must, therefore, tell you how you are to fight." I then briefly related to him the preparations Stewart was making to insure his own and his antagonist's death. D'Egeville's face grew as dark as a thunder-cloud.

"I fight as a gentleman; I never turn butcher—I will not agree to those terms!"

"On no other will my friend meet you—you are an excellent shot, he is not; he, therefore, proposes to equalize the chances, or rather, to wash out your insult and his dishonour with the life's blood of both. Refuse to meet him on those terms, and there is no species of degradation but Captain Stewart will heap upon you.—Nay, sir, look not at me so menacingly, but give me your answer." D'Egeville eyed me from head to foot with a glance of contempt. I added, "I come not here, Sir, to have a personal altercation; but to know from you whether you dare meet my friend on those desperate, but fair conditions; or do you refuse his challenge?"

"I refuse a challenge? I, Henri D'Egeville, of Cape François, refuse a challenge? I *will* meet your friend, and on *his* own terms."

"Precisely at six, behind Iguana Rock."

"I will be there."

I bowed formally, and left him. As I quitted the house I heard him call out, "Jean Pierre, bring me my pistols; Louis, run and call Vilthorpe; he is next door at the billiard table."

At six the parties met, that is, D'Egeville, Willthorpe, Stewart, and myself, were on the appointed ground, behind an immense black rock, on the sea-coast in this place, had been dug by Stewart's people a grave capable of holding two bodies. The earth or sand that came out of it, had been removed to some distance. It was across the grave that the combatants were to hold a handkerchief, and fire at a signal; escape from death was hopeless. The glorious sun was just setting—Stewart took a melancholy look at the orb of day, assured of its being his last; methought I saw his lips move in inaudible prayer, yet his mien was firm—that of D'Egeville was sullen and immoveable. The pistols of our principals were loaded by Willthorpe and myself. The Columbian officer proposed tossing up a dollar to determine who should give the word of command to fire; to this I agreed, and he gave me a coin to decide the wager. I was suspicious of this man from what I had heard of him, and, therefore, glanced at the piece. It was fortunate that I used this caution; for it had two heads, and no reverse! it was the halves of two split dollars, so neatly joined that the eye could not detect it, but by looking carefully at the rim. Willthorpe, amongst other of his accomplishments, was a professed gambler; the trick of joining two heads, or reverses, of a coin, is an old one among the hopeful fraternity, called blacklegs. I felt certain that something unfair was to be attempted in giving the fatal word; I knew not, nor have I since discovered, of

what nature this was to be. Without seeming to notice the cheat, I turned the *ruse* against himself, by giving him, with dissembled carelessness, his dollar, and requesting him to toss it; he bit his lips with concealed passion, but could not refuse; I called "head!" and of course won. The growl of D'Egville, and his look of gloomy despair, confirmed my suspicions, and convinced me that he was privy to the plan, whatever it was, of his second.—The handkerchief was held by the parties across the grave, and the pistols were placed in their hands.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"——"Yes!" was their reply in low deep voices. I cast a look at the parties,—Stewart's looks were calm and firm; D'Egville's eyes gleamed wildly; his teeth were clenched, and he held his breath as if he mechanically tried to screw his "courage to the sticking pitch." A tremulous emotion was however visible on his lips, which increased. I paused,—and his agitation became greater,—I resolved not to give the fatal signal for a few moments. I still paused:—it was as I hoped:—the whole of the Haytian's features became distorted,—his teeth now chattered,—at first the handkerchief, and the pistol dropped from his paralyzed hand—his knees shook,—his legs refused to support him; he reeled and fell into the grave!

There he lay on the ground, having the appearance of one attacked at once by palsy and ague. Stewart sprang across the grave: but seeing the humiliating position of his enemy, threw down his pistol, and with an attitude, tone, and manner, that I never saw surpassed for dignity exclaimed,—"Poor fallen wretch! you are too much an object of pity to excite wrath."

He was indeed a fallen wretch!—fallen as Satan,—but how unlike the dauntless "fiend that Milton drew." Henry D'Egville, the dreaded duellist,—the slayer of twenty men,—who delighted in the prospect of a mortal combat more than a miser joyed at gaining a treasure, lay on the earth which his presence had too long polluted—its vilest and most despised creature,—shuddering like a falcon that I have seen within the reach of a serpent, while the terror-struck bird had neither the power of defence or flight. His acquaintance (friends this man had not) declared that his paroxysm of panic was occasioned by a long course of ill-health and debauchery—whether it was entirely correct I am unable to say. I hurried Stewart to his boat, which was some three hundred yards off, and we embarked,—leaving the prostrated D'Egville to the care of his *friend*.

Two of the boat's crew had been (concealed from our view) spectators to the whole of the transaction. So that when we got on board, they related all that had taken place. The Planter's crew, who adored their captain, received Stewart with the most heartfelt joy I ever saw. In spite of his remonstrances, they carried him round the decks on their shoulders, huzzaing like madmen. The news of the event spread through a whole convoy of merchantmen in the harbour. The crews of each vessel gave us three cheers, which was replied to by the Planter's.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

ORIGIN OF THE TRADES' UNIONS.—The greatest feature of the past month is the meeting of the Trades, and forming a grand procession to petition the Government in behalf of six individuals, who had by their conduct rendered themselves obnoxious to the laws. Three of these persons in whose behalf this pageant was displayed, were, it seems, professed scamps, and it only seems a pity that the philanthropy of such a benevolent multitude did not take a range equally extensive as indiscriminate. Many an interesting sufferer is groaning away his existence in Newgate cells—at Brixton, too, how many are progressing but by slow and toilsome steps towards the period of their captivity. It is rather curious that the Trades should have chosen such an equivocal spot to await the result of their labours as the open space before Bethelem Hospital, commonly called *Bedlam*. Mr. Owen ought to be especially grateful that the gates of that valuable institution cannot be opened to every sufferer, else his philanthropical labours might that day have been brought within a less extensive sphere.

It is said that great effects sometimes spring from the simplest causes, and it may be curious to know from how simple a circumstance these formidable bodies of the Trades originated. It is well known that the waves of the sea are represented at the Theatre by blue or green stuff, spread over the stage, but before "Science had unlocked her golden stores" to the theatrical machinist, the heaving of the waves was enacted by sundry ragged urchins, who bobbed vigorously up and down beneath the artificial ocean, at the rate of sixpence a-night. Now these wavelets, thinking their services not sufficiently rewarded by so small a consideration, set their wits to work, and the next night, after the preliminary flash of lightning and growl of thunder, to the astonishment of all, the sea was unruffled as a mill-pond—flash succeeded flash, and peal after peal; the tempest raged—but the devil a wave stirred. Poor Farley ran about as one demented, but all to no purpose,—the waves had struck for wages! What was to be done? for now another storm was brewing, and on the wrong side of the lamps—the combination was successful—they obtained the shilling. But the result was not encouraging; for the indefatigable Farley, aided by the entire scientific talent of the Theatre, so adroitly contrived springs, pulleys, and lines, that ere another week the triumph of machinery was manifest—by his contrivances the waves arose in a more perfect manner than before, and the Unionists were therefore dismissed to seek fresh channels for their industry. This is the earliest Union and *strike* that we know of.

THE NEW PALACE.—When will this architectural Briareus be done growing?—year after year it is seen to be increasing in new members, either upwards, sideways, or backwards; but, like the penny show-

man's "wonderful *hannimal*," though it grows every year, "it is supposed it never will come to its proper growth." Is it to be spread out on the one side till it pushes that old tabby the Abbey "from its stool;" and on the other, till it takes Apsley House, with "the dear Duke" included, like a chicken under its wings?—for, at present, we see no likelihood of an end to it, though we could suggest one. Again we ask, when will this brick-and-stone monster of Mr. Nash's distorted imagination be finished?

"I do not know,"
Says the great bell at Bow.
"When we grow rich,"
Groan the poor of Shoreditch.

That will be long, we fear; but we are patient, and will wait. We have grown grey since it began; but we will welcome our inevitable "lean and slippered pantaloons," if Mr. Nash will but name the memorable year when this darling of his old age will be fit to be seen. We really long to behold the slabby-dabby baby of his brain standing "all alone," as the nurses say, without its pinafore, the hoarding, which now hides half its deformities—its overgrowth of body and distortion of limb. Well, we will live in hope some day to see it in all its parts—we will not say its parts, for it has none. At present, we are not certain which is its head and which its tail. But to return to our illustration of the penny showman,—his reply to the inquiry of his juvenile admirers, as to which was the lion and which the dogs, will be equally applicable in this particular, "whichever you please, my pretty little dears!" We have looked at its face till we were puzzled; and if that is its *back* which, as the late Lord Castlereagh would have said, *faces* Pimlico, we should think that, like the Hottentot Venus, its most remarkable *features* are behind. But again we promise that we will wait: we shall, no doubt, be better informed in the year 1844.

Burns and the Phrenologists.—Whatever else alters in this alterable world, Folly,—that adorable and adored god of nonsense, whims and oddities, and all idle crotchets,—is still "himself alone." He perhaps now and then changes the colour of his cap, and makes an unimportant variation in the placing and position of his bells; but the fashion of the cap is still the same, and the jingle-jangle of the bells is the same dull jargon of senseless sounds it ever was. His amusements may vary, as is natural to so capricious a genius in his way; but they are exactly of the same mental value, not a jot more foolish than they were—not a whit wiser. He, "good fool," holds on "the even tenor of his way," while all besides are striking out into new paths, and wandering this way and that, "in endless mazes lost." But he has his occasional new crotchet too; and lately he has taken it into his ridiculous head to become a phrenologist; and now no man who has had a double pair of meritorious brains can pay a visit to the Capulets—no one who has during the present century left his name at their door escapes the hands of our scientific friend with the bells. If an ingenious man is about to descend to the grave to-day, before

he goes he must have his head fumbled all over, and examined inside and outside, to ascertain of what stuff it was made—of what capacity it is, that the quantity of its contents may be gauged. If he descended there thirty years ago, and he can be got at, to work goes our phrenological professors' pickaxe, down goes his spade, and up again comes all that he wants to see of the dear departed—out come his calipers, and by the size of the premises he philosophically infers the capacity of the tenant. Pleased with his new feather, tickled with his amusing straw, he has lately paid a scientific visit to Dumfries, to superintend the disturbing of the sacred bones of Scotland's noblest poet, ROBERT BURNS. Poor Burns!—neglected in his life and at his death, he has had abundance of attention since: he wanted bread, and wanted it in vain, but he has had given him a quarry of stone: his living lips hungered for the manna of sustenance—no one offered it to him; they closed for ever and wanted it no more, and those who might have fed them have the hardihood to look in the fleshless face of him they famished. "Thus runs the world away." The remains of the luckless bard, which, when first bared to the light, looked as fresh as though the breath had but newly left the body, as if scorning the idle curiosity of these poking fools, crumbled in a minute into dust. But there was a feast still left in his bones: the head fell to the share of our phrenological friend with the bells, who very soon ascertained that it was much too large for *his* cap, and for the caps of his ten or eleven accompanying friends, though one of that number was no less a person than a *baillie*—that embodiment of all that is wise and grave. Folly has therefore made a discovery—that a man may have a large intellect and a large head. Previously to this, the little heads were carrying all before them. Lord Byron died in Greece, and none of the European friends about him could get his hat upon their heads. Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford, and not "a head in a' Scotland" could pull his bonnet over their brows. Large heads immediately hid themselves, and wished them diminished; the little ones poked themselves up in all public places; and hats of the bigness of a tolerable-sized tinder-box were all the fashion—a small hat becoming the outward and visible sign of an inward and significant head. But large heads, in consequence of this new light, begin to look up again; and we should not wonder very shortly to see hats increase and magnify to the size of sentry-boxes. The present age wants a present Erasmus to praise thee again, O most sweet Folly!

THINGS THEATRICAL.

THE commencement of the season, at the KING'S THEATRE, was not altogether such as we could have wished, or indeed had anticipated. If indeed we except the Rosina of Madame Caradori, and the Figaro of Tamburini, the rest of the performances scarcely rose above a respectable mediocrity. Still, however, we cannot withhold our thanks from Mr. Laporte for his exertions. In the first place he or-

chesra is admirably selected; powerful in point of numbers, and comprising the first instrumental talent in this, or, perhaps any other country. And considering the difficulties under which the manager laboured in procuring artistes, particularly *Prime Donne*, it required no slight energies to produce an opera in a style at all worthy of the high character, and distinguished patronage of the King's Theatre. But this month has introduced not only Rubini, Tamburini, and Zuchelli: but also the far-famed Grisi, the Russian Ivanhoff, and a native artiste of very considerable merit, Mrs. Seguin. The former are too well known to require criticism.

La Grisi made her *debut* as Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*. The English version of the same drama, *The Maid and the Magpie*, is familiar to all. Who is there who does not recollect the admirable acting of Miss Kelly in this Character? And yet, with all her excellencies fresh in our memory, with our predilection for our countrywoman strong upon us, we must confess that La Grisi, as an actress, is fully her equal. In personal attractions she has an advantage which Miss Kelly did not possess: her figure is good, and her countenance full of expressive beauty. And not only is she an actress of genius and feeling, but also a finished singer of the very first order.

Her voice is a soprano, rather inclining to a mezzo soprana; easily reaching from B ^{b} below to the two octaves: rich, firm, and flexible. And it is quite evident from the purity of her intonation, the clearness of her articulation, and the perfect sustentation of its powers to the very fall of the curtain, that the beautiful organ has been carefully formed under the guidance of sterling masters. Her style is ornamented: richly but almost universaliy judiciously ornamented; and her execution of her embellishments as certain, and as delicate as that of Centi, or Sontag. We could not but contrast her whole performance in our own minds with the meretricious school of *soi disant* artistes, who have of late attempted to pass off their tinsel ornament for genuine science.

Her delivery of the exquisite cavatina *Di Piacer*, was, in many respects a new reading of that well-known song. Were we to criticize strictly, we should say, that in the commencement of the allegro movement, *Tutte somdere*, she seemed for a moment to forget the actress, in the singer, and sacrificed the bounding expression of elastic joy to the prolongation of sound. But perhaps we are hypercritical; at any rate her duet with Giannetto in the prison, her parting with her Father, and her prayer before she is led off to execution, were as perfect as science and feeling could render them. They were triumphs of art—they were true out-busts of nature.

After such a display of excellence in a character so closely bordering on the tragic, we were most anxious to witness her representation of the heroic drama, and accordingly went to hear her as Anna Bolena. We know not why this opera was chosen, except it be that a comparison might be instituted between the *debutante* and Pasta. Otherwise as a whole it is very dull and heavy: it draws largely on the powers of the heroine to give it effect. La Grisi fully answered to the demand, and was to the full as successful as in the more popular and captivating composition of Rossini.

It has been said, we think invidiously and unjustly, that in this character she is little more than a copyist of Pasta. Do our brother critics recollect for the moment that the language of nature, the expression of nature, must necessarily be the same in all essentials? Is it therefore wonderful, that even without having seen each other, two great actresses, closely resembling each other, in their natural characters, and conformation of mind, should also resemble each other in the delineation of an imaginary personage? But there is one convincing proof to us that the performance of Grisi, is original and not a copy. A copyist imitates faults as well as beauties. Now it cannot be concealed that Pasta has her defects, some natural, others arising from the peculiarity of her style. Now in all the copyists of Pasta that we have ever heard, there is the same forcing of the voice, producing a degree of huskiness, and the same unnatural intonation, which we must consider as blemishes in the singing of this great artiste. But from these La Grisi is free. As we do not believe Pasta to be a copyist, so do we also believe that La Grisi is capable of originality of conception and execution. Pasta has hitherto been the undisputed queen of the musical drama, but she may have, she has a rival in La Grisi.

Ivanhoff is a young man *evidently* of Russian extraction. His face and person are decidedly *tramontane;* and we could almost fancy that his temporary residence in the southern climate of Europe had thawed a voice which would for ever have remained frozen under the ungenial influence of his native skies. It is not, as had been supposed, a *tenor,* but a species of voice usually applied to the *Opera Buffa,* and adapted for a range of characters and style of music requiring no great energy of passional expression, but demanding principally a considerable compass and flexibility.

He possesses taste and feeling, and having been a pupil of Nosari has received the best instructions in his art. He has already profited much, and if he devotes himself diligently to his professional studies will prove an efficient representative of those characters now filled by Rubini. Of his articulation we must speak in the highest praise, and he has the advantage of a firmness of voice, which the former great artiste does not possess.

Of Mrs. Seguin we speak with great pride and pleasure because she is an Englishwoman, and an *elève* of one of our English Institutions, the Royal Academy. She appeared for the first time at the Italian Opera as Jane Seymonr in *Anna Bolena.* Comparisons have been drawn between her and Madame Caradori, but we will not enter into them for two reasons. We admire Madame Caradori too much to be thought for one moment to undervalue her merits; and when there is so great a disparity in the experience of the two rivals, a fair critic will be under great difficulties how to form a correct judgment. But we must compliment Mrs. Seguin, as well on the diligent study as on the correct conception of her part. She sang with taste, energy, and, above all, in very good tune. Will she forgive us for suggesting to her that if she has forgotten the lessons of her former masters, she would listen with advantage to the articulation of Ivanhoff.

A GLANCE AT LAST MONTH'S LITERATURE.

The literature of the last month has been uncommonly dull. Novels and tales have burst upon us, nevertheless, with a fresh impetus, and one from Mr. James has been a treat to read. A certain class speak highly of a tale, or a novel, or romance, called Rookwood. The work can have scarcely as yet been seen, yet a system, and it is a peculiar one, has led the fashionables to believe that it is of uncommon interest. We may probably have a word, and a fair word (for we know nothing, whether evil or good, respecting it) to say shortly.

Scott's prose works are publishing in monthly volumes now; and three additional tomes are promised to the works of Byron.

Our critical pages will inform our readers of other literary matters.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

The Parent's Dental Guide. By William Imrie, Surgeon-Dentist. John Churchill.

In this little treatise, Mr. Imrie has conferred a real favour on all mothers, none of whom should be without it; by reading it they will save themselves many anxious moments, as the natural symptoms of infants cutting their teeth are fully and clearly explained, and the proper remedies pointed out. A work of this description was much wanted, as many of the little ailments attending the cutting of teeth are too often, particularly by young mothers, mistaken for complaints of a serious description. One great recommendation of this little work is, that it is diverted of all technical jargon.—We cordially recommend it to the attention of all parents.

Uwins on Nervous and Brain Disorders. Renshaw and Rush.

We have seldom, if ever, read a medical work of such general interest as the one before us—some of the anecdotes are intensely striking. The chapter on the "Moral and Medical Management of the Insane," comprises a well-written digest of those rules which great experience in the profession, and considerable ability as an author, have enabled the Doctor to strike out for the relief of his species. The brain, that most subtle portion of the human frame, is almost the only one that science has not completely laid open. The learned Doctor deserves the thanks of every friend to humanity, for his endeavour to attack that last strong hold, and alleviate that most distressing of all human complaints—Insanity.

Curtis on the Preservation of Sight.

We had occasion before to speak in favourable terms of Mr. Curtis's larger treatise—we recommend his smaller work to all those who have eyes to preserve, or whose vision is defective. The observations on the choice of reading and eye-glasses are useful and valuable. In page 33, Mr. Curtis recommends persons frequenting the theatres to

be particularly cautious in using opera glasses, lest a previous party should have used it afflicted with opthalmia. We much doubt whether any one labouring under that distressing complaint would encounter the glare of light in a theatre, or if they did, derive any benefit from the use of an opera glass.

THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. NEW EDITION. MOXON.

PREFACED, as a Cockney scholar declared, by a *capital* head of the well-known author, and beautifully and correctly printed. This edition bids fair to be a public favourite. We trust that when the six volumes are completed, Mr. Moxon will give us D'Israeli's other works, not forgetting that powerfully-written one The Genius of Judaism.

MACKENZIE ON PILES AND PROLAPSUS. EFFINGHAM WILSON.

THIS treatise, plain and intelligible, should be read by all who suffer with the above painful diseases. Numberless works, both ancient and modern, have been written on the subject, recommending various modes of treatment, but none appear to have been written by any one who had himself been a sufferer, till Mr. Mackenzie, whose work is really practical, being the result of ten years' suffering. Numbers who suffer from these distressing complaints are deterred from seeking medical assistance, from the idea that the operation is so painful, that the remedy is worse than the disease—all such should read this work. Mr. M. not only professes, but does affect his cures without the horrible operations of either excision or ligature.—We recommend all who suffer with these complaints to read Mr. M.'s work—they will then need no recommendation of ours to consult him personally.

PAXTON'S MAGAZINE OF BOTANY. ORR & SMITH.

A VALUABLE and useful work to the Gardener and Botanist, tastefully illustrated, and written so as to afford information.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MAGAZINE. LONGMAN AND CO.

THE name of Mr. Loudon appearing upon the title-page of this new periodical, speaks more in its favour than anything we can say. It is a work that has been long wanted, and from its admirable arrangement and the valuable practical information it contains, cannot fail to meet with success.

THE ROYAL PARISIAN PASTRY COOK.—MASON. WEST-STRAND.

Pastry is to the culinary art what poetry is to literature, the artist may leave the "dull reality," and wander over the "flowery fields," erecting temples of most sweet fabric, and anon with fairy-like ingenuity creating "wimpling brooks" of barley-sugar and wind-mills of white sugar candy—Within the dull limits of a three foot three pasteboard what glorious imaginings have been embodied, what

divine conception realized,—like the fourteen lines of a sonnet what a world of minds may not be shown within its narrow limits.—O rare M. Carême, we dared not trust ourselves with thy pages, until after a well ordered elaborate repast else should we incontinently have left our occupation and have sought the realization of thy shadowing forth at Jarrins or Vereys or some other feeble imitators of thy perfectability! — We are bold to say that the sins of M. Carême are neither few nor small. Many a contented John Bull has he seduced from his legitimate roast beef and his compound of flour and fat y'clept *pudding* to make him miserable by the tempting delicacies of of *Croustades a la Moderne* and many a dame has he rendered unhappy for life by his *Macarroons soufflis with almonds d' avelines au sucre.*

M. Carême's work is perfect in its kind, and we have excellent authority for saying so; but as we cannot say more in praise of it than he does himself, we will transcribe his advertisement to the volume.

"This work, if I may be allowed the presumption of saying so, is absolutely new, and will throw additional lustre on our national cookery so long and so justly esteemed by foreigners. It was always valued and encouraged by the French nobility, the delicacy of whose taste rendered them so truly capable of appreciating fine-flavoured and excellent dishes; and to this cause, especially, may be attributed the well-known fact that our modern cookery has become the model of whatever is really beautiful in the culinary art. It has for ever eclipsed all that the sensual nations of antiquity were able to devise towards promoting the luxury of the table; and the art of French cookery, as practised in the nineteenth century, will be the pattern for future ages."

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPICK, BY D'ISRAELI THE YOUNGER. MOXON. 4to.

WE would refrain at present from making any remarks on a *quarto* volume of an *Epick* Poem, of which merely the first part is before us. We may assure Mr. D'Israeli that we have read his work, and that when we had done so we flew to Blackmore with an avidity unknown before. We have perused Settle, Shadwell, Centlivre, and Behn—but never such stuff as this. Since Mr. D'Israeli has changed the look of his name, and revived old spelling, can he not change his style and write a new "Arthur," in four-and-twenty books! He is now fit for anything—he has been tried and has not been *found wanting!*

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, PARTS XLVI, XLVII, XLVIII. BLACK, EDINBURGH.

A CONTINUATION of Professor Napier's magnificent undertaking, which promises, when completed, to be the most perfect, as it is undoubtedly the best conducted of its many rivals. The plates are beautifully and minutely executed, and highly creditable to the artists employed on the work.

THE OLD MAIDEN'S TALISMAN, AND OTHER STRANGE TALES. BY THE AUTHOR OF CHARTLEY, THE FATALIST, &c. &c. 3 VOLS., POST 8VO. BULL AND CHURTON.

THERE are in the whole of this author's productions a masculine vigour of thought and expression, and a freedom and joyous confidence of style, that are to us as new and refreshing as they are piquant. He is evidently no stranger to the world and its ways—Cockaigne is his peculiar kingdom, and a rich revenue of whim, fun, and oddity does he draw therefrom. He seldom ventures into the chilling and stilted regions of highflown sentiment, although the principal tale before us contains ample evidence that he can, when he pleases, delineate the softer and more refined subtleties of the human heart—but Thalia is his goddess, and in her he takes great delight. We can safely recommend all those who relish, in these ticklish times, a hearty laugh (which is worth something), forthwith to betake themselves to the serious perusal of these volumes. We seldom read novels throughout now-a-days, for we wax old, and Scott is dead; but there is an irresistable something in the pages before us—a laughter-loving sprite, which dances from leaf to leaf, like Will-o'-the-wisp, until it fairly swamps us in the unwelcome wind up "Finis;" we felt inclined to say with honest Caliban—

"More!—give me more!—this is divine!"

And, truly, the oftener the author of "Chartley" renews the pleasure they will derive from "The Old Maiden's Talisman," the better for his admirers—which are, or ought to be, all admirers of sound literature.

THE NEW SHORT-HAND STANDARD.—BY THOMAS MOAT..

MR. Moat has devoted much time and ability to a most ardous undertaking, and we are glad to bear testimony to the complete success which has crowned his exertions. The compilation of a new work on short-hand, and that too with only two-thirds of the characters hitherto used by the most accomplished stenographers of the day is deserving the warmest commendation. The author in explaining his reasons for his labourous undertaking says—

"Having had our attention drawn to the study of short-hand writing, at a very early period in life, and finding the system by which we were taught (Mr. Byrom's), what we then conceived in many points defective, it has aforded the pleasurable amusement of upwards of five and thirty years in revising the apparent errors and inconsistencies of that system; and in searching in, and collecting from, every other treatise that we could meet with (having in our possession upwards of sixty different publications on the art—which is, perhaps, as large a collection as is to be found in any private library), we have ample means of investigation, and have been furnished with every opportunity of approaching somewhat nearer to the attainment of the desideratum of perfection, which may lead to a standard, than has hitherto been produced.

"Ample, however, as those means have been, we have found much objectionable in every system—all capable of improvement; and that, in order to aim *perfection*, it was absolutely necessary to move independantly of all, and to create *a new system*."

The new system which Mr. Moat has introduced is founded upon an "Analysis of the Circle," which so simplifies the art that a speaker can be followed in one-third less time than by any other system. Those who may feel disposed to study short-hand either as a profession or an amusement would save much time and labour by consulting "THE NEW SHORT-HAND STANDARD."

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. BY MRS. JAMIESON. 4TH. EDITION. EDWARDS.

A fourth edition of Mrs. Jamieson's truly valuable work! Does this require comment from us?

CUNNINGHAM'S EDITION OF BURNS, VOL. 4. COCHRANE AND M'CRONE.

This work goes on—or rather goes *off*—with all the speed that editor, publisher, or well-wishers could desire. Burns seems now to be living a new life. His name is in every-one's mouth, and he who does not possess a copy of this edition finds himself in society as erst were those who perused not the "last new novel by the author of Waverley." Mr. Cunningham in addition to the immense stores of explanatory matter he brings forward to illustrate the text, displays a generous enthusiasm in the undertaking which will doubtless endear his already high name among a class whose good or evil report has much weight—the peasantry of his native land. Among those emphatically termed "the reading public" he is already sufficiently celebrated for all the purposes of immortality.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF VARIOUS NATIONS. BY WILLIAM J. THOMS. PART 2—FRANCE. COWIE.

In a note on "Dobênéks Version of the Fair Melusine," the editor of this work says, "we have spared ourselves the trouble of translating this version by borrowing it ready made from Keightley's Fairy Mythology." Now, we would have spared him the trouble of racking his classical brains to translate any of the rest, by referring him to the cheap and valuable editions of these "Legends," which have, from time to time immemorial, been published by those ingenious and erudite friends of children, Messrs. Harris of St. Paul's Church-yard and Limbird of the Strand, where he will find them done into superior English at the cheap and easy rate of one halfpenny each with coloured plates, *ad libitum*.

In sober truth, a more nonsensical compilation it has seldom been our lot to meet with. Mr. Croker and Mr. Keightley in their respective ghostly undertakings have at least brought witty and poetic imaginings to aid the spells of their fairy lore—but Mr. Thoms seems content to usher his lays to the world's notice in retaining as much of the dull garbled doggrel of the original as the most determined stickler for literal translations could desire.

MISCHIEF.—SECOND SECTION. LONDON. MOXON.

A perusal of the preface to this *thing*, in which there is some ma-

lignant and mean abuse of the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming," effectually prevented us from wasting our time upon the succeeding pages, which, we take it, are conceived in the same generous spirit. The author may, if he pleases, find the copy he sent for review at our "facetious publishers."

THE ROMANCE OF ANCIENT HISTORY. FIRST SERIES—EGYPT. 2 VOLS., POST 8VO. COCHRANE AND M'CRONE.

IF these volumes did not possess in themselves the *elixir vitæ* of life—if they were not intrinsically well digested, entertaining, and instructive—even then the critic would be disarmed when told that they are the production of one who never knew the blessing of sight, who dwells in hopeless blindness in a world where he can only be cheered by the converse of friends and the invaluable blessings of memory. The present to him is a vast blank—the past teems with visions of poetry which a graceful and classical imagination has given to the world in a simple and affecting garb. May his solitary hours, say we, be hallowed who devotes his talents to the edification and instruction of his more fortunate brethren; and may that "light from heaven" which so eminently guides his pen be to him more than the light from which he is for ever excluded, and cheer him in his "dark day of loneliness!" We had marked many passages as extracts, but our limited space precludes us, for this month at least, from indulging in the gratification. So we leave the work to its fate, conscious that its own modest and unassuming merits will pilot it safely to public favor among its more gaudy and assuming contemporaries.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. BY HUME AND SMOLLETT, WITH A CONTINUATION BY THE REV. T. S. HUGHES, B.D. VOLS. I., II., III., VALPY.

ANOTHER of those revivals of our sterling English literature, for which the world is already so largely indebted to the fine taste and laudable enterprise of Mr. Valpy. In the present rage for monthly issues, no work in the whole range of the *belles-lettres* could have been more appropriately selected, as assuredly no one will be more widely disseminated. Beauty of type, correctness of text, and elegance of illustration, are not wanting in this edition to render it worthy of its predecessors and numerous rivals. Mr. Hughes, the learned editor, has hitherto had an easy task of it, or rather he has had no task at all, for his labours do not commence until the elder historians lay down their pens; and he must be a bold man who would assert his right to reign in their stead. However, we shall not pre-judge: from what we have seen and heard of his efforts we are disposed to believe that the important task will be executed with talent and research; he cannot, at all events, complain of paucity of *materiel*.

LETTERS AND ESSAYS IN PROSE AND VERSE. MOXON.

THIS volume of Essays is understood to be from the pen of Richard Sharpe, Esq., better known by the name of Conversation

Sharpe, the friend of Fox, Horne Tooke, and Canning; Lord Byron has spoken of him as "a man of elegant mind, who had lived much with the best."

We have been disappointed with the perusal of these letters—there is no subtle reasoning or opinions that may be called original or striking in them; but they are full of pleasing sentences and elegant remarks, equally elegantly presented to us; no word seems to have been placed on the paper without consideration on the form of the passage; and with this pondering the volume has become full of what may be designated *tesselated* pages,—the word is weighed by the weight of its predecessor, and the stone is cut so as to be uniform with the piece before it.

We will quote one or two passages which we have marked during the perusal of this work:—

"I am inclined to think as you do of Dryden and Pope," Mr. Sharpe writes to a young friend at College. "The former seldom seems to do his very best; the latter always. Of course the reader thinks Dryden above his works, but not so as to Pope. Yet to be honest, let me ask who does not read the latter's verses most frequently, and remember them better too? Indeed, we have them by heart."

There is much truth in this sentence; but we read Dryden's Mac-Flecknoe, his Absalom and Achitophel, and his Epistles as often as we do any pieces of Pope's. Dryden was by far the greatest genius, and may be compared to an immense mass of ore,—the ore in Pope was at first smaller, but afterwards became refined. There was dross in Dryden, but none in Pope. Pope is never off the earth, Dryden frequently

"Rides on the vollied lightnings through the Heavens:"

they are at the same time the most like and most unlike of poets.

Johnson thus commences his imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal:—

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

Dryden and Pope would have been satisfied with the second line, and would have avoided both the tautology and pomposity of the first. Cowper has committed the same fault when he exclaims—

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless *contiguity* of shade."

He should have stopped at the end of the first line; or, if he wished to dwell on the intensity of the retirement, he should have rejected the swollen word *contiguity*. Even "some boundless and impenetrable shade" would have been better.—p. 36.

The above criticism is just with respect to Cowper, and we think Mr. Sharpe's amendment a great improvement; but the criticism does not wholly stand true in the passage from Johnson. Both Dryden and Pope would have omitted the first line, especially Pope; for of all poets he is most free from superfluous words: but had the doctor merely said,

"Survey mankind from China to Peru,"

that one line would not have told us that the "view" required was to be "extensive." But Dryden has a line near to the point—

"No longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enraged desire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threat'ning fire."

To "o'erlook his neighbours" one would almost consider was a "survey" sufficiently "wide." Mr. Sharpe thought so well of his remark that he retailed it to Byron, who entered it in his Journal, stating that the first line was "heavy and useless." Read the first six lines of Pope's Iliad, and you will find a useless word in each line.

In the same letter Mr. Sharpe has borrowed a truth from Johnson. "Its (poetry) character, its very essence, being to give pleasure."—p. 37. Let Mr. S. read the Preface to Shakspeare, and he will see that the end of all poetry is to please.

Mr. Sharpe says, in writing poetry, "an irresistible and peculiar genius is indispensable." This struck us as remarkable when we read the latter half of this volume.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET; WITH CRITICAL NOTICES OF HIS WRITINGS, BY GEORGE ALLAN, ESQ. EDINBURGH, THOMAS IRELAND, JUN.

MR. ALLAN'S Life of Scott may not unaptly be termed an immense storehouse of anecdote for all future biographers to select from *ad libitum*. Much of his work, necessarily, is compilation; partly from those delicious snatches of autobiography which Sir Walter scattered here and there in the various editions of his works, and partly from the thousand-and-one anecdotes reported from the pens of his exceedingly good, but somewhat over-curious, friends. The present biographer seems to have a thorough knowledge of the Scottish literature of the nineteenth century, and a tolerable smattering of that of Germany. Were we to judge, from his extreme minuteness on points judicial, we should say he was one of those praiseworthy *noblesse de sa robe* of "Auld Reekie," who contrive to eke out the somewhat scanty fees of the outer house. He has certainly written his book with much skill and industry; and no one could have made more of the superficial materials he had to draw from than has Mr. Allan.

Were any one, however, to write with the pen of an angel upon this subject, his effusions would be but coldly received. Lockhart's Life is looked forward to by all classes with eager impatience; and, in proportion as the public are kept on the tenter-hooks by the somewhat protracted delay of this work, so will they reject any attempt to propitiate them with "a sop in the pan." We wish sincerely well to Mr. Allan's book, but we doubt much if his evidently laborious task will meet with the encouragement which it undoubtedly deserves.

FINE ARTS, &c.

By the appearance of this our number for May, the rooms of the Royal Academy will have been made public. The series of portraits, the mass of landscapes, and the poverty of historical pieces, will have attracted the serpent eyes of the critics; our newspaper pages will be crammed with lengthened notices, our artists will be quarrelling, and the whole, and not little world of the Fine Arts, will be in arms—cursing the ranging committee, and the ill-will of various members.*

We hear much of Wilkie's pieces, a full length of the Duke of Wellington—an unrivalled picture, entitled "Not at Home"—a Spanish Lady on a settee, with her child fondling round her neck—a full length of the Queen, and a portrait of the late Sir John Leslie. Allen's powers will be shown as on the increase, and, by-the-by, may we ask the Academicians why Mr. A. is not an "Esquire?" The members will understand what we mean!

Leslie, the painter, is on his return from America; the land of the Jonathans, and his native land have not realized one-half of his expectations.

Mr. Murray has published two or three numbers of his "Landscape Illustrations to the Bible," from drawings by Turner, Callcott, Stanfield, and Roberts; and engraved by the Findens. Though since the days of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the judges, the scenes must have materially changed, yet one still feels an inward glow at beholding localities so hallowed to us all. The views are well handled and cleverly engraved.

Mr. Westall, the Academician, and John Martin, have tried their hands in embodying the actions of our forefathers, and imagining chaos and the flood. To many these designs will be more welcome than Mr. Murray's, or rather Mr. Finden's, Illustrations; numerous old ladies love to see the deeds of Scripture placed before their eyes, with the painter's and engraver's magic skill; and Messrs. Bull and Churton have allowed them to do so cheaply—for here are eight engravings for one shilling! not forgetting some clear descriptive writing by Mr. Caunter, whose pen we recognize from our acquaintance with the "Oriental Annual."

Mr. Alfred Martin, eldest son of the great painter of that name, bids fair to tread successfully in the path of mezzitinto engraving; we only trust (and our wish is not wicked) that young Mr. M. will not tread on the feet of his father. His Queen Esther is lucidly touched, and everywhere very skilfully finished. It forms a nice companion plate to his father's famous series of Bible Illustrations, which have been for some time in the course of publication.

Nos. 7 and 8 of Mr. Major's Cabinet Gallery deserve the attention we paid to some former parts. We find no reason to diminish our praise; the engravings are wonderfully executed, and the letter press, for criticism and general knowledge, altogether unequalled.

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* In our next we ourselves will have a word to say upon the Academy, and the Academy exhibitors.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The fourth Volume of Allan Cunningham's edition of 'Burns' has just appeared, containing many Original Poems hitherto unpublished; illustrated with beautiful Engravings. By Cochrane and M'Crone, Waterloo-place.

Mr. MONTGOMERY MARTIN has in the press the second volume of the 'History of the British Colonies," embracing our Possessions in the West Indies; in which the actual state of those valuable Islands will be fully developed, from Official Documents furnished by authority.

Preparing for the press, under the direction of his Executors, a uniform Edition of the Works of the Rev. DANIEL ISAAC, including his latest Corrections, and several Posthumous Treatises, never before published; together with a Memoir of his Life.

'Brother Tragedians,' a Novel, by ISABEL HILL, is to be published early in this month.

'Archæographia:' a series of Papers relating to, or connected with, the History and Chronology of Ancient Nations. By ISAAC CULLAMORE, M.R.S.L.

'The Life of a Soldier.' By a Staff-Officer.

'Two Years at Sea;' being the Narrative of a recent Voyage to the Swan River, Van Diemen's Land, and thence through the Torres Straits, by Miss Jane Roberts.

'A New View of Time.'

'Dalrymple on the Eye.'

'Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall.' By the Author of 'Darnley.'

'St. John's Travels in Egypt.'

'Keightley's Crusaders,' Vol. II., with Maps and Views.

'Brereton's Catechism on the Seven Sacraments.'

'The Conspiracy.'

'Harivel's Classification of all the French Verbs.'

'A Guide to the German Language.' By PROFESSOR BRAMSON.

'Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry.' By S. LOVER.

'The Faithful Friend.'

'Witherspoon on Regeneration.'

'Modern History.' By J. H. DRAPER.

'The Art of Being Happy.'

'Draper's Life of Penn,' with Maxims.

'Hooker's North American Flora,' Vol. I.

'Gutzlaff's Three Voyages along the Coast of China.'

'India.' A Poem.

'The Book of Penalties.' By the Author of the 'Cabinet Lawyer.'

'Doyle's Flower Garden.'

'Crook's Dictionary and Plan for the Remembrance of Numbers.'

'Norway, Views of Wild Scenery, and Journal.' By EDWARD PRICE.

'Pastorals of the Seasons.' By HARRISON CORBET WILSON.'

'Sacred Classics: Bishop Hall's Select Works.'

'Mrs. Austin's Translation of Cousin's Report on Education.'

'Elementary Art; or, the Use of the Lead-Pencil Advocated and Explained.' By J. D. HARDIN.

'Douglas D'Arcy; or, some Passages in the Life of an Adventurer.

'Lives of the Necromancers.' By WM. GODWIN, Author of 'Caleb Williams.'

'The Royal Parisian Pastrycook and Confectioner:' from the Original Edition of Carême. Edited by JOHN PORTER.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

In the present state of the atmosphere, an Agricultural Report is merely the notice of a long-protracted, unfavourable season, of the continuance or periodical repetition of which, we expressed an apprehension in our last. The easterly winds and night-frosts still continue, in despite of all the auguries that can be drawn from the *phases* of our lady the Moon, who very seldom makes any scruple of deceiving those who place confidence in her. Notwithstanding every disadvantage, however, the usual routine of the season was observed, and all the various seeds were committed to the soil, those on the heavy lands especially in a far better state than could have been expected, an advantage derived from the drought and *dust* of March, which, on the other hand, proved injurious to much of the dry, thin, and poor land. In some parts, the barley sowing has been late, and must extend to next month, for its completion. Of course all the spring crops, though above gronnd, are backward, yet in appearance are to the full as healthy as could be reasonably expected; and should a truly genial season succeed, may yet produce an ample return. The wheats on cold, heavy lands, are indeed much checked in their inordinate growth, and discoloured; but on warm soils, retain a freshness of green, indicating thus far no considerable damage, but the blooming season may be critical. The wheat market, for a considerable time, has undergone very little variation, and the continental markets, accustomed to depend on the export to this country, are in a very stagnant state, the speculators being under the necessity of holding their stock, for an opportunity of disposal here; for though their last crop was not equally productive with ours, they still possess a surplus, which will be ready for any demand from hence, and which will generally prevent any considerable rise in our markets, though, after all, many calculators insist that our last crop was below an average. The statement of our case, a case of *daily bread*, is as follows, *pro. and con.*:—the price of bread-corn in England is nearly double that of France, and of the various countries on the Continent; yet a certain eminent agriculturist, who now and then publishes his sentiments on the subject, has lately hazarded the opinion, that the present price of corn is too low, at least such is the obvious import of his words. The question is, can our population support a higher price? As for the weight of taxation borne by the two opposite parties respectively, there seems much discrepancy. The manufacturing and commercial interests, according to the representations of our economical writers, have ever been the largest contributors to taxation, whilst it appears from the property-tax returns, that, with regard to such tax, the agricultural classes contribute to the state more than three times as much as the manufacturing and commercial classes of every description united. Probably, however, such test is not decision of the question. Another strange anomaly occurs from the complaints of distress and want in the Metropolitan operatives, as contrasted with their appearance in the late splendid procession, to present their rejected petition, by which most extraordinary and extravagant act, their conjuring leaders completely and finally deposited radicalism in the dust. A better warning could not have been given to the middle and property classes. As a counterpart, on the commencement of reform, universal suffrage was nearly the order of the day; up starts horrible incendiarism, and universal suffrage is no longer heard of. Men who hold a stake and property in the soil, would scarcely be inclined

to assign to cowardly and treacherous midnight incendiaries, a vote in the disposition of public affairs.

We continue to be rather exporters of wheat, but the import of seeds and of provisions from the Continent and from Ireland, is proceeding at the usual very extensive rate; and the question has been very gravely asked, but for such assistance, how would our great and increasing population be supported Ireland, however, seems to have so closely drained her stock of pigs, that the articles of pork and bacon, so lately depressed in price, are now taking a sudden turn of advance, which is supposed probable to continue. The wool market, on the other hand, having reached its speculative maximum, has, since our last, exhibited obvious symptoms of decline, which is expected to proceed, but of which more will be ascertained at the approaching shearing season. Some sheep farms, by way of taking time by the forelock, have sent their sheep to market, *naked*, certainly not to the improvement of the mutton, during so cold and ungenial a season. The Bill in favour of the new Islington Cattle Market, in order to put an end to the public disadvantages, losses, and deterioration of the flesh of animals, is, it seems, opposed by the whole of the city authorities; so little mutuality of feeling is there between public and private interest. We have never yet heard a London butcher, who could be brought to speak his mind, say otherwise than that the change would be infinitely for the public benefit. —We hear but little from the hop market, and still less of the growing crop. Hops have not been of late that grand article of speculation which they constituted in days of yore. The Ministers' Tithe Bill is not very probable to give general satisfaction, though we really believe that, like most of the acts of the present Government, it is the best that the Noble Lord has the power to carry through the Houses. Mr. Lennard's meditated improvement of the Game Laws is most just and advisable; for surely, it savours too much of the tyrannical and selfish spirit of the ancient system, to deprive the farmer of a share of the game fed at his expense.—The repeal of the House Tax, at first expected to take place in the present month, it seems will not do so, until the 5th of October.

The *Dead Markets*, by the carcase, per stone of 8lb.—Beef, 2s. 1d. to 3s. 4d.; Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 10d.; Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; Veal, 3s. to 4s. 4d.; Pork, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.; Dairy do. to 4s. 8d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 38s. to 59s.; Barley, 25s. to 31s.; Oats, 17s. to 23s. The London loaf, 4lb. Hay, 55s. to 84s.; Clover do. 65s. to 90s.; Straw, 30s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 15s. 6d. to 21s. 6d. per ton.

Middlesex, April 21.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE POOR LAW AMENDMENT BILL.

We hold it to be an undoubted doctrine that there is a cause for every effect—a beginning to every end, and an end to every beginning—that no great evil can be found to exist without some original cause, of folly, or wrong to attribute it to. Under this conviction we come to the consideration of Lord Althorp's Poor Law Amendment Bill, which is just now making such a bustle in the world. This has been his lordship's favourite hobby from the time he took office; and as there is a beginning to every end, so there is a starting post to every hobby-race—and, *e converso,* as there is an end to every beginning, so must there be a stop to every hobby-race. Let us inquire how Lord Althorp's hobby-race began, and how it will end. It began in the grandest possible style, by the appointment of nine commissioners to inquire into the condition of the poor, and the regulations affecting them in different parishes; and it will end by the passing of an act more novel in its principles, more unconstitutional in its powers, and withal more indefinite in its provisions than any which has yet disgraced the statute-book, to the perpetuation of litigation and the confusion of all subsequent legislation.

Let us look into the history of this affair. These commissioners, nine in number, together with a considerable body of assistant commissioners, have been hard at work ever since, and to judge only by the quantity of their researches, their services have been invaluable. Sundry huge reports, and abstracts of evidence, have from time to time made their appearance, enough to fill a waggon, and occupy a good twelvemonth in the most cursory perusal. Let it not be supposed that we would wish to underrate the importance or difficulty of the subject of their researches, nor to hold in light esteem the useful body of information which they have been the means of bringing together. Far from it, for we really believe that the body of facts comprised in their various reports will be found to embrace every possible detail connected with the subject. We do not find fault with the matter but the manner of their proceedings; and here, by their own showing, they certainly fall far short of the mark and the object with which they were appointed. That object was to "make a diligent and *full inquiry* into the practical operation of the laws for the relief of the poor in England and Wales," for the instruction and guide of those to whose duty it would, in due course, fall to legislate upon the subject. It had been confessedly admitted by the members of the parliament that they stood grievously in want of materials whereon to legislate—and the commissioners were appointed to collect those materials, and to present them in such a way as to be most readily made available. Here was a double process appointed—first the facts were to be collected, and then they were to be made use of and digested by those who were to be guided by them. If the facts took time and trouble to collect, they might reasonably be expected to demand some time to be thoroughly understood; and on a moderate

calculation, as we before intimated, at least a twelvemonth might very fairly have been allowed for their consideration, before the legislature were called to act upon them. Yet, what has been the case? Let us enter into the details of this inquiry as offered by the commissioners themselves in their report.

The commissioners inform us, that owing to the difficulty of selecting the requisite number of persons to the appointment of assistant commissioners, whose office was to be "one requiring no ordinary qualifications, necessarily involving a great sacrifice of time and labour, and likely to be followed by much hostility and *accompanied by no remuneration*," and then of framing the instructions upon which, when so appointed, the said assistant commissioners were to act, "few of them proceeded to their mission before the middle of August, 1832." Having so set out, three months was all the time allowed them for the multifarious and gratuitous labour to which they had been appointed; "they were DIRECTED to make their reports by the end of the following November." Nothing could be more ingenious than this accompaniment, which would just have given us time to "legislate" forthwith in the ensuing session. But the assistant commissioners were but men, however, and did not come to time; for we are told "very few reports were received until the beginning of January, 1833." In the meantime, however, the commissioners, who had themselves sent round the country circulars containing certain queries, had received answers "so numerous, that *it became a question how they should be disposed of*." One would have supposed that the most natural course to be adopted by individuals appointed to the important duties of making "a full and diligent inquiry" into the matter they referred to, and reporting their "opinions" thereon, would have been diligently to have read and digested the said returns as they came to hand. But this task they shrunk from. The commissioners were not long in coming to the conclusion that the "great bulk" of their reports was "a serious objection to their publication in full," and bethought them that "this objection might be diminished if an abstract could be made containing their substance in fewer words, and they DIRECTED *such an abstract to be prepared*." This is the second "direction" the hon. board of commissioners ventured to give; but, like its predecessor, it was given in vain. They might "call up spirits from the vasty deep," but as to an abstract of the poor law evidence they found that, "on *making the attempt*, it appeared that not much could be saved in length *without incurring the risk of occasional suppression or misrepresentation*." Now this was tantamount to avowing that the persons "directed" by the commissioners to make the "attempt" at abstraction were not over gifted mortals, and incompetent to the task; and it therefore behoved the commissioners, having seen the necessity for such an abstract, to see to it themselves, especially when they assure us in the very next sentence that "a very considerable portion, perhaps *not less than half*," of the above returns were positively "of *no value*." Such being the case, the commissioners had the sagacity to perceive that the omission of such worthless matter "would have materially diminished the expense of copying and printing, and that the remainder would have been more easily consulted and referred to when unincumbered by

useless matter." What did they do under this conviction—of course turn out the worthless matter? No; with the diffidence which ever accompanies true merit, and upon a question of such importance as poor law amendment, they were *unwilling to incur the responsibility of selection;* and the whole of the lumbering returns were ordered to be given to the world just as they received them. Then, in the name of wonder, what did these regally "appointed" commissioners, who were unwilling to "incur the responsibility of selection," venture to do? They gave "directions" to begin with, and then finished by giving "recommendations."

About the beginning of the year 1833, the secretary of state for the home department, being somewhat puzzled to know what the newly-appointed commissioners were about, sent a polite note directing them to transmit an account of their stewardship. On the receipt of this letter they gave another "direction" to their assistant unpaid deputies "to furnish such extracts from the evidence collected by them *as they thought most instructive.*" Still, unwilling to incur "the responsibility of selection," they very prudently cast that responsibility on the shoulders of their *assistant* scribes; and the commissioners take care very distinctly to inform us that "neither on this occasion nor *on any other* did they exercise *any discretion* with respect to their evidence. They left the task of selection to the assistant commissioners, *very few of whose reports they had then seen,* and transmitted to the Home-office *what they chose to furnish.*" Now after reading this renewed disavowal of discretionary interference in the matter to which they were solemnly and regally "appointed," we again ask, what in the name of wonder did these nine commissioners do, which any brace of ordinary treasury clerks, through the medium of the post-office, could not have effected equally well?

Oh! patience good reader; here we have something at last!—"For one part of the volume," say the commissioners, "*we are responsible,* since it was prepared in the office of the commissioners, and that is"—what? the preface?—No, there is none. The abstract? —None! What then?—"*The index!*" and the title-page, we suppose, though that is modestly passed over in silence! In the "*index,*" then, we are to find the touches of the master-hand. Let us hear what the commissioners say of the said masterpiece of alphabetical and pagenatory science:—

"As it was considered important that the extracts should appear as soon as they could be got ready, the index, *to save time,* was prepared from the proof sheets; and as the paging of those sheets was subsequently altered to meet the corrections made by the assistant commissioners, *all the references became inapplicable.*"

A most novel, a most unique, a most valuable index, indeed! with "all the references inapplicable," and all this "*to save time!*" Incompetent as we feel ourselves to do justice to so peculiar an effort of genius, we read on a few lines further, and are informed that "a graver complaint has been made of the index, as containing *expressions of opinion.* We admit," say the commissioners, "that the complaint is to a certain degree well founded: our apology is that, *as is usually the case,* WE LEFT THE INDEX TO BE PREPARED BY OTHERS, AND

DID NOT SEE IT UNTIL THE WORK HAD BEEN FOR SOME TIME IN CIRCULATION!"

In the name of wonder again, we ask, what did the commissioners do, for what are they really to be held "responsible," when not only the evidence, the abstract, but the index, and the "OPINIONS," are the work of "others," about whom neither themselves nor the public appear to know any thing, and whose labours the commissioners themselves had never inspected until they had been "for some time in circulation?"

The commissioners say, that "upon a question of such importance as Poor Law Amendment, they were unwilling to incur the responsibility of selection;" they did not venture to offer an opinion so far as to separate from amongst the vast mass of returns before them such as appeared to be "of no value," amounting to about one-half of the whole lot. Yet these gentlemen, who had so very low, but perhaps just, appreciation of their own discretionary powers, were very soon afterwards called upon, and actually did offer, and "humbly certify," to his majesty their "opinions" upon the whole question of poor law legislation; opinions which, being founded upon evidence which they did not even pretend to understand, must be of a rather doubtful value. The commissioners do not pretend even to have looked into any part of the evidence furnished them till as late as February in last year; for it was then that, feeling it "to be of the utmost importance that they should themselves be masters of the contents of this evidence," and the use of it in MS. "being extremely fatiguing," they applied for and obtained permission to have it printed. Well—this huge mass of papers was put into the printer's hands in February, and the commissioners declare that if, as they had expected, the printing of it had been finished in three months, that is, by May or June, "they would have been able to report before the end of the session." In that case, doubtless, legislation would have followed close upon the heels of report, and the country might even now be in the midst of enjoying the abortive enactments of a three months' gestation. Very fortunately, however, it happened that the parliamentary printers were in too full employment under the auspices of the economical and indefatigable Mr. Joseph Hume; and the printing of the Poor Law evidence was thrown aside till after the session, that is, till after September last; and then it went on so slowly, "that *even now* (the date of the Report) *it is not completed!*" Under these dilemmas how do the commissioners act? With a resolution, which, in another case, might do them credit, they determine not to delay their report beyond another session, and as they cannot get the evidence together to report upon, report *per force* they must without it. Hear what they say on this point:—

"We have been forced, therefore, to take it as it was furnished us week by week, using the proof sheets unpaged and unindorsed. And *this is one of our apologies for the defects of this report*, and for the omission and occasional false references which, with all our care, must, we fear, be found in it. *If it had been possible to wait till the whole appendix was in a perfect state, we could have completed our report with far less labour, and in a far more satisfactory manner;* but that would have involved a *delay of three months longer,*

a delay which might, in fact, have occasioned the postponement of *remedial measures (!)* so far as they are to be promoted by this report, until the following year. *Such a delay appeared to us a greater evil than the imperfections and inaccuracies to which the course which we have adopted must expose us.*"

The history of this affair, as it here stands before us, affords a novel and encouraging insight into the system of legislation about to be introduced amongst us. The parliament of the United Kingdom find themselves called upon to legislate upon a subject vitally affecting the wealth, the happiness, and the morals of the country. Upon a subject so vast in its importance, and necessarily so complex in its details, they feel diffident of coming to decision without previously obtaining a comprehensive view of the case. A commission is appointed for the purpose of collecting evidence, and "making a full inquiry." So far as collecting evidence goes, the commissioners succeed to admiration; but when it comes to examining and making "full inquiry" into the value and import of that evidence, they confess themselves incompetent to the task. Their hearts misgive them when they see the accumulating bales of "too, too solid" paper; and though they are morally certain that a good half of it is utterly valueless, they will not even trust themselves to the task of making the selection. In despair they pack it all off to the printers, promising themselves the pleasure of reading it when in a more tangible shape. But, alas! the printer is no conjuror, and though he has done a pretty decent share of work in his time, he is not a match for the poor law commissioners. Well, the said commissioners, finding the session coming on, set to work reading like Trojans,—in proofs, bit by bit, unpaged, and incorrect—any how they can get it—they read it; and then when the time comes that they should "fructify" unto the world, and they all the time have not perhaps read a quarter of their evidence, nor had time to digest a quarter of what they had read, *hey presto!*—a report is drawn up full of "inaccuracies and imperfections" by their own confession, and a bill is framed upon that report, and now in course of being hurried through the House of Commons by that stuttering, stumbling sage of senatorial excellence, Lord Althorp! In vain do the poor members of that house appeal to his lordship's good sense,—(is it any wonder they appeal to *that* in vain?)—and remind his lordship that they have not read a word of the evidence upon which they are called upon to decide. In vain they remind his lordship that they have scarcely seen the report on that evidence by the commissions whom they had appointed. In vain do they hint their diffidence of legislating upon a question so important about which they know nothing. Lord Althorp is a man of too much muscle to be moved by such arguments. He tells the house that a vast and most valuable body of evidence has been collected upon the subject—true nobody had been able to read it, but that did not signify; he assures them that they are every whit as well informed and as competent to judge upon the question as he is himself. This was a flattering and consolatory assurance for the House of Commons, and it was most signally verified by the speech which the noble leader of the house muttered—we use that word as the one most appropriate to

the peculiar style of the noble Chancellor of the Exchequer—upon the occasion of announcing the bill which he intended to bring in upon the subject,—as compared with the bill which he afterwards actually did introduce;—never were any two things more distinct!

But to return to the commissioners; for they, ill-informed and unprepared as they avowedly were, are the real agents in this extraordinary piece of legislation. After edifying his majesty with some half dozen pages, describing the "progress of the law" upon the subject of the relief of the poor, they make the following concluding remark, which in our opinion is the only one of their suggestions that is worth a single farthing, and comprehends, when we come to reflect upon it, the whole gist of the question:—

"It is now our painful duty to report, that in the greater part of the districts which we have been able to examine, *the fund which the 43d of Elizabeth directed to be employed in setting to work children and persons capable of labour, but using no daily trade, and in the necessary relief of the impotent, is applied to purposes opposed to the letter, and still more to the spirit of that law, and* DESTRUCTIVE *to the morals of the most numerous class, and to the welfare of all.*"

This little observation is modestly printed, undistinguished by italics or capitals, at the fag end of page 13, yet it is worthy of being printed in letters of gold, as compared with the extraordinary "RECOMMENDATIONS" which are pompously put forth in capitals at the end of the volume. The grievances complained of under the existing system of the poor laws are all to be traced with certainty and ease to a comparatively recent period; and they are all found to originate in the abuse of the principle established by, and very nearly of two centuries successfully pursued under, the Act 43 Eliz. Let us inquire what that principle was, as we find it in the words of the act itself, which declares that certain persons in every parish shall be annually appointed overseers of the poor, whose business it should be to "take order from time to time, by and with the consent of two or more justices of the peace, for setting to work the children of all such whose parents shall not be thought able to keep and maintain their children; and also for setting to work all such persons, married or unmarried, having no means to maintain them, and no ordinary and daily trade of life to get their living by; and also raise weekly (by taxation of every inhabitant, &c.) a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff, to set the poor on work; and also competent sums of money for and towards the necessary relief of the lame, impotent, old, blind, and such other among them being poor and not able to work; and also for putting out children to be apprentices," &c.

This admirable statute will be found on examination to comprise every possible direction which the utmost feelings of human kindness could suggest to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed, tempered with all the sage precautions which can alone render the benefits of such charity permanent and just. It took into consideration every possible shape and circumstance under which the necessitous, whether

through misfortune or improvidence, could present themselves for relief. The impotent and aged poor who could not work were to have "necessary relief" afforded them gratuitously. Those who were able-bodied and willing to work, but who had been thrown out of employment, were to have work provided for them; and those who could, but would not work, were equally obliged to labour, and earn their bread before they got it. There were only two distinct classes observed in the persons who were to be objects of public public solicitude; viz., those who could work, and those who could not work. The former were only to receive relief when "having *no means to maintain them, and no ordinary and daily trade of life to get their living by;*" and their relief only came in the shape of labour of one kind or another, the necessary materials of "flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff," being provided for their employment. As far as this class of persons was concerned the statute recognised no half measures either of necessity or relief. The labourer, it was wisely considered, was "worthy of his hire;" therefore, as long as he had any employment, his employer was left to support him. It was only when the man was thrown completely out of employment, and had "no means," that the legislature interfered to find him both the one and the other. A more fair and simple arrangement could not have been invented, and during the experience of nearly a couple of centuries, viz., from 1601 to 1795, it was found to work steadily and happily. Since the latter date—a period of less than forty years —all the abuses now so grievously complained of, and so alarmingly spreading, have made their appearance; and they are all to be be attributed directly to the disregard of the principle of the statute 43 Eliz., which we have just endeavoured to set forth. In short, all the evils of our present poor laws are attributable solely to the allowance system, and the law of settlements, the latter being a consequence of and aggravation of the former. On these two points we now proceed to make a few observations in detail, always begging our readers to bear in mind as a landmark, the famous statute of good Queen Bess.

The *allowance system*, under its various modifications and denominations of "labour rate," "roundsmen system," &c. has origin, as we have already stated, only as early as 1795, and was forced upon the magistrates and parish authorities in consequence of the sudden and enormous dearness of the provisions of life which took place in that year, whilst the wages remained stationary at their former level. "The distress of the poor was very great; and many able-bodied labourers, who had rarely before applied for parish assistance, became claimants for relief. But instead of meeting this emergency as it ought to have been met, by temporary expedients, and by grants of relief proportioned to the exigency of any given case, one uniform system was adopted. The magistrates of Berks, and some other southern counties, issued tables, shewing the wages which, as they affirmed, every labouring man *ought* to receive, according to the variations in the number of his family and the price of bread; and they accompanied these tables with an order, directing the parish officers to make up the deficit to the labourer, in the event of the

wages paid him by his employers falling short of the tabular allowance."*

By this improvident and short-sighted act, the means, the morals, and the independence of the labouring classes, received a blow from which they have been yearly sinking lower and lower in the scale of industry and of happiness; for by this fatal act pauperism, which was formerly confined to the necessitous and the impotent, was made to spread its baneful influence, more or less, through all degrees of the industrious classes of society; pauperism, which was before casual, now became a *system;*—the beautiful ordinance of nature, that the labourer was "worthy of his hire" was lost sight of, and the labourer and the pauper became assimilated in one common sink of improvident and slavish indifference. The labourer of England now no longer found himself the master of his actions and his resources, no longer the maker or or the marrer of his fortunes The honest pride of independence and of property, which is the noblest and distinguishing sentiment of our nature, was poisoned within him; and he who had been accustomed to live by the "sweat of his brow" soon found that he was no better off and no better esteemed than his neighbour who consumed his time in sloth and debauchery. Of this lamentable state of things the volume before us contains but too many and too striking instances:—

"It is to be observed," remark the Commissioners, "that even in those parishes in which the amount of allowance is supposed to depend on that of the applicant's earnings, the inquiry to the amount of those earnings is now carried back no further than the current or the previous week or fortnight. *The consequence is that many of those who at particular periods of the year receive wages far exceeding the amount of the earnings of the most industrious labourer, receive also large allowances from the parish.* Mr. Cowell and Mr. Bishop found a parish in the Bedford Level, in which a recently drained tract of fertile land requires more labour than the settled inhabitants can provide; and the average yearly earnings of a labourer's family are from 60*l.* to 70*l.*; but during a frost, and generally from November to March, almost every labourer comes on the parish!"

Sometimes, however, the overseers are content with little or no inquiry on the subject, as appears in the following case:—

"A case was mentioned to me," says Mr. Stuart, "of nine men who had been able to earn fifteen shillings each by task-work, in three days, and who came to the parish for the other three days of the week, during which they had no employment. The overseers, aware of the profitable work in which they had been engaged, offered 1s. a day for the last days, instead of 1s. 6d. a day, which would have been their allowance according to the scale. This the men rejected; *left the work which they then had,* and went to a magistrate to complain. The magistrate sent an open note by the complainants, appealing to the humanity of the overseer. The men aware of the contents of the note, backed the recommendation of the magistrate by threats, which induced the overseer to comply."

How, with such instances before us, can we wonder at the evils and distress which prevail;—ought we not rather to be astonished and grateful that they are no worse than they are, and that there is yet a spark of moral feeling left amongst the labouring strength of the country! It will be seen that all this is in direct violation of the 43rd

* Mc. Culloch, Pol. Econ. p. 418.

of Elizabeth, which does not authorize the relief to any one, except the impotent, upon other condition than labour; which does not allow of any partial relief of partial distress, but interferes only in cases where persons have "*no means.*"

The judges have decided that it is "the duty of overseers to provide work, if possible, before they afford relief." Yet it appears by the Poor Rate Returns for the year ending March 25, 1832, that out of £7,036,968 expended for the relief of the poor, only £354,000, or little better than one-twentieth part, was paid for work, including work on the roads and in the workhouses.

How is this to be accounted for? Simply enough:—every body knows that it is much less trouble to afford people relief gratuitously, than by "setting them to work," as good Queen Bess ordained it, and providing them moreover with the necessary materials. The parish authorities have been much too neglectful in this matter, and they have now themselves to thank for all the mischiefs they have brought upon themselves, their families, and neighbours. What are we to say of the parish gog-magogs of East-Bourne, in Sussex, for instance, when we read that in that place "in which the average wages earned by individuals by hard work are twelve shillings a-week, the parish pays for nominal labour as much as sixteen shillings a-week!"—That "Two families alone received from it in the year ending Lady-day, 1832, £92 4s.; and that *the wives of the few independent labourers regret that their husbands are not paupers!*" What are we to say of the system itself, when we read that in Great Farringdon, Berks, when it was insisted upon the paupers that they should work during the same time as independent labourers, "they resisted and appealed to the magistrates against this usage! The ground of their appeal was that *it was a thing unknown before that parish labourers should work as long or as hard as the other classes of labourers!*"

Upon the matter of *settlements* we have but few words to say at present. The Poor Law Commissioners seem to be greatly perplexed at finding that "the 43rd Eliz. c. 2, contains no definition of settlements;" forgetting that under the wise and straightforward regulations of that statute the question of settlement became of small importance either to the pauper or the parish who relieved him. There were no inducements to pauperism allowed by the statute 43rd Eliz. c. 2, and consequently a settlement was not the little freehold or patrimony it is described to be at present. Upon this subject, and the points of bastardy, family allowances, &c., we must reserve our opinions for another time.

To return now to the general subject, and to conclude with some consideration upon the remedial measures to be adopted. With the facts we have abundantly detailed, before us, of the wretched system pursued in the greater number of parishes thoughout the country, and with the additional assurance that in parishes where a better system has been attempted the most happy changes have immediately taken place;—observing moreover that the farther the approximation to the original system appointed by the 43rd of Elizabeth has been attained, the benefits have proportionably increased; one would think that the course to be adopted was a very simple one, and that to "reform it altogether" we should only require a repeal of all the foolish enactments

which have passed since that period, and endeavour by every exertion to place the administration of the poor laws upon their original footing.

To carry all this into effect would be certainly the business of the legislature. They are the only competent authority to appreciate the evil, and decide upon the remedy; and in calling upon them early to devote their best attention to the subject, Lord Althorp did no more than the case deserved. Yet what is it that Lord Althorp now proposes to the legislature to agree to? Having called upon them to give the subject their best consideration, having awakened them to the difficulties of this question, does he now call upon them as a deliberative assembly, to whom the deepest interests of the country are intrusted, to act upon the result of their reflection and inquiry? Not at all. He tells them that the subject is too complex, too difficult, for their interference,—and calls upon them to delegate the legislative functions with which the country had instrusted them to a board of three commissioners,—at a paltry salary of £1000 each, to do anything and every thing they please;—to make rules and regulations, to *unmake acts of parliament, to tax the nation at discretion,* to pay their inferior agents at pleasure, to build workhouses, to join parishes, —besides we don't know how many more arbitrary powers, in the exercise of which they are to have the indemnity of judges,— that is to be totally irresponsible, and with all the dearest interests of morals, wealth, and labour of the country at their command! We will not enter more into detail of this *immeasurable* "measure." We freely confess that it has so taken us by surprise that we feel incompetent to enter upon the task of deliberately canvassing it at present. We are so astonished at the coolness with which Lord Althorp dared to lay such a bill before the house, and the something worse than coolness with which he professed that "he could see nothing in violation of the principles of the constitution in its provisions;" we are so astonished at the comparative indifference with which such a measure, and propounded by a man capable of avowing such total ignorance of the spirit of constitutional liberty, has been received by the majority of the House of Commons; and so disgusted with the clamour and disrespect which have been opposed to those who have ventured to dissent from its monstrous details, that we must allow another month to pass over our heads before we will dive deeper into the subject. We still hope that this measure of tyranny, of devastation, of blind headlong folly, may be averted from us. Of this we are satisfied, that whether the bill pass or not, it cannot be made to work for a single twelvemonth. We seriously doubt if its cumbrous machinery could ever be set a-going at all; and then it must fall "a dead letter of legislation" from the hand of Lord Althorp, as his worthy colleague, Lord Palmerston, flattered himself that the Russian treaty of July would fall "a dead letter of diplomacy," and thereby escape doing evil. That the monster bill should thus be stopped at the threshold of its career, would certainly be a mercy at the hands of Providence; to reflect upon the bare possibility of its ever being let loose upon the country, and then have to be stopped, is an idea too fraught with "confusion worse confounded" to bear contemplation at present.

PALMYRA.

Evening, soft hour, with whom on sportive wing
To other skies the mind delights to spring,
To muse o'er ancient grandeur's ruin'd seats,
Rome's marble wastes, or Pæstum's calm retreats;
Hast thou no charm to lure the wanderer's flight,
To Syria's vales, and Adah's storied height,
Where throned amidst the desart's barren sands,
In lifeless majesty Palmyra stands?

Slow sinks the sun—but on that mighty hill
Its last and loveliest rays are lingering still;
Still do its levell'd beams, with fainter glow,
Dwell on Palmyra's giant wrecks below,
And gild the mountain castles' airy nest,
And fane, that holds the Arab for its guest;
And ruin'd fountain, by whose scanty spring
The weary vulture droops her blood-stained wing,
And headless statue from its column rent,
And banquet hall, and regal monument.

'Tis past—but midst a thousand glorious dyes,
God of the Sun, thy towers of beauty rise;
Around thy courts the purple splendours fall,
Where light pilasters rear the marble wall;
There stands, retiring into distant shade,
In golden pomp, the stately colonnade,
High o'er whose shafts th' acanthus chaplets bloom,
Like young Affection bent o'er Beauty's tomb.

Proud seat for Syria's deity—sublime
The high arch'd portal fronts the western clime,
There o'er his favour'd shrines, in polish'd stone,
The emblem'd god has fixed his mystic throne.
Around, secure beneath his shadowy wings,
In sculptured pride the vine's wild tendril clings,
Twines round the lordly front in graceful wreaths,
Lives without life, in breathless marble breathes.

That gorgeous glow has past—in calm repose
O'er the tall pile the shades of evening close,
Yet still half seen, half melting into gloom,
High towers the fritted wall, and vaulted doom
A moment—o'er Palmyra's wide domain
Silence and darkness hold divided reign.

Yet round the scene of grandeur and decay,
The pale enthusiast, Memory, loves to stray;
Recalls the glories of her faded sphere,
The marble wall the genii toiled to rear,
The palms that crown'd yon barren hill with shade,
The crystal fountains 'midst those groves that play'd,
The gold that glitter'd on her crowded mart,
Rome's baffled might, and Parthia's broken dart:
Frail charms—vain wealth—brief triumphs—powerful spell—
Zenobia yielded, and Palmyra fell.

LEAVES FROM A LOG.—No. III.

It seems that I am unfortunate in my title, for in looking over the United Service Journal, I find "Leaves from a Log," and the same occurs in Captain Glascock's new work; moreover the legitimacy of my "Log" is disputed, seeing that, according to forecastle phraseology, I am "a land louper, and no sailor." Be that as it may, it is too late to alter, and therefore, legitimate or not, my "Log" must proceed.

My last paper concluded when I stepped into the boat with my companions after my interview with the lieutenant of the pirate brigantine. The currant of the Orinoco bore us rapidly down to the schooner we had quitted, and we found the crew had not been idle during our absence. A quantity of fodder had been cut and stowed, and the mules, of which our cargo was to consist, were all ready to sling on board. This was accomplished by the next day, and the following we weighed anchor to return to Trinidad.

Our passage, though short, was marked by an incident which I cannot pass over, although it interferes with the events which I had proposed as the subject of this chapter.

We had a negro on board of very sullen and repulsive aspect, who bore the euphonious cognomen of Quaco. He belonged to the captain of the schooner, who had treated him with great kindness, and cured him of that scourge of the African called "mal d'estomach," caused by eating earth. That his cure might be completed, his humane master brought him up the Orinoco with us, and as he had been accustomed to the kitchen, or, what is better understood in the West Indies, the cook-room, employed him as cook on board the schooner. The crew having been much fatigued with their exertions that day, the captain ordered his cook to make some good coffee, and enough for all on board. This was presently brought us; but the lad who served us as steward, an intelligent Creole youth, the moment he placed it upon the table, besought us with earnest intreaties not to touch it, saying that he felt certain there was something wrong in it, and that he had already cautioned the crew. The captain was inclined to treat the boy's warning as some idle suspicion, observing that the man had not been on shore, and that the medicine-chest was safely locked. But nothing could pacify the boy.

"Look at it, Sir," said he earnestly; "smell it, and say if it is as it ought to be."

"Why, it *is* rather thick," said the captain; and taking the cup up in his hand, "and egad! it *does* smell rather queer."

I inquired whether he had any test on board that might detect any thing deleterious.

"True," said he, "I have a test, and a sure one;" and he reached a case from the lockers, from which he drew a brace of pistols, and very deliberately began to load them.

"What would you do?" I exclaimed. "Surely, upon such slight grounds, you would not——"

"Don't be alarmed," said he, interrupting me. "I shall do nothing rash;" and he coolly examined the flint. Having loaded and primed the weapons—"Call down Quaco and the crew."

They came into the cabin. The cook was called forward, and the crew thronged around the door.

"Quaco," said the captain sternly, "drink that cup of coffee to the very dregs."

"I don't like coffee," said the African, drawing back in evident surprise and alarm.

"Swallow it this instant!"

The negro took a spoonful of the mixture, though trembling with fear. He held it in his mouth for a moment, and then, shuddering, spit it out.

"Force him to take it, Sir," said one of the sailors.

"He would have poisoned the whole of us," said a stout Angosturian;—"St. Antonio and the saints keep us!" and he crossed himself most devoutly. The sailors made an advance as though they would have enforced the request of the former, when the captain called out,—

"Stand off; let no one lay hands upon him." He then emptied the cup which held the liquid into a vessel containing about a pint or more, and addressed the negro:—

"Do you see these pistols? each contains two balls. You are a guilty man if you refuse to drink that coffee which you have made, and you only choose your death; for, as God is just, your minutes are numbered. But if you drink and are unharmed by it, I will give you your freedom for accusing you unjustly. I promise it in the presence of these witnesses. Now drink it."

The negro looked as though he understood the action of his master, if he did not fully comprehend his words, for he appeared to meditate a flight on deck; but the crew seemed to anticipate his intentions, and their angry gestures plainly told him what mercy he might expect at their hands. Meantime all was as silent as death, save the clicking noise which accompanies the cocking of pistols. The negro paused; big drops of sweat poured down his dark brow like rain; his eyes glared fearfully around, and the paleness of death was on his lips.

"Drink it this instant, you black murderous fiend!" cried the captain, who had now no doubt of his guilt; and he levelled the pistol at his head.

The African with a convulsive grasp seized the jug, and, while his teeth chattered against its edge, drank every drop; then rolling his eyes frightfully, either from fear or agony, sunk with a deep groan upon the floor of the cabin. A murmur of execration arose from the crew as he fell, and not one moved forward to assist the wretched man. Whether the captain thought he was hardly warranted in enforcing such summary justice; or that a slight shade of compassion came over him, he immediately endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the poison with which it was evident the coffee was drugged; but the negro either could or would not answer. We examined his chest, and sought for a clue, but without success, until one of the

crew discovered a quantity of savannah flowers (*echites suberecta*), a most deadly poison, which the assassin had picked out from the refuse of the mules, the instinct of these animals always inducing them to reject it from their food. Satisfied with this discovery, we returned to the cabin, where we found the youth who had warned us in the first instance, on his knees, returning thanks to Providence for having been the means of saving us all from a dreadful death. His thanksgivings were only interrupted by the groans of the negro, who was writhing on the floor apparently in his last agony. We prepared an emetic of white vitriol, which we forced the murderer to swallow; but it was useless. It brought on a slight vomiting; but in a few minutes he expired in dreadful tortures. Many a time since have I been haunted by that dark, agonized, despairing face, and the recollection of those dying groans!

I will not describe Port of Spain, Trinidad; but refer the reader curious of such lore to Brookes' Gazetteer or Guthrie's Geography, either of which erudite compilations will inform him of more than I ever knew touching the superficies of the island, its population, manners and customs, the number of public buildings, and what they cost erecting; and those interesting facts he will discover while I proceed with my story.

About six weeks after the event just related, while I was in Port of Spain, I met my esteemed friend, Albert Fitz-Allen. He was not what may be called an agreeable companion, being of a taciturn disposition, contemplative, somewhat melancholy, and very cold and distant in his manners to strangers. It sometimes happens, however, that those who have the most companionable qualities are the last of men we should choose for friends; but Fitz-Allen, who wanted those sociable requisites, possessed a disposition most susceptible of warm friendship. He was a shrewd but silent observer of man: he seldom volunteered advice to his few friends; but when his counsel was required he gave it, and it might be depended on. He had read much both of books and men; hence when you once drew him into conversation, few had more information to impart. One day, while jesting with him good humouredly on his melancholy turn of mind, he informed me that such was not his original disposition; but that family misfortunes made him what he was not naturally. He then related to me his history, but extorted a promise that I should never disclose it to any one while he lived. The following is the outline of it:—

His mother died while he was an infant. His father was a clergyman, who had a lucrative living in the county of Sussex; he had three sons, Alfred, Henry, and himself. The eldest was designed by his parents for the church; but having a desire to go to sea (very common to young men bred on the sea-coast), the father in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from it. In his fourteenth year the youth ran away, and was not heard of for some time. His second son, Henry, the father found too little inclined for study, and rather too obtuse of intellect, ever to be an ornament to the sacred profession of his parent; and the latter was too conscientious to place a youth of humble abilities in so important a situation as he conceived

a Christian priest held. His interest obtained for him a place in the office of the Excise, which he filled with much credit. His youngest son, my friend Albert, he found a youth of excellent disposition and quick apprehension; he therefore superintended his early education, and at the proper age sent him to college. While there, a friend of old Fitz-Allen dying, left his daughter named Julia, with a considerable fortune, to his guardianship. On Albert's arrival to spend a vacation at the parsonage, he became acquainted with his father's ward, and they became soon enamoured of each other.

He returned to college, and they corresponded regularly for some months, until Albert perceived a coldness in his mistress's letters; this was succeeded by a cessation of her correspondence. The cause of this he learnt the next vacation that he spent at home. A captain of a man-of-war, who had been an old acquaintance of his father, getting the command of a ship on board of which his brother Alfred had entered some years since, discovered the long-lost son of his old friend; and, the moment he could get an opportunity, procured the young man's discharge, brought him to his parent, and reconciled them to each other. In a private interview he persuaded the clergyman to endeavour to keep his son at home; but if he found his love for the sea invincible, he recommended him to send Alfred on board his ship, and he would get him appointed a midshipman. Although the young man had an aversion to live on shore, he for a time appeared reconciled to his paternal mansion. The fact is, he saw and loved Julia, who, regardless of her former admirer, returned his passion; hence her coldness to Albert.

About this time Alfred associated with a set of smugglers, who carried on their unlawful trade between the coast of Sussex and the French shore, occasionally joining them in their trips across the Channel, or in their more dangerous enterprise of "running" the contraband articles on shore. Of course, these expeditions were made without the father's knowledge. One unfortunate night the boat which contained Alfred was attacked by a party of custom-house officers; although the smugglers were armed, yet so inferior were their numbers to the latter, that the contraband traders abandoned their boat without resistance, and sought safety in flight, all save Alfred, who, accusing his comrades of cowardice, fired at the opposing party. The fire was returned without effect, as Alfred and the rest ran off. But the only pistol discharged by the smugglers shot through the heart—Henry Fitz-Allen. He fell by the hands of his own brother! The news of this unhappy tragedy too soon reached the old man, who died within a month of this occurrence of a broken heart. Alfred escaped, and was no more heard of. Julia disappeared in a mysterious manner; but some weeks after a letter was found in her chamber containing an equivalent to a confession that she had been seduced by Alfred: she was never heard of from that hour.

Thus, by the events of one night, Albert lost a brother by the hands of a brother; a parent whom he revered; and a first love on whom he doated. He never entirely recovered from the effects of this affair. His grief was deep and settled, but not violent. At first, his medical advisers thought his woe would bring on morbid melancholy; to

avoid which his friends hurried him to the capital. His sorrow rendered him too passive to resist, although in London he appeared solitary even in a crowd. Those around him in vain endeavoured to amuse him: he seemed sensible of their kindness, but could not avail himself of it. Alarming symptoms of pulmonary consumption appeared: this induced a relation who held extensive estates in the island of St. Christopher, to persuade him to take a trip across the Atlantic; it being a well-known fact, that those who quit Europe in the early stages of consumption, often not only recover from their malady; but become the healthiest European residents in the West Indies. His relation was a man of some knowledge of the world; and having observed how business dissipates grief, appointed Fitz-Allen joint attorney (agent) with his old St. Kitt's partner, giving the latter secret instruction to watch Albert's conduct. The plan succeeded. A voyage across the Western Ocean and a tropical climate renovated his health; while a change of scene, and being plunged into business, so far alleviated his misery, that he became active, tranquil and conversable, and apparently contented. He, however, was seldom seen to smile, and never to laugh. One, at first, would take him for an antidote to mirth; but he delighted to see others enjoy that happiness to which he was a stranger; if his manners were not the most engaging, he never offended.

Fifteen years after his arrival in the Carribean Islands, business induced him to visit Trinidad, when our acquaintance commenced. Although but thirty-four, he looked fifty. A long residence in the Antilles makes men seem old ere they have attained middle age: but grief had done more towards giving the traits of age to poor Fitz-Allen than dwelling between the tropics.

He informed me, that the relation who sent him to the West-Indies had died and bequeathed him considerable property in England: he proposed, therefore, to go "home" by the first packet from Barbadoes. From this I dissuaded him: it was the "hurricane season," and he might expect a boisterous passage, and would, besides, arrive in England at the beginning of winter: a season, by no means auspicious to one who has been consumptive. As his presence was not essential in Europe, he acquiesced. I invited him to spend a few weeks with me on an estate I managed on the south side of the island. This invitation he accepted; and we went down together. The greater part of our journey was performed on board a small vessel, which we left, and by way of avoiding a tedious navigation, traversed a narrow neck of land about seven miles, across a wood lying between Ivois and Erin.

Upon our arrival at the estate, I called my overseer (a respectable, but rather timid young man) as usual, after my absence from the plantation, to know what had occurred whilst I was away. He told me what work had been done. He further informed me, that there had been a Spanish launch wrecked off the coast of Morouga, a quarter some ten miles distant; and that one of the people in her, an Englishman, after saving his life by swimming, had met little hospitality on shore: but, being told there was a plantation on which some English resided, he walked to the estate, where he arrived about

noon the previous day, in a state of extreme fatigue and indisposition; "but the poor man is feverish," added the overseer, "and as we have no doctor in the quarter, may I ask you to go and see him, as you understand the treatment of the sick so much better than I do?" I shewed Fitz-Allen to his chamber, and went to the overseer's house; a small cottage, about fifty yards from my dwelling, to visit the ship wrecked sailor; when, judge my astonishment at beholding the very lieutenant of the brigantine, whom I had met on the Orinoco! He was seated beside the table, on which lay an open bible: his head was resting on his hand, and his looks were cast downwards. On my entrance, he started: and we eyed each other for some seconds with mutual surprise. After a considerable pause, he said:—

"I presume, Sir, I address the master of this estate?"

"I am the manager."

"During your absence, that young man, who is now mounting a mule yonder, was kind enough to relieve me, when I arrived yesterday at this plantation in a wretched state, having been shipwrecked down the coast: I therefore trust you will not blame him for this act of humanity."

I soon satisfied him on that point.

"Your answer, Sir," he continued, "is such as I might expect from one, who, on our first meeting, acted as you did towards me; but as, during our first interview, you became acquainted with circumstances which render my residence on a place under your charge anything but agreeable, I have too vivid a recollection of your kindness towards me to offend you with my presence on this plantation." He then untied a belt, such as is often worn on the Spanish main, in which was placed a quantity of gold coins; and said, "Have the goodness to give these three doubloons to the black sick-nurse and the negro boy that attended me, as they have been extremely kind to me."

"Put up your money, Sir, I beg. You will I fear have more occasion for it than those to whom you wish to give it. And as to your departure hence, I cannot permit it in your present state of health. It is true I could have wished I had seen you in better company than I did at Old Guiana; but were I to allow you, a sick man, who had been wrecked, to quit this shelter, when there is no house of entertainment within miles of mine, I should not easily forgive myself: even did I not (as I do) know that of you which convinces me you are not lost to all feelings of humanity."

"I am, I am," he wildly said, "lost to all humanity! Lost here, and hereafter!"—He struck his head violently; a customary action of his when agitated.

"Say not so: that holy volume, which you appear to have been perusing of late, will tell you better things. You have confided to me that you suffer remorse: and he who feels the throes of conscience, need not despair of becoming penitent."

"I have *not* been perusing that sacred volume: I only opened it, and see what first presented itself to my eyes." He pointed to the top of the page which bore this (in his case) remarkable passage,—"for all they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

"That expression was made use of to an armed man as a warning,"

said I; and turning over the leaves, I pointed out to him a more consoling passage.

"But what did the first-born man reply to his Creator, when with awful voice he demanded of him,' Cain, Cain, where is thy brother?'" exclaimed the pirate, his eyes glaring fearfully: "Oh!" he added, shutting the book with a shudder, "would I could persuade myself, as I for years have tried to do, that that volume is a lie! But no—like a fiend I believe and tremble." He grasped his hair with his hand, and then applied it to the part of his skull where he had been wounded; as though he felt a sudden pain there: he added, "Repentance! ha! ha! ha!" then burst into a demoniac laugh.

I now felt that my weak reasoning was unable to cope with the terrible despair that had taken possession of the unhappy man. This, together with the recollection that Fitz-Allen possessed both a good knowledge of theology and flow of language, induced me to leave a theme I had so unsuccessfully urged. I therefore inquired the symptoms of his corporeal disease, and after informing him that there was no physician in this thinly populated district, I offered my services, as I understood something of the treatment of diseases incident to the country.

"I accept your kindness, Sir, because I would not deprive you of the pleasure of doing a humane act; and because, in my cool moments, I am coward enough to fear death. Yes! the pirate—the man who, to avoid the gibbet, has rushed a thousand times on destruction—he who, when this wound in his head maddens him, has attempted suicide—even *he* fears death!"

Feeling his pulse, I said that I supposed he had not slept well of late.

"What has a wretch like me to do with sleep? I am miserable enough while awake: but when I sleep I dream; and if there be a terrestrial hell, it is during these dreadful moments."

I attributed much that he said to mental aberration, which not only his language, but his features indicated. Observing that his eyes were red, his temporal arteries distended, and his pulse full and quick, I thought it necessary to bleed him. To this he made no objection. I called the nurse to bring bandages, a small case of lancets, and other necessaries for venesection. While these were preparing, I stripped his athletic arm; on viewing this, I saw that which made me quit my hold and recoil with horror. The fact was, I beheld the words *Alfred Fitz-Allen* tattooed with Indian ink and gunpowder, together with a quantity of anchors and other devices with which sailors generally disfigure their limbs in their youth. The dreadful truth now flashed across my mind, that he was Alfred Fitz-Allen, the fratricide! Nor was the name written on his arm the only proof I had of his being so: although sixteen years separated from his brother, and possessing a person much taller than Albert's, yet the form and features were so strikingly alike, that I wondered at my own stupidity for not discovering the resemblance sooner. Albert spoke slow; and his voice was rendered weak by sorrow. Alfred's mode of uttering, though not boisterous, had evidently been rendered loud by his profession; and yet the notes of the finest-toned flutes could not

be more alike than their voices. These thoughts in a moment flashed across my mind; and although, during that moment, I must have appeared dreadfully agitated; yet fortunately, my feelings passed unobserved by the pirate, who was seated with his eyes covered by his left hand. I instantaneously came to the determination of keeping the brothers unknown, at least for the present, as a discovery could do no good, and might be productive of serious consequences in the present state of Alfred's health. The mariner uncovering his eyes, looked at his arm; when the mark met his view, he fixed his searching glance with displeasure on me, and said in rather a stern tone, "Do you suspect this to be *my* name?"

I was about to reply, when, apparently struck with his impropriety of manner, grasping my hand, he said—

"Pardon me, worthy Sir—my suspicions are most ungrateful; although I *once* knew what was due to politeness, when conferring with a gentleman, yet I have been so long connected with the outcasts of society, that my manners have been infected. This," added he, pointing to the mark on his arm—and again the fire of insanity gleamed in his eye as he clutched my arm, and drew me towards him—"this *was* my name. Listen," said he in a low deep voice, every tone of which thrilled through me—"a father's death is like a crushing weight upon my heart; my hand is red with a brother's blood; and one who I loved, oh! dearer than brother or father, lies in her restless grave in the deep sea—I broke her heart! Did you tell *me* to repent? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Hold! hold!" said I, interrupting him, though actually trembling with horror; "here comes the nurse, this is not fit for her ears. You must let me take a little blood from you. You will be calmer presently." I bound up his arm, and made an incision in the median vein.

"Ne neber see," said the nurse, "massa hand shake so when him bleed somebody (any one) before. Me God! how black poor sailor blood be!"

Having bled him to an extent proportionate to the inflammatory state of his body and athletic form, I bandaged the arm, and ordered the nurse to prepare a chamber for him. The only one vacant was that in which the estate's medicine was kept, owing to its being contiguous to the hospital. My patient asked me to give him an opiate. I inquired if he were habituated to take opium. He replied not of late; but having been some years since in the east, he had learnt to swallow such potions; which custom he had left off of late years, on account of the difficulty of always procuring a supply: but that occasionally he took laudanum in small quantities. I informed him, that laudanum would be too stimulating for him at present; and giving him a dose of such medicine as I conceived would tend to lessen his fever, introduced him to his small chamber.

The nurse had with great readiness gathered her "little gang," that is, about a dozen negro children under her charge, who with dispatch collected a quantity of fresh dry banana leaves, with which the old woman stuffed a kind of paliasse. These are soft to lie upon, have an agreeable odour, and are supposed by some to possess a fe-

brifuge quality. She also obtained from my house a mosquito-net; and the sick man reposed comfortably. I recommended him to endeavour to sleep, and cautioned him to speak as little as he could, to keep his arm in a sling, and, above all, I entreated him not to talk of his former mode of life.

"You have been long with your patient," said Albert to me, as I entered the house; "your overseer has given me such an interesting account of his half-insane, yet superior style of language, and prepossessing looks, that I should like to visit this poor man."

"You cannot at present. I have just bled him, and his inflamed state renders it necessary that he should be kept as quiet as possible." I said this to avoid a meeting which might bring on a recognition; but recollecting, that by being too cautious, I might cause the very event I wished to prevent, I added, "In the evening, when he becomes more composed, we will visit him; in the meantime I will dispatch a messenger to Port of Spain for a physician."

The town of Port of Spain, the reader should be informed, lay about sixty miles off, "as the crow flies:" but there is an almost impassable *lagoon* between on the land side; while, if one goes by sea, he has to encounter a wind that generally blows in his teeth, and a contrary current caused by the influx of the Orinoco. The best way of getting to town is by performing one half of the way on land, over bad roads, and at the "*Pitch Lake*" to get a small vessel to to carry you the remainder of the journey; which would take altogether three days to accomplish. Should it be wondered at why a quarter so isolated should not have a medical man, the reader must consider that so thinly inhabited was this district of the colony, that several divisions of it could afford practice but to one physician; and that Dr. M——, who used to reside down here, had just died; having lost his life in attending two patients who lived twenty-six miles apart; both being dangerously ill, the one with a locked jaw, and the other with the yellow fever.

As evening approached, the sailor became more composed, and fell into a slumber. I thought this a good opportunity to permit Albert to visit him. As his state was such as to allow me to forbid all conversation, I conceived it morally impossible that any recognition could take place between the parties after sixteen years separation, by their merely viewing each other; and by allowing the interview, I should avoid that appearance of mystery which I dreaded would lead to a discovery. We entered on tiptoe, with noiseless tread: the pirate lay asleep; the side of the net was pinned up; and old Quashila, the attentive nurse, was cooling him with an Indian fan, made of strips of bamboo. Cautiously my friend drew near, and regarded him with deep concern; when, the sick man, opening his eyes, beheld the countenance of Albert: immediately his features changed from their composed state, and assumed the deep traits of terror; his mouth was thrown open, and his hair bristled up. After a momentary pause, he articulated, "My father!" and buried his head in the pillow. A violent fit of ague shook his frame to that degree, that we felt the slight floor tremble under us. Alarmed, I hurried Albert from the chamber of the unhappy man; alleging,

that his mind was not in a state to admit of our continuing our visit.

Slowly the shivering fit ceased, and as usual, a burning fever succeeded; during which he raved terribly, exclaiming that he still saw the spirit of his father, who pointed to the bleeding corpse of his brother Henry. Reason slowly returned, and on my asking him if he knew me, he stared wildly at me for a few seconds, and then said—

"Know you? Surely, you are my kind host; but say, why did you introduce my father to my bedside?" I knew not what to say, lamenting that I had not at once told Albert the truth; I endeavoured to assure him that he whom he took for his father was an old planter.

"No, Sir," said Quashita, with her usual loquacity, "dat no you fader been here just now; dat Massa ——" She was about to pronounce the name "Fitz-Allen," when I hastily checked her.

"It was my father!" exclaimed the pirate; "I knew him too well! I knew his features! his benevolent look! How did the old man quit his grave to visit me here, for I heard when off Norway that he died of a broken heart?" He paused, and applied his hand to the silver plate in his head. "I believe the deep gash the Dutchman gave my head has distorted my vision: can you not give me a few drops of laudanum?" I assured him that they would add to his malady; and causing him to take a glass of weak tepid wine and water, I wished him a good night, charging the nurse and overseer to wake me if he became worse. Worn out with anxiety, I retired and slept sounder than usual. At day-break the overseer came into my room in a state of alarm: I asked no questions, for he was not in a state to answer them; but hurried in my night-gown to the pirate's chamber, where I found his corpse! It appears that the old woman, negro-like, had slept soundly during the night, too much so to be woke by the ravings of the unhappy man. On examination, I found Alfred had gone to the medicine chest, which had unfortunately been left open, and by the light of a small cocoa nut oil lamp had found the laudanum phial. This he must have done while he enjoyed a comparatively calm moment; the phial was full ere he opened it, and from the quantity missing he could not have taken more than twenty-five, or at most thirty drops—by no means an over-dose for one who had been long in the habit of swallowing it. It perhaps was not enough to produce in him a somnorific effect; but its stimulating qualities acted violently, for the overseer heard him rave terribly; his exclamations were principally addressed to his father; at times he appeared to have partly recovered his reason; he exclaimed that it was all a dream. The overseer heard no more, save a few sighs. It further appeared, that for the purpose of destroying himself, he had stripped the bandage from off his arm; but the orifice I had made in his vein being partly healed, did not, I suppose, allow the blood to flow freely: he, therefore, made a deep incision with his penknife, insomuch that he pricked the radial artery, which runs immediately into the vein I had opened. This act gave an outlet to the stream of life, so that in a few minutes his heart must have ceased to beat.

Whether my keeping Albert from the knowledge of his brother was hitherto right or wrong, I now conceived it my duty, for obvious

reasons, to prevent the terrible discovery. In accordance with this design, I awoke my friend, and related to him in part what had happened. The office of coroner is here unknown, but in cases of suicide it is necessary to inform a magistrate of the event. The commandant of the quarter was on a visit about twenty-eight miles off. There was nothing in the death of the supposed Thomas Wilson to call for investigation, yet it was proper immediately to acquaint a magistrate with the catastrophe. I truly told Albert that I was too agitated to write, but requested that he would ride my horse to where the magistrate was, and give him verbal information of what had occurred. This he readily undertook: the journey was along the sea-shore, and I rightly judged the tide would not allow him to return till the morrow; but to be sure of that, I told him, that in consequence of there being some quicksands on the beach, it was necessary to send a guide with him. This I did, taking care to mount the man on a heavy Canadian horse, charging him not to persuade Mr. Fitz-Allen to come back until early the next morning. My intention in procuring his absence was to bury his brother ere his return; for here the climate is too sultry to allow the dead to remain uninterred longer than twenty-four hours. Whilst I was giving the negro who was to act as guide instructions, I missed Albert, whom I left taking coffee in the gallery of my house. Alarmed, I ran into the chamber where lay the body of his brother; and there I found him seated, contemplating that horrible spectacle, the corpse of a suicide! I held my breath until I observed that he exhibited none of those signs of transport that I had expected would follow the discovery I dreaded; but he seemed to indulge in a not unpleasant sorrow, for I beheld a tear stealing down his cheek, and on my looking at the corpse, I perceived with satisfaction that all the marks on the right arm were hidden by incrusted blood.

"My dear fellow," said I, "I would advise your instant departure, as the road along the beach is so full of quicksands, that it is only passable when the tide is far out. Jack Pasture will act as your guide, and I have furnished him with refreshments for you on the road. Do not, as you value your life, return until to-morrow." Fitz-Allen seemed not to hear me, but said,

"I know not how it is, Tropic, but contemplating the corpse of this unhnppy man reminds me of *my father as he lay dead sixteen years since* so strongly, that I feel the same emotion, have the same train of thoughts I had when I hung over the remains of the venerable man, within an hour of his death. Whence is this association! No two lives could be passed more unlike, and, thank heaven, no two deaths could be more dissimilar! It is true, that the features of both——"

I interrupted him by hurrying him from the room with gentle force, and induced him to mount for the journey. I kept all out of the way of the corpse who could read, save the overseer (to whom I imparted the secret), until it was arrayed in the grave gear, and in the evening it was deposited in a coffin made of handsome Trinidad cedar. The captain of a drogher, at anchor off the estate, came to me at night: this man was a Bermudian, and had served in the navy;

having been informed by Wilson previous to my arrival that the latter had formerly been on board a man-of-war, the drogher captain requested that he and three of his sailors should convey him to the grave. I, of course, granted his request. "It is trne," said he, musing, "that he destroyed himself; but your old nurse says he was mad, in consequence of having a bit of silver let into his head."

His funeral took place the next morning. Being Sunday, all the negroes that could walk (about two hundred in number) attended. They were dressed decently, and behaved orderly; several of my neighbours, free persons of colour, also followed. The coffin was borne by the seamen from the overseer's house down to the burying-ground, beside the sea. The negroes walked in regular procession, singing a pleasing hymn, which, although not originally adapted to the occasion of an interment, had a solemn, religious effect. On a small rising, under an immensely high palmiste tree, which for miles along the coast served as a landmark for the mariner, is the pirate's grave—a grave well suited to his stormy life; here were his remains deposited. I was too indisposed to quit the house, and there being no clergyman in the quarter, the overseer read the church service; after which the earth closed upon him for ever. The Bermudian captain, who had contrived to procure some twenty muskets, caused three volleys to be fired over the grave; the loud report resounded along the shore, and its echoes seemed to be answered by the long waving of the surf, which, on the western coast of Trinidad, breaks with tremendous force; the sea-birds started at the loud volley, and flew towards the Spanish main.

Little now remains to be told. Fitz-Allen did not return until after the funeral, and I succeeded in keeping him in ignorance as to whom the supposed Thomas Wilson was. Shortly after this, contrary to my advice, he went home in the packet. His passage, I learned, was agreeable, considering the time of the year (September); but when performing that unpleasant part of a voyage from the West Indies, crossing the Newfoundland Banks, he met with the misty, damp, and bleak weather usually found in that latitude; he in consequence took a severe cold, which by the time he reached the Lizard turned into a confirmed consumption. His physicians advised him immediately to recross the Atlantic. His business hindered him from doing so, and a few months after, the summer coming on, he enjoyed the warm weather, and entertained hopes of recovery from his malady—for it is strange that the victims of consumption seldom despair of being cured. But ere he had been twelve months in England "he was gathered to his fathers!" He died resigned and happy. This I heard from the clergyman who attended him in his last sickness, and whom Albert Fitz-Allen desired to write to me.

A young man of colour, who was a fellow passenger with me up the Orinoco, was shortly after in the Danish island of St. Thomas. He went to see the execution of a number of pirates, amongst whom he recognized the captain of the brigantine, "der Meerschaumer," the Dutchman, the little Portuguese, and another whose country he knew not, but remembered seeing at Old Guiana. The latter freebooter suffered the dreadful penalty of the law in a state of stupefac-

tion, from which no effort of the priest who attended him could rouse him. The Dutchman went to the scaffold with the appearance of deep contrition for his past life. The Portuguese met his fate with so much maddening terror, that the admonitions of his priest were lost upon him: while the hard-featured captain mounted the platform with a degree of brutal courage that surprised and shocked the bystanders; he blasphemed, and tried to make ribald jests while the executioner was adjusting the fatal cord.

Early in 1831 a brig, marked on her stern "Orbit," was discovered stranded on the eastern shores of this island. As there had been no bad weather at that time, it was conjectured that she had been purposely ran on shore. On examining her, it was found that she had been plundered, although a quantity of gold dust, elephants' teeth, palm oil, and other African products were left on board; and on perusing her papers she appeared to be an American vessel bound from Sierra Leon. Further investigation brought out that the captain and mate had been murdered, and that five of her crew had been pledging a large quantity of gold dust in this island. Three made their escape, got to Caraccas, and there set up a shop. Their conduct excited some suspicion; being informed of this, they hastily sold off their stock, and took their departure. They had not journeyed far from the city ere one received a fatal hurt, by being thrown from a mule; of this fall he died a few hours after in an hospital. Previous to his death he confessed that he was one of the Orbit's crew, and that he and his other two companions had participated in the plunder of the vessel and the murder of its captain. The men were therefore apprehended and lodged in prison. Two others were traced to St. Vincent, and brought back to this island. I went to visit these men in gaol, and learned that one of them, named Glasgow, was a runaway slave of this island, and the very man who, at Old Guiana, offered to sell me the chronometer. He recognized me, and was remarkably communicative. He told me that his fellow-prisoner and the three who had escaped to the main were attached to the pirate brigantine. But as he appeared willing to inform me of more than I wished to know, I made my interview with him short.

A few months after this, an American sloop-of-war came for these pirates; they were delivered up, together with the documentary evidence of their guilt; the vessel then went down to the main and received the other two prisoners. I afterwards read in the American papers that Glasgow and his fellow-pirate suffered the "felon's death" at Boston, and the other two were executed at New York.

Such was the doom of those men of blood!

REPEAL: AN EPIC POEM.

BY AN HYBERNIAN.

This poem reached us so late in the month, that both space and time stand in the way of our giving it that detailed investigation to which its elaborate execution and momentous subject seem so justly to entitle it. However we have no objection to strain a point in its favour, as it may afford no slight consolation to the genuine worhippers of the Muses, to find that the epic fire is not all extinguished upon earth—that it still slumbers in some heaven-favoured bosoms—and that great circumstances and men are all that are wanted to rouse its dormant energies, and cause it to blaze forth, or if you will to "flare up," with all the steadiness and brilliancy of the Maronian or Tassonian days. We had begun to be apprehensive that the divine gift of inspiration, like that of miracles, had been lost to this prosaic age; and that we were henceforward to be condemned to the unvarying round of its "hack sounds and sights," unrelieved by any of that sacred light of the imagination which hallowed and purified the earlier times. But we are glad that poesy is not

"Like the lost Pleiad seen on earth no more."

As a proof whereof, we shall proceed without further preliminary to the poem before us.

Like many other great poets, our Hybernian seems to have been urged "'gainst rhymes to knock his brows," by a feeling of patriotic indignation, to redeem his country from the stigma cast upon it by a writer of our day, of never having produced an epic poet. This sentiment is finely embodied in the opening stanzas; and the confident promise of the young bard, as he expands his wings to take his eagle flight, is finely characteristic of his country:—

"One Keightly somewhere states complacently,
That Ireland ne'er has grown an epic poet.
I mean to give the sland'rous rogue—the lie!
And in my verse demonstrate, prove it, show it.
Soaring beyond the reach of calumny,
Till the applauding millions shout out, 'Go it!'
And linked together in the rolls of fame,
Immortalize my country and my name.

Pindar has sung horse races—how sublime
The dashing Pythian with its deep reflections!
The subject *I've* selected for my rhyme
Is not so vulgar quite.—*I'll* take elections,
As being more suited to the modern times—
The age of constitutions, conic sections,
Speeches, and bustling, senatorial chat,
Reform, and revolution, and all that."

In conformity with all the great epic examples that have preceded him, he next proceeds to state the subject of his poem; and we do not think that the admirers of the sublime simplicity of the epic models will find any thing to disparage in this stanza of our bard. We believe he had the

"Canto l'arme pietose e el Capitano"

of Tasso in his eye, or rather in his ear:—

I sing Repeal, and the illustrious band
Of forty senators, who, nobly daring,
Voted and spoke to free their native land,
Declaiming by the powers of brogue, and flaring
Up with their oratory gay and grand,
The public time and patience noways sparing;
Dashing away through history and chronology
Like auctioneers or doctors of theology.

This opening led us to expect that he would have plunged *in medias res*, and placed us in the midst of the agitation for repeal by the side of Ebenezer Jacob, at the Dungarvan election; or with King Feargus O'Connor in Cork's own town; or, as some of his illustrious contemporaries of the "Tail" not unaptly designate him, the "Cove of Cork:" but he commences with the commencement, and stays his flight to celebrate the antiquity of the scene of the great events he is about to describe:—

There lies an island in the wat'ry space
Where the outstretch'd Atlantic swells and rages,
So very old it were in vain to trace
Its story backwards through the night of ages.
Some say it cradled once the human race,
And prove it clearly in some quarto pages;
Others assert that Noah in his round
Dropped a stray couple on this holy ground.

Others assert that on a glorious morning,
When Time was young and all the gods at play,
That isle was whipped up, without sign or warning,
From Omar's * sunny bosom where it lay,
And northward borne in spite of chafing, scorning,
And plunged amid the cold Atlantic spray,
Just like Loretto's fam'd Santissima Caza,
That angels wafted from the land of Gaza.

Howe'er this be, 'tis certain 'tis a land
Full of strange tokens and deep mystery,
The foot-prints of old Time on every hand
Are deeply graven, and hoar History
Points to the isolated tow'rs that stand
In lonely grandeur, 'neath the quiet sky,
And tells us how of old this famous nation
Was sacred to the powers of propagation.

Certain it is that many a Grecian maid,
By Delphi's shrine and fair Ilypus' streams,
Felt a strange yearning for its hallowed shade,
And saw its luxuries reveal'd in dreams;
And Plato wrapp'd in fancy thither strayed,
And drew the light that o'er his pages beams:
For wise Ulysses, landing from his rambles,
Had spread the fame of its delights and gambols.

And thus excited by the wond'rous tale
Of the divine Elysium of the West,
The people of the distant East set sail
In search of this sweet "Island of the Blest;"
Nor did their northern trip like Ross's fail,
For in its peaceful vallies sunk to rest,
Syrians, Milesians, Tirlbogs, Carthaginians,
Egyptians, Persians, Hindoos, and Bythinians.

These various tribes, amalgamated, blended,
Formed a great people, and in ceaseless flood,
From race to race all gloriously descended,
The glowing tide of their pure eastern blood;
'Tis true that much in fighting was expended,
For fighting form'd their source of "greatest good;"
But even now, the current is not slack,
But chiefly runs in lines of O and Mac.

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* The Sea of Omar: *vide* Edinburgh Review of April last.

This naturally leads him to the hero of his poem, who is thus finely described:—

And of those lines the most renowned far,
Whether in ancient or in modern story,
And purest in descent the O'Connells are,
Surviving feuds, rebellions, murders gory,
Plagues, famines, executions, tempests, war,
And all that forms Hybernia's tale of glory.
The blood meandering through the noble clan,
Settled and centred in the veins of Dan.

Daniel, the mighty hero of my tale,
The great Morgante of these modern days,
Before whose name the brightest crests turn pale,
And kingly crowns shine with diminish'd rays,
The grand inventor of what's called a "Tail,"
And of an agitation tax that "pays."
Towering aloft, as o'er a church a steeple,
The great quintessence of the Irish people.

Nor can we doubt but his strange temperament
Accorded with his eastern origin,
Of mighty elements compact and blent,
And with a mighty power for good or sin,
Restless, aspiring, daring, bold, and meant,
Some said, a halter, some a crown, to win;
For 'twixt the two, as Juvenal has stated,
Heroes for aye to fluctuate are fated.

And o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Hybernian elegance, which showed
Its power unconsciously full many a time,
A most sweet brogue, an eloquence that flowed
In something that was neither prose nor rhyme;
A temper hot, that urged him while it glowed,
To run his head against all calculation—
Also a great force of exaggeration.

Here we regret to say we must break off, as time is ebbing from us fast, at the same time assuring our Hybernian that we shall not fail to notice the remainder of his poem, in the manner which its innumerable excellencies deserve, and as some slight return for the pleasure we have derived from its perusal.

WIVES OF THE CÆSARS.—No. II.*

" Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hac comite, atq. duæ pariter fugêre sorores."
JUV. *Sat.* 6.

Scribonia.—Livia Drusilla.

IT had been vainly supposed by the vulgar, and speciously promised by the republican assassins, that the death of Cæsar would be followed by the perfect restitution of Roman liberty. On the contrary, that event appears to have relaxed the bonds by which the passions of subordinate tyrants were restrained, and to have let loose upon the empire generally the vainest yet most sanguinary aspirants to chief authority that had hitherto disturbed the peace and devastated the community of Rome. In the fury of the former factions, the partisan might trust the pledged protection of his chief. It was reserved for the second triumvirate to frame an understanding, by which the blood of a distracted country should be shed by the caprice, the vengeance, or suspicion of either of its members; and to such ferocious extremities did the objects of their convention lead them, that, at the sacrifice of every principle of honour and fidelity, of the common instincts of humanity itself, the life of any partisan or relative demanded by either of these flagitious monsters, could on no consideration be refused to his vindictive appetite by either of the others. As the interests of the chiefs of the triumvirate had been distinct and hostile to each other; as they had been fiercely pursued; and, as party feeling had been bitterly imbued with private hatred, it necessarily followed that the former zeal and exploits of the adherents of either chief would be objects of reciprocal resentment. Accordingly, the terms of the triumvirate amounted to a virtual proscription of the brave and faithful followers, by whom the fortunes of its respective members had been previously maintained. Eminent fidelity and merit were signally distinguished by the pains of an insatiable and retrospective hatred; and there is, perhaps, for cruelty, ambition, ingratitude, and perfidy, no parallel to the iniquity of the triumvirate, in the most flagrant crimes recorded in the annals of mankind.

It will not be foreign to our purpose, if we inspect the state of parties, immediately after the assassination of the great dictator. Octavius and Mark Antony took arms, professing the revenge of Cæsar's death; though each of them, as was apparent from the sequel, was actuated by individual ambition. Antony held the consulate, which gave him sovereign authority. His relatives possessed the most important offices in Rome: one of his brothers was a tribune of the people; the other exercised the functions of a prætor. Elated by this extensive influence, Antony boldly asserted his pretensions, and demanded the government of Cisalpine Gaul, which the dictator had conferred on Decius Brutus, one of the conspirators, who had imbued his hands in the blood of his benefactor. But the objects of

* Continued from the February Number.

Mark Antony were not so easy of attainment as his presumption led him to expect. The senate, suspicious of his purpose, and alarmed by Cicero's predictions, were fearful of committing to his charge a government of such importance; yet that which was unsuccessfully and arrogantly sought by Antony, was gained in his behalf by the address and influence of young Octavius. This mark of Cæsar's friendship was, however, ill-requited. Jealous of the preference given to Octavius in the will of the dictator, Antony pursued his youthful partisan with accusation and invective;* and among the many crimes imputed to him, he alleged the project of his own assassination. Octavius, on the evidence of such a disposition, perceived an enemy in Antony, with whom he prudently yet boldly broke off all connexion; and as he regarded with an eye of apprehension any circumstance that swelled the power of so insidious an adversary, he resolved upon the ruin of his party. Acting with decisive promptitude, he communicated instantly with Brutus, who had not as yet vacated his authority; he solicited his friendship, and urgently besought him to retain by force the power, which he himself had influenced the senate to confer on Antony. That Brutus might not hesitate to follow his advice, or acquiesce in his desires, Octavius sent him a supply of ammunition, men, and money, to sustain the siege of Mutina, invested by the army of the consul. The fasces shortly passed to Kirtius Aulus and Vibius Pansa; with the memorable consulate of whom the real dignity and splendour of the office is said to have expired. The senate, discontented and alarmed at the ambitious character and conduct of their predecessors, Antony and Dolabella, deliberated on the steps to be pursued in prevention of the views imputed to them. Cicero, whose authority and reputation in the senate were unrivalled, was the enemy of Antony; his animosity was stimulated by the arts of Cæsar, who emboldened him as well by the profession of his friendship and the promise of assistance, should Antony's resentments wear a violent complexion. Cicero, thus assured, declaimed against his enemy with more than usual eloquence and force;† and a senatorial

* Plutarch in vita Anton.

† Cicero, on his defence of Milo, was deeply agitated by the armed array of Pompey. His second philippic against Antony, a mass of accusation and invective, was delivered in the temple of Concord, where the Ithyræan guards were seen dispersed among the members of the senate. Cicero, in this oration, admits that Antony had spared his life, when he was found as one of Pompey's partisans at Brundusium, subsequently to the battle of Pharsalia. He requites the mercy of Mark Antony with insolent ingratitude: "quandoquidem majus (beneficium) accipi a latrone nullum potuit." He afterwards reviles him as the most iniquitous of gladiators: "gladiatore nequissimo;" as a practised dealer in the arts of forgery—"cujus domus, quæstuosissima est falsorum commentariorum et chirographorum officina; agrorum, oppidorum, immunitatum, vectigalium, flagitiosissimæ nundinæ;" as a sacrilegious violator—"qui maximo te ære alieno, ad ædem opis liberasti." The oration is replete with the alternate bitterness and irony of hatred and contempt: "Sed stuporem hominus, vel dicam *pecudis* attendite;" and, alluding to the marriage of Antony with Hippia, the player, "aliquid enim salis ab uxore mima trahere potuisti." He reproaches Fulvia, the wife of Antony, with the fate of Clodius and Curio, her former husbands: "Cujus (Clodii) quidem tibi fatum, sicut Caio Curioni manet; quoniam *id* (Fulvia) domi tuæ est, quod fuit illorum utrique fatale." He denounces

decree proclaimed the future triumvir *a foe to the republic.* Antony was ordered to lay down his arms; but this command he treated with contempt, when Hirtius, Pansa, and Octavius as vice-prætor, were despatched to Mutina to give him battle. Antony was defeated; the consuls perished in the arms of victory, and, if the rumours of a people, urged by the asperity of faction may be credited, by the treachery of young Octavius.

The success at Mutina was not productive of the consequences which Octavius hoped. His projects were foreseen by many, who declared him heir to Cæsar's proud ambition, as well as to his name and fortune. The honour of a triumph was decreed to Decius Brutus, while Octavius was unmentioned, and denied the consulate, which afterwards, however, he obtained by the address and influence of Cicero.

Octavius saw an earnest of mistrust or enmity in the proceedings of the senate, and determined to resent it. Lepidus, informed of his disgust, conceived the moment favourable to a project he had meditated of associating the powers of Antony, Octavius, and himself; by which their own authority would be confirmed, and the senate and the firm republicans would be reduced to unconditional submission. Antony had taken refuge in the camp of Lepidus. The latter charged himself with the persuasion of Octavius, who singly was incapable of action, and saw the evident necessity of yielding to the strength of circumstance. The scheme succeeded. Antony, though put to flight at Mutina, was strong. His partisans were numerous and bold. Lepidus had the advantages of opulence and birth; and the meanness of his intellect was rather an inducement than objection to Octavius to become a party to a league, of which the powers would be eventually wielded by the predominance of talent and political sagacity.

The meeting of Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus took place in an islet of the Labinius. After solemnly exchanging protestations of interminable amity, they proceeded to the terms of that triumvirate which deluged Rome with blood. They divided among themselves the provinces and legions; each triumvir was invested with sovereign authority; the consular dignity was abolished; they resolved unanimously on a war with Brutus, Cassius, and their partisans; and each agreed to the surrender of his private friends to satisfy the vengeance

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Antony as a willing slave; as the moving cause of Cæsar's wars and usurpation; as the affliction of the commonwealth—"hujus luctuosissimi belli semen tu fiusti * * reipublicæ causa pestis atque exitii." His other imputations on the youth of Antony, and his obscene sarcasms on his intercourse with Curio, are too *expressive* to be quoted. Such a catalogue of crimes, recited in a varying strain of vehemence and ridicule, is yet announced by Cicero as an imperfect history of Antony's iniquities. The modern sense of decency will be offended at the inconsistency of the accuser. In the first philippic, he avows himself the *friend* and *debtor* of Mark Antony; in the second he declares the tragedy of Cæsar's murder *incomplete.* The inference is plain; and later, in the same philippic, he reproaches Rome with Antony's existence. The oration, it is true, is fraught with virtuous indignation, though portions of it are deformed by personal malevolence. Its conclusion, though rapid and succinct, embodies the magnanimous devotion of a Roman; and vindicates, if uttered with sincerity, the glorious name conferred on Cicero, "the Father of his Country."

of his colleagues. By way of rendering this union more compact, Octavius was to marry Clodia, the daughter of Fulvia, now married to Mark Antony, and formerly the wife of Publius Clodius.

Octavius had already been affianced to the daughter of Servilius,* called Isauricus, in consequence of his achievements in the Cilician war. It is uncertain if he cohabited with her; at all events, their union was of short duration. The alliance, too, of Clodia and Octavius was transient and unhappy; and little of her history is known to us beyond the circumstance attending her repudiation. When Fulvia, her mother, learned the intimate connexion of Mark Antony with Glaphyra, she resolved on the retaliation of his adulterous indulgence; and, in spite of the alliance of her daughter with Octavius, her passion fell upon the youthful triumvir. Fulvia, equally impatient in resentment and in love, imparted her propensity to Cæsar; who, not content with the rejection of her overtures, exposed her wantonness in epigrams distributed throughout the city—an act of cruelty at once gratuitous and faithless, of which the nature of Octavius was notoriously capable. At the same time he dismissed her daughter, and embodied in an act of cold malignity an insult to Mark Antony, to Fulvia, and his wife.

The memory of Augustus† has been consecrated with undue and prodigal applause. The grateful adulation of the learned has studiously adorned his character with more than fanciful devotion; and the enlightened patron of the poets (for such in truth he was) has been transmitted to posterity with praises utterly inapplicable to his character, which partook but little, if at all, of generosity and virtue. But if we separate the keen and cruel politician from the erudite and courteous patron, we have ample reason to concur with the encomiums lavished by the learned on Augustus in the latter character. It may seem invidious to remark, that even here, perhaps, he acted from the ruling motive of his life—his interest. Virgil and Horace, notwithstanding their indecent flattery, shed a lustre on their patron's name, which well might recommend him to the admiration of the vulgar. It might possibly beget the pardon of a generation nearly grown to

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* "Sponsam habuerat adolescens P. Servilii Isaurici filiam; sed reconciliatus post primam discordiam Antonio * * * privignam ejus Claudiam, Fulviæ ex P. Clodio filiam, duxit uxorem vix dum nubilem. Ac simultate cum Fulvia socru exorta, dimisit intactam adhuc, et Virginem."—*Sueton. in Aug.* 62.

† The impartial, excellent, and cautious Brotier (Stemma Cæsaram illustratuni 43) in his character of Augustus, has condensed without confounding the testimonies of the ancient writers—Suetonius, Tacitus, Florus, Victor, Seneca, and Pliny. Without expatiating on his vices, he adverts to the inferiority of his virtues; and has given us a masterly and faithful draught of the politician, while he has carefully abstained from a portrait of the man. "Actandum unus Julianarum etiam partium dux reliquus, cuncta, discordiis civilibus fessa, nomine principis imperium accepit. Tunc pacis studiosus, doctorum hominum cultor, egregiarum artium instinctor munificus, omnium animos per annos ferme quadraginta quatuor sibi adeo devinxit, ut Augustus, pater patriæ appellaretur. * * * Vir, si diligenter æstimentur cuncta, *fama quam Virtutibus Celebratior*; nunquam principatum adepturus, nisi pessimi fuissent Lepidus et Antonius, maximus Dictator Cæsar, optimus Vipsanius Agrippa. Laudandus tamen quod imperium, aliena virtute partum, arte plurima substinuerit, et Romam, quam lateritiam acceperat, marmoream reliquerit."

puberty since the crimes of the triumvirate; if so, the effects of such superb laudation were inestimable to the hopes of an usurper, who had risen to power by artifice and bloodshed—who had recalled in the meridian of his life the blessings of prosperity, security, and peace, to a country long distracted by the ravages of civil discord—and who stood in need of all the accessories of renown, to make the dispositions of his illegitimate authority the rule and guidance of the Roman people, when, in the slavish language of his parasite, he was called to the "Assembly of the Gods." But if his favour and protection were engaged by literary merit, they were denied on trivial grounds, indeed, to the unfortunate and exiled Ovid; on grounds * so inconsistent with the anger of Augustus, that they at once prescribe our incredulity. Was it probable that he, who was the author of the filthy and unmanly epigram on Fulvia—that he, who could retire from the triclinium with a consular lady,† in the presence of her husband, and lead her back into the self-same presence, suffused with burning blushes, to her supper—that he, to whom Mark Antony addressed the infamous, yet famous letter "quid te mutavit?" etseq. —that he, who was a member of that company where

> "Sexque Deos vidit Mallia, sexq. Deas;
> Impia dum Phœbi Cæsar mendacia ludit,
> Dum nova divorum cænat adulteria"‡—

was it probable that such a person would condemn a glorious poet to interminable exile for the warm and glowing pictures of the Ars

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* Aldus Pius Minutius, in the life of Ovid, collated from his works, has cited all the passages adverting to the causes of his exile. He reasonably rejects the poet's passion for Corinna and the Ars Amoris as the grounds of Cæsar's persecution. Ovid's lamentation on his accidental knowledge of a fact *unnamed*, "alterius facti culpa silenda mihi est," may partly guide our inferences, though it cannot gratify our curiosity :—

> "Cur aliquid vidi? Cur noxia lumina feci?
> Cur imprudenti *cognita culpa mihi* est?
> Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam;
> Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis."
>
> De TRIST.

Again :—

> "Inscia quod crimen viderunt lumina, plector:
> Peccatumq: oculos est habuisse meum.
> Non equidem totam possum defendere culpam;
> Sed partem nostri criminis error habet."—3 *Eleg.* 5.

Scaliger, in his concise and bold address (loquitur ipse Ovidius ad Augustum), at once declares the infamy of Cæsar, and reproaches Ovid with the shame of having deservedly applauded him :—

> "Impia flagitiis squalent *penetralia* diris;
> Damnati superant nomina fæda rei
> * * * *
> Cum te laudarem, tunc sum mentitus; ob unum hoc
> Exilii fuerat debita pæna mihi."

† M. Antonius super festinatas Liviæ nuptias objecit, et fœminam consularem e triclinio viri coram in cubiculum abductam rursus in convivium rubentibus auriculis incomtiore capillo reductam."—SUETON. *in Aug.* 69.

‡ These verses were notorious in Rome, but their author was unknown.

Amoris? The testimony of ancient authors would lead us to conclude that Ovid had unfortunately seen Augustus, the reformer of the morals of his country, in an act of incest. It was important to a prince, who aimed at the correction of the vices of his people, to extinguish such a light as Ovid could have thrown upon his own; and, accordingly, a Roman knight, without the forms of law, was condemned to the severity* and distance of a Scythian exile; hardly can it be supposed for the exuberant effusions of the "Ars Amoris," since the verses of his flatterer, Horace, are replete with naked thoughts, obscene expressions, and detestable proposals, which supply an accurate criterion of the distorted passions of the poet and the prince. We may admire the government of Augustus, the choice of an Agrippa or Mecænas, the peace and happiness which, after a career of avarice, duplicity, treachery, and bloodshed, he introduced to Rome. He abandoned cruelty, it is true, when cruelty was useless. Such is the language of encomiasts. This is, surely, meagre praise; and Seneca observed of him with admirable point, "*Clementiam non voco lassam crudelitatem.*" There is not an instance of the clemency of Augustus on creditable record. The anedote of Cinna is, perhaps, a fabrication, clumsily contrived, and totally belied by a notorious discrepancy. Dion Cassius places the event in Rome, and Seneca in Gaul. The *solitary* specimen is, therefore, doubtful at the best. But the facts of incest and adultery—of his repudiation of Scribonia, on the day of her delivery of Julia—the proscription of three hundred senators, of two thousand knights, and of many heads of families of plebeian order, whose riches were their crime—of executions ordered in the very moment of festivity—of the cruel murder of Cæsarion, whom he had acknowledged as the king of Egypt—of the bloody outrage on the prætor, Quintus Gallius, who was put to torture, and afterwards delivered to the executioner, though not before his eyes were plucked from their sockets by the hands of the "divine Augustus," are established on irrefutable evidence. These are facts which constitute a character beyond the slavish flattery of parasites, and bring a blush of shame and indignation on the cheek of manliness and virtue. Augustus was by nature cold and cruel; when Mecænas saw him on the judgment-seat proceeding to an act of vengeful condemnation, he wrote upon his tablets, which he passed to him, "Surge, Carnifex:" the rebuke prevailed, and several citizens were saved from death by the bold humanity of the disgusted minister.

A wise and comprehensive policy, the encouragement, perhaps the love of letters, and the eventful moderation of a life expended for the most part in pursuit of lust, ambition, and revenge, will challenge the applause of an impartial mind—and such applause must readily be granted to Augustus Cæsar; but he never can engross the boundless admiration which flattery and folly have bestowed on him. The monstrous vices of an unnatural sensualist—his avarice and

* A reader, curious af the fate of Ovid, will be gratified with Angelus Politian's elegant and tender elegy "de Exilio et Morte Ovidii."

cruelty—his uniform hypocrisy*—the bloodshed of the proscriptions —the infamous abandonment of Cicero—are facts too stubborn to be wrought, by ingenuity itself, into the shape of virtue; and they fully sanction the remark of a judicious Commentator, that Augustus, in a well-administered republic, should have expiated by the last of legal penalties the first transgression of his criminal career.

On his repudiation of Clodia, Octavius became the husband of Scribonia,† a lady of the illustrious family of the Libones, connected with the Largi, the Curiones, and the Drusi. She had been twice a widow; both her husbands had attained the honors of the consulate; and her daughter, Cornelia, commemorated by Propertius, was the wife of the Censor, L. Æmilius Paulus. The harshness of Scribonia's manners, and the imperfection of her temper, are assigned by Octavius as the cause of their disunion; but, looking at the indecent eagerness with which he married Livia Drusilla, at the moment pregnant by a living husband, and the event in which Scribonia was dismissed from Cæsar's bed, we must suppose a stronger motive than decorum would allow him to profess.‡ Scribonia had no sooner made Octavius a father than he divorced the mother of his child; and the pregnant wife of Nero succeeded to a bed, which hitherto had witnessed neither happiness nor constancy. Octavius had recourse to three repudiations before the age of twenty-five; and though the coldness of a libertine was palpable throughout his early matrimonial character, his connubial intercourse with Livia was affectionate and exemplary to the last.

When Fulvia roused the party of Mark Antony to arms, the adherents of the absent triumvir assembled at Perusia. Tiberius Nero was among them; but partaking of the consternation with which the growing power of Octavius filled all Italy, he precipitately fled, with the design of joining Antony on the Sicilian coast. Livia, the wife of Tiberius Nero, with their son, the future emperor of Rome, were the companions of his flight. The emissaries of Octavius, apprised of their departure, were thickly stationed on the line of country which the fugitives were likely to pursue; but as their journies were performed at night, and by unknown or unfrequented roads, they

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* Gibbon says concisely of "that subtle tyrant—a cool head, an unfeeling heart, and a cowardly disposition prompted him, at the age of nineteen, to assume the mask of hypocrisy, which he never afterwards laid aside. With the same hand, and probably with the same temper, he signed the proscription of Cicero, and the pardon of Cinna. His virtues, and even his vices, were artificial, and, according to the various dictates of his interest, he was at first the enemy, and at last the father of the Roman world."—*Decline and Fall*, vol. 1, c. 3.

† "Scribonia, Lucii Scribonii soror, uxor Augusti; antea duobus consularibus nupta, quorum ex altero, Scipione dicto, Corneliam filiam habuerat." *Stemma Cæsar illust.* Cornelia's illustrious descent is celebrated in the beautiful *Elegy of Propertius*, l. 4, eleg. 11:—

"Si cui fama fuit per avita tropæa decori,
Afra Numantinos regna loquuntur avos.
Altera maternos exæquat turba Libones,
Et domus est titulis utraque *fulta* suis."

‡ Dimissam Scriboniam, quia liberius doliusset nimiam potentiam pellicis." SUETON. *in Aug.* 69.

evaded the researches of the soldiery; though twice, in the vicinity of Naples, they but narrowly escaped detection, when the young Tiberius cried on his removal from his mother and his nurse, who were incapable of such a burthen in the rugged paths by which they sought their point of embarkation. They passed through Sicily and Achaia, and having fixed themselves in Lacedæmon, were compelled again to fly at the imminent peril of their lives; for, as a conflagration raged in a surrounding wood, the flames consumed the robe of Livia, and even burned the tresses of her hair. The most part of the old historians contrast and moralize upon the flight, and perils, and the future destiny of Livia. A Roman soldier of the adverse party, had he chanced upon the wife and offspring of Tiberius Nero, would have propitiated the favour of his leader with their blood. But Livia was preserved to bless the passion of the chief by whom herself, her husband, and her son were ruthlessly pursued; and fortune favoured, in the person of a helpless and unconscious innocent, the future scourge and scandal of mankind.

Fulvia had died at Sicyon, in the East, whither jealousy and indignation had led her to break the wanton dream which Antony prolonged in the voluptuous arms of Cleopatra;* and as she had been the chief incitement to the late commotions which embroiled the empire, the mutual friends of the belligerents attempted an accommodation of existing differences. Mecænas was deputed on the part of Cæsar; Cocceius Nerva and Fonteius Capito maintained the interests of Antony. Their meeting was at Auxur, the modern Terracina; and the fact, important as it was, might rest among the other undistinguished incidents of history, but that the elegant jucundity of Horace has sketched it with a circumstantial truth, that places, at the end of more than eighteen centuries, the very hour, the actors and the scene, perceptibly before us.† In this arrangement the pretensions of young Pompey were respected, and the whole accommodation was confirmed by the marriage of Mark Antony with Octavia, Cæsar's sister, the widow of Marcellus. The celebration of the nuptials was pompous and magnificent; and all the recollections of the past were sacrificed to the felicity and concord of the present hour. The city wore the universal aspect of festivity and reconciliation. The public were rejoiced with shows and every species of amusement. They, who had abandoned Rome from fear, returned securely to their homes; and Tiberius Nero, and Livia his wife, exhausted by a thousand perils and privations, embraced the common opportunity of safety and repose.

Livia now was in the zenith of her beauty, youth, and fascination. She was distinguished by the general admiration and applause of Rome. Her manners, though refined and warm, appeared the pure effect of a superior nature. Her demeanour still was dignified by

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* "Fulvia ingenio ferox et inquieta, sperabat, se motu Italico Antonium a Cleopatra avulsuram."—*Comment. in Sueton. Aug.*

† ——— "Subimus
Impositum saxis late candentibus Auxur."—Et seq.
Serm. I. 5.

pride, which she was capable of tempering at pleasure, and of preserving inoffensively in her communication with the various grades of Roman life, to which she affably apportioned her civility and condescension. Octavius had already witnessed the accomplishments of Livia, and was smitten with the beauty of her person. His admiration grew into attachment, and the ardour of his assiduities became the subject of remark. The pomp of Cæsar's feast, upon the rasure of his beard, a ceremony of established splendour among the higher classes of the Roman people, was ascribed to his desire of winning Livia Drusilla by the exhibition of inordinate magnificence. Though Tacitus has questioned the propensity of Livia, there appears but little reason to suppose that either decency or conjugal fidelity repressed the eagerness of Cæsar's suit. It was whispered that she had even gratified his passion before the forms of law had rendered her legitimately subject to his wish. Her natural ambition was decisive of the choice presented to her, in the mediocrity of Tiberius Nero and the supremacy of Octavius. The latter, independently of his exalted state, presented the allurements of a character and person which readily prevailed on the affections of a susceptible and intellectual beauty. He was in the flower of life; and the historians, when describing him, appear to have delighted in the minuteness of detail. The proportions of his figure were so exquisitely just, and his carriage was so graceful and erect, that his stature, somewhat lower than the middling size, appeared of full dimensions, unless immediately beside a person of considerable height. His hair was light, and naturally curled; and the expression of his eyes was said to be so vivid, that the vision of beholders was averted by the dazzling splendour of their glance: yet, notwithstanding their peculiar brilliance, his countenance, when he was either silent or discoursing, was tranquil and serene. His teeth were uneven, few, and small; his eyebrows joined; his nose was aquiline and prominent, and his complexion of a palish brown. His body was suffused with natural spots, which lay along the breast and abdomen, in number and position in the likeness of the constellation called the Bear. Octavius, too, possessed a gracious, affable, and kind deportment; his powers of conversation were variable and great, and eminently calculated to persuade in politics or love. Thus endowed, with all the circumstance of state and fortune to assist him, his suit to Livia was successfully preferred, and he accordingly solicited Tiberius Nero to divorce his wife, that he might own by lawful marriage the charms which touched him with so much enthusiasm.

The request of Octavius to Tiberius Nero had the effect of a command; yet the former was desirous that his union with Livia should be sanctioned by the apparent acquiescence of her husband. But as the existing law forbade the marriage of a woman for ten months from the date of her divorce, Octavius, with a show of reverence for its authority, convened the College of the Pontiffs to inquire if it were legal to espouse a pregnant woman; and the augurs were besides instructed to consult Apollo and the chief divinities of Rome. It will not be doubted that the oracle of the gods and the decision of the pontiffs concurred in an opinion favourable to the wishes of Oc-

tavius; and no sooner was the divine and human sanction known than Tiberius Nero, acting as the father of his wife, bestowed her on his anxious supplanter, who celebrated his alliance by a sumptuous feast. Before the expiration of three months the bride of Cæsar was delivered of a son, called Claudius Drusus Nero. Octavius had been long suspected as the father of this child, and hoped to silence the conjecture by transferring it, as soon as circumstances would permit, to the protection of Tiberius. But this precaution was inadequate to quell the rumours of the city; and malice, artfully involved in adulation, impeached the virtue, while it gratified the vanity of the reputed parent. It was said, the progeny of a religious prince disclaimed the common laws of nature, and that the blessing of Ilithyia had matured in three auspicious months the ordinary growth of nine; a fulsome yet sarcastic compliment, which impugned the chastity of Livia, and clothed the eager wantonness of Cæsar with a flattering absurdity.

There was at least indelicacy in the marriage of Octavius, if the received opinions of his time did not regard it as an act of irreligion. But if the offences of a prince may be justified by precedents, the union of Livia and Octavius was capable of that defence. Mark Antony had recently espoused Octavia, while pregnant by Marcellus. The marriage of Pompey with Æmilia was a case in point. She was pregnant by another when Pompey took her to his home. At the same time he repudiated Antistia, overwhelmed with sorrow for the murder of her father, who had fallen a victim to his zeal in Pompey's cause.* Again, too, though the instance of Hortensius and Cato Uticensis had been partially extenuated, the facts remained unalterably fixed.†

While Livia gloried in her elevation, her fears were roused by the reverses of Octavius in his war with Sextus Pompey. The rupture of these chiefs renewed the violence and cruelty of civil discord. The military operations of Octavius at the onset were eminently unsuccessful. His naval armament, the work of care and an immense expenditure, was twice destroyed. He had reason to mistrust the truth of Lepidus, whom he had vainly summoned to his aid. To crown the

* The story is replete with tragical events; and Christian piety would see the retributions of offended Providence in the calamities which compose it. The mother of Antistia, impatient of the dishonour of her daughter, terminated her existence; and the unfortunate Æmilia expired in child-birth in the house of Pompey.

† It is needless to investigate the casuistry used to qualify an action recommended to the unreflecting by the lustre of a noble name. And though Tertullian in his generous disgust has confounded Cato Uticensis with the censor of that name, his satire is abundantly complete and applicable, if the pander and philosopher appear in one. "O sapientiæ Atticæ et Romanæ gravitatis exemplum! leno est philosophus et censor." That Cato consulted Philip, the father of his wife, on the question of her transfer to Hortensius, is surely no exoneration from a shameless acquiescence, when the love or spirit of a husband should have indignantly repelled the overtures of lewd effrontery. The approbation of the father fills the picture of philosophic infamy; and Cato's consultation of the parent, far from palliating his fault, extends the error of his feeling, whilst it adds another agent in disgrace, the last that should be found on earth, a father as a willing partner in his daughter's shame.

whole of his disasters, he was signally discomfited by sea in sight of the Sicilian shore,* when half his fleet was sunk or otherwise disabled. When Livia witnessed such a series of reverses, she began to think that fortune had forsaken Cæsar for the cause of Pompey; a cause remembered still in Rome with reverence and zeal. Mark Antony was but a distant and uncertain aid;† the sensual triumvir had totally resigned the cares of government, and lay entranced in the enjoyments of a senseless passion. Rome was troubled with appalling prodigies and monstrous signs, which were interpreted according to the fears, the folly, or the wishes of a mixed community. In the midst of Livia's apprehensions, she was solaced by a singular adventure, which furnished ample subject for the flattering artifice of divination. As she was going to her country house near Rome, an eagle which had seized a pullet with a branch of laurel in its bill, descended with its prey and dropped it gently into Livia's hands. The augurs who interrupted the omen, declared that Livia would partake of sovereign power; and the laurel-branch, upon the same infallible authority, implied the happiness and fame of her posterity. But little time elapsed before she seemed approaching the fulfilment of the augury; for Pompey was defeated in a naval fight, which utterly destroyed his party and his hopes for ever.‡ The hostile fleets, consisting each of near 400 sail, engaged between the points of Naulochus and Myle to the westward of Pelorum. Ingenuity and valour were conspicuous on either side. Agrippa led the fleet of Cæsar; that of Pompey was commanded by Democharés, who acted with consummate skill. The hostile chiefs, with their respective armies, were spectators from the shore of the important conflict, which assigned the empire of the western world. The fight was bloody, valiant, and protracted. The beholding armies were in breathless doubt and agitation; when Agrippa having sunk some vessels of his adversary, the soldiers of Octavius rent the air with acclamations and struck the troops of Pompey with dismay. His fleet was beaten and dispersed; Democharés despatched himself, and Pompey fled towards Asia, to perish by the stroke of an assassin.§

Octavius marked his triumph by excesses of the meanest and most

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* Eutrop. Brev. l. 7. Appian. l. 5.

† Florus impeaches Antony's oblivion of his country, of the Roman name and toga, and the badge of consular authority, that, in very mind and dress, he might assume the *monstrous* likeness of a king. In his hand he swayed the regal sceptre; by his side he wore the Median cimitar; his purple garment was fastened with enormous gems, and on his brow he wore the diadem of Ægypt, that he might possess, in all the pomp of royalty, the person of the queen.—Flor. *Epitom.* l. 4. c. 11.

‡ "Pompeium inter Mylas Naulochum superavit; subhoram pugnæ, tam "arcto repente somno devinctus, ut ad dandum signum ab amicis excitaretur," *Sueton. Aug.* 16. He adds, the jest or the reproach of Antony, who discovered in the sudden sleep of Cæsar, the symptoms of united fear and superstition. The fit forsook him when Agrippa had achieved the victory.

§ Dion Cassius relates that Antony had written letters directing Pompey's death; that subsequently, he repented these instructions, and despatched an order for his preservation. By accident the latter letter was the first delivered to the hands of Titius, who on receiving afterwards the order first addressed to him, fulfilled the fatal mandate of the triumvir.

sanguinary vengeance; yet, attentive to the object of supreme authority, his legions were rewarded with a liberal gratuity, and thus became the willing instruments of his ulterior ambition. The servile senate was profuse of homage and concession; yet of all their tenders to Octavius, he availed himself of two alone; the privilege bestowed on Livia and Octavia of disposing of their property by will, and of that decree, by which their persons were assigned the same inviolable honour as that conferred upon the tribunes of the people. Octavia had now obtained permission from her brother to depart for Greece to join Mark Antony. When she arrived at Athens, this amiable and lovely woman found letters from her husband, commanding her to stay her progress; on pretence of his immediate departure on his Parthian expedition. The generous Octavia both knew the cause and felt the cruelty of Antony's abrupt injunction; and responded but by asking how and where she should bestow the presents she had brought him; for she came provided with considerable sums, with military stores, and a reinforcement of 2000 men in full equipment for his cohort.* Cleopatra could appreciate the noble character and beauty of Octavia, and dreaded their effect upon the fickle heart of Antony. He was therefore watchfully beset by all the artful creatures of her pleasures, who governed him alternately by pictures of her tenderness and grief, of her abandonment and love. The enchanting queen herself employed the most effectual wiles of womanhood for his detention, and equally prevailed by her dissembled tears and rapturous caresses. On Octavia's return from Athens, the unfeeling insolence of Antony was canvassed and condemned. Cæsar felt for the dishonour of his sister; such at least was the pretence on which he menaced Antony with his resentment. Octavia's elevated soul regarded but her husband's welfare and the peace of the republic; she conjured Octavius to behold her wrongs, as she endured them, with the patient hope of Antony's reform; but Cæsar saw and seized the crisis of his destiny. The despicable Lepidus† had sunk into obscurity; he had sought and gained the pardon of Octavius; degraded from political importance and shorn of his enormous wealth, he languished with the empty forms of the pontificate. Cæsar had tried the strength and popularity of Antony in Rome, by the discussions of the senate, which professed the love and service of the former with unqualified servility. The decisive fight at Actium shortly followed, and Cæsar now was sovereign of the world.

In the fight at Actium, Cleopatra has been charged with treachery to Antony; it is more apparent she was urged by momentary fear; but if her nature yielded to the terror of the conflict, she endeavoured

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* Plutarch, in Anton.

† Appian records the scorn or clemency of Cæsar, and the gross servility of Lepidus, who approached Octavius, in an *altered* garb, and would have knelt before him as a suppliant. But this humiliation Cæsar spared him, though he was dismissed to Rome in mean attire, divested of the powers of 'Imperator,' and retaining but his station in the priesthood. "Mutatoque ad Cæsarem habitu procurrit, cæteris veluti ad spectaculum quoddam insequentibus. Cæsar advenienti assurexit et ad gluna procumbere volentem prohibuit, verum eo habitu quo venerat indutum Romam misit, privatum imperatoris loco; nec aliud quam sacerdotii quod habuerat pontificem."—Bell. *Civilib.* l. 5.

to repair misfortune with a noble energy. When Antony, dejected by reverses, joined her at Alexandria, she was gallantly attempting to transport her gallies from the Egyptian to the Ærythræan sea. Her daring and enthusiastic mind conceived the project of abandoning her country and of seeking out a distant shore, where love and sovereignty might yet prevail beyond the arms of Cæsar. And yet she was prepared to end them at the frown of destiny; and had devised, from the result of several poisonous experiments, the easy means of self-extinction. Is it likely that a woman, thus fraught with all the fire of love and heroism, would secretly concede Pelusium to the Roman arms—a city of enormous wealth and strength, which gave possession of the Delta, and opened a communication with the rest of Egypt? or was it likely to have fallen by the treason of Seleucus? Afterwards, at least, *he* was a traitor to his queen; and the wretch that could betray his sovereign's confidence, when danger and distress beset her, deserves the worst conjectures of mankind. Cæsar was inexorable to the prayers of Antony; his promises to Cleopatra were specious but indefinite. He was recalled to Rome by the entreaties of Agrippa, but resumed hostilities in the ensuing spring. Had Antony been capable of permanent exertions; had he even caught the energy of her by whom he was enslaved, he might, before the fatal cession of Pelusium, have starved the Roman capitol, and given law to his victorious enemy. On two occasions he exemplified the conduct of a hero; it was however followed by such intermissions of effeminacy, that it conduced but little to reanimate a sinking cause. He is said to have defied Octavius to a single combat; but the latter coldly answered, "Anthony might think of many other ways to end his life."* Treachery and desertion followed on reverses. When information was conveyed to him of Cleopatra's death, he put his sword into the hand of Eros, exposed his breast, and bade him strike; but the faithful servant, reverencing the person, and overwhelmed with the misfortunes of his master, dealt the blow upon himself and perished at his feet. This solitary instance of devotion, in the midst of infidelity, dissolved him into tears. "If thy heart revolted from the killing of thy master, thou has taught me, faithful friend," said Antony, "to act by thy example;" when he plunged his weapon in a vital part. The wound did not produce immediate death, and he in vain solicited the standers by to consummate his end; but they forsook him to a man. Cleopatra, when she heard the cries of anguish, and recognized the voice of Antony, despatched a messenger to bid him join her in her tower, a monument to which she had retreated near the shrine of Isis. Antony, pale and bleeding, was raised into the tower by a rope. The wretched Cleopatra saw him in the agonies of death. She soothed him with the fondest cares affection could suggest, and as she wiped away the blood, still ebbing from his wound, she called him "Emperor, and husband!" The dying triumvir, though speechless, could evince his sensibility to her endearments; and while she held him in her arms, Mark Antony breathed his last upon the lips of Cleopatra. A scene

* Plutarch in Anton.

of tumultuous negociation followed between the queen and Cæsar's messengers. Cleopatra was secretly informed by Dolabella, and indeed she subsequently saw from her discourse with Cæsar, that the victor destined her to swell the glory of a Roman triumph. This humiliation she determined to avert. By Octavius's permission, she visited the place of Antony's interment, and kneeling at his tomb, addressed the manes of the dead; first in the depth of love and tenderness, and lastly in the language of a heroine. The deities of Egypt had forsaken her! she implores the gods of Antony and Rome to shield her from the ignominy of appearing, to her lord's disgrace, in the triumph of the victor; and exclaiming on the misery of life without him, beseeches half his grave to hide her shame and her afflictions. Having kissed a coronal of flowers and wetted it with plenteous tears, she laid it on his tomb.

On the evening of her death, she supped with her accustomed splendour. An asp, the reptile she had chosen for her purpose, was brought her by a peasant, under cover of some figs. Before retreating to her monument, she wrote to Cæsar, who discovered in the tone of her address an earnest of her secret resolution. He despatched his guards in haste; but Cleopatra was no more. When the doors of her apartment were burst open she was dead; her beauty yet was unimpaired.* She lay beneath a canopy of white Pelusian, dropped with gems, upon a golden couch of gorgeous workmanship, attired in all the ornaments of royalty. Her attendant Iras, too, was lifeless at her feet; and Charmian, barely able to support herself from the approach of death, was striving to arrange a diadem on Cleopatra's brows.

In the last decisive struggle between Antony and Cæsar, our interest is strongly roused in favour of the former. There were certain traits of generosity and heroism in the life of Antony, that naturally beget our sorrow for his sad catastrophe. When placed in opposition to that of Octavius, there is infinitely less to execrate and more to pardon in his frailties; and the vices which induced his fall were of a bloodless character. His youth had been corrupted in the profligate society of Curio; his early manhood was expended in the vitiating scenes of civil war, in which perhaps, the cruelty and crimes of one party of necessity became the defensive measures of the other. The terrible example of the times of Marius and Sylla was a monitory lesson, which prescribed the conduct of a chief, whose mercy might be fatal to himself, if shewn to a remorseless or ungrateful adversary. The scenes of the proscriptions had revealed the savage nature of the Roman people: the generous clemency of Cæsar had been followed by assassination; and experience seemed to justify the cruel maxim, that the safety of a chief could be consulted but by the indiscriminate extermination of his enemies. But there is one stain on the memory of Antony, that no apology can soften—his execrable vengeance upon Cicero. He might have wished, and even have ordained, the death

* The venom of the asp was conceived to be narcotic, and Florus compares the death of Cleopatra to a sleep. "Admotisque ad venas serpentibus, sic morte, quasi somno, soluta est."—*Epitom.* l. iv. c. 11.

of an important adversary, whose eloquence—however admirable—was unremittingly directed at his ruin; but it was indeed the hatred of a sordid spirit that could rejoice over the mangled members of a lifeless foe, or offer mockery to the corpse of an opponent, who had maintained the open tone of conscientious enmity. No argument can justify the dissolute career of Antony, nor his desertion of the chaste and generous Octavia,* whose virtues would have shone conspicuous in the brightest eras of her sex. Yet Antony's obliquities will wear a less repulsive character, if we reflect that the intellectual charms of his Egyptian beauty were fully as despotic as her personal attractions. Cleopatra was endued with extraordinary talents; she received, without the aid of an interpreter, the ambassadors of seven nations, who conferred with her in their respective languages: she associated all the powers of pleasing, acquired and natural; her taste was splendid and profuse; the ardour of her attachment was enthusiastic; and every action of her life appeared to spring from generous impulse and the spirit of magnificence. Yet Octavia, as Plutarch says, in beauty was her equal; and the disadvantage of superior age was on the side of Cleopatra. Antony fatally atoned the errors of his infatuation. While the cold and prudent youth of Cæsar was devoted to the solitary object of ambition, the veteran warrior was sunk in amorous fruition; and, as Antipho emphatically said, he offered at the shrine of luxury the greatest of all sacrifices—that of time. The reproach of Antony's abandonment but ill became the lips of Cæsar; yet the wily hypocrite, with a malicious skill, expatiated in the senate on the shameful intercourse of Antony and Cleopatra, at the very moment that the boy Sarmentus (so the historian Delius significantly said) was drinking his Falernian at the Roman court.

The death of Antony and Cleopatra was followed by the peace of the Republic; if the Republic, now the Roman empire, might be called, with Cæsar at its head, possessed of sovereign authority. On his return to Rome he was preceded by the fame of his victorious achievements; his emissaries had prepared the public mind, and the fickle multitude by acclamation hailed the conqueror of Antony the master of the universe. His triumph, which continued three successive days, was splendid and imposing. He triumphed on the first day over Gaul, Pannonia, and Dalmatia; on the second over Antony; and on the third, in which the utmost pageantry and grandeur was developed, he triumphed over Egypt. The effigy of Cleopatra, wrought to very life, was prominent in the procession; the asp, by the venemous bite of which she died, was represented on her arm. Before the chariot of the victor walked the twin children of the Egyptian queen—Alexander, whom she called the *Sun*, and Cleopatra, whom she named the *Moon*. In the order of the pageant, a painted crocodile in golden chains presented the inscription "*Ante, me colligavit nemo.*" The means of recreation and festivity were be-

* "Octavia, Atiæ et Octavii filia, soror Augusti; primum Fausto Syllæ destinata, deinde Claudio Marcello et M. Antonio nupta; fœmina virtutum et litterarum studiis commendatissima. Corinthii templum ei sacrarunt. Defunctam A. U. 743, laudavit Augustus."—*Stemma Cæsar. Illust.* 16.

stowed profusely on the populace, and as Cæsar now had no competitor with whom to litigate the chief authority, the people gladly acquiesced in an ascendant, under which the fierce commotions of the empire might subside. The senate, with its customary adulation, bowed to the usurper, and bestowed all titles, privileges, and distinctions on "the Saviour of his Country." He was created consul, tribune, censor; and, as the dignities of earth were totally exhausted, the appellation of *Augustus* was conferred on him to place him with the gods. The consummate flattery was trusted to the practised skill of Plaucus,* who had won the favour of Octavius by treachery to Antony and Cleopatra. He discharged the servile duty with the ease peculiar to his principles; and Horace, Virgil, and contemporary poets lent the splendour of their genius to adorn the impious suggestions of a mean apostate: and here in reality commenced the imperial character of Cæsar. The immoderate honours offered to himself were showered on Livia with similar profusion. A city was erected to commemorate her virtues; the members of the senate studied to applaud her in orations of extravagant servility. She was called Augusta, and the mother of her country. The poets, in the celebration of her fame, extolled her as a goddess; temples and altars rose to her divinity; and Livia, the most aspiring woman of her age, beheld the dreams of her ambition realized, and the turbulence of Roman liberty supplanted by a tranquil acquiescence in the despotism of an usurper.—(*To be continued in our next.*)

SONNET:—TO SUMMER.

MAIDEN! with sun-dyed locks and brow of flowers,
O how I love thy laughing eyes to see;
Sweet-breathing Summer! thou art dear to me.
What bliss to sit within thy leaf-roofed bowers,
And list the sleep-voiced bee, or patting showers
Dropping on fragrant rose, or green-robed tree;
Wood-waking birds seem made alone for thee,
And welcome in the violet-captured hours.
The clouds above, roll like soft forms of light,
And gold-steeped vallies sleep beneath thy gaze,
While basking hills, pillow thine image bright;
Deep brooks shine clearer 'neath thy skiey gaze,
And glide along in music through the night,
Singing for aye with liquid tongues thy praise.

Author of Songs of the Sea Nymphs.

* If we were to form our estimate of Plaucus by his correspondence with Cicero, we should imagine him a hero, a philosopher, a politician, and a patriot. It is painful, after such an ample evidence of elegance, sagacity, and courage, to contrast that splendid iudex of his character with the meanness of his conduct at the court of Cleopatra; his defection from the republican cause; his intimacy with Antony; his subsequent desertion to Octavius, and his adulation of the *august* usurper. See the greater part of the 10th Book of Cicero's letters, and the ode of Horace (l. 1.) extolling the Tiburtine villa, and dissuading Plaucus from his projected retirement to the Grecian Isles.

POST-OFFICE, ROADS, AND CONVEYANCE.*

"Next to the general influence of the seasons," says the Eighteenth Report of the Revenue Commissioners, "upon which the regular supply of our wants, and a great proportion of our comforts, so much depend, there is no circumstance more interesting to men in a civilized state than the perfection of the means of interior communication." This remark contains a truism upon which it is wholly unnecessary to dilate. Frequent, punctual, and quick communication, may be classed amongst the elements of profitable commerce. It is essential to the purposes of government, and subservient to all the ends of national policy.

In a great commercial country like ours, whatever tends to improve roads, public conveyance, and correspondence, ought to be a matter of the last importance. General prosperity and progress in locomotion invarlably go hand in hand. This has been illustrated by the rapid advancement in social improvement which this country has made since the introduction of mail-coaches. But notwithstanding the comparative perfection at which we have arrived in this department, the probability is that it will bear no proportion to what will be attained during the next quarter of a century. Apart, however, from the change which will be produced by the introduction of new inventions, there is much in the existing systems which is anomalous, expensive, and defective. And amidst the multiplicity of reforms which engage the attention of parliament and the community, there is not one which will be productive of more general or lasting benefit than one which shall cause a thorough revision in these particulars. Upon this point expectation has for some time been alive from the pledge given by his majesty's government that the subject should be considered.

Mr. Fuge, eighteen months ago, published the Essay, which is referred to in the note below, with a view of shewing the defective parts of the existing incongruous and irresponsible construction of expenditure in the numerous trusts for the roads, and suggesting that a more efficient system be adopted by responsible characters to whom their scientific and economical direction may be

* "An Essay on the Turnpike Roads of the Kingdom, and the practicability of uniting them with the department of the General Post-office: also showing the advantages of abolishing the Tolls now collected on all public Roads, and substituting a Rate on each county for the maintainance and repairs."—London: Hurst, 65, St. Paul's Church Yard.

"A Letter to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, as Chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to examine the Turnpike Returns, and to consider whether any alteration can be made in the Law relative to Turnpike Trusts." London: Longman and Co.

"Proposal for a Government Consolidation of the Post-office, Roads, and Locomotive Conveyance, and appropriation of their Revenue for the Service of the State: whereby Taxes and Poor-rates may be reduced, Food cheapened, Manual Labour increased, and Capital distributed."—London: Cochrane and M'Crone, Waterloo Place.

intrusted. For this purpose he first considers the propriety of leaving the maintenance and repairs of the public roads to the local administration of a consolidated Board of Trustees in each county, and for substituting a county-rate on all property, upon abolishing the collection of tolls; and recommends the issue of parliamentary grants of money by commissioners, acting as a Board of Control, for the general superintendence of all new roads, and that the existing debts of the several trusts be funded as a national charge, or upon the resources of each county. Secondly, he shews the practicability of withdrawing the collection of the duties imposed on all carriages and horses used in travelling and let to hire, now collected at the Stamp-Office, and placing the same under the management of his majesty's Postmaster-General; likewise, of reducing and simplifying the impost of duties, by substituting a licence for the several uses, that the appropriation may be made and applied to the maintenance and repairs of the roads under a special Board of Commissioners.

We shall not follow Mr. Fuge through the able reasoning by which, under the first of these two heads, he points out the various evils of road-trusts and their system of management. In order to convey a general view of its magnitude, the following returns made to parliament will suffice:

In England and Wales the number of miles on turnpike roads in 1823 was 24,599.

Income collected by tolls	£ 1,282,715
Expenditure	1,286,085

Being an average of 52*l.* per mile!

Debts on mortgages and balances due to treasurers . .	6,605,543

An example of a large and populous county, Devonshire:—

In 1820—24 trusts—794 miles . . .	£193,418 debts.
In 1830—24 trusts—870 miles . . .	336,280 debts.

It may, therefore, be fairly inferred that the number of miles on roads in 1831 was not less than 28,000 and the amounts of debts in England and Wales at least *nine millions* sterling.

This speaks trumpet-tongued of the deep impolicy of the existing system. But how can it be otherwise whilst the management of the trusts remains in the hands of a number of self-elected, irresponsible individuals, without further control than the majority of interested members, whose mutual object is the improvement of those lands through which the lines pass, and which lands are their own? "Every acting trustee," says Mr. Fuge, "is fully aware of the conflicting interests at all times exhibited, and the lavish expenditure practised to suit the convenience of individuals, for which no check exists." Indeed, this is acknowledged by the highest tribunal, the system of management being particularly noticed in the Report of the House of Commons upon Mr. M'Adam's claim in 1823; for it states, "Whatever plausible appearance the plan may assume of appointing a number of noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, and tradesmen, as commissioners of roads, the *practice has ever been found at variance with the supposed efficiency of so large a number of irresponsible managers, and the inevitable consequences of a continuance of this defective system*

will be to involve the different trusts deeper in debt." Thus corroborating the opinion of that able, judicious, scientific, and practical road-maker, the late Mr. Edgeworth, who states the origin of all the defects in the system to be "the want of an *economical application* of the trust funds, as nothing relative to the construction or modes of drawing can avail much towards the improvement of the roads."

On the *second proposition*, "that of abolishing the existing impost of tolls, and providing a substitute for defraying the charge of maintaining and repairing the public roads," Mr. Fuge remarks, "Much variety of opinion may be expected, as by some it is contended that no fairer mode can be resorted to than that of taxing the traveller for the use of the road. Much as this may appear plausible from long usage, it will be attempted to shew that it is very objectionable in the detail, from the inequality in the scale of impost, by the practice of raising the tolls upon the renewal of the lease, in order to provide for the increased outlay in projected improvements, and the high rate of interest paid for the money so raised. Nor can such proceedings be otherwise than productive of evil, so long as these conflicting parties exist; *viz.* the trust under the shelter of a long lease—the public as contributors without the power of control—and the parish constituting the highways under the agricultural interest, which, when resorted to for aid to the tolls, leave the burden on the occupier of the lands."

We cannot follow Mr. Fuge into detail upon this subject—but shall simply say that it appears to him most desirable that the vexatious impost of tolls should be abolished, and the funds required for the maintenance and repair of roads, raised by means "of a county rate on lands, and all property whatsoever therein. By this substitution the inequality of tolls imposed in various parts of the kingdom would be avoided, and a saving of the charge now incurred in the collection of the income of not less than 15*l.* per cent. He also suggests "a transfer of the existing debts by mortgage on the tolls, and the anticipated reduction of charge for interest, by placing the security to the lender upon a better footing;" he considers that much labour is not required to prove, that, as a national benefit is to arise, the debts may be funded upon annuity either as a national fund or a local county debt, and the reduction of interest may be estimated from one and a quarter to one and a half per cent., the present average being not less than four and a quarter per cent. Taking the whole amount of debts for England and Wales to be nine millions sterling, the gain would be above one hundred thousand pounds per annum."

As Mr. Fuge's remedial suggestions upon these different topics are swallowed up in Mr. Broun's "*Proposal for a Government Consolidation of the Post-office, Roads, and Locomotive Conveyance,*" to urge which upon the attention of our readers we have more prominently in view by taking up this subject, we shall not proceed to consider them. The extracts that have been given exhibit the evils, and the propriety of removing them; but the remedy, to be effectual, must be more sweeping and comprehensive than what is submitted. Before, however, coming to the *Proposal*, we shall strengthen these preliminary state-

ments by some extracts from Mr. Porter's LETTER to the Duke of Richmond which has just issued from the press.

Mr. Porter addresses his Grace the Postmaster-General as "Chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to examine the Turnpike Returns, and to consider whether any alteration can be made in the law relative to Turnpike Trusts." He states—"I feel more at liberty to do this, because I believe your Grace to be zealous in every endeavour to improve the present laws relating to roads, and to be open to receive from any one hints which may tend to further the object in view; but more especially from those whose profession and practice have qualified them to make useful suggestions. The following observations are made with deference, after ten years' practice as a road surveyor and engineer, and after having carefully perused the minutes of evidence given before the above-named Committee last year.

"In the first place, having had frequent opportunities of witnessing the operation of the present laws relating to roads, I confidently give my testimony to the fact, that such operation bears unequally and unjustly upon the country; and that the roads themselves, and particularly parish roads, are, in most places, in a very indifferent or ruinous state of repair, while the funds derived from the country for their support are more than sufficient, under a more perfect system of management, not only to keep them in repair, but to produce continual and increasing improvement. These are facts which are, if proved, sufficient to demonstrate that the laws themselves are deficient and inefficient, and at the same time that they are susceptible of great improvement.

"The short limits of a letter, and a knowledge that your Grace has received full proof of the existence of the evils to which I bear my humble testimony, render it unimportant and unnecessary that I should enter into particulars which would justify my general opinion. But were it otherwise, I could state much on the subject. For instance, the great amount of Tolls, Statute Duty, and Composition taken under one set of trustees, or under the order of one bench of magistrates, and the small amount levied in other districts. This evil arises principally from the great number of trusts, each having gates which do not free each other. I am tempted, as an illustration, to state the comparative amount of tolls on four roads, contiguous to each other near this town, under four distinct sets of trustees:—

	Miles.	No. of Gates payable.
"Oswestry to Llansantffraid, Montgomeryshire, distance (*Undes three sets of trustees.*)	8	3
"Llanymynech to ditto (*Under two sets of trustees.*)	3	2
"Ditto to Burlton (*Under one set of trustees.*)	15	1!!!

"(The two first demand double toll on Sundays; the latter not.—The rate of tolls taken at the three gates is, I think, alike.)

"To render this gross anomaly and injustice more glaring, I should state that the first two roads, where the frequent toll is taken, lies in

a much better situation in regard to obtaining material, than the latter; and are not burthened with any thing like a proportionate amount of debt.

"Having thus adverted merely to the present imperfect state and operation of the law, which appears to be generally admitted, I will proceed to submit a proposition for improving it.

"The greatest, most radical, and difficult question with which the legislature has to deal, is that of *Consolidation;* not as to whether or not consolidation is desirable (for I think that is admitted on all hands); but as to the *degree* to which such consolidation ought to be carried. This question is beset with difficulties, and demands consideration, whether such consolidation shall take place partially (I mean of particular trusts or other roads) or altogether?—I beg to submit, as my opinion, that the only way to legislate on the subject of roads, which will tend to produce permanent and increasing improvement to the whole of the roads in the country, would be to annihilate all the present Turnpike Acts, both general and special, as well as the several Highway Acts,—and *consolidate,—not one trust or set of trusts,—or this or that parish road,—but the whole of the* PUBLIC ROADS *in the country,* of whatever kind they may be, as well turnpike as parish roads, and place the management in the hands of the most opulent and intelligent gentlemen of the country, and a general board of control and advice in the metropolis; and thus create an efficient power too independent to allow the funds to be squandered in paying high prices for materials—in making alterations which are not required by public convenience—or to allow one part of the country to be exempted from tolls at the expense of another.

It is true that the mutations which have taken place in the state of civilization in this country, have induced laws which distinguish the roads into turnpike and parish roads; but I contend that when the former were first made, it was only a step in that radical change which is now required. There is, in fact, little but an arbitrary distinction between the true nature of turnpike and parish roads: their essential property, that of being *public* highways, remains common to both, and they demand equally the protection of the government of this civilized country; and particularly if it should be evident that funds may be easily obtained for their support, without producing an additional tax on the country, which I have before contended may be easily accomplished."

With respect to raising the funds, Mr. Porter proceeds to propose that "the present debts upon turnpike roads be transferred from all the different trusts to the government, who should give transferable securities for the same at 4 per cent., which I think would be preferred by the creditors; and more especially if made transferable without expense. After this has been accomplished, there would remain this essential duty for the performance of government, viz. *To provide a new fund equal to the reparation of all roads in the kingdom, and to the payment of the interest of the present debts*—Such fund may be provided by tolls, to be taken on the roads, or partly by a toll and partly by a tax, or altogether by a toll; the latter method I recommend. I would provide such fund in the following manner.—

First of all, sweep away entirely all statute-duty and composition; which, while it sits unequally and unjustly upon the farmer, is not, if spoken of in the bulk or aggregate, of much profit to the turnpike roads.—Then put up a sufficient number of gates, with tolls to produce the necessary fund. Let the gates be erected in such situations as may be equitable to the public, without any regard to their being on any particular district, and the funds of *all* paid into the Bank of England, or some general depository, from whence all payments may be made. The quantum of allowance to each district should be made upon an estimate of the surveyor, after having been submitted to and received the sanction of a meeting of local trustees. This proposed mode of raising the funds would be attended with this recommendation, viz. *it would tax the parties who travel over a road, and those only, with the repair of it.* This mode of taxation appears to be just in theory, and, I believe, would be easy in practice. Besides, it would obviate one great and just cause of complaint, now generally made by farmers—that they are, by the present law, taxed in two ways for the repair of roads; first, by tolls, in an equal ratio with the public at large; and, secondly, by statute duty and composition, in a greater ratio, according to profit, than others of the community.

I apprehend that the sum necessary for the repair of all the roads in England, and for the payment of the interest of the debt, could be easily raised by toll in this way, without laying a burthen on the back of any one greater than he now bears; while the destruction of the system of repairing the roads by statute-duty and composition, would very much tend to the relief of farmers, and I think that the funds thus lost would be rendered unnecessary by the reduction of the expenditure which would attend a course of systematic, economical, and skilful management."

Mr. Porter then proceeds to make some valuable observations in detail; but it is sufficient to give the bare outline of his plan, which, from his long experience, he considers simple in construction, easy in administration, economical and effective in operation.

The opinions, then, of these two writers, who, from their long practical acquaintance with the subject, may be deemed in every respect competent authorities, is decisive in support of the position that the present system of Roads and Trusts is most defective and injurious. Indeed, upon this point we believe there is no difference of sentiment. With respect to the remedies, however, proposed by these gentlemen, neither of them go far enough. We have adduced them as evidence as to the necessity for a complete revision of the existing system, but only as runners to the much more comprehensive and important proposal submitted by Mr. Broun. As the subject is new and not much promulgated, we shall now proceed to lay the substance of his pamphlet before our readers.

"The ROADS of the kingdom, and the present mode of PUBLIC CONVEYANCE upon them, are both shortly about to undergo a complete change. The latter by the introduction of Locomotive Carriages,—the former by being accommodated for their use.

"These changes will take place without any reference whatever to the abstract question of whether the systems of roads and public car-

riages be good or bad. We simply state it as a matter of certainty, that such as they now are they will not much longer continue to be.

"That a change also in the department of the POST-OFFICE is needed, has long been known, from the five volumes of the Revenue Commission Reports, which are especially devoted to the exposure and reform of its abuses; and that it will shortly be effected, notwithstanding the opposition that was made to an inquiry last Session, may be inferred from the renewed motion of the Hon. Member for Greenock, for the appointment of a Select Commission to investigate its state and management, which stands for Friday next, the 6th instant.

"From these three circumstances combined, the present moment presents an opportunity, which if omitted, may never again so favourably occur, for submitting a Proposal to Ministers and the nation at large, the adoption of which will not only put the systems of Roads, Correspondence, and Conveyance, upon the best possible footing for the public service, whether as regards economy, efficiency, or convenience; but, over and above, will make their accruing revenues a source of national wealth, sufficient to reduce taxation, and effect a change in our domestic condition, to an amount that will improve the whole social state of our society.

"Ten years have nearly elapsed since Gurney solved the great problem, that the mighty agent which to such a vast extent has supplemented the physical energies of Great Britain, may be extended to the yet higher purpose of equally multiplying her economic resourses. So far back as the year 1831, enough had been done in this new modification of elementary power to justify a Committee of the House of Commons to report, after a long and close investigation of the subject, that 'sufficient evidence had been adduced to prove—

"'1st.—That carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads, at an average rate of ten miles per hour.

"'2nd—That at this rate they have conveyed upwards of 14 passengers.

"'3rd—That their weight, including engine, fuel, water, and attendants, may be under three tons.

"'4th—That they can ascend and descend hills of considerable inclination, with facility and safety.

"'5th—That they are perfectly safe for passengers.

"'6th—That they are not (or need not be, if properly constructed) nuisances to the public.

"'7th—That they will become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses.' &c. &c.

"Since that date many important improvements have been made in the detail, and though many more will undoubtedly be effected as steam carriages come into general use, still they have already reached a degree of perfection sufficient to enable a Committee of eminent engineers, with the practical and circumspect Telford at their head, to report, as the result of an experimental journey, made upon the mail coach line of the Holyhead road, on the first of November last—

"'That there can be no doubt that, with a well-constructed engine, a steam-carriage conveyance, at a velocity unattainable by

horses, and limited only by safety, may be maintained; and that it is our conviction that such a project may be undertaken with great advantage to the public, more particularly if, as might obviously be the case, without interfering with the general use of the road, a portion of it were to be prepared and kept in a state most suitable for travelling in locomotive carriages.'

"In consequence of this satisfactory result, a company is now forming under the auspices of Sir Henry Parnell and Mr. Telford, to run steam carriages upon granite tracts on the mail coach line of the Holyhead road, whilst other companies are in agitation for Bristol, Brighton, and other districts of the country.

"The comparative cheapness of steam conveyance upon tramways, which can be laid down at one-tenth of the original outlay for railways;*—the durability and solidity of their material, deposited in long square blocks, the different sides of which, as they become worn, may be presented in rotation;—the superiority of the locomotive engines which will run upon them—bearing, as regards *power*, to the engines upon rails the ratio of a pressure upon the square inch of 150 lbs. and upwards to 50 lbs.; whilst, as regards *economy*, the tear and wear of the respective modes is allowed to approximate so closely as three to one,†—all conspire to render it a matter of moral certainty that in a few years an elementary mode of internal communication will supersede every other for the transit of passengers and light goods.

"The proposal which we beg to submit to the Legislature, and for which we are anxious to procure the co-operation and support of the nation, is, that the whole administration of affairs connected with Roads and their trusts, with the Post-Office and its revenue, with public Locomotive Conveyance and its returns, should be consolidated under Government, and the funds arising from the same appropriated for the service of the state.

"In this way, over the face of the whole kingdom, there would shortly be introduced an uniform, simple, cheap, and well organized system of roads, conveyance, and correspondence, instead of the expensive, complex, ill-arranged, and injurious one, which now prevails.

"It does not fall within the limits of a paper like this to go farther into detail. Our object is simply, in reference to this important matter, to suggest the change, leaving it to Government, should the idea be entertained, to appoint a Special Commission to make inquiry

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* The estimated cost of a tramway to Birmingham is £300,000; that for the railway, £2,500,000; which is less than what the Manchester and Liverpool Railway cost, mile per mile, by £2,184,295.—*Journal of Steam Transport, pages* 50 *and* 58. Published by Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

† An opponent of steam carriages for common roads, in a paper upon the "Comparative expense of locomotive power on railways and common roads," in the Mechanics' Magazine, No. 549, says, page 330, "According to our present knowledge, the resistance on a railway is in the ratio of one-third of that on the best granite road that has yet been formed; one-seventh of that on the best formed common road, and one-twelfth of that on the ordinary turnpike-roads." If steam carriages can with economy overcome the greater resistance, how much more will they be able to overcome the less!

into the subject, and prepare a Bill to carry it in the best manner into execution.

"With respect to the need for reform in the Post-office department, we have only to refer our readers to the exposure given of its abuses in the last number of the *Westminster Review;* abuses which are characterised as 'so glaring and prejudicial to the public weal, that they prove beyond all controversy that the internal concerns of the Post-office, which many persons suppose to be admirably conducted, are, in point of fact, carried on in a most irregular, insecure, and extravagant manner.'

"We cannot, however, leave this part of the subject without cursorily remarking how greatly the public service would be forwarded by being relieved from the acknowledged inconveniences of the Statute Labour Acts—the conflicting interests of local trustees—the inefficiency of large bodies of irresponsible managers—the burthens entailed by the habitual misapplication of the funds—from the vexatious arbitrary imposts of tolls and the expense of their collection—and the whole round of narrow prejudice, intolerable selfishness, and ruinous mismanagement, which envelope the present modes of internal communication.* Also, how it would relieve Parliament, already overladen, from the laborious and troublesome duties relative to the road acts, which are constantly engrossing the time and attention of the House, and which, from the great increase and press of other business, now form a burden too heavy to be borne. Further, it will enable Government to protect the interests of the numerous and important bodies in whose hands the existing system of conveyance is placed, by forming arrangements with them of such a nature as would admit of their establishments being kept up, and themselves and servants employed in the introduction of the substitution; whilst, over and above all, it would allow the poor rates to be applied to preparing the roads for locomotive conveyance, which cannot be done unless it is made a state measure.

"Had the change in our system of internal locomotion, which the application of an elemental power will effect, been limited merely to an accelerated, cheaper, or more comfortable mode, the whole argument in support of our Proposal would have resolved into its commercial importance, and the financial advantages to arise from its being appropriated for the use of the public purse. But when it is further considered that the removal of brute labour will effect a most extensive change upon the *economical* condition of society, by saving food and extending human labour, the measure assumes a magnitude and importance greater than any that ever was proposed for public co-operation. We trust, therefore, that we need not apologize at a

* The expense of collecting the Post-office Revenue is from £24 to £30 per cent; that of Tolls £15 to £20. When Turgot entered on his administration, he caused estimates to be made, which shewed that the money contributions for repair of roads would be about 10,000,000 livres a year, whereas he shewed that the execution of their repairs and constructions by contributions of forced labour, would not be less than 40,000,000 livres. A similar saving in this country would arise from a thorough revision of the present anomalous laws, and the substitution of an equalized County Rate.

moment when the nation is labouring under all the evils incident to its having reached the limits of population, and when there is an imperative necessity for the adoption of some practical measure of relief, if we take a cursory review of the political advantages that will arise from the adoption of the Proposal.

"It will become then a source of national wealth:

"1st—By enabling Government to *reduce taxation*. It is difficult to form an estimate of what the profit may be upon the capital invested in tramways, and locomotive carriages. The data afforded by working Mr. Hancock's steam omnibus for the six weeks that it plied for hire last summer, between the Bank and Islington, as given in the Journal of Steam Transport,* shows a profit of upwards of 80*l.* per cent. Colonel Macerone, from the outlay incurred in running his steam carriage in various trips, amounting to about 2,000 miles, calculates upon even a higher return. The trifling expense of laying down tramways, and the great decrease which they will occasion on the tear and wear of machinery, and the further perfection of locomotive vehicles, renders it highly probable that, besides reducing fares, a clear profit of at least 50*l.* per cent. will arise upon the capital embarked. In addition to this will be added the saving which will be effected, if Government takes up the proposal, in the maintenance of roads; the annual average charge for which, in England and Wales, is calculated to amount to the enormous rate of 50*l.* per mile, and which good economy will materially reduce. From these two sources of revenue, with that of the Post-office combined, it is perhaps not too much to say, that an annual revenue of from six to ten millions will ultimately arise from the adoption of the Proposal for the relief of taxation.

2nd—It will admit of the reduction of the *poor rates*.

It has been well remarked by an Hon. Member, in speaking of the poor rates, that their administration is one main cause of whatever distress is prevalent amongst the working classes. It may be equally with truth said that their mismanagement has been the cause of their fearful increase. Had they been given in the shape of *work* instead of that boon for idleness, *money*, their burden would have been comparatively unfelt. As it is, after making provision for the aged and infirm, there is an available sum of 6,000,000*l.* yearly, which may be made over to Government, to be applied in preparing the roads for the introduction of locomotive conveyance, in exchange for the removal of some of those taxes which press exclusively upon agriculture. Their application in this way would shortly be twice blest to rate-payers, for it would relieve them of taxation, and that by a way which would make the poor rates in a short time effect their own extinction.

"3rd—It will *cheapen food*.

"The sweeping away of the 600,000 horses which, it is calculated, are exclusively employed in mail coaches, stages, and draught, will feed nearly five millions of people; whilst the further extension of steam to purposes of husbandry would have the effect of adding, as

* Published by Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

it were, a new territory to Great Britain, equal in extent to Ireland, without the drawback on her unmanageable population. At the present moment it is calculated that the consumption of grain by human mouths in Great Britain is about 32,000,000 quarters, of which not one-twentieth part is imported. But the saving that will arise from the removal of the horses used for transit alone, will be equal to more than what is consumed by the fourth part of our population. A change which will enable England to grow food sufficient for her own supply, will be attended by the most important benefits, for it will check the suicidal system now pursued, of Ireland sending us annually the food which she requires for her own subsistence, together with the starving hordes who should eat it upon their own soil. It will further permit our agriculturists to retain amongst themselves the 15,000,000*l.* which is yearly sent out of the country for flax, hemp, cotton, tobacco, and foreign corn, all of which this change will permit to be reared at home. The conversion of Ireland, comparatively speaking, into a clothing country, would speedily make her a richer market for our manufactures than any that our free trade theorists will ever find abroad.

"4th—It will *increase manual labour.*

"The application of steam hitherto to physical purposes only, which to a vast extent has multiplied the conveniences of life, has, nevertheless, been accompanied with evils of no little magnitude. It has abridged human labour, unbalanced production and consumption, and aggregated those causes which have occasioned stagnation, idleness, and distress. The extension of steam to economic purposes *i. e.* the removal of brute labour, will remedy the evils of its partial application, by giving an impulse to the coal trade, the iron trade, road making, machinery, &c. sufficient to improve the whole industry of the country. Should the present mode of stage coach conveyance continue for the next twelve years, there would be expended £70,000,000 sterling upon the purchase, and the keep of the horses exclusively employed for the purpose, all which sum would be a dead loss to the community at large; since it would be sunk partly in the consumption of food, partly in the purchase of a perishable commodity, in whose fabrication is employed no manual labour whatever, whereas the change will vest it in human hands. The whole culture and transport of the country is at present carried on by live machinery, to the production of which no human labour is necessary. The two millions of horses that now consume the food of sixteen millions of people, and in whose purchase is sunk a fluctuating unproductive capital of upwards of £30,000,000, were not *put together by human artifice.* But the locomotive carriages which shall supply their place, must be dug out of the bowels of the earth, smelted in the foundry, and fashioned on the smithy. They require human hands to make, and human hands must also provide what puts them in motion—fuel. The extension of steam to economic purposes will therefore open up new, permanent, and boundless fields of manual occupation. It will improve the *general industry* of the nation, for hitherto it has only made *goods,* but now it will also make a *market.*

"Lastly, the adoption of the Proposal will *distribute capital.* It is one of the worst features of our social condition, that the wealth of

the country is getting into the hands of a few individuals. At the present moment the nation is rapidly dividing into two classes—usurpers and paupers. A change in this system is imperatively called for, as essential to public confidence and the well-being of society. Already the security of property has become in a great measure nominal, simply from the circumstance that the great mass of the community have now no stake in the national wealth. Public confidence and public prosperity alike require that this should be amended. We do not plead this change upon the abstract principles of duty and honesty. The day is gone by for appeals either to philanthropy or patriotism. We rest it upon the stern necessity of the case. It is an axiom in civil polity—a law unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians—that 'A PROPER DISTRIBUTION OF THE RESOURCES OF A STATE IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO THE INTEGRITY OF ITS EXISTENCE, BECAUSE THE NEGLECT OF IT MUST TERMINATE EITHER IN ANARCHY OR DESPOTISM.' We are just bordering upon this cond ition. There is now no general wide-spread prosperity amongst the various classes of our society. And though the wealth of Great Britain is still enormous in quantity, nevertheless that it does not produce effects commensurate with its magnitude, the increase of misery and crime, sedition and insubordination, with each succeeding year, too fully demonstrate.* This system must be changed; nor can it ever be so in a more extensive, or less objectionable manner, than by the adoption of a proposal that will distribute capital, and effect alterations, which, whether viewed commercially, morally, or politically, will be of the utmost importance to society."

We shall not follow Mr. Broun through the arguments drawn from the political state of society, by which he enforces the expedience and necessity for Government adopting his plan. A morning paper, in a leading article upon it, makes the following observations, in which we cordially agree. "We cannot doubt after taking a view of this proposal, and the subject which it refers to, that, with improved communication and reduction of taxes, employment to manual labour will be afforded, food cheapened, and capital distributed, to an extent that must guarantee the most important change in the social condition of the country. We really think that the project holds out the fairest promise of a realization of this result; but then in proportion to our conviction upon this point is our doubt whether ministers will have the spirit, prudence, and judgment, requisite for the adoption of a proposition so novel and important. The change is too complete and sweeping; and, we might add, the advantages of it are far too probable and definite to allow us to suppose that the plan will meet with the approbation of our reform professors who hold the reins of government. Yet we do trust that the proposition will be strenuously advocated in parliament, and that it will be urgently enforced upon the government to accede to the appointment of a commission of inquiry into the subject of a consolidation of the post-office, roads, and locomotive conveyance, with a view to the ascertaining of the mode

* No stronger proof can be adduced of the magnitude of this evil, than the fact that the deposits of private individuals last year with the Bank of England, bearing no interest, amounted to nearly 10,500,000*l.*, not including 4,000,000*l.* of public balances! Prior to 1825, the deposits did not exceed 2,000,000*l.*

on which their accruing revenues can be best appropriated for the service of the state." It is superfluous to urge the exigent necessity which there is for doing something of a practical kind, to absorb labour, to cheapen food, and distribute capital. Nor can we conceive a more effectual method of accomplishing these objects than the one proposed. That the results anticipated must arise from its adoption cannot be questioned. Steam applied to economic purposes, that is to say, to the removal of *brute labour*, will produce as wonderful a revolution in the political as it has hitherto done in the physical world. With the power, then, in our hands to effect so great an improvement in our social condition, it may not simply be injudicious, it may be suicidal to withhold the will. The deposits of private individuals last year with the Bank of England, bearing no interest (exclusive of 4,000,000*l.* of public balances) amounted to nearly 10,500,000*l.* If this sum was borrowed by government and applied to the general introduction of locomotive conveyance, it would realize eventually a profit of upwards of 50*l.* per cent. for the public service. If this return appears over estimated, we speak advisedly, for documents have already been given to the public, which shew that steam-carriages may be worked at a profit of nearly cent. per cent. Bowed down, then, as the country is with taxation, and embarrassed as Ministers are to procure funds for carrying on the administration of affairs, what should prevent them from appropriating this invention? But this is not all: at a moment of the deepest agricultural distress, and when something must be done to recruit the exhausted resources of our farmers, about 10,000,000*l.* yearly is improvidently sent out of the country for flax, hemp, corn, tobacco, &c., all which the partial removal of horses will allow us to raise at home. Of the poor rates, also, which have hitherto been administered in such a way as to be a premium for idleness and improvidence, there is at least 6,000,000*l.* which could not be more judiciously applied than in introducing a system which will, in a few years, work out their cause by absorbing the whole surplus labour of the country. Including these sums there is involved in the current expenditure of the post-office, roads, and stage-coach conveyance, a sum of at least 40,000,000*l.*, one third or more of which may be economized for the public benefit. "But are our ministers," asks the reviewer from whom we have already quoted, "the men to grapple with this great question?—to determine upon looking not at the difficulties only, but att he advantages of such a proposition as that which has been placed before them?—to attempt, at any rate, to secure to the public a measure promising such extensive and lasting utility? Not they. We have no hopes of them. So far as they are concerned, the imputation put forth in the *Westminister Review* will be verified, not falsified, as is hoped for by the writer of the pamphlet—'that the post-office will never be reformed from within, and that Ministers are determined to resist all attempts to reform it from without.'"

Time will shew which of these opinions are correct. Of late Ministers have been doing nothing but undoing their remnant popularity. A fairer opportunity was never presented than this of trying back—of shewing that the most important condition under which

they accepted office, viz., *to promote the greatest good of the greatest number*, was a real *bonâ fide* conscientious intention, and not mere worthless verbiage. The more than favourable manner in which Mr. Gurney's petition for the removal of these legislative enactments, which have hitherto opposed and postponed the introduction of steam-carriages, was received a few weeks ago, shews that the House of Commons are fully alive to this most important subject; whilst the very circumstance of their having given 20,000,000*l.* to break the chain of slavery abroad, renders it presumptive that they will not refuse half the sum to introduce a project which will break the chain of pauperism at home. That chain will never be broken in any other way than by the *artificial* means which the progress of invention has put within our power. The substitute in question has been delayed for several years from no other circumstance than want of co-operation; and if it be delayed for a few more, that convulsion may take place, which, through the good providence of God, it seems provided to obviate.

Scotland has already got the start of England in steam locomotion upon common roads. Mr. Russell's steam carriages are plying daily between Glasgow and Paisley. "On Thursday last," says the *Glasgow Argus* of the 18th of April, "a single steam carriage belonging to the Steam Carriage Company of Scotland, performed the most successful runs that have ever been accomplished upon the common roads, having gone six successive trips with passengers between Glasgow and Paisley, and in an average time of forty-one minutes, the first trip having been done in forty minutes, the second in forty-three, and so on; being a distance in all of forty-six miles in four hours and a half, at the rate of more than ten miles an hour. On the previous day the same carriage had run the same distance four times at a similar rate, and on Wednesday it was again done within forty minutes. The other carriages continue running daily, and the communication between Glasgow and Paisley, by means of these carriages, may now be considered as *fully and permanently established.*"

Had it not been for the passing of these toll acts in 1831, which the Committee of the House of Commons in their report acknowledged to be "to an amount which would utterly prohibit the introduction of steam carriages," and the "determination on the part of road trustees to obstruct as much as possible the use of steam as a propelling power," Mr. Gurney's steam carriages, which commenced running for the public between Gloucester and Cheltenham upon the 21st of February, 1831, and continued to the 22d of June, would never have been discontinued, and steam carriages would have been common before this time upon all our great lines of road. We trust, however, that the time is not distant when parliament shall act upon the recommendation of the committee, "that legislative protection should be extended to this the most important improvement in the means of internal communication ever introduced with *the least possible delay*, and that the nation with one consent shall urge the adoption of a project which will go far towards annihilating our distress, instead of simply changing its character. Certainly to accomplish a consum-

mation so devoutly to be wished, "no method was ever submitted so universally applicable as that embraced by this Proposal. It is omnipotent for good, as the want is for evil which it is commissioned to remedy; for it contemplates what alone will prove either a permanent or effectual relief,—the improvement of the employed classes, by and through the improvement of the employing classes. It will give an impulse to our whole commercial intercourse by a mode that will reduce taxation; and what is better, enable us to pay taxation. It will equalize domestic and foreign labour, and allow our manufacturers to pursue with advantage a reciprocal system of exchange abroad, with the addition of a new and prosperous market at home. It will give cheap food, that *sine qua non*, to an ameliorated condition, with remuneration to our agriculturists, and benefit all our trading classes by again balancing production and consumption among ourselves. It will allow the poor rates to be administered in a way that will cause them to work out their own cure; circulate stagnant capital; prevent immigration; relieve the country from excess of labour; and last, not least, tend to equalize the national wealth.

Yes! the POWER to accomplish these changes is now present with us whenever the nation shall possess the WILL. It is then of the last importance that that WILL should be formed without further loss of time. Something *practical* must be done to absorb the surplus labour of the country: and to prove availing, it must be done speedily. It was the opinion of Dr. Adam Smith—and we would not desire a higher authority—'that the roads of the country would be better attended to, and more economically managed, were they placed under the control of government.' But this opinion was expressed at a time, when he did not contemplate that public conveyance could ever be brought about by a method that would also cheapen food, and multiply human industry in all its branches. As preparatory, then, to a bill for 'a Government consolidation of the Post-office, Roads, and Locomotive Conveyance, and appropriation of their Revenue for the service of the State,' which we hope the Postmaster-General will undertake to introduce, we conclude by humbly, but earnestly, urging upon the noble premier and his colleagues in office to appoint a special commission to enquire in what way a measure of such extensive utility for the public good can be best arranged to secure its simultaneous and general introduction. The field is now open and must be occupied, else obstacles will arise, from the formation of private companies which may render its future adoption impracticable. We trust, therefore, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will come down to the House on the 6th of this month, prepared to falsify the imputation put forth in the Westminister Review, 'that the Post-office will never be reformed from within, and that ministers are determined to resist all attempts to reform it from without,' by announcing,—what will be hailed with satisfaction by the nation in general, and by the millions in particular, who are now roaming in idleness and destitution through the land in quest of employment, and finding none—that ministers mean to entertain a Proposal, which will go far to remedy almost every evil under which our social condition labours. The im-

provement of our social condition is no individual business—it is the business of the nation. Let all parties and conditions co-operate for an end so desirable, so needful, so imperative. The wealth of Britain has been justly called 'the wonder of the world.' Shall we then, Tantalus like, perish for need, with an ocean of riches around us? 'Let not foreigners be entitled, in preaching over our graves, to pronounce that we were a people who did not know how to enjoy prosperity—that our money, like our blood, flew to our heads—that our riches corrupted our minds—and that it was absolutely our enormous wealth which sunk us.' Above all, let us not sell our noblest birth-right for a mess of pottage, destroy our agriculture, and unbalance further internal *production and consumption*, when the extension of the beneficent power which has supplemented to such an extent the energies of Britain, which has carried her forward through difficulties which seemed insurmountable,—which has made 'her merchants, princes—her traffickers, the honourable of the earth,—which has stretched out her hand over the sea, and made her the mart of nations,' will remove 'the *burden* upon the crowned isle,' even the circumstance which has made the

> 'Voice one heard
> Delightfully, *increase and multiply*,
> Now DEATH TO HEAR! for what can *we* increase,
> Or multiply, *save penury, and woe, and crime*,'

by achieving that master-stroke of economic science, THE FORMATION OF A COMMUNITY AT HOME, WHO CAN MAKE CHEAP BREAD AT HOME, AND BE SO REMUNERATED AS TO CONSUME PROSPEROUSLY COMMODITIES MADE AT HOME.

TO MADELINE.

My own, my dearest—fare-thee-well!
I see thy sunny smile no more,
No more with me thine accents dwell,
But die like music o'er the shore.

Albeit within my conscious heart
They live embalm'd—a fitting shrine—
And there will dwell each look—each word,
And every nameless grace of thine!

And must I gaze upon thy charms
And ever madly love in vain?—
And wilt thou never bless my arms—
My gentlest, dearest Madeline?

'Tis even so—my cruel star
Has doomed me to the wretched ties,
To see—adore—to woo and win,
But never to enjoy the prize.

ANDALUSIAN SKETCHES.

No. II.—The Steam-Boat on the Guadalquivir.

From Gibraltar a very agreeable excursion to Cadiz and Seville is constantly made by the officers of the garrison. I have visited these interesting cities frequently, sometimes proceeding by sea, but oftener on horseback. You have choice of two roads,—one, over the high range of mountains behind Algeçiras leading through the magnificent passes of the Troçha and Ojen—the other, winding by the sea-shore at the foot of those heights, and conducting you to Tarifa. The voyage and the land journies have each their particular attraction. In a latine-sail boat, with the wind fair, as it always must be, to stem the strong current which sets into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic, the distance is run in about twelve hours. In passing Cape Trafalgar, the boatmen usually steer close to the shoals. The scenery is not uncommon, but I could never pass with indifference the spot where Nelson achieved his last glorious triumph, and met his enviable death. From the bold headland of the Cape, numerous rocks above water, and others scarcely hidden below, run out into the sea; over these the waves break with a loud noise, and the white spray, distinctly seen from afar, gives warning of danger to the mariner. From Trafalgar you soon run into sight of Cadiz, the first view of which would alone repay even a "fresh-water sailor" his painful malady and sufferings. Byron has immortalized its beauties.

By the road through the Passes, one of the wildest mountain-tracks in Spain is seen, and additional excitement is created, by the knowledge that it is the favourite haunt of banditti. Woe to the unwary traveller who, dressed as a citizen, shall venture alone, or even in a small company, to journey this way! It would be a miracle if he escaped being stripped and plundered by the robbers. But it is curious that in no instance has it occurred that these gentry have molested any British officer wearing his regimentals. The well-known scarlet coat is passport and protection all over Spain—a gratifying token of recollection of the services of our army during the eventful struggle of the Peninsular war.

The route by the sea-side to Tarifa is highly picturesque, and it must be a matter of deep interest to every military man to inspect this apparently defenceless town, and call to mind the gallant conduct of the brave Skerrett and his small band, in retaining it against the repeated attacks of a formidable French force, strongly posted on the contiguous commanding ground.

I selected the latter road in the tour I made during the early part of the summer of 1827. Quitting Tarifa, I rode over the field of the battle of Barossa, reached the town of Chiclana at night, and on the following morning was at the Landport Gate of Cadiz. Thirteen thousand French troops under the Viscount Gudin, occupied at this period the city and its vicinity. By the courtesy of a captain of the

34th infantry of the line on guard, I was at once admitted. My British uniform, he said, was sufficient, and rendered unnecessary the usual delays and inconveniences which travellers generally experience on entering fortresses. A close and friendly intercourse had arisen between the officers of the army of the Duc D'Angouleme, and those of the garrison of Gibraltar. On every occasion of the mutual visits, marked civilities were exchanged.

I remained some days at Cadiz, and then determined to proceed to Seville by the "Bœtis," a commodious steam-boat, which performs the passage in about fourteen hours. It is occasionally crowded with persons of all classes, but on the morning I allude to, the only cabin-passengers besides myself were an elderly Spanish gentleman and his daughter: he appeared to be an invalid. Immediately on embarking he laid down upon one of the numerous sofas with which the only cabin was furnished, and the young lady sat beside him in anxious attendance. During the first six hours of our voyage I occupied myself upon deck, enjoying the charming coast scenery, as the steamer stood out of Cadiz Bay, rounded the points of Rota and Chipiona, and crossing the dangerous bar at its mouth, entered the river Guadalquivir. The heat of the noon-day sun induced me to retire below and recline upon a couch. For a time after my entrance into the cabin, my fellow-passengers were silent, and I was nearly asleep. Gradually I became sensible that a conversation in a low murmuring tone was kept up by them. At length the words of the lady were distinct.

"Do not, my beloved father, talk thus. You *will* recover. Ere many hours have passed we shall again be in our own house,—my dear mother's care will restore you to health." He made a faint reply. The audible sobs of the weeping daughter induced me to rise. I was about to return to the deck and cease to intrude upon the sorrows of this evidently unhappy family, when a thrilling piercing shriek from the lady caused me to rush towards them.

"He is dying!—he is dead!" she exclaimed with frantic gesture. I looked upon the old man, and it indeed appeared to me that life was ebbing fast. I hastily disencumbered him of his cloak, loosed his cravat and vest, and took his hand. It betokened approaching dissolution, and yet he seemed to revive. He looked at me and spoke:—

"Who are you, kind stranger, that thus troubles yourself for a wretched old man?"

"An Englishman," I replied, and stammered an apology for intruding my assistance.

"Then God be praised!" rejoined the dying man, only attending to the first part of my reply;—"Amalia is safe. You will protect her. You will conduct her this night to her mother. I am content. I know the honour of the English. All will be well." He grasped my hand convulsively whilst he uttered these words I could only answer by an assenting pressure. He did not speak again, and in a few moments all was over. I performed the last sad offices for the dead. I closed his eyes, covered the body with the cloak, and carried the insensible Amalia to a distant

sofa. There was no other female on board the steamer, and I was obliged to call in the assistance of the astonished captain and his servant. It was some time ere any of the remedies to which we had recourse for the recovery of the lovely orphan (and most beautiful she was) succeeded. The captain was loud in his selfish lamentations. What was he to do with the dead body of a man he knew not! What would become of the girl!—I at once silenced him.

"I am answerable," said I, "for all expenses. My acquaintance with the deceased is not certainly of long standing, but I claim him as my friend, and I have pledged my word to protect his daughter in safety to her home." With infinite difficulty I ascertained from the afflicted maiden that her name was Amalia R——, and that her family resided in a house nearly adjoining the *Casa Pilata*, close to the outer wall of Seville. The steam-vessel did not reach the *Muele del Vapor* (the quay) until nine o'clock in the evening. I promised liberal reward to the unwilling captain to allow the corpse to remain undisturbed until midnight, and I gave him the few dollars I had in my purse, as earnest of my intentions. He sullenly consented. It was then a heart-rending task to induce the unhappy Amalia to quit the body of her father. At length I prevailed, and she committed herself to my guidance. It is not the custom in Spain for a female to lean on the arm of a man, even though he be her near relative. It must therefore have been a shock—a pang to this lovely and truly delicate creature, to be obliged to permit my supporting her almost sinking frame from the landing-place to the quarter of the city where stood her home. But she consigned herself to my protection in a manner so touching and so confiding, that no man—no gentleman—could by thought or deed have infringed upon the strictest rules of decorum. Fortunately, from the several previous visits I had made to Seville, the city was well known to me, and particularly the situation of the *Casa Pilata*, which, being a house built from a model of that of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem, is always shewn to strangers by the Cicerone, as one of "the lions." No guide or inquiry was therefore requisite, and I silently conducted the weeping girl to the street. She pointed out her dwelling; I rapped gently at the door.

"*Quien esta?*" (Who is there?) was demanded from within.

"*Gente de paz*" (Peaceful people), I replied, in the manner usual in Andalusia. The latch of the door was immediately lifted by a pulley from above, and we entered the inner court. I now had to carry my fainting charge up the stairs. On the landing-place of the gallery, we were received by an old female, holding a lamp, who on discovering us, dropped the light, and screaming ran into an apartment. Thither I followed, and deposited my lovely burthen upon a couch. The cries of the nurse brought from an inner chamber the mother. She was nearly speechless with astonishment and alarm.

"What is this!" at length she exclaimed, advancing eagerly towards her daughter. "Amalia with a stranger! and where is Don Carlos?—Where is your father?" I answered her questions.

"Don Carlos, madam, is, I regret to say, very seriously indisposed. At his request I have conducted the young lady to her home. I fear she is much exhausted." At once she comprehended all.

"He is dead!" said she, with frightful calmness, falling on her knees beside Amalia. "I knew his weak frame could not endure this journey—could not bear the parting with Pepê. But he *would* undertake it, and why was I not permitted to accompany him instead of this dear child?" She paused for an instant, and tears came to her relief; then addressing herself to the old nurse, who stood by wringing her hands, and uttering piteous exclamations of "Ay de mi! —Misericordia!" "Go, Margarita," said she, "to the convent; call Padre Mendez." The domestic went away, and I stood aloof from the maternal attentions and assistance which were so requisite.

At the expiration of a few minutes, a priest entered the room—an aged man, of a mild, benignant countenance, dressed in a long black robe, his waist encircled by a white cord, from which was suspended a large silver crucifix. He had gathered but little information as to what had occurred, from the nurse, during their rapid walk from the convent; and he turned his expressive, inquiring eye upon me, soliciting some explanation. I whispered to him the particulars of the melancholy event I had witnessed.

"God will reward you, generous foreigner," said he; "but let us leave the ladies to their affliction—let us proceed to the river-side—our way lies by my convent, where we must obtain further assistance."

I followed the friar. At the end of the street he rang the bell at a convent-door.

"Tell Manuel," said he to the porter, "to follow us to the quay, with the bearers, and let them bring the bier—there has happened a death."

We passed on and reached the vessel. The captain was rejoiced to be rid of the corpse—he "was apprehensive of detention, and must start again for Cadiz at day-break." The bier soon arrived, and the body of Don Carlos was placed upon it.

"Now," said the priest to me, "retire to your inn; but first let me give you my benediction, although, perhaps, you are not of the true church."

Involuntarily, almost, I removed my hat. He placed his hand lightly upon my head, and uttered a latin prayer, and then continued, in Spanish, "God be with you! Come to-morrow to the *Convento del Carmen*—enquire for me—for Padre Mendez. You must hear the story of this unfortunate."

I repaired to my old quarters, at the *Fonda del Leon de Oro*. Supper was placed before me, but the well-dressed *olla* and the olives (*aceytunas de la Reyna*) were removed untasted. I threw myself upon my couch, disturbed and in low spirits, but at length slept. On the following morning I was sitting in the refectory of the convent with the padre.

"I have," said he, "passed nearly the entire night with the family. Doña Isabel, the mother, is a pious woman. She is already tolerably reconciled to the will of the Deity. Amalia is young, and will be more composed anon—but she has told us of the sad scene of yesterday, and of your invaluable assistance. They are an unhappy family. Don Carlos de R——, and Doña Isabel, are

both of good blood. They were united in early youth, and have but one son and one daughter. Don Carlos filled for many years the distinguished office of *administrador* (director) of the *Alcazar*—the royal palace here. About a year since, ill-health obliged him to retire upon the moderate allowance granted, in such cases, to public servants. The fond parents doated upon these two children, and particularly upon the boy. *Ojala!* (Would to God!) the son Pepé had been as deserving as that dear girl Amalia! But, alas! it was doomed to be otherwise, doubtless as punishment for the many unconfessed sins of the parents. He was a rake—a spendthrift—a gambler. About two months since, in a night brawl, sallying from a *monté* table, he stabbed to the heart a fellow-reprobate, and was immediately secured by the police. The grief of the old people was beyond description—it broke the father's heart. In Spain, the laws are not administered as I read they are in your country. All Seville was interested for Don Carlos and Doña Isabel, and especially for the gentle Amalia. For their sakes great exertions were made to save the son from the ignominious fate to which he was justly doomed. A pardon was obtained from the king, on condition of the culprit being banished for life from his native land. I have witnessed many extraordinary sights—have seen many obdurate men during my seventy years' pilgrimage in this world, but never did I look upon a more unfeeling villain than Pepé proved himself to be, on the morning he was delivered up to his agonized father, who was permitted to conduct the undeserving youth to Cadiz, and see him embarked on board a vessel bound to the Havana. I would have attended Don Carlos, but the numerous calls of my flock would not allow it. He went, only accompanied by Amalia. The ship on board of which Pepé was embarked has sailed for Cuba. You, good Englishman, I find came up the river with the father (may he live in heaven!) and the exemplary daughter, on their return. The exertion was too much for the weak frame of the broken-hearted old man—it killed him. But for your kind assistance, the situation of the maid would have been additionally lamentable. In the name of the widow then, I thank you; and if, as I hope, you propose to remain some days in Seville, you must receive the acknowledgments due to you from her own lips, as well as from those of Amalia. At nightfal the funeral mass will be sung; to-morrow the remains of Don Carlos will be consigned to the *Campo-Santo* (burial-ground). Now retire, my son, and again I bless you."

I left the good old padre, and wandered about the spacious cathedral in melancholy mood, endeavouring to recover myself in viewing again the many incomparable pictures of Murillo, which adorn the walls of this splendid edifice. At night, wrapped in the folds of my Spanish cloak, to avoid observation, I walked towards the *Casa Pilata*. As I entered the street, I met the funeral procession, made distinct by the glare of wax lights and torches. The ceremonies of the Catholic Church are always imposing. First walked four youths, in white linen robes, carrying large wax candles; then a single priest, wearing his rich altar vestments, bearing the consecrated wafer, placed within a glass lanthorn, at the end of a long, highly orna-

mented silver baton, and held up to general view and adoration. "The Host" was followed by a large body of priests, holding candles of various-coloured wax, and singing in musical tones of deep bass, the affecting hymn for the dead. Now came the corpse, laid upon the bier, dressed in its shroud, the face and hands uncovered—the latter clasped as in prayer. The rear of the procession was formed of the immediate friends of the deceased, all carrying lighted tapers, and a crowd of persons of both sexes, chiefly of the lower class, furnished with flaming torches. I moved onward with these into the church, witnessed the solemn service, and withdrew unobserved.

The next day I commenced my inspection of the many fine collections of pictures to be found in the numerous convents and churches, as well as in private houses, and I had the gratification of seeing some rare productions of the Spanish school in the galleries of a gentleman named Bravo, and of an English resident, Mr. W———. During the week I was thus occupied, I witnessed a curious scene in the theatre. The words of "*Il Barbiere de Sevilla*" had been rendered from the Italian into Spanish, and the opera represented for the first time to the *Sevillanos*. Rossini's music was admirably executed by a scientific orchestra, but the singers were of mediocre talent. The characters were, however, most correctly dressed, not of course in the ridiculous costume termed Spanish on our London stage. I should, however, except from the term *mediocre*, the performer to whom the part of Figaro was assigned. I omitted to note his name, which, indeed, deserved to be remembered—he was super-excellent. The overture, and the first act, were listened to with almost breathless silence, by a crowded audience. When the drop-scene fell, they could no longer contain their feelings of delight. The men expressed themselves in loud *vivas* and deafening shouts; the ladies, by the waving of scarfs, the rapid opening and shutting of fans, and approving glances from bright pleasure-speaking eyes. As the performance proceeded, the enthusiasm increased, and when the opera was ended the noise was tremendous. Some of the audience, thinking the author and composer must be a Spaniard, and in Seville, called for him. Had Rossini been present to answer the call, his reception, I am certain, would have delighted him. This scene was the more remarkable, as it is not the custom in the theatres of Spain to express approbation, except in a noiseless exclamation of "*bueno*."

I was sallying forth from my *fonda* one morning, when I encountered Padre Mendez. "I am come to seek you, my son," said he; "I am rejoiced to find you still here. *Vamos*. Let us go to Doña Isabel. She would be more unhappy than she is, if you had left us before she had seen you again. Amalia, too, is better—she desires to thank her protector." I would fain have been spared this interview, but the priest would take no denial, and I accompanied him to the house. Doña Isabel received me cordially. She was quite collected, spoke with clearness and calmness, but in tones of deep emotion, as she returned me thanks. I had, on entering the apartment, ascertained, by a hasty glance, that the daughter was also there. She was seated upon a low chair, near to a window,

and rather behind the mother. I saw she had more difficulty in controling her feelings. At length she joined in the conversation, and the purport of the few sentences she uttered, in the softest of voices—in the charming idiom of Andalusia—is still fresh in my recollection.

"Generous Englishman," said she, "let me, too, express my grateful sense of the invaluable service you have rendered me. But for you, what would have become of me during that fearful day and night! You are a soldier. May the god of battles watch over and preserve you! May you live to be honoured and distinguished!" She rose and gracefully approached. "*A modo de las Inglesas* (in the manner of your countrywomen) I offer my acknowledgments," and she held out a most exquisitely-formed, white hand, for my ready clasp and pressure. I could not but retain for a moment this hand, and gaze upon the interesting girl. She appeared to be about eighteen, and of a singularly elegant form. A profusion of the deepest jet-black hair was bound in tasteful bands around her head, but leaving distinct to view her high dazzling brow and delicately small ears. For a native of the south, she was remarkably fair, but still the dark full eye shewed the descent from the Moorish conquerors so perceptible in all the inhabitants of Andalusia. I could scarcely tear myself away, but the uneasy gestures of Padre Mendez and of Doña Isabel warned me it was time to depart, and I unwillingly made my adieus.

"*Esta casa es de usted*" (this house is yours), said the mother, in the ordinary compliment of the country; but I did not consider it either proper or prudent again to intrude on their sorrows. I remained only a few more days in Seville, and then returned to my military duties at Gibraltar.

Two years since, I again passed through Seville, and paid a visit to the *Convento del Carmen*. Padre Mendez was still there, and I was gratified to find that he immediately recognized me. From him I learned that Doña Isabel and her daughter had removed to Cordoba; that Amalia had rejected several unobjectionable offers of marriage, without apparent reason; and that her mother, seeing her resolution, had left Seville to avoid the importunities of the suitors. Serenades were nightly performed under their windows, and various duels had been fought in the street.

"If you go to Cordoba," continued the good father, "do not fail to present yourself to to the ladies. Be assured that the English officer will never be forgotten—will ever be welcome." I had time, and did not lack inclination to look again at the *mezquita* (the cathedral mosque). But I refrained. Amalia could never be more to me than she had been—an interesting acquaintance, and I knew myself to be of susceptible *matériel*. I could not then meet again this lovely girl without emotions and feelings I dared not encourage, and I avoided the danger.

I am now reaching a sober and steady age. I shall probably soon resume my wanderings in Spain—pay another visit to Seville, and pass through Cordoba. I shall not do so without enquiries for Doña Isabel and Amalia. I shall be sincerely rejoiced if I learn that Amalia has blessed with her hand some worthy Spaniard.

J. W.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SCENE II.—*A Cottage in the Tyrol. Time, Sunrise.*

Enter HOFER *and Swiss Soldier.*

HOF. So, Fritz, is all prepared?
FRITZ. It is, my lord.
HOF. Then leave me for awhile—I fain would linger
A little, ere I quit the scenes I loved
From infancy to manhood; fain would throw
A long, perhaps my latest glance, on all
My heart most cherish'd. Leave me, faithful Fritz,
And pardon me my weakness—but a moment,
And I will rouse me from my woman's mood
To Switzerland, and freedom.—
(After a long pause.)
Beautiful sun!
That climbest up the mountains, flinging wide
A sea of rosy light on icy crag,
And toppling pinnacle of pathless snow;—
Spirit of life and beauty! that dost love
To pause in thy majestical career,
And bend thy brightest and most glorious smile
On Switzerland, my country!—and ye light gales,
That, rustling through the depths of the pine forest,
Startle the quick-eyed izard from his lair,
And waft a dewy fragrance, wide and far,
On earth, and heaven, upon the waving wood,
And on these flowers my own Annette has planted;—
Hear me! 'tis Hofer breathes his last farewell
To all he loves on earth, except his country!
(The air of the Ranz des Vaches is heard, HOFER *bursts into tears, and pauses for some time.)*
Away! away! ye dear delicious dreams
Of all I was. Alas! to have been happy
Is the excess of misery; and yet
The mind will cling with fond and passionate longing
E'en to that shadow of a shade.—
Farewell my native vales, and ye sweet strains
That fall upon my cold and desolate ear,
As the light breezes of the odorous south
Upon a stagnant pool, farewell—for ever!
There is a something busy at my heart,
A gloom upon my spirits was not wont
To steal upon me otherwise. God of Heaven!
If Hofer falls, protect his wife, his children;
And save, Almighty Father, save his country!

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—First Yarn.

The galley is the only place on board a man-of-war where smoking is allowed: it is the custom for the men to occupy one side of the deck and the officers the other. After supper is the time that Jack likes his pipe, and he well knows about that time he will find lots of sea-lawyers holding forth in the galley to a large and admiring audience, all thunderstruck at any "feller" having such a "gift of gab." Although these people are the worst sailors and the most lazy rascals in the ship, and as such justly treated with contempt, when doing duty, by their more honest though less loquacious shipmates; yet, when the duty is over, and they take their place in the galley, they are looked up to as paragons of learning.

Many a good yarn is told by some old weather-beaten fellow, and listened to with the greatest attention by the younger sailors. There is always something new to be heard here; either a long yarn told by some old forecastle-man, or a most amusing argument between two sea-lawyers, who go on slaughtering the king's English without the slightest remorse.

I am fond of hearing these drolleries, and observing the uncultivated talents of these hardy sons of Neptune. It is for this reason that I often go over the starboard side of the deck to smoke my cigar in a snug corner, and listen to the humours of Jack in his moments of recreation. And strange tales I have heard at times: I think I could form an amusing and not a very small volume with "galley yarns." I shall relate one in character, as I think Jack's "yarns" are always better rough as they come from the mine, than when polished by (as Jack calls us) "quarter-deck gentry."

"Give us a light, there, Tom, my 'bo'," said an old quarter-master to the captain of the after-guard, who was sitting on a quarter-tackle, waiting for the usual meeting.

"There ye are, lad," said he; "bring yourself to an anchor on the truck of this gun." These were two famous fellows for spinning yarns; and, having both doubled the Cape, were privileged to make embellishments which would have done honour to any biographer or historian of the present day.

The gun, that they had made their own by constantly being seen there smoking their pipes after supper, was the general rendezvous for talkers and listeners. Whether it was that the weather was too hot on the lower-deck (we were then at Malta), or they did not approve of "Phillimore," I cannot tell, but they were at their station some time before most of their shipmates had finished their pint of the "purser's best." To tell a yarn without listeners was quite out of the question; besides, they knew they would be called upon when the top-men came up; so they sat puffing out volumes of smoke in a silence worthy a Dutch parliament. Seeing these two Solomons seated, I took my station near them, and smoked my cigar in silence, thinking silence would not last long; nor was I mistaken.

"Tom," said Will Gibbon, the quarter-master, "as I was at the

conn to-day, just afore we comed to an anchor, the skipper and the first leaftenant came and leaned against the hammock-nettings, and began to spin such a yarn! By gum! they launched such long ships I could not understand half their lingo: but one word I caught hold of, they used it so often."

"What was it, Will?"

"Wait a bit; dam'me I ll think on it directly: wen—wenti—No, that was'nt it, neither; I know; avast now, I'll tell you—wen—wentriloquist! Ah, that was it."

"Holloa, Will, by gum that was a jaw-breaker: what do you call it?—wentilist?"

"No, wentriloquist; I'm sure that was it, but what it means I'll be d—d if I know: do you, Tom?"

"No, but I suppose it was summut to eat; I'll swear there's no such rope in the ship, from the truck to the keelson."

"I say, Tom, let's ask the sarjeant of marines: them sodgers knows most about the land-crabs, and I suppose it's something consarning of them."

Away they went to inquire of this important personage, who was excessively fond of launching long ships (as Jack calls making use of long words); he pretended to great "larning," and always carried a Johnson's dictionary in his pocket to study when he was not engaged. I expected to derive some amusement from the explanation, so I shifted my berth a little nearer to the oracle.

"I say, sarjeant," said Will, who was generally spokesman, "we've been having a bit of an argyment consarning wentriloquist, and we wants you to tell us what it means. I say it's summut about the shore; Tom says it's summut to eat."

"I'll tell you directly," said the serjeant, pulling his dictionary out of his pocket. "I know the meaning myself well enough" (not liking to confess his ignorance on any subject), "but I want to find an easy explanation for you who haven't had the benefit of a good edication. It's a sad thing, Will, you never went to school; you don't know the pleasures of learning; you are in Gothic ignorance. I wish the captain would have a school to teach everybody to read; it would be a wonderful advantage."

"Would it teach us to reef a topsail well, master sarjeant?" said Will.

"Ah, I see I can't convince," said the sergeant, in a most contemptuous tone; "you are in Gothic ignorance—Gothic ignorance; you'll never know the pleasures of literature."

"Litteratur! I say, Will, that's not the word, is it?" said Tom.

"No, but it's a jaw-breaker. I say, sarjeant, we did not ask the meaning of that last five-decker. We want 'wentriloquist.'"

"Well here it is: ventriloquist—why, I'll tell you—ventriloquist—let me see" (examining his dictionary with a most important look), "why it's a man as what speaks through his guts!"

This definition gave universal satisfaction, and the tars returned to resume their places. The galley was now filling.

"Holloa! Jack Murray, how is it with you, lad? going to blow a cloud? Come alongside here, and spin us a yarn."

"Oh, I say, Jack, give us that yarn you were spinning in the fore-top, last night, when it struck eight bells."

"Well, what was it about? Oh, I remember,—the Hermiony (Hermione), wasn't it? Well, where did I leave off?"

"Oh, never mind, try back; nothing like heaving a ship off by the stern."

"Well, here goes.—'My wife's gone on shore; coil away the hawser.'"

Jack Murray was captain of the fore-top, and could spin a good yarn. He had begun one the night before, but eight bells struck, and down he tumbled to his hammock, promising to finish it the first opportunity. His top-mates now claimed the promise, and so he settled himself alongside old Will Gibbon, stuck his short pipe, commonly called a dhudeen, into one corner of his mouth, and commenced:—

"Well, lads, you know it was my father as told it me; he had a brother aboard the Hermiony at the time o' the mutiny. He was one o' them as was tried by a court-martial and hung for it, poor feller! The night before, as it might be to-night, he was going to be hung to-morrow, he wrote a letter to my father—such a fine letter it was! I think I've got it here: no, I haven't; but that's neither here nor there, but I knows it almost by heart. Well, I'll tell you what my father told me.—Captain Pigott was the skipper, and a taut hand he was; there was no pleasing him, do what you would—up early, down late; he was the man to bring a feller to his bearings; he used to say he never slept well without he had bowled a dozen fellers off with five dozen; and, by George, he seldom slept badly, for he used to do that every day of his life. The Hermiony was the smartest ship at sea; nothing could beat her at reefing, furling, shifting masts, yards, anything, she never went to leeward. What do you think of furling every stitch o' canvas in fifty seconds? Wasn't that sharp work for the eyes—eh, lads?"

"I've seen that done often," said old Will, "when I was in Indee; there was the Boadishier (Boadicea) did it in forty——"

"Holloa, belay all that; by gum you spin a yarn as long as the main-top bowline; but it won't do; I've doubled the Cape as well as you, lad," returned Jack Murray.

"Well, well, belay your jaw; go on, Jack, go on," said half-a-dozen top-men, at once.

"Well, all this would not do for the skipper; he called them all lazy blackguards, and swore he'd give five dozen to the last man off the topsail. Now this wasn't fair, 'cause, you know, it stands to reason somebody must be last: but he didn't care for that. He turned the hands up the next night at sunset to reef topsails, and ordered the carpenters to rig the gratings,* and the Joeys† to be drawn up abaft. Well, there it was all right for flogging. He always carried on himself; for howsumdever, he was tyrant, but a smart sailor; he knew the main-brace from the binnacle, I can tell you, already. So it was—hand along the weather-braces—haul taut-

* Preparations for flogging. † Marines.

reef tackles—let go the bowlines—see haulyards—let go the top-gallant sheets—lower away the topsails. 'There's the main-top-gallant sheet gone,' sings out the skipper. And sure enough it hadn't run clear; it got jammed in the sheave of the block on deck, and away snapped the sheet like a piece of tinder. 'Who was by that sheet?' said the skipper to the first leaftenant. 'I, Sir,' says my uncle, who was captain of the after-guard. 'Very well, you blackguard, I'll teach you to see the ropes clear for running.'—'It was clear, Sir, I assure you.' 'You lie, you blackguard; no reply, Sir, I'll flog you: stand out there. Captain of marines, put a sentry over the prisoner; I shall have some more for you directly. Main-top, there.'—'Sir!'—'Where's the captain of the top?'—'Here, Sir.'—'Let me know who's the last man off the main-topsail-yard.'—'They are all in, Sir.'—'You blackguard, that's not the question I asked. Find out who was the last man, or I'll flog you instead; d'ye hear?'—'Aye, aye, Sir,' said the captain of the top, who knew the captain too well to stand palavering him.—'Forecastle, there!' sings out the skipper.—'Sir!'—'Let me know the last man off the yard.'—'Aye, aye, Sir,' said the second leaftenant, who was carrying on for'ard. 'All in off the yard, Sir.'—'Man the haulyards—let go reef-tackles, cluelines, buntlines—light up in the top—hoist away!' Up they went to the tune of 'Bob's a dying.'—'Haul home the top-gallant sheets!' The main you know had been spliced in the twinkling of a broomstick. 'Hoist away the top-gallant sails—Now send those men aft.' Aft came the poor fellers, sure of a flogging; for the skipper never broke his word when he promised to haul a poor feller off. 'Oh, you are the three blackguards, are you? lazy rascals, that disgrace my ship: so, you were last in reefing topsails; very well, you shall be first next time, or I'll know the reason why. Turn the hands up.' Up they tumbled off the lower-deck, swearing it was a b—y shame; but this, you know, was of no use; growl we may, but go we must: isn't that bad?"

"Aye, that it is, my bo'; a good growl eases a feller's heart," said old Will, who was a thorough-bred growler.

"Well, up they all went, and there were all the quarter-deck gentry with their 'fore-and-afters,' and 'pig-stickers,'* and the skipper with the Articles of War in his hand. 'Now, you blackguards, I'll teach you to be last off the topsail-yard; and you, captain of the after-guard, you are the worst of the whole. Strip, Sir.'—'Please your honour, I was tickler in seeing them 'ere——'—'Silence, you blackguard: strip, or I'll start you till you do!' The boatswain's mate was standing at the larboard side of the gratings, a great brawny fellow, with his sleeves turned up to his elbows. 'Silence!' said the captain, and you might have heard a pin drop. 'Quarter-master, seize him up.' The skipper opened the Articles of War—off went all the 'fore-and-afters.' He read the article for disobedience of orders—on went the hats. 'Master-at-arms, count the lashes. Boatswain's mate, give him a dozen for disobedience of orders; and do your duty, or I'll cast him off and put you in his

* Cocked-hats and swords.

place.'—'He's had a dozen, Sir,' reported the master-at-arms. 'Another boatswain's mate!' cried the captain; and so he went on five times, gave him five dozen; and then it was 'Cast him off, send him aft in the poop, and stop his grog to-day. Now for you lazy fellows; strip, Sirs.'—'Please your honour,' says the foretop-man, 'I hurried in as fast as I could; somebody must be last.'—'You scoundrel! do you attempt to reason with me? I'll give you another dozen for that.' And sure enough he did, for he always kept his word in such cases; so he gave the foretop-man six dozen, and the other two five dozen each. 'And now, my lads, I'll tell you what it is; every night I'll reef topsails, and flog the last man off the yard. Pipe down.' Down they went, not to sing or dance, as usual, but to pity the poor fellers that were on the poop; each man thinking he might be there to-morrow. They moved off in lots of two and three. Some said 'Shame!' others advised a remonstrance through the first leaftenant, but nothing could be decided upon. The temper of the skipper was too well known to send a round robin, as some proposed; and as to speaking to the first luff, they knew he was nearly as bad as the captain, and feared him as he did the devil. Nothing could be decided but 'grin and bear it.' Things went on thus for a long time; and, by gum, lads, such tyranny as you never seed; brightening shot stanchions, and a great gun for'ard, besides all the tomahawks, boarding-pikes, and pistol-barrels: and then no mess-tables allowed on the lower-deck after meals, no chests allowed in the ship; if a poor fellow left his jacket for a minute, away it went; the mate of the lower-deck threw it overboard; no putting it into the hold, like our master's mate; clean overboard it went, and then, when you mustered without it, there was a bowling off of three dozen for leaving it about. Then, whenever the hands were turned up, down went the boatswain and all his mates, and started the poor fellers on deck with a piece of three inch; no matter how fast you run, you were sure of getting it as you went up the ladder. Divisions of hammocks every morning at four bells (six o'clock); sea or harbour, the hammock must go through a lash, and have seven turns, ends pointed of lashing, and lanyards. There was no such thing as black list; everything was scratch your back first, and then give you some other punishment. One morning some o' the top-men had been overhauling lifts and braces down, when they piped 'Lash up!' They were afeard they wouldn't be in time for divisions, and in their hurry they lashed their hammocks rather too large in the middle—they would not go through the hoop. So there it was again,—four dozen, and walk on the poop for eight hours, with two forty-two pound shot at each end of the hammock. Something of this sort went on happening every day; the poor fellers were worried out of their lives. This work could not last long; he would have killed half his ship's company in six months. They began to grumble among themselves: some talked of a round robin, others hinted at force, and the most determined swore rather loudly they would not stand such tyranny any longer. No notice was taken of all this by the officers; they were treated as bad, or even worse than before. They were now all bursting with rage, goaded on by the most un-

justifiable barbarous conduct that could be made use of: they stood it as long as men could stand it; they would have been either more or less than men had they stood it any longer. Still, though they all felt desperate and determined, they had no plans. Mutiny is, with a sailor, his last resource; and even when driven to the brink of this dreadful precipice——you may think these fine words are mine, but they are not; I recollect they were in the letter to my father——"

"Go on; go on, Jack," said everybody, who were listening with the greatest attention.

"Well, as my uncle said, 'even when driven to the brink of this dreadful precipice, he neglects to mature his plans till the last moment, still hoping something will prevent the necessity of his taking what is always a fatal leap. For, however successful mutineers may be at first, they must ultimately be overtaken by the laws of the country, or else perish on a foreign soil.' Well, that's a part of my uncle's letter that I just remembered. While they were doubting this way, they were called upon, as usual, to reef topsails, and rig the gratings. There it was—hurrah!—the Devil take the hindmost—they were all determined they would do their duty well, and not give him any just cause of complaint. The topsail was reefed—they were laying in off the yard—the last fellow was trying to catch hold of the backstay to get into the top before the others—he missed his hold! Down he went flying, and struck his head on the deck, and dashed out his brains, just at the captain's feet! 'Throw the damn'd rascal overboard!' said the captain; the men hesitated. 'Throw him overboard immediately'—nobody moved. 'Marines, load your muskets—ram down—present!—throw that man overboard.' Two men came forward, took him up, and threw him overboard. They were hissed by all that were by. 'Marines, present!' said the captain. All was silence, but the clicking noise of the marines cocking their fire-arms. It was done; and again all was silent. 'Now,' said the captain, 'the first man that speaks I'll fire.—Where are the last men off the yards?' Two came forward—'Where's the other?' no answer—'Where's the other?' asked the first lieutenant; 'Dead, Sir,' said the boatswain—a low moan went through all the men. The captain turned to see if the marines were ready, and then said, 'O, he's dead, is he? well, I will flog the man that was next to him. Come forward, Sir; who is it?' Up came the captain of the top. 'O, you were last, were you? very well—I'll make you set a better example.'—'Please your honour, I wasn't last, and I was at the earing'.—'I don't care; strip, Sir; I would have flogged the other blackguard, but he's gone overboard; so I'll give you his share.' Well, to cut it short, he gave them five dozen each, as usual, and then piped down.

"It was past seven; they looked at each other, then at the cutlasses over the guns—nobody spoke—silence is more dangerous than the loudest exclamations. Eight bells struck; the watch was called, yet nobody went to their hammocks. The main-deck was full, some sitting on the combing of the hatches, some on the guns. They appeared to want nothing but a leader to break out. My uncle was a messmate of poor Tom Browne, who had been killed. They had

been shipmates in another ship—they were chums throughout—and my uncle kept pacing up and down the main-deck, without noticing any one, muttering between his teeth 'Died—hove overboard like a dog—topsail—shame—brother—friend!' and such like broken sentences were now and then heard from him. At last all eyes were upon him; he was a fine fellow, six feet high, and strongly made. The people, as he walked up and down the deck, first looked at him, then at one another; each appeared to pitch upon him as a leader, yet nobody appeared to like to propose it. It was now nearly nine; my uncle looked at the men; he saw their wishes; his eyes flashed fire. 'He was my messmate—my brother!' he cried, and he seized a cutlass from a gun. 'Follow, lads! Blood for blood!' Every cutlass was now grasped in an instant. One rush brought them to the cabin-door. A faint resistance was made by the sentry—the poor fellow lost his life in a bad cause. They passed on—the captain was in bed—he was dragged out. My uncle stood forward; 'Did any body hear this man order Tom Browne to be thrown overboard?' 'I—I—I,' said a hundred voices at once. 'Enough, lads—what do you say? Tom Browne was our messmate.' They all cried, 'Blood for blood!' and my uncle drew a large clasp knife, and *cut his throat!* Before he was dead he was thrown out of his own cabin-window, and the men then commenced their work of slaughter on the innocent as well as the guilty. All died! and the men were in possession of the ship, and my uncle—— There's pipe the hammocks down; I must be off, by George!" said Jack.

"O, but I say, Jack, tell us what came of your uncle?"

"I'll tell you that another night, lads; I must go and get my hammock down, and after that have a bit of a hop. Has any one asked for the fiddler?"

"No, no—ask yourself, Jack; you're sure to get him."

"Very well, very well—wait till the hammocks are down."

"But I say, Jack," said Will Gibbon, who appeared to be a good deal moved, "you'll tell us about your uncle?"

"Ah, boy, another night."

"Well, to-morrow?"

"Ay, to-morrow;"—and away they went to get their hammocks down, and I to see them do so, fully determined to hear the sequel on the morrow—which I did.

SCENES OF THE 29TH OF NOVEMBER, 1830.

WARSAW, in common with all the capitals of Europe, possesses an immense number of public places of every description. A short time before the day of the glorious revolution, a new and splendid coffee-room was opened in the street, which formerly bore the name of Napoleon. This place became afterwards the centre of attraction, where the young and the old, the gay and the thoughtful, the magistrate and the soldier, the titled nobleman and the plebeian risen to importance, resorted to join in a joyful song, a mirthful dance, and even to form a grave tribunal discoursing on the march of public affairs.

But now it was merely novelty and curiosity which attracted crowds of votaries into this temple of fashion. It was certainly conspicuous by the splendour of its structure, the freshness of its decorations, and chiefly the music performed by all the first players in the town. Nor could the gloomy countenances and scrutinizing looks of the Russian spies, who at that time beset every public entertainment in Warsaw, scare away the idle and the curious from that place of enchantment.

One day I also went thither to pay my tribute of admiration. Having found the room quite full, I jostled my way as decently as possible through the crowd, putting out of order many a lady's high-blown sleeve, and many a dandy's careful attire, without being able to find a single unoccupied seat. At last, to my great delight, I was able to bestow myself in a corner opposite to the music-stand. The joyful tune of the Mazurka inspired my mind with the gaiety so characteristic of and peculiar to every Pole.

But a sudden change came over my mind; I found myself sitting at the same table with a party of Russian officers. Their loud voices, in a language so unpleasant and coarse to a Polish ear, marred all the effect of the music. But their insolence surpassed all. One of them boasted of his scandalous connexions with a lady well-known in Warsaw for her probity; another described how he obtained, by means of threats and oppression, a large sum of money from some landowners of a southern Polish province; and a third related how, having offended two Polish officers in a party, he not only cleared himself, but caused his adversaries to be arrested and publicly punished. These foul remarks could not but rouse in my mind every feeling of disgust and indignation. Now and then one of the party walked from the table to the counter to order a new supply of the intoxicating beverage which they drank. He was a lieutenant of cuirassers, well-known in Warsaw for his bad principles and dishonest conduct. He marked these frequent passages by his haughty demeanour and affronting observations, in which he neither spared sex nor age. Once he went so far as to highly insult a young and beautiful lady; she blushed and burst into tears. The barbarian

smiled, and thought proper to season his base conduct by the most loathsome language. This was too much; I clasped with a convulsive feeling the hand of a man seated at my side. He started, and my hand fell chilled with a deadly terror. I recognized in him a noted Russian spy. A person at the same time quitted his place in another corner of the room. I rushed in haste to occupy it—to leave that where I endured all the torments of a silent and stifled rage. I began to breathe again: on my left sat a full-grown child, with joyful looks and smiling countenance—on my right, a venerable old man, with a lofty brow furrowed by cares, and shaded by long silvery hair, the luxury of which expanded over his shoulders.

My mind was too much excited to allow me to recover at once from the shock I had just received. Wearied with exertion and seeking for repose, my ideas gradually quitted the loathsome realities, and travelled into the visionary world. The music, as if congenial with my moral state, began to play one of those mournful tunes of the Ukraine, which no one can listen to without paying the tribute of a tear. But when, in starts from my wandering, I fixed my eyes on the venerable old man, he seemed to me to have assumed the figure of a hero. His face glowed with a martial air, his silver locks were retained by a red Polish cap, and his body attired in the ancient national dress, girdled by a golden Persian shawl, from which hung down a costly karabella. I fancied him one of those confederates of Bar who, seeing their country on the edge of a precipice, wished to prevent its ruin by throwing their lives and their fortunes in the chasm. I fancied him a follower of Kosciuszko, a hero of Maccijowice, a solitary prisoner of the dungeons of St. Petersburg, a pining soldier of the ungrateful emperor of the French, and, at last, a home-returning, worn-out, and disappointed patriot. When my imagination had sated itself on the past, I thought of the future; I turned my eyes upon the beautiful child, and straightway in my mind's eye he became a man; his lofty head prepared to don the helmet, and his hand ready to grasp the deadly lance of his country. And I was seated there, between the glorious past and the bright future—changing, uncertain—stung and crushed in mind—the very personification of the present, with all its torments and its doubts. My sight grew dim, and when I again began to see clearly, my eyes met those of a young beauty. This was she whom the Russian officer had so cruelly insulted. The fascinating and melancholy expression of her face was in harmony with all the hidden workings of her mind.

"I am convinced," says an intelligent German writer, "that Eve must have been a Pole!" But this heavenly creature appeared to me more than those terrestrial shapes, whom beauty has chosen for its favourites—and how often for its victims! I saw in her the Polish mother, who brings up her son in the hatred of the enemies of her country—sends him when grown up, with a blessing and a single wish, to the deadly struggle with them—nurses and glories in him when, maimed and covered with wounds, he returns again to her bosom. The orchestra struck now the first notes of the overture to

Massaniello—forbidden by an express order, but smuggled under another denomination into the hearts of its admirers. Who has heard and not felt, with every note of this piece of inspiration, the sublime introduction—the rushing, thundering, and falling mass of notes, as the crush of an avalanche—as the wrongs darted into the bosom of Poland—the thrilling wailings of the dumb, as those of Polish mothers and daughters—and, at last, the mighty march of triumph!—Oh! my soul was in ecstasy—it was drunk with delight—Heaven itself was thrown open to my view, and I waited the signal of ascension.

These overstrained thoughts subsided, and I resumed my idealism. If ever, surely then, I felt the most warmly the truth of Platonic belief—all seemed to me but a recollection, an awakened and refreshened consciousness of the divinity and perfection.

The scene grew to an endless extent. Every corner became the mighty aisle of a temple. The small columns rose to the loftiness of stately pillars. The roof expanded itself into the majesty of an high-arched vault.

On a level with me stood thousands of young men with wrath in their eyes, helmets on their heads, and uplifted lances in their hands. On another side of the temple a crowd of old patriarchal Poles, attired in the national dress, raised their hands to heaven, and blessed the endeavours of the new generation; while opposite to the warriors a long link of women were pointing to them with their eyes and their arms the path of honour. In the back-ground towns, villages, and the poor habitations of peasants were burning, and strewing with their ruins the green plains around. Farther on, the rich fields and their crops were trampled down, and bloody streams ran through the whole extent. I called for reality to dispel this terrible creation of fancy. I glared on a pillar, but it did not shrink to its former dimension. It reared itself like a column of national glory crowned with a splendid trophy. All seemed to expect—to pant for a call—for a single word—a word like that: "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The planets of the chaos did not more intensely watch for the call of the Almighty, which was to redeem them from the confusion, and bid them perform their regular evolutions.

A single word! Hark! there *is* the voice—surely it is that of a messenger of God!

Suddenly a crash was heard; and at the same time the doors flew open with a loud noise, and a Polish officer rushed in amongst us—a glittering blade was in his hand, and he cried out—

"POLES! THE HOUR OF REVENGE HAS STRUCK! TO ARMS! TO ARMS!"

And my wanderings were recalled. All dwindled into reality; but such a reality—beyond the finest visions of imagination!

This was the 29th of November. When I threw myself with the crowd towards the doors, I struck with my foot inadvertently some persons apparently thrown down; I recognized in them the insolent Russian officers, abjectly sueing on their knees for pity to the too merciful Poles.

MAJOR LUKASINSKI* stands the foremost among the numberless victims of Russian despotism in Poland. He owes this honourable distinction not only to the greatness of his views, to the power of his exertions, but also to the more than human sufferings he endured for the sacred cause of his country's independence. The iron hand of tyranny striking his lofty brow failed to bend it; but the collision drew forth sparks which became a halo of immortality.

Major L. was known as a distinguished officer in the army of Buonaparte. After the downfal of this mighty genius, who so cruelly disappointed the hopes of the Poles, he returned home to share the misfortune of the whole nation, always tyrannized over without mercy by its conquerors, and (more bitter to recollect!) betrayed by those for whose cause they spared neither fortune nor life.

A mockery of the ancient kingdom being established by the treaty of Vienna, and an army being set on foot, the major obtained a superior grade in the finest of the new Polish regiments, the Fourth of the Line. The skill in military evolutions, bravery, and martial appearance marked out this regiment for the particular regard and endearment of the Duke Constantine. But a cherished toy in a tyrant's hand is not an enviable object. In consequence of this predilection of the Russian satrap, the Fourth of the Line was continually cantoned in Warsaw; almost every day reviewed, and sometimes tired to death, to satisfy the whim and the caprice of the duke. The regiment shared the love of the duke with his monkeys, the rearing of which was his favourite occupation in the moments of leisure.

In the Russian, and consequently in the Polish army, the soldier was not raised from the ranks by merit, but by chance. The Fourth of the Line were subjected to the same routine. At every step was a double ration, or a hundred lashes—a quick advancement, or a hard prison. One of those, whom the grand-duke cherished particularly, was a young officer, whose high accomplishment and fine appearance would have prepossessed any one in his favour. His ardent mind, however, often broke forth and betrayed that, under the flowery bonds of favouritism, an iron chain was concealed. In a moment of self-dignity he reclaimed his independence. This was a crime which death only could wipe away. A court-martial was assembled not to hear or to try the accused, but to sign the verdict issued previously by the grand-duke. Many a name sanctioned already this command—the death of the incautious youth was nearly decided; when one of the court rose and exclaimed—"I will not sign, for if I am a judge, I have the right—nay, the sacred duty, to do justice; if not, why ask for my signature?"

This conscientious judge was Major Lukasinski. The life of the youth was spared; but the wrath of the disappointed tyrant fell upon the independent judge. He was dismissed from active service

* Some time since we gave a sketch of this distinguished officer; but this account is so much more graphic and circumstantial than the former, that we have no hesitation in inserting it.

and removed to a town, where the military police watched over every step of the prisoner. Ever since the beginning of the Russian dominion in Poland, the thoughts of the major were all occupied with the means of liberating his country from the worst of all bondages. This new injustice prompted only his mind to action. He organized a vast and secret association, which was to recal Poland to its former glory. An accident betrays his views and his actions. Thousands certainly must expiate the crime. No; he alone suffers; for nothing, neither threats nor promises of liberty, can induce him to betray his associates.

In a dreary and poisonous dungeon of a fortress the patriot bore the penalty of his love for liberty. The damp and heavy air of it would have smothered any light but that of his spirit, which shone like the lamp in a Roman grave, borrowing its life, its durability, from the very compression in which it lingers. Misfortune and indiscretion have peopled the walls of the dungeon with his friends, his associates. The barbarians loaded with irons their feet; they chained them to the wet and cold columns of the prison. You would have seen, however, on the brow of every martyr the former pride—on the countenance, the stamp of saint-like dignity; and when, for an additional torture, they were girdled with an iron bar, to which a heavy bullet was suspended—their bodies bent, but their souls rose yet prouder and higher towards Heaven. Brute and lifeless matter is called to existence in the hands of a genius. The heavy chain which loads the hand of a patriot may prove the weapon of his revenge. Thus the music of the irons, the rollings of the bullets, served to the Polish martyrs as a medium of understanding; and when the hour of trial came, no one contradicted another, and the ruthless investigator lost the thread of the plot. The despot ought to tremble when the *irons of his bondsmen begin to speak.* The hour will come, when this voice shall be as thunder in his ear. He shall find the whole nation united and rise like a single man—he united them himself—*he linked them with a chain!*

Success taught the leader of the prisoners to form a bolder design. He thought of the liberty of his country. At an appointed day and hour they were to render themselves masters of the fortress, and to kindle there a focus of the national revolution.

Again an accident frustrated this bold scheme. From this time Major L. disappeared from the world.

No wonder! many a Pole vanished in the same mysterious manner. How many fathers were torn from their families, and died even without the consolation that the world will know their secret martyrdom! How many a time a lover went out gay and joyful, for he was to lead his bride to the altar, but never reached the hour of bliss which appeared to him so near!

Seven o'clock of the 29th of November has struck.

The city of Warsaw, polluted with so many atrocities of the Russians, has seen their defeat—has witnessed how a handful of patriots drove from its precincts an army of ten thousand soldiers.

The astonished enemy flocks round the skirts of the town, like the vulture near a caged prey. A ring of spreading flames encircles it

and separates the frightened Russians from the Poles intoxicated with success. It is mercy and humanity which lighted those lines of flames to stop the bloodshed which the darkness of the night might have rendered unperceived.

There, like "a scorpion girt by fire," stands a handful of heroes. They cross the line of fire. A detachment enters a street in flames; this is a company of the "Fourth of the Line." On, on they push forward, till they perceive the glittering arms of the enemy. Their anxious looks betray that no design to fight with the Russians brings them thither. While one part of the company engages in a feigned fight, another stops behind at a lonely and deserted house. They enter there with hurried but light steps, as if some higher power commanded their respect. At once they raise a tremendous shout—then every breast stops the breath, and every man listens in silence. One might have said it was a shout of victory,—a prayer of liberty stopped suddenly, that Heaven might respond "Amen!" Again the walls are shaken by a tremendous peal of voices—again a sudden silence ensues. The despairing soldiers began then to try every inch of the floor, as if they wanted to make the earth yawn. They fling with rage their bayonets across the mouldering stones of the walls and the planks of the roof. Their maddening looks show that they have not succeeded. Again and again they try, till an order results them from the place. One moment longer, and they would have been cut off from the centre of the town.

The Russians, formerly so bold and insulting, shrink now from the contest with those few men who dared to cry out once more "Poland is not yet lost." The signal of retreat is given to their whole army. Have those who during fifteen years revelled at the table of prostrate Poland, nothing to save from the feast? Their baggage, their arms, they may leave behind; but will they abandon their children, their wives, to the mercy of the victor, too long tried to know how unprofitable this virtue is? Will they make no effort to rescue those officers, those generals, whom the revolution found in their splendid apartments decorated with the spoils of the tyrannized country, amidst a crowd of debauchees courting the smiles of hired paramours, with the cup of revelry in one hand, and with playing cards in the other—one single turn of which disposed of enormous sums wrung out of the hands of the impoverished Poles? And he, the great master, the great wire-drawer of the shameful game of fifteen years, has he, in the hour of danger, forgotten all his treasures, his Turkish drummers, and drilled monkeys? Does not his palace contain secrets, at the disclosure of which the world may cover Russia with eternal shame; the machinery of his infernal police; the plan of the expedition against France; the list of those murdered secretly at his command? No, neither he nor his satellites see now any thing but their own danger.

But look! an aid-de-camp arrives at full speed to one of the regiments. They halt, and returning towards the town, enter the street which the Poles left a short time before. The same house searched so carefully by the patriots, arrests now the steps of the Russians. This is, then, the place where the most precious, the only thing is

hidden, for the rescue of which the grand-duke ventures to send his best regiment. A platoon is ordered to enter the house—then the aide-de-camp steps in—this sorcerer, who was to reveal the great mystery, and produce by a stroke of his wand the hidden "jewel of Yamshied."

And in fact the officer applied the edge of his sword to one of the clefts of the old wainscot, and in a moment a trap opened in the floor; the vigorous efforts of ten soldiers could scarcely lift up the falling board. Under it some steps descended leading to a narrow passage. The officer shouted, Lukasinski! but no voice answered to the call. He then took a torch, and with some of his men descended the steps.

"At the end of the passage," says a faithful recorder of that horrible scene, "they observed two doors numbered. Door No. 1 being forced open was found to be a damp and noxious vault, which admitted no light except a sickly ray through a small and lofty aperture. Here an appalling spectacle presented itself; a corpse lay extended on the ground; it was miserably lean and emaciated, and the face was so hideous as not to be identified; worms were creeping out of the nostrils and ears; morsels of flesh were between the teeth; the hands were dreadfully lacerated—the prisoner had *died of hunger!*"

Dead! but how much more fortunate than the tenant of the second cell—the companion of his torments—and now the living counterpart of his corpse.

The officer having opened the door No. 2, found a narrow cell like a coffin, and in it a man, or rather a skeleton dressed in moulded rags, standing without motion, without any sign of life. The paleness of his face was heightened by a long black beard and long tresses of hair; his chained hands were raised to heaven. The Russian even shuddered at the sight of a standing corpse, for the narrowness of the place kept it erect. Soon the fresh air and the shaking of the officer began to reanimate the wretched victim. Look! a sudden smile brightens his countenance. He awakes as from a trance—"Liberty! dear liberty! glory to Poland!" cried he out, as he opened his eyes.

"Liberty! you shall have liberty!" answered the Tartar, with a hellish smile, ordering the Polish major to be drawn out of the cave by the chains, with which he was loaded; and striking him with his sword, he had him dragged towards the head-quarters of the grand-duke.

A few days afterwards the Russian army was in full retreat towards the frontiers of the kingdom. The generous Poles suffered ten thousand soldiers to escape, who returned in the sequel to crush their liberty. They even appointed commissioners to provide for the retreating army. The poor peasant, the long sufferer under Russian atrocity, saw the last morsel of the coarse bread dashed away from his mouth to feed with it the vanquished tyrants. But when this army was well fed, well warmed, and returned unmolested to Russia—there was one who did not partake of those benefits. He was dressed like a criminal, chained to a cannon, and following it bare-

foot through the ices and snows of the Polish December. After a few days of continued march, he became quite exhausted; he lay motionless on the ground. Then, and then only, it was permitted to some poor peasants to take him to their hovel. The peasants succeeded slowly to reanimate the benumbed body of the prisoner. When they undressed him, they found on his sunken breast a Polish cross of honour and a little bag with his *natal earth*. At the same time he opened his eyes, and seeing the astonishment of the persons standing around his bed, he uttered, "Could you recognize under this garb a Polish officer, who——" Here he was interrupted by the entrance of an officer, who placed on him again the handcuffs and the chains. Some minutes afterwards the cannon dragged the victim farther towards Siberia. On these numerous and well-fought fields, when the Fourth of the Line immortalized themselves in their country's annals, many a soldier of this regiment, in lowering his bayonet to the deadly charge, and storming the lines of the Muscovite, steeled his heart with the recollections of the sufferings of his revered, his heroic Officer, who lived and died for Poland.

STANZAS.

I.

Sorrow's hard to bear
In autumnal time,
But far worse to feel
In summer's prime.

II.

The heart's then prepar'd
For sadness and grief,
When the wind's whirling
About the brown leaf.

III.

Sorrow's heaviest
When nature is gay,
And the birds' spring-songs
Chase winter away.

W.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE LATE F. J. TALMA.

The stage has ever exercised a powerful influence over the manners, feelings, and character of a people, and, if left free and unconstrained, must ever form the strongest incentive to high aspirings, noble daring, and lofty, virtuous sentiment. In proportion as this idea has been prevalent with its rulers, has the drama of a nation influenced the national opinion; and in such ratio has that people been renowned for the cultivation of, and excellence in, the arts conducive to its improvement, and, consequently, to its happiness. The professors of this mightiest, "youngest of the sister arts," have accordingly, wherever they have attained to anything like excellence in its practice, been admired and courted alike by the accomplished and the illiterate, the high and the low; all ranks have acknowledged, and paid homage to, the master-mind that has been able to portray, in their every variation, the feelings and the passions of our varying, subtle, yet powerful nature.

The death of Garrick was said to have eclipsed the gaiety of a nation. All Paris mourned the loss of Talma—of him who, for nearly forty years, had been the pride and glory of their stage—the representative of heroes. He had roused the warm and generous feelings of the young, and deterred them, by his powerful delineations of crime, from its dark and fatal paths—the old had had their young remembrances refreshed at the fountain of *his* genius, who was at once the representative and the associate of heroes, of statesmen, and of kings.

Francis Joseph Talma was born at Paris, on the 15th of January, 1763; his earlier years were passed in England, at which time his father practised as a dentist in London. Here young Talma remained, till he had completed his ninth year, when he returned to Paris; and where he was put to a school in the Jardin du Roi, on the spot where afterwards stood the house inhabited by the celebrated naturalist, Buffon. It was customary at this school, at the annual distribution of the prizes, for the scholars to give recitations, and even, occasionally, to represent theatrical pieces. On one of these occasions, young Talma was entrusted with a part requiring both pathos and energy. His features, even at this early age, were expressive and marked; his figure was pleasing, and his action and manner generally were graceful. He was listened to with the attention such attributes command, on an occasion so *naturally* interesting, from an audience composed principally of the relations and friends of the young Roscius. Talma was acquitting himself most satisfactorily, when, coming to a particular passage, deeply descriptive of the feelings of the person he was representing, he was perceived suddenly to falter in his speech, his knees tottered beneath him, his countenance expressed the strongest marks of sorrow, and, bursting into a flood of tears, he fell fainting upon the floor. The passage that had so powerfully affected him was descriptive of the death of a friend,

who had been condemned by his own father, and so entirely had he identified himself with his original, that, gifted as he was, or, it may almost be said, tortured, with that nervous excitability of temperament (without which, however, nothing great in the arts can ever be attained), his feelings, too powerful for his youthful frame, had overcome him in the way we have described—and to this constitutional conformation, developed by severe study, was it that he afterwards owed his splendid triumphs upon the French stage. When his "school-days" were over, he returned to England, where he did not neglect the opportunities that presented themselves of forming his judgment, and of improving his taste, in all that had relation to his favourite art. John Mounet, formerly manager of the Opera Comique, had endeavoured, without success, to establish a French theatre in London. The fashionable coteries at the west end of the town were much in favour of this scheme, but, by some means or other, it could not be effected, at least to the extent and after the plan contemplated. To make up, in some degree, for this disappointment, little French pieces were gotten up at the private houses of several of the nobility, and performed by the younger branches of French families, at that time resident in the English metropolis. Young Talma stood prominently forward on these occasions; and so successfully did he acquit himself in the parts entrusted to him, that he was earnesly solicited, by several persons of high rank and influence, to make an attempt at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane—his acquaintance with, and proficiency in, the English language justifying such a trial of his powers—and so much weight had these entreaties with him, that it was at this time doubtful whether he, who in France equalled, if he did not surpass, Lekain, was not destined to console England, and to wipe away her tears, for the loss of her favourite Garrick; but the French stage was the destined scene of his triumphs.

He now, a second time, quitted the shores of England, and, returning to Paris, commenced the practice of his father's profession, which he continued to follow for about the space of eighteen months. He had opportunities, during this period, of seeing Molé, Mademoiselle Sainval the younger, and all the distinguished artists at that time on the Parisian stage. Mademoiselle Sainval endeavoured to dissuade him from his intention of becoming an actor, and fortunate may it be accounted for his own fame, and the advancement of the arts in general, but more particularly so of his own especial one, that she did not succeed in her endeavours. The success he met with in his performance of Orestes, in "Iphigénie en Tauride," fixed his, till then, wavering resolves, and determined him thenceforward to embrace the profession of the stage, and to become an actor. With the view of forwarding this, the darling object of his ambition, he entered himself at the school for declamation, established in 1786, and in which Molé, Dugazon, and Fleury were, at that time, professors. The advice and instructions of these talented artists were not, it may well be inferred, thrown away upon their distinguished pupil, who, under their tuition and guidance, made, on the 21st of November, 1787, his début, and thus commenced a career, which he

afterwards rendered so brilliant; and in which, by hard application and unwearied devotion to its object, he attained the highest excellence—where excellence is less often attained than in the pursuit of any of its sister handmaids. If the "new actor" on this occasion did not achieve a complete triumph, his début was, at least, not only successful, but highly encouraging, and giving much of that promise which he afterwards so entirely realized. He followed this up with increasing success by the performance of various other characters, during the two years preceding that revolution which gave a new character to the whole face of Europe.

Talma, though but an humble associate of the old Comédie Française, employed the leisure imposed upon him by the aristocratical routine of theatrical management, in pursuing those studies bearing upon, and connected with, his own particular art. He sedulously applied himself to the study of history, and, encouraged by the example of David, who restored the classic character of the French school of painting, he first began to apply those principles of reform in dramatic costume, which his predecessors had either entirely neglected, or had touched with a too gentle hand. To the reform but just commenced by Lekain, Talma, ere he left off his good work, put the finishing stroke, as in England what Garrick began Kemble generally concluded, and in his own person thoroughly perfected. Talma commenced this course of reform in costume in the early part of the year 1789, on the enactment of the tragedy of Brutus, in which he had to personate a minor character, and in which he appeared habited, for the first time, in the true Roman toga, and in all the strict correctness of the ancient costume; and, though the character was short, and in itself unimportant, he achieved, in some degree, a triumph over old prejudices and long-established customs, founded as they were on ignorance and error. Talma's noviciate was just completed when Chenier presented his tragedy of Charles IX. to the Comédie Française. The part of Charles he, of course, offered to Saintphal, the then leading tragedian; but he, preferring that of the King of Navarre, the character of Charles was entrusted to Talma. This was on the 4th of November, 1789, upon which occasion this great tragedian laid the corner-stone of his after-reputation and professional fame. The skill he displayed inportraying the weakness, hypocrisy and cruelty, which formed the frightful mixture of Charles's character—the exactness of his costume—and, above all, the force and power he gave to the melo-dramatic portion of the character, with no faults but such as were attributable to youth and inexperience, gained him the highest applause, and produced an impression upon the minds of the audience, which was not easily to be effaced.

The success of Charles IX. was complete. Talma soon gave a fresh proof of the peculiar talent he possessed in seizing upon the style and expression of countenance of the persons he represented, in his personation of J. J. Rousseau, in a little piece, intended to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. The Baron de Gricum, speaking of Talma, on this occasion, says, "that much as he resembled the portraits we have of Charles IX., he seemed to have carried this peculiar faculty of his art still higher, in the representa-

tion he gave of Rousseau—it was the "Philosopher of Geneva" himself. The actor might almost have set as the original of the portraits we have of him, so exact was the similitude. Owing to a dispute among the actors themselves, which deprived the public of Talma's services in this part for a while, the tragedy of Charles IX. was shelved till the general voice re-called the young actor to the station he was so well qualified to fill. He had now seceded from the Théâtre du Faubourg, St. Germain, to that of the Rue de Richelieu. Chenier, who had warmly espoused the cause of Talma in these internal brawls, again entrusted him with the principal character in his tragedy of Henry VIII., which was represented for the first time on the 2d of May, 1791, at the Rue de Richelieu, and it has ever since maintained the station on the boards it then acquired. But, although the public voice rewarded our aspirant's efforts with the most unconstrained applause, yet there were not wanted critics severe enough to censure, what *they* termed, his faults, and to scan even his beauties with no lenient tongue. But the public welcome consoled him for the ungenerous attacks of private enemies; and he pursued, with a firm and steady step, the path he had thus successfully entered upon.

The characters in which he now shone most were such as required the expression of the deeper feelings and more violent passions of the human breast; though he threw light upon whatever he undertook. "Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit." But in Brutus, in the death of Cæsar, in the tragedies of Arnault, and especially in the translations of Shakspeare by Ducis, he left all competition far behind. Till the retirement of Larive, he complied with the established custom of the theatre, in performing comedy in conjunction with tragedy; and herein he displayed no small portion of comic humour. It would exceed our limits to follow this great actor through those several characters which his genius made his own. Talma displayed, in his portraiture of Roman dignity and pride, a striking knowledge of human nature, and of the peculiarities of the Roman character; it seemed that he brought, as it were, in actual review before the spectator's eye the portraits of the persons he represented; and that he looked, talked and moved as they themselves might be supposed to have done, under similar circumstances and in similar situations. But of all the characters of Shakspeare made known to the French nation through the medium of the translations of Ducis, the masterpiece of Talma's acting was Hamlet. On the French stage, the ghost of Hamlet's father is not actually seen, but raised by and in the imagination of the actor. The expression of his finely-marked countenance told you, at this juncture, more forcibly than even the eloquence of his lips or the energy of his action, of the phantom which affrighted him. When, in the midst of his calm and melancholy musings, his father's spectre rises before him, he followed with his eyes all the imagined movements of the vision he had conjured up, the spectator was so strongly enchained by the delusion, that spell-bound, he no longer doubted the reality of that which was the mere coining of the actor's excited imagination. When, too, Hamlet,

in the third act is alone upon the stage, ruminating that inspired soliloquy—" To be, or not to be," when he comes to the lines

" La mort, c'est le sommeil.—C'est un réveil peut-être,
Peut-être! —Ah! c'est le mot qui glace, épouvanté,
L' homme, au bord du cercueil, par le doute arrêté;
Devant ce vaste abîme il se jette en arrière
Ressaisit l'existence et s'attache à la terre"—

Talma stood motionless, or, if he made any movement, 'twas but first to raise his head slightly towards heaven, and then to turn again down to earth, as if to questien them as to the nature of death. He was wholly absorbed in meditation: *there* he stood, a single man in the midst of thousands hushed in silence, ruminating on the after-fate of mortality—

" To be, or not to be."

In the scene wherein Hamlet conjures his mother, over the urn which encloses the ashes of her husband, to confess that she had no part in his death, a guilty conscience displays the troubled secret of her soul; and when, after entreaties on one side, and dreadful hesitations and misgivings on the other, she at length discloses the fatal truth, Hamlet draws the dagger which, by paternal command, he is about to plunge into the breast of her who, with all her load of guilt and crime, is still his mother!—the trial becomes too much for filial feeling and filial pity, though enlisted in the cause and urged on by the command of a dead father; and he suddenly turns from the appalling deed to his father's shade, and implores it, in the deepest accents of grief, to revoke the dreadful sentence; then, throwing himself at his mother's feet, he falls extended before her, giving vent to his agonized feelings in these words:—

" Votre crime est horrible, exécrable, odieux;
Mais il n'est pas plus grand que la bonté des cieux."

The transition from the expression of horror conveyed in the first, to the calm resignation and hope implied in the second line, can only have been thoroughly felt in the action and utterance of Talma.

His enemies, however, now (1794) renewed the disgraceful attacks with which they had some time previously assailed him, on the unjust grounds of his being a jacobin and a revolutionary partizan; and, on the 1st of February of this year, when he enacted the part of Nero, no sooner had he appeared upon the scene than, instead of being, as usual, hailed with hearty cheers, he was assailed with hissings and hootings, and every demonstration of displeasure, by an infuriated audience. Talma, indignant at this unmerited treatment, stepped forward; and, in a tone in which manly firmness and wounded feeling were mingled, silenced his reckless accusers with these few but emphatic words:—" Fellow-citizens, I am now, and I shall ever continue to be, the ardent lover of freedom; but I have ever held crime and bloodshed in the utmost detestation and horror. The reign of terror has cost me more tears than I shall ever choose to tell you of. *All my friends are dead—upon the scaffold!*" But, although the envious tongue of detraction was silenced for the moment, his success had roused too much opposition to be so easily put down. Some among his detractors, more base than the rest, had set afloat

the report that Talma had been one among the persecutors of the French actors who had been arrested and thrown into the prisons of the Luxembourg; Larive and Mademoiselle Contat advocated his cause on this occasion so successfully, as effectually to destroy these unfounded malicious reports, the shame of which reflected back upon their authors.

The intimacy that took place about this time (1795) between Buonaparte and Talma, gave rise to much absurd rumour; among others was one, that Napoleon took lessons from the great actor as to his deportment and demeanour on state occasions. Talma let slip no opportunity of contradicting such reports, even after the fall and death of his royal associate, when less generous spirits, who had been raised to wealth and honours on the shoulders of this political colossus, joined in the general cry against him; but the intimacy that existed between these extraordinary men lived on "through good and through bad report." On Napoleon's being proclaimed emperor, Talma thought it but fit in him to discontinue his accustomed morning visit. Napoleon, observing this, sent for him on the very day upon which the public authorities were to congratulate him on his elevation to the throne; and he was ever after to be found at the breakfast-table of the emperor. In the year 1808, in conjunction with the performers of the Comédie Française he performed, as Napoleon expressed it, before a parterre of kings. This was at Erfurt. But, to return to the Théâtre Français. Encouraged by his brilliant success, Talma strenuously set about restoring the honours of the ancient classic drama, which had been almost totally laid aside for the works of modern dramatists. He did not, however, escape the critic's lash for what they termed an innovation; but his ardour and perseverance were not to be daunted by any obstacles, however discouraging, when his end was the attainment of perfection in the mighty art he devotedly loved. He thoroughly understood the simplicity of the true drama, aided by the development of the feelings and passions of the human breast, in which the interest must be sustained and kept alive, without any other artificial resources than those derived from the poetry of the author and the eloquence of the actor. An anecdote is related of Talma, which sets in a powerful light the spell in which he held his audience, whom he kept so fast bound in the delusion of the scene, as to make them *feel* it reality. He was playing Hamlet in one of the provincial theatres: at the moment when he was about to plunge the dagger into the guilty breast of his mother, a piercing cry, instantly followed by a great commotion, was heard issuing from a box near the stage. A veteran officer of tried courage, who had again and again distinguished himself in the field, had had his nervous system so intensely wrought upon by the powerful acting of Talma, that his frame could no longer sustain itself against the force of its inward workings, and uttering a cry, he had fallen in a fainting fit from his seat. He was immediately carried out; when, after the lapse of some minutes, coming to himself, still under the effects of the nervous excitement of the scene, he anxiously asked if he had *really* killed his mother! The writer of this article himself witnessed the power of dramatic

illusion even upon a child, and that child only about four years of age. The anecdote about to be related occurred at the Birmingham theatre, during the performance of the popular spectacle of "Peter Wilkins." The child was standing up, holding by the orchestra railing, when *Phelim* (the Irishman) comes in, in almost breathless haste, in search of the wild man (who had just passed across the stage), and says, "Now, I wonder which way that hairy divil went!" The child, with feelings so powerfully wrought upon as to be unconscious of anything but the desire of aiding in the capture of the wild creature, instantly exclaimed (at the same time pointing with its little outstretched arm and extended forefinger), "That way, he's just gone that way!" So instantaneous and so powerful was the appeal to every breast, that even the iron "gods" of Birmingham felt, and answered it with hearty cheers. Such is dramatic illusion, and such were the vivid feelings of this intelligent child!

In the early part of the year 1817, Talma paid a visit to England, and gave two *soirées dramatiques* at the Opera-house, assisted by Mademoiselle Georges and M. Mainvielle. These were well attended by the middling and higher ranks of society, eager to witness, though unaided by scenic effect, the exertions of the Roscius of the French stage. The applauses and reception he met with, in private as in public, gave him unmingled gratification. He renewed, at this time, his acquaintance with John Kemble, who, like himself, had done so much to reform the costume of the stage, and to bring to perfection the art he had so highly adorned, and of whose last performances on the stage he was now a witness. He was present, too, at the dinner given to him on his retirement from a stage of which, for the space of between thirty and forty years, he had been the ornament and pride. On this occasion Talma's health was drunk; and the accomplished and noble president, Lord Holland, in proposing it, highly complimented the French tragedians, and the Théâtre Français: to this he replied in a speech delivered in the English language.

Talma had now long remained confessedly without a rival on his own stage, when "I witnessed," says the author of one of his Mémoires, "his last appearance in the character of the ill-fated Charles VI. The seeds of his fatal disease were already sown within him. On beholding the old monarch, worn down by sufferings and misfortune, recovering for a moment his reason before resigning it and life together, I could not but call to mind the age of the actor, nor conceal from myself the existence of that malady which was visibly wearing him fast away; though he displayed upon the scene all the energy and depth of feeling which distinguished his acting in his best and youngest days. I felt as if I had been witnessing the last efforts of the 'dying gladiator.' I saw Talma after this, but never again upon the stage. 'His scenic hour' was 'for ever past,' 'and the valued plaudits' which that night rung upon his ear 'were his last.'"

From this time his complaint made such rapid progress as soon to convince his friends that his master-pieces must live thenceforward only in their yet warm remembrances; though they still cherished the delusive hope that he might recover so far as to bless and enliven

with his presence and his converse the social hearth: but these fond hopes were too soon and too fatally blighted; for on the 19th October, 1826, after having taken an affectionate and affecting leave of a few of his most intimate friends, and, last of all, of his two sons, in undisturbed tranquillity this amiable man and great *artiste* breathed his last breath. Thus ended his illustrious career! Good in private as he was great in public life, the surest, best testimony of his worth and the estimation in which he was held when living, were the tears of many a mourning friend over his grave: that soul-felt sorrow showing itself more in the looks than in the words of those who had stood by his side on the classic boards, through many a year of his glories and his triumphs, to whom he had ever been ready to lend the aid of his experience and matured judgment when they required it, and whose strong right arm was ever held out to encourage and to assist the timid and the wavering. Not seldom, too, has his advice been influential in deterring those by nature and by education unfit to endure the hard privations too often attendant upon the young actor's early life, from its difficult and uncertain paths.

Talma, in many points, resembled our own unrivalled Kemble; like him he was beloved in private, as in public admired; like him, character gave weight to genius, while genius conferred brilliancy on character; like him, too, the scholar and the accomplished gentleman, he brought in the aid of the sister-arts in reform of the costume, and in bringing out, as it were, in mid-day splendour, the imposing grandeur and bright glories of the classic stage; and, like him, his name will long be associated in the mind of every lover of the arts, and, indeed, in that of every intelligent being who ever witnessed their labours, or who ever pored, delighted, over the written testimony of their effect; their names will, with such, be associated with the purest and most soul-exalting moments of their lives; and, however brilliant the galaxy of dramatic talent into which they may find themselves thrown at an after-period, they will still look back with grateful recollection to these polar stars of dramatic grandeur and scenic excellence, and recal to mind, with feelings too deep for utterance, the delights they have afforded them, and the "instruction wherewith they have instructed them," full "many a time and oft," "e'en from their boyish days."

The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, all leave something to attest their excellence in their several arts—but the "mighty actor" must trust *his* after-fame to the pen of his biographer; and fortunate for him shall it be if he meet with one sufficiently generous to feel, and sufficiently skilful to describe, the workings of his master-mind when engaged in depicting, as they rise in rapid succession, the feelings, the passions, the weaknesses, and the strength of humanity!

A CHAPTER ON SIMILES.

THERE is a simile in Virgil, so remarkably apposite and beautiful, that I wonder it has escaped the notice of the commentators. It occurs in the description of the boat-race, instituted, with other festivities, in honour of Anchises. The crew of the victorious barge, within sight of the goal, having distanced their competitors, suspend their oars, and leave the boat propelled by the previous impulse, to glide majestically to the goal. The motion of the boat under these circumstances is compared to that of a bird, which, after a rapid flight, suspends the action of its wings, and sweeps apparently without an effort, through the yielding air:—

"Radit iter liquidum—celeres neque demovet alas."

There is a wonderful exactness and beauty in this illustration. It possesses also an advantage (of which I shall afterwards discourse) in being conversant with an object familiar to every one's experience.

The language of poetry is essentially made up of similes. If, as it has been pretended, the mind is possessed of two sets of faculties—one for finding resemblances, the other for detecting differences—poetry is peculiarly the employment of the first. The art of poetry, in so far as it is an art, may be called the art of finding resemblances. Hence the extensive use of the simile. For what are one half the epithets in which poets do so delight, but indirect similes? To talk of the "rosy morn," what is it but to compare the tints of the morning to the colours of the rose? To say the "moonbeam sleeps," what is this but to liken the moonlight to a person taking his repose? To speak of "melancholy boughs," what is this but to compare a tree to some bilious human subject? To talk of the "cock's shrill clarion," what is this but to assimilate a bird to a trumpet? Thus might we go on to the end of the chapter, resolving the language of poetry into similes, direct or indirect. Indeed, the three first words from the Latin poet I have quoted contain two similes. The bird is said to *cut* its way, evidently comparing his progress to that of some keen weapon, that overcomes all resistance; and that "way" is called "liquid," or like water, because it yields so easily to impressions.

Having premised thus much on the use and importance of the simile, I proceed to remark that good similes, in these latter days, are of rare occurrence. There is a visible decay in similes. They want that freshness and originality which delight us in the old masters. I speak here however, understand me, exclusively of our more polished and fashionable productions. There are still some good similes in the country, as I shall shortly proceed to prove; generally speaking, however, they run very indifferent; and I am disposed to attribute this deterioration to a fastidious and over scrupulous refinement, produced by modern criticism, which, if it has given to the productions of the present day a superiority in point of taste, has

left them far behind those of the old school in point of strength and solidity.

If I am right in considering Mr. Wordsworth's theory to be—that there is more eloquence and genuine poetry among the unlettered and unsophisticated part of the community than among the higher and better educated classes, I am inclined to become a convert to his doctrine. For having devoted considerable attention to the similes of the common people, I have found them invariably distinguished for their vivacity and spirit. They possess in some instances a pithy expressiveness, a racy wit, and, on some occasions, a strength and startling spiritedness, of which we in vain look for examples in more classic composers. They want indeed that effeminate delicacy, or cold dignity, which will always have a certain charm in the eyes of the school-bred critic; but they have a picturesque vigour, a rough but endearing homeliness, which make more than amends for the absence of these meretricious attractions. They deal with more familiar objects, and accordingly come more home to the business and bosoms of men. Science is not taxed for a learned and laborious illustration. Natural history is frequently resorted to, as will be seen hereafter; but the objects selected are generally of some species well known in the country: the globe is not circumnavigated before a fastidious taste can be satisfied. "He put his hands into his breeches pocket *like* a crocodile." This is far too elaborate and recondite. One sees immediately that this simile must have emanated from a person of quality. The crocodile (*crocodylus major*) is a native of Africa. This is too far to go for a simile. Unfortunately, however, your over-refined people are always committing this mistake. Nothing will suit them but what they can bring, with great pains, from a great distance; whereas, after all, nothing pleases so long or so well as perfect simplicity. The great poets of old understood this principle, and acted upon it. Solomon compares the eyes of his mistress to the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbin, and her nose to the tower of Lebanon which looked toward Damascus, evidently referring to objects exceeding well known in those days, when, in all probability, such powerful illustrations must have had a grandeur and effectiveness which even now startles the imagination. A modern poet likens his lady's eyes to those of the gazelle (*capra syl.* Linn.); but this is an illustration, which, besides that it is comparatively insignificant, must be thrown away upon the majority of readers, from their ignorance of the nature of the beast. Hence it appears to me that one of the greatest improvements of which modern poetry and eloquence are susceptible would be to divert the attention of authors and orators, in their search for resemblances, from all remote and recondite analogies—from mountains and cataracts—from rocks and rainbows—to the pleasingly familiar objects of domestic life, which require only to be mentioned to recal a thousand delightful associations and images, would by these means be rendered more distinct and vivid; they would attain a truth and transparency which it is the great end of poetry to produce; nor would they lose any thing but that vagueness and obscurity, which there cannot be a greater proof of bad taste than to mistake for sublimity or beauty. It is de-

lightful to contemplate the perfection at which these charming arts might arrive, were the practice recommended to be generally adopted; and as an inducement I shall here subjoin a few unsophisticated similes, collected at random, which, to minds properly constituted, to tastes not yet depraved by a vicious habit of refinement and affected sensitiveness, cannot fail of appearing beautiful. Weary of that perpetual soaring after the sublime, in which the works of our great poets do so abound, and which ends most frequently in unmeaning rant, or miserable affectation, it is refreshing to turn to these pleasant images gushing from the sweet fountains of domestic life, which appeal to universal experience, and make their way irresistibly to the heart.

Dead as a door-nail.—An impressive illustration of foregone existence. The annihilation is complete.

Busy as a cat in a tripe-shop.—This is a bustling, animated, spirit-stirring simile. It conveys a fine illustration of the intense and energetic employment of time.

To kick up a dust like a goat in a flour-barrel.—Strikingly bold and original! I doubt, however, whether the image presented be not obnoxious to the charge of a slight degree of incongruity. Some authors write "flower-garden" instead of "flour-barrel;" but I confess I am ever unwilling to sacrifice to a dainty sense of propriety all the fervour and spirit of the original conceptions of genius.

Proud as a puppy with two tails.—This is one of those happy conceptions that evince a genius no less lively than profound. One sees in imagination the pert young abortion, most probably a mongrel, turning his supercilious muzzle with a look of wonderful dignity towards his extraordinary appendage. I maintain that this simile conveys a fine moral lesson, worth a thousand homilies. What a satire upon pride! What a lesson on humility!

To look like one who has lost a shilling and found sixpence.—A wonderfully ingenious illustration! How vividly it describes a peculiar and well-known state of the countenance! How accurately it seizes the moment at which the sour and ascetic look of disappointment yields, though partially, and with reluctance, to some consolatory thought or circumstance, which, without making amends for the mortification, limits its duration, or corrects its bitterness.

To be a chip in porridge, or *like a chip in porridge.*—This is an oblique and mischievous libel upon the national food of the Scotch—a truly respectable people. I shall say no more about it. Similes should not be made vehicles of illiberality, much less should they foment national prejudices. Wit is wit—porridge is porridge.

To go about like a chicken that has got the pip.—Admirably descriptive! The simile applies to that desponding state, not unattended with a sort of restless and fidgetty irritability, to which we find certain individuals liable, who, when they suffer under this affliction, go whining and moping about their houses, scarcely able to raise up their heads, full of some petty grievance,—peevish and querulous,—out of sorts with themselves and with the world. It is, however, in some cases a physical infirmity, and should be sacred from similes. It yields to gentle—aperients.

Old as the hills.—Sufficiently antique. May not the expression, a "*green*" old age be derived from this simile?

To blush like a blue dog in a dark entry.—There is, it must be confessed, a degree of mysterious obscurity in this illustration, which requires development. The exact species of dog, to which the term "blue" applies, cannot perhaps be accurately ascertained. I have consulted Buffon, *passim*, and several encyclopedias, article *Dog*, but can find no allusion to any species of this peculiar tint. I strongly suspect, however, that it must be the description of dog, alluded to by Professor Pallas, in his account of Russia. He there speaks of "*une espèce particulière de chien que les Russes appellent 'Sobaka.'*" There are several reasons, which I may hereafter take an opportunity of laying before the public, for supposing the "blue dog" referred to, and the Sobaka, or more properly Sabatchka of the Russians, to be one and the same animal. If this point were once clearly ascertained, the complete development of this curious simile would be much facilitated.

Loving as inkle-weavers.—A well-known illustration. Inkle is a species of tape, used for binding; and beautifully shadows forth the the union of two hearts bound together by the ties of friendship.

Cool as a cucumber.—Finely descriptive of an unimpassioned state of being.

Common as a halfpenny loaf for a halfpenny.—This is a good old simile. A modern orator would say, "Common as the streets of the metropolis;" or, "common as the sun at noon-day," or something in the same highflown and affected style. There is, however, a simplicity in the original thought—a mathematical accuracy—which cannot fail of being appreciated by the judicious critic. It is evidently of some antiquity; and belongs to a period remarkable, it would seem, for a wider diffusion of the blessings of Providence. Halfpenny loaves are now obsolete.

Clear as mud.—This is evidently ironical.

We could introduce many other examples to illustrate our position; but these will be sufficient to convince the judicious reader of the necessity of extreme caution in the selection of similes, and the advantages of the familiar over the unintelligible. We recommend this chapter to the attentive study of Mr. Heraud and Mr. Montgomery, denominated by some wicked wag, the "Brummegem Milton."

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE DISSENTERS.*

Who has not read the Legend of Montrose? and who that has read it can forget the inimitable Dalgetty, and his description of the then state of parties in Scotland and England? "Loyalty is your password, my Lord. 'Liberty!' roars another chield from the other side of the strath. 'The King!' shouts one war-cry; 'the Parliament!' another. 'Montrose for ever!' cries Donald, waving his bonnet. 'Argyle and Leven!' cries a west-country Saunders, vapouring with his hat and feather. 'Fight for the Bishops!' says a priest with his gown and rocket. 'Stand fast for the Kirk!' cries a minister. Good watchwords all—excellent watchwords."

Now, with a very slight alteration in some of these names, this would be a very just picture of our own times. The same general spirit of political and religious discord has spread through all classes, and diffused itself through the whole body of society. All ranks of men have enlisted themselves on one side or the other, and clamour as loudly for liberty of conscience, orthodoxy, and the church, as their ancestors shouted for the covenant or episcopacy. Nor can this be a matter of surprise: for so long as there is any one predominant party in any country, all others will look upon it with envy and jealousy; there must inevitably be a struggle for ascendancy; and bodies of the most opposite and conflicting opinions will band themselves together to attain the common purpose, dislodging their rival from his hated pre-eminence. And so surely as they shall have attained that common end, will they divide themselves into a thousand different factions, each opposed to the other with animosity and hatred ten times more bitter than had animated them against the object of their attack. This is human nature. It is a principle which we hold in common with the brute creation. The wild dog and the wolf pull down their prey in packs, and fight over the mangled remains. Men league themselves together to plunder a traveller, or to pillage a province, and, the work of spoliation complete, the division of the booty ends in the death grapple of the bandit, or the exterminating war of nations.

But of all hatred, religious hatred is the most bitter and envenomed. Of all contests, that between rival sects is the most furious and irreconcileable. Of all miseries that can happen to a nation, a religious war is the most grievous. To avert such a calamity, all good men would join themselves together; they would sacrifice much to restore peace; they would struggle to redress all real grievances; they would as steadily oppose all factious and unreasonable demands. At

* A Second Letter to a Dissenter, &c., Thoughts on the Admission of Dissenters, &c., by the Rev. R. W. Sewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. (Talboys.)—On the Admission of Dissenters to Graduate, &c., by the Rev. C. Wordsworth, M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge. (Rivington.)

such a time the mere ascendancy of any political party ceases to be of importance, and every other consideration is absorbed in that of the general safety.

It is with this feeling we view the present question between the Universities, the Church, and the Dissenters.

With the highest veneration and the warmest attachment for our national establishment, and with the sincerest respect for the zeal, the sincerity, the talent, the persevering exertions of the Dissenters, it cannot be concealed that both are in error. In fact, extremes seldom or never are found to be either theoretically or practically just. In the philosophy of life, as in the philosophy of science, there is one certain point of right, and it is equally a mistake to fall short of as to transgress that limit. He is the wisest and best man who regulates his actions so as to bring them the nearest to it. In the present case the one demands too much, the other concedes too little. And is there no means of satisfying the legitimate claims of the one, without touching on the just rights of the other? We hope, we believe, this might be accomplished. But the difficulty lies not in composing the real differences which exist between the conscientious Dissenters and the members of the Church, but in healing the wounds which have been unnecessarily inflicted on either side, not indeed by those who are substantially interested in the decision of the question, but by violent partizans and self-interested factionists. Of these, some oppose every concession from a mistaken fear of innovation and a bigoted attachment to antiquity. With these, every thing which is new is dangerous—that which is old is hallowed to their use—so that it is almost sacrilege to polish off the rust with which it is incrusted. Others, and they the most dangerous as the most specious, are they who, to serve their own purposes and to effect their own aggrandizement, would willingly involve the whole country in anarchy and confusion. These are the loudest clamourers for liberty of conscience and equality of rights; the brawlers at public meetings, who gull the senseless mob with words which they cannot understand—with promises they never mean to perform: who have recorded their vows of cowardice under which to shelter their insolence and meanness: whose deeds of disinterested patriotism are rewarded from the very life-blood of a starving people: whose honesty is indelibly chronicled in the annals of the Stock Exchange, or whose legal ingenuity will never be forgotten till fraud ceases to be a crime, —till breach of trust presents no bar to public honours or private esteem.

"Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto."

Sincerely do we wish that the present Ministry had avoided any connection with men of this class. Sincerely do we wish they had trusted themselves to the good sense and good feeling of the country —that they had not excited a clamour which they now cannot still. We cannot conceal from ourselves that by this association they have shaken the confidence of the country, without securing the fidelity of their allies. They have created a Prætorian Guard, whose insolence

they are afraid to check. They affected to hold their power from the mob, and they are become the vassals of their tyranny.

But it is not yet too late if they will have the firmness necessary to relieve themselves from this thraldom. They profess to be zealous supporters of the Church; and yet they fall into the measures of those who now no longer covertly plot, but openly avow their hatred and call for its destruction. Let us reason the matter calmly.

In the first place—Is an Established Church necessary for the well-being of England? We say, without hesitation, yes—under all circumstances, yes—under present circumstances, indispensably.—If, indeed, men were on the point of forming a social system entirely new, the question *might* be raised how far it would be politic to embody the Church with the State. But let us examine the very composition of society. To begin with a family. What is the authority of a parent over his family? what is the obedience and the respect paid to him by the members of that family? Is it the spontaneous tribute of each individual, or the collective homage of the whole body? Is it to be granted or withheld at the caprice of each individual, or is it to be uniformly rendered by all? Is it, if the expression may be allowed, *abstract or concrete?* Let us go a step farther. A tribe or a nation is composed of many families, under some head, whether it be a king, a dictator, a consul, or by what other name he may be called. Is that authority conferred on him by the individuals composing the tribe, or is it derived from the general assent? The public acts of that chief, are they the acts of the individuals or of the mass? Again, let us take a representative government—the House of Commons, for example. Members are sent to this assembly not to do the bidding or convey the sentiments of individual constituents, but to consult on the interests of the whole body of society—to make laws which are to be binding on all—to enter into engagements or treaties which the whole nation is bound to fulfil. Individuals are mere cyphers—they are as units to the million. And yet this principle, which pervades the whole system of society, is to be lost sight of when we are brought into relation with our God, as if He were the God of an individual, and not of the whole body.

Again, it will be conceded on all hands that some order, some regular system, is necessary for the well-being of all public bodies. To begin with the first link of the social chain, there must be a common and uniform medium for the communication of ideas—there must be one system of laws. Men, as if by instinct, adopt a uniformity of habits and of manners—they assume a peculiar and distinctive external character—they find by experience that this harmony is not only useful but necessary in the most minute trifles of daily life; and yet it is to be said, that this intuitive wisdom is applicable only to our earthly transactions, and loses all its power the moment we apply ourselves to our religious duties.

If, indeed, there were many gods, as many gods as men, and each god (like the genius of the great philosophy) exercised his authority, and extended his providence over individuals and over individuals only, each man might be excused from worshipping any but his own tutelary divinity, but till we become platonists and cease to be not

merely Christians but deists, this position can never be tenable. So long as our very political existence as a nation depends upon the will of a God, so long do we owe to that God the same collective homage which we pay to him in silence, and in our own chambers for his individual mercies and protection. And how can this duty be discharged except by some regulated and certain form of worship—and what is this but a national church? Thus far unassisted reason would guide man. But man is not left to reason only, he has other guides to direct him, which we, for one, will never reject. We will not reject the experience of past ages—we will not throw on one side the revealed word of God. We do not believe the history of man to be a series of fictions, or the Bible a tissue of philosophical fables. We do not believe that all other generations were fools, and that we alone are wise; or that a nation can long exist as a nation whose government is directed solely according to human theories, unsupported and unsanctified by a national religion. Till we have come to this conviction we will never cease to uphold a national church.

Are we singular in these opinions, or is the argument we have adduced only a sophism raised by the parties opposed to the church with a secret hope of overthrowing that establishment, and exalting themselves on its ruin?

But suppose for the moment that the church were overthrown, what denomination of Christians would be able to assume its place? Which is the sect so distinguished by its superior piety, humility, and learning that all others, by common consent, would yield to its claim? Would not this be sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind? Would not this very event give rise to animosities ten times more violent, heart-burnings more bitter, jealousies and strifes more furious and unchristian than have ever been directed against the church? Look to the feuds which at this moment exist among the different dissenting congregations, and let that answer the question.

Let us try the claim of the church of England by another test—by numbers; and what society of Dissenters can compare with it? We do not rely much on an arithmetical argument, but it is one mainly in fashion at the present day.

As we said before, this is not merely a party question, it is one of general importance of universal application, and on which men ought to speak plainly without any reference to politics. We have always upheld the cause of legitimate liberty, but we will not side with the advocates of licentious disorder. We lent our best aid to the cause of Reform, but will as steadily oppose the march of revolution.

We have been led into this train of thinking by the recent debates in the House of Commons, as well on the general question of church government as also on the petitions of the Dissenters to be admitted to the universities, and on the claim of the London University to the privilege of granting degrees. Of course the men of Oxford and Cambridge have armed themselves in support of what they consider their privileges. The principal champions of the respective universities are Mr. Sewell, and Mr. Wordsworth, both men of distinction; possessing bold and vigorous minds, classical imaginations, and acute forcible reasoners. As might be expected a good

deal of feeling is visible in many parts of their contests, and in the warmth of their disputations they are occasionally betrayed into sarcastic observations which would have been better omitted—they detract from the dignity and do not add to the strength of the position which they have chosen. Mr. Sewell's labours embrace both questions; Mr. Wordsworth's pamphlet confines itself to the admission of Dissenters to the universities. We wish that Mr. Sewell had done the same. We wish too, that Oxford and Cambridge had abstained from offering any opposition to the prayer of the London University. In the first place the yielding this point would in all probability have silenced the claim they have since made for their admission to the universities. Concession might have produced conciliation. In the next place we consider their opposition to the prayer of the University of London, not merely injudicious but unjust.

It is injudicious for two reasons: because they assume to themselves a right which they do not possess; and secondly, because it draws on them suspicions which we do not believe they deserve.

Their opposition is founded on the ground that no religion is taught at the University of London.

Now we are ready to admit that with many this is a great objection to the system of education pursued there: but how do the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge acquire the right of raising the objection. They are perfectly distinct; they have no young men drafted off from London, to exhibitions or scholarships in their respective colleges. If it were so the case might be very different; but they themselves carefully avoid and studiously disclaim any communion with the offending body. But it is said they will grant degrees, similar in name to those conferred at Oxford and Cambridge. Is there any reason why they should not, even without a charter? What is a degree?—A certificate that the graduate has passed a certain examination in particular branches of learning under competent masters. Is there any thing to forbid the heads of the seminaries of Homerton or Hoxton, or of any private school in the kingdom, from conferring any certificate they may think fit on their pupils? Or is there any magic in the two letters B.A. or M.A.? After all they are only symbols of titles and of honour; and these, like money, derive all their value from the mint in which they are coined. But let us analyze the objection a little closer. A young man has studied medicine under able masters at the London University, and is considered by them competent to commence his practice. What say the universities?—Do not give this young man his certificate of merit. Why? Is he not a good surgeon?—Oh yes; but we do not know whether he goes to church or chapel. They might as well say, give no prize for poetry or painting, because the candidate is ignorant of Chaldaic or Sanscrit.

Again: this degree, about which so much is said, is only a *vabat quantum* privilege. It is but an initiatory step to be consummated by the intervention of some other body. The degree does not necessarily admit the graduate to holy orders; nor does it ensure his call to the bar—much less his practice as a physician. It is, as we said

before, merely a letter of recommendation; and till we are convinced that Oxford and Cambridge are the only institutions whose introduction is to be attended to, we shall be of opinion that the same liberty ought to be generally extended. The world will soon attach its proper value to each distinction; and nothing is more easy than for each graduate to append to his title to the name of the university or college of which it was granted.

But are the universities jealous of the uninitiated? Are they afraid to enter into a comparison with the learning and talent of the Dissenters? Would they exclude others from advantages they enjoy? This has been hinted; but, as a member of the university, we indignantly repel the insinuation. We believe that the universities would accept with delight any challenge to so honourable a contest. We believe that no mean jealousy has actuated them in the course they have pursued, either towards the London University, or in their opposition to the admission of dissenters to their institutions. But let Mr. Sewell speak for his class:—

"Nothing would more rejoice the heart of any one interested in the welfare of this country, but most of all in its religion, than to find the dissenting body united in a rivalry of learning with the Church of England. And let the rivalry be open and decided. The colours different—the course the same. It is a manly and a noble emulation, in which we should contend as friends, and rejoice in each other's victories. We want no monopoly of learning—God forbid! God forbid that we should not rejoice at the names, which dissenters can produce stamped with the honours of knowledge!"

We could have written much on the subject of the admission to the universities, but prefer quoting the following passages. We perfectly agree with the sentiments expressed there—the spirit they breathe is equally worthy of the philosopher and Christian:—

"And if improvement is still to be made, it must be made not by an abandonment of the formal part of our system, but by an encouragement and extension of its spirit. We must cherish, not destroy. But (it is the point to which I have been leading) the admission into our body of dissenters from the established church must prove its immediate destruction. It must be so for this reason: The University of Oxford is happily not an enlightened body. It sprung and received its support from a strong and earnest spirit of devotion. All its early statutes and foundations were most deeply imbued with religion. Its motto is, 'The Lord our light.' And, thank God, this has not yet been changed for the present generation."

"We are, thank God, a religious body—and by his blessing will continue the same. For in addition to such habits of thought as many may deem to be prejudice, we have certain other principles and reasons for desiring to constitute religion a most vital and prominent part in our system of moral education. You have lamented the unenlightened state of our minds in this enlightened age. And one light has fallen, not from Heaven, upon the eyes of the present generation, which to us is total darkness. We do not think it possible, we could not even attempt to make men good without endeavouring to make them Christians. We cannot understand a scheme of moral control, or moral perfection, in which religion, fixed, definite, positive religion, is left out."

Such would be also our answer to any one who purpose to abolish the religious character of an university education. But it is proposed

still to preserve religion, and yet admit students of all persuasions—we fear it is practically, is morally impossible.

We commenced this article with professing our attachment to the established church; we shall conclude with a quotation from Mr. Wordsworth's pamphlet, which contains truths we feel to be irresistible. This shall be our apology, should we be accused of illiberality of sentiment. If the universities are thrown open, we peril the existence of our national church; and if the church should fall, we have nothing left but national irreligion—we dare not risk the experiment—nor can the Dissenters themselves, if we trust their own declaration, expect more than we would concede them. They have wealth, let them establish their own colleges. They have talent, let them be the foremost in the honourable contests of literary, scientific, and religious exercises. They are valuable members of the state, let them show their love to their country, to their own body, not by stirring up dissension, but by promoting peace—

"On the consequent and inevitable modification of the present academic system of religious instruction but few observations are requisite. The case is analogous to that of religious worship, and the simple objection to these theories, when translated into practice, is—that they are impossible. We are told that religious instruction may be given without reference to controversy, or, in plainer terms, without a recognition of any one characteristic and essential feature of Christianity. And this is called *religious instruction!* But we have not been told what honest man would give, or what pious man would receive such religious instruction as this. Still, if the thing were possible, this, truly, is the relief which with such ostentatious condescension we vouchsafe the dissenters!—to starve their children on the beggarly elements of a negative and deistical Christianity! My Lord, if dissenters are to be recognised as dissenters, if they are to have a voice in the government of the university, and a share in the collegiate endowments—and this our concession involves—they must also and ought to be educated *as Dissenters.* They would indeed have achieved a splendid conquest, if their triumph should consist in this—that their right of conscience should be violated! No, my Lord, their children must now be educated, and educated in dissent: and not merely so educated, but educated also *by Dissenters.*

"And thus we are brought to suppose, as in active and practical existence, what we just now deprecated as too appalling to be possible. A few moments ago, we should as soon have expected a Dissenter "to ask for a rectory, as to obtain or seek a fellowship." Here, however, he *now* presents himself to us, uninvited and unexpected, and not merely invested with the preliminary attributes of a fellowship, but exercising the functions of an instructor, which by our very constitution suppose him to be enjoying a fellowship, though not implied in its enjoyment.

Encouraged by this favourable result of an inauspicious prophecy, and having sought and obtained what seemed incredible, he will now proceed boldly on his career, and when arriving at the brink of his statutable superannuation, he will seek to qualify himself, by receiving ordination from some peculiar and appropriate authority, to demand a continuation of this his collegiate privilege; and when the lapse of years, and the opportunities of his position, shall have made it more expedient, he will then be prepared to denounce the inconsistent and intolerable iniquity, by which he is excluded from the ecclesiastical patronage of a college, in which he has been engrafted and incorporated as a member?"

MEETING OF THE DELEGATES.—No. II.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE M. S. OF AN UNIONIST.)

On Thursday morning we received the following note from the Chillwell Unionists, requesting us to attend two days earlier than we had appointed. It was directed, "too The larned Gentlemen diligetes, at the Line Inn, wot opened our Unien,"—and read as follows:

"Deer Diligetes,

"We are geting on beter then bargin, we have teckin in the 'Thief' and the 'Times', an are geting great inlitenment on Pollyticks. Jos. Bole can now spokefy, and grows larned, we want you to cum an put us in a way, then we shall du, we are trew to the cose as lines, an we are bent on FREDUM, for our childers's seks, we do our eckersise every hopurtewnitety, I Remen

Yours in Unien,

John Sillygums, Chareman."

We were soon assembled at the Lion Inn tap-room, busily preparing ourselves for the evening's task, by drinking, eating, smoking, and chalking up a long shot, which we knew would be paid out of the Union fund; and, as Dick said, would only be depriving the yokels of a musket less. After having had thirty papers of tobacco, and eighteen quarts of ale, amongst six of us, we began to grow loquacious.

"I say, Dick," said the old shoemaker, addressing the player, "I've felt dev'lish savage ever sin that nite as we opened Chillwell Union, at you saying you would spout me for half a gallon of ale; now, I've been studying lately, an as there's only six of us here, I'll just hev you for a dry shilling."

"Agreed upon, Neddy," answered the player, "providing we shall both spout on a new subject, and it shall be left to these four to decide which of us is the best spouter for good ideas, strong language, sound sense, sublime conceptions, magnitudinal arrangements, and general political knowledge."

"Agreed on," said Ned, "an we'll toss up to see whose to begin first."

The lot fell on old Ned, and another minute found him upon the table, ready to enter the list with the far-famed eloquent Dick, the broken-down player.

"Gentlemen," began Ned, rubbing his elbow previously, "Gentlemen," rubbing and grinning, "you will excuse me a moment while I pull my coat off, I've gotten either a flea or a bug biting me most dev'lishly, an it may confuse my idees."

This inconvenience was removed, and he again commenced in good earnest thus:—

"Gentlemen, I have long sat as a spectator in the play-house of Polites, and have seen hypocritical march forth in the mask of sin-

cereness, have seen Tyrannical personify Patrioticism, and Avaricious mimick Generosityness, until the gorgeous drapered deceitfulness, the cover mantling and folded rustlingness, whose veil shawdowed their vile-breasted bosoms, fell headlong sweepingly aside, and exposited hem in their true varigated hues of coloring, (Gentlemen, isn't that language beautiful?) But, thanks to the watching guardian, Genius of Freedom's Liberty, the rapscallion, villanous, beggarly, lousy, dirty vagabond, blackguard, blockheaded, a—a—a blasted ——(order, order!) players are kicked off the boards by the 'muttering thunder of public opinion.'"

"That's mine, Ned; I shall not stand it, you stole that from one of my old speeches." (Order, order!) "Order be d——," said Dick, "I'm not going to be ordered out of my shilling: it's one o'the best bits I have."

"Well then," said Ned, "that sha'nt be reckoned.—Another lot is now playing, acting, and doing their parts: we will not critically them till we have seen how they perform, and, if they win our meritous shouts, acme of applause, it shall not be wanting when it's wanted. I am convinced that the affairs of Columbia, America, Gallia, Flanders, France, Canada, Netherlands, Caledonia, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Hibernian Wales, and many more geographical places beside the world, is in the fists of the present Legslaters. An I believe as if the Legslaters would unite with our unions, and let a few of us Delegates sit in Parliament, as wot England—glorious old England—the land of antiquities and battle-brands—would sit conspicuous predominant on her own hams, an look contemptously majestical around upon the idolizing, wondering world, beautiful as her own navals, gorgeous as her own armis, strong as her own garrisons, pretty as her own self.—Gentlemen, what, in the name of the devil, need she care for?—invenerably, magnificently, the isthmus of Liberated Freedom!—"

"There, Dick," said he, jumping from the table, and clapping his hands, "there's eloquence; beat it if you can. I only wish Demosthesneise and Cicerto had been here to hear me; but theire in London."

"I mean to say," answered Dick, "as you don't know grammar in the first place; and in the second, that there was no aim in your speech; but if I don't beat you hollow, and make such a speech as Brougham would give twenty pounds for, my name's not Dick the Orator." And on the table he mounted once more in the position of Canning, and thus commenced:—

"Englishmen and Unionists! There was a time when our forefathers were happy, and merry England was the blazing star that illuminated the wondering world.—That glorious light is now dim as the wind-lifted torch, that has been hurled and slaked in the blue-rolling, snow-crested, and darkening ocean. (Ned, there's ideas!) Have not our best interests been sacrificed on the chamelion-changing dribbles of villanous experiments? Has not poverty broken asunder all those endearing ties that knit heart to heart, and mind to mind? Have not those whom we loved been compelled to emigrate, to wander abroad into the wide wilderness of a desolate world, to find at the

best an unendeared shelter? Have not (raising his voice, and spreading out his hands), hundreds shed the parting tear upon the bosoms of their kindred, left their native homes, the hawthorn-surrounded cottage, the green valleys where they played in childhood, the woodbine-mantled lanes, the flowery woods, and turned with tearful eyes to take a last, long, lonely, lingering, loving look of the time-greyed, ivy-garlanded, moss-covered, grey-browed, sky-gazing village spire, as it lifted on high its lonely head to gaze upon the blue-browed horizon; and have they not been wave-borne over the big-bounding billows of the blustering-browed ocean? (Is that nought, Ned?)"

Dick grew warm in his eloquence, and proceeded in this strain so long, that, however it might enlighten the minds of the Leicester Unionists, it by no means suits the limits of the *Monthly Magazine;* so, that we may proceed with the narrative, it need only be remarked, that when Dick sprang from the table, and appealed to us if he had not won the shilling, to prevent any disturbance, we proposed that both the shillings should be spent in halfpenny cigars, so that we might cut a swell in going and coming from the Union. And they were unanimously declared the two greatest orators of the age, and shook each other's hand in dignity.

We again set out for the village of Chillwell, each smoking halfpenny cigars, and moving like zigzag lightening, for we had now become gloriously drunk.

"I say," said Ned, "don't you think the Unions ought to allow us a conveyance suitable to the rank of Delegates, and not let us walk like common slovens?"

"I'll tell you what," said Dick, if you've no objections, we'll hire Joe Broomet's light cart—you know the Unions pays for all.

"Isn't yon his house?" said the old blacksmith, whose optics had gathered the power of seeing more than what really was visible.

"No," said Dick, "it's a haystack."

"Haystack!" echoed the Blacksmith, "why I can see the smoke from the chimney."

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" you can see the smoke from your own cigar," said Dick.

"I've just gotten a new idee," said the young Stockinger, "it's original; and 'ell come in just right in my speech."

"What is it?" asked one. "Come, let's hear."

"It's an image," said he, "about smoke; and the flag of liberty shall smoke as it dries in the sunshine, like a wet towel before a rousing fire."—— "Beautiful! but here's Joe Broomet's house—Dick, do you bargain for his light cart?"

"I will;" said Dick, and rap tap he went at the old door.

Bow, wow, wow, was the answer from the deep throat of a mastiff, until it was hushed by a voice, saying, lay down, devil, will you; and old Joe opened the door: when out bounced the dog, and seized the Blacksmith by his ventilated corderoys, in spite of Joe Broomet's kicking, and pulling and swearing.

"Thou's done somet at that dog sum time or other," said Joe, "else he wouldn't hev flown at thee."

"I only once gev him a bit of a kick," said the Blacksmith, "for running away wi' one o' my bones."

"Well," said Dick, "we've come to hire your light cart, to go to Chillwell in."

"But I an't got a horse at home," said Joe; "and beside if I had, whose to pay me for my cart?"

"O, the Union," said Dick; "the Leicester Political Union—we are delegates appointed by them. The Union pays for all."

"Then, I wish the Union would pay for that sheep as I sold Butcher Tong, for he swears as wot sin' they opened a Union in Chillwell, all his meat's gone on trust; and says, wot there's nought going forerd but drunkenness and idleness sin' they opened it; an' that he can't get any money from folks wot allos paid afore that d—— Union began."

"O, it's sure to be so for a time," said Dick; "but after awhile you'll begin to feel the benefit of these things; for the Union will abolish all duties, then they'll have plenty of money to pay all the debts they may chance to contract during their formation."

"Hey, well if they do that, it e'll not matter. But about this cart; I've got two jackasses, if you've a mind to teck them, why you may heve 'em there and back for five shillings, if you'll pay me fost."

"When we return," said Dick, "we shall then have received the musket-money, and you shall be payed."

To this Joe agreed; and, in a few minutes, five of us were seated in the cart (which had that day been loaded with coals) with Dick at the front as driver, all blowing our cigars, and going as fast as whipping and shouting could urge us, until we came to a sudden turn in Basford Lane, when one of the wheels fell off as we were just on the brink of a filthy dyke, and in we all went—cart, donkeys, driver, and delegates, flapping about like flounders, among stagnant water, weeds, and mud. "Ewkaw, ewkaw," cried the donkeys.—"I'm almost choked with mud," blethered the Blacksmith.—"O, what a go!" cried Dick.—"I wish we'd walked," said Ned, as he crawled up the bank, shining like a black snail with sludge.—"We can't go this figure," said the young Stockinger, rubbing his face with grass.

I had been busy in getting up the donkeys, who no sooner found themselves at liberty than away they ran back of their own accord faster than they came, with Dick after them; when, just as he was within reach of the nearest, up went its heels, and down Dick came on his seat of honour, prostrated by his long-eared conqueror, who galloped away, eckawing its own sweet notes of victory. We all congregated round our fallen orator, and enquired if he was hurt: "No," was the answer, "let's have another cigar;" and down we sat in our dirt to console ourselves, forming a circle round donkey-felled Dick; and, as soon as a light was obtained from the tinder-box, we began to smoke away, as if nothing had happened, like true-born gentlemen delegates.

We had not sat long before we perceived Joe Broomet, coming full run with a horse-whip in his hand, preceded by his big barking dog. The old Blacksmith had had one pressure from his teeth, and, not wishing for another, up he jumped, and bounded off at full run;

and, as old Joe's "you d—— rascals! I'll cart you," rung upon our ears, as he approached us with his arm uplifted, and fist clenched, we deemed it advisable to decamp, and away we all run as fast as our legs would carry us, with Joe and his fat dog in full chase. The old Stockinger's shoe came off, but on he ran with only one on, with his head turned back, marking the loss or gain of ground by our enemies, instead of looking before, when he came in contact with a nettle-bank, which caused him to measure his length in the lane, and in a few seconds, the dog's teeth were set in his coat laps. Dick perceived what had occurred, and immediately turned round to the rescue, for he was not altogether devoid of courage; and, seizing a hedge-stake, commenced laying on the dog with such force, as soon caused him to unloose his hold; which was scarcely accomplished before the horsewhip was heard rattling about old Ned's back. The Blacksmith returned when he perceived his old enemy, the dog, fairly beaten off the ground, and joined in the attack upon poor Joe Broomet, who still kept plying the whip upon those nearest, and exclaiming:—

"You dilegate villains to upset my cart and break it—you lazy Union blackguards! to cut my asses' harness, and send 'em home, and leave my cart in a dike.—I should like to cut you all into minch-meat—you good-for-nothing Unionists!"

I know not to what lengths the old farmer would have gone, had not Dick succeeded in taking away his whip, for all had tasted more or less of the thick thong, and leaving him to to encounter the Blacksmith in a fair single-handed fight, which lasted for several minutes; for the man of iron prided himself on his skill in the pugilistic department, and succeeded in flooring his opponent, while Dick kept the dog at bay, or rather kept up a continual war with his hedge-stake, until the poor brute, like his master, lay down fairly conquered.

This was the signal for retiring; and away we went, leaving the old farmer to shift for himself the best way he could. As we walked on, the Blacksmith complained of a soreness about his ribs, and swore, "that old Joe had struck rather lungus." We reached the village about dusk, covered with mud, and smelling strongly of stagnant ditch-water; indeed, some of our faces seemed to have caught the hues of the gathering darkness; and, to use Ned's own words, "We looked as dirty as half-a-dozen black devils." But what could be done, we had no alternative, but to proceed to the Sheep's Head, and make them acquainted with our accident; or at least as much of it as we deemed proper.

"I think," said the old Blacksmith, "if they seem to teck notice, and smell us, I'd better get up and spokefy afore we begin, so as to make 'em somehow aware as wot it occurred all for the good of the Union."

"You had better," said Dick, "as they may think something." And into the public-house we went, and found John Sillygums seated in the chair, while Jos Bole was pointing out some strange occurrence in the "Times."

"What a smell," said one; "how doty they look" said another. "The've had a struggle for th' cause," said a third, and every one

in a low whisper hazarded some opinion. I could perceive that the board on which ale-scores were chalked was covered, and that behind the door was many a shining row of long strokes for quarts, and small crosses for " papers o backer."

On the top of the door, as an introduction to the shots, was written " HEWNEN MEN, Jos BOLE," and a long line of white teeth which told twenty-three quarts with small crosses to the tune of fifty-four papers of tobacco, announced how the Union had improved Jos Bole. John Sillygums was not far behind—but as he told his wife great changes couldn't be worked without expense. But while I stood reconnoitering the blacksmith had arisen at one end of the room, and the chairman had struck the table three times with a broken salt-box which was called the chairman's hammer, and as all was attention the man of iron thus commenced :—

" Mr. chairman, and brother unionists, you will perceive by our appearance to night as how somet happened not over pleasant, and as I darsay you feel concarned in our interest, why I thought it as well to meck an explanation so you mun no as how wot we had a murgency of business on hand wot drived us late, so we thought we would hire a vayhickel to come over and attend to you, but the hos took fright, run away, and upset the chaise in a dike which causes us not to smell over an above sweet, but still were hearts is good, if were cloase is duty, and if we have happened to happen a small misforten its in a good liberty cause, and I no yo'll all sympetise we us; after we've had a bit o rest we shall commence we business."

Every yokel's fist thunedred the regular expected quantity of applause, which bespoke them satisfied with the explanation. We now set down to drink and smoke before we commenced business; according to the articles of the Union which particularly specified that " every delegate or commite-man, when occupied on the Union business, shall have per man allowed unto him three quarts of ale, six papers of tobacco, with bread, cheese, and unions, or, if need be, one pound of beef-steaks to be paid for out of the General Political Union-funds." We had scarcely lighted our pipes before Jos Bole arose, who, to use John Sillygum's words could spokefy, and had grown larned, he spake as follows :—

" Gentlemen dilegates—while yo get sum refreshment after your fatygew, I shall, as seceretery enter into a account of our doings sin yo wore ear, (hem, hem) we have tecken in the " Thief" and the " Times," and to night have been talking about the " True Sun;" we hev met every night, and hav often staid as late at night as daylight i'the morning; we hav met to do our exercise every opportunity, and can form solid squares an march in bathillyons; we hav talked together an gotten to know wot one or another thinks on things as they are. An we hav had two arguing meetings on the following twopicks which, as secertery, I hav entered on my minits—' first, whither the repeal of the Hewnon would meck O Connel king or emperor of Ireland, an wither trying to put down Political Unions wouldn't brake th' peace o' the A lied powers,' so you see we hevent been asleep; I've speechified ninteen times sin you was ear, and hope as wot I've sed I'll be like ground sawed upon good

seed to be seen after many days. Our chairman has spoken often, whe hevn't done so much wok, but as I say, after a time things will go on smoother, an we mun meck sick things up. For I believe we're in a good cause; we hav bont six stacks wot belonged to tyrants, and shall bon a barn fost opportunity, which will let em see wot we are good staunch men wot has joined the Union."

Jos Bole now took a long pull at a full quart, then set down amid the plaudits of his rustic brethren; when the young Stockinger laid down his pipe, and next arose:—

"Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen Union-men! I feel very happy to hear of your flourishing state, and am glad that you hev teckin in newspapers wot will make you enlitened, and especially that you grow propicents in your ecksersise; for, depend upon it, the day is comed when you will hev to fite like 'broths o' boys,' for your wives, your childer, your daughters, and your homes. I am ten times happy that you hev had arguing meetings on such vary important topics as O'Connel and the Allied Powers; and am very well pleased we Jos Bole's wonderful eloquence; for, by gom, he grows larned, and is now a gem in the Union crown. You hev dun well in bonning the stacks wot belonged to tyrants; and I should not care if all the corn in the country was bont, then there would be somets dun, for it would open the Ports. Gentlemen, the 'flag of liberty will smoke as it dries in the sunshine, like a wet towel before a roaring fire!' '

Bravo, bravo! shouted the rustics, as the young Stockinger lifted up a full pint, and emptied it a draught, then sat down and resumed his pipe. The old Blacksmith next arose, and spoke as follows:—

"Feller Countrymen! We are at this time engaged in talking over the corn laws in every part of England, and are determined to hev none. Now, if we come to teck a survey of them from fost to last, we shall see as how they are a piece of humbuggery from beginning to end; fost, the land is taxed on which the corn is sawed; then, the tithe is laid on that, then comes the duty, then the double duty on foreign corn, so that you see we have it on every end and side; we've no chance of been rid of it. Now, if they was to throw open all the Ports, an' let's have a free trade in corn, look what a difference it would meck, we should hev foreign competition, and every country in the world would bring us corn; an' what a deal cheaper it would make bread; and then our farmers could grow more tatoes and import 'em to Ireland, an' every thing would go on comfortable. But you'll see it will come to this in th' end, when us Unionests hes bont all th' castles, sunk all th' ships, and go to th' Parliment oursens; but not till. So let's persevere in th' cause, and by——." Here the orator was stooping down, for he stood upon the table, and no doubt intended striking his hand upon it, to give effect, when, lo! a nameless part of his person went clash through the window to which his back was turned, and carried away several panes, together with the lead work.

"D—— your Union," roared the landlord; "what with getting in my debt, and breaking one thing an' another, I shall be ruined we you. I wish I'd never seen your delegates."

"Order, order!" shouted a dozen voices, for Dick was now on his legs: "Order, order! it 'ell be all right when we've got shot o' th' tyrants."

"Gentlemen!" said Dick—all was still as death—"The gathering brow of darkening battle is firmly knit, and the marshalled phalanx of earth-shaking liberty, comes on like the thundering tramp of congregated millions. Already are the yelling blood-hounds of freedom-crushing-tyranny seared; but still they ride along our ranks, shaking their blood-bathed blades, while the dull, dead drum of desolation rolls fearfully; but if they conquer, they shall unfurl their night-darkening battle-banners over blazing towns and smoking villages. Gentlemen, the voice of distress has too long howled upon the vengeance-shrieking air, or glided moaningly along the woods until it has pierced the blue-based ocean, and pealed echoingly through our hearts. Englishmen, arouse ye! grasp the unerring lightening of revenge, and hurl its red-winged deathliness through the blood-joined ranks of hell-marched tyranny, determinedly! The blazing sun of freedom has arisen in the golden glow of Liberty's horizon, and pours his glorious light through gloom and glimmer glade and glen, to illuminated victory." There was a pause, with wide open mouths at the termination of Dick's speech. Then rose the universal shout; while the player lighted his pipe, holding it with the same air as he would the torch that he one day expected to bear to fire the union-pile of Liberty.

It was now past midnight; when all of a sudden open flew the door, and in rushed a host of women, who had joined in union "to either break up the Union," as they said, "or break our necks."

"Are you coming home?" cried a tall angry-looking woman; "Are you coming home, Jos. Bole?—An't you ashamed o' yoursen, sotting and drinking here every night, and spending your money instead of bringing it home to your family? Four shillings is every farden we've had on you for this last fortnight; and yon lad hasent got a bit o' foot to his shoe.—Curse your Unions! I say."

"A'nt you set here long enought," screamed another sweet rib, hurling the contents of a quart pot in her husband's face, "when you know we havent had a bit o' meat i' the house only wot we got o' butcher Tong wehout paying for, this last fortnight?—and the baker would'nt let me hev a loaf to night, cos we hedn't paid for th' last.—Curse your Unions! I say."

"O, you thief!" exclaimed a third dear spouse, seizing her husband by the hair of his head; "so you've set up nineteen shillings for a ale score hev you, and I hevent a bit o' gown to my back—you down-looking villain! When I married you I'd nine bright goden guines in my pocket, and you was over th' head an' ears i' debt—you lazy rascal you!"

"O, you robber of righteousness!" shrieked a fourth, breaking her husband's pipe, heaving the tobacco on the fire, and banging the pewter pot at his head. "You villanous dog! do you mean to bring us all to beggary through your curst Union, and your d—— delegates?—Curse your delegates!" hurling a candlestick at Dick's head, who jumped up and ran out at the open door.

"O, you robbing delegate!" shouted another, at the top of her voice, seizing the poor Blacksmith by his tender corderoys; "d—— you—I'll musket-money you, if you come musket-moneying here any more."

This was the signal for we Gentlemen Delegates to be missing; for we were now pitched upon, and beaten with every thing that came to hand; and the rout was complete when we got outside, for then we encountered an enraged multitude in waiting, who pelted us without regard to our rank, as we run from the village of Chillwell like scalded cats.

It was not till we had distanced the village of Chillwell by a good mile, that we could assemble together, and then we walked home, pensively and crest-fallen, swearing that we would never "flare up" again, nor "join the Union!" T. M.

THE SUBALTERN'S SOLILOQUY.

To be or not to be—a CAPTAIN, is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slights and sneering of the *well-fed* staff,
Or, by promotion, end them.—
And then to hear the scoffs of rank no more,
But, once for all, by that important step
To say we end the thousand daily slights
A Subaltern is heir to!
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd!
But where to find the cash to *purchase* it,
When funds are low, and friends look shy and cold?
Aye, there's the rub! for he must *raise the wind*
Ere he can taste the dear-bought sweets of rank.
'Tis this reflection makes
The Subaltern to toil ten tedious years;
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of rank,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious formality of guards,
When he himself might his promotion get
By "posting" in the agent's hands the "cool?"
Who would toil and fag, in camp or garrison,
Year after year, until some lucky shot
Dispatches him to that well-peopled realm,
From whose wide bourne no Subaltern returns?
Thus poverty makes drudges of us all;
And thus the healthy face of many a Sub
Is sicklied o'er by frequent lack of coin!
And enterprises of great fire and spirit,
On this account can never gain *the step*,
Or reach that envied rank!

DICK TURPIN,

WITH A FEW WORDS ON HIGHWAYMEN.*

SCHILLER'S "Robbers" is said to have set the youth of Germany in flame—to have driven many of the bold aspiring spirits of the day—wearied of the flatness and insipidity of an existence devoid of excitement and adventure—into the thick forests of Bohemia, and Salvator-like caverns deep hidden in the rocky banks of the Danube, where they revelled throughout the day, quaffing, like their prototypes, healths to the god of Thieves; and when night had cast her mantle on those swarthy shades, issued forth in whirlwind bands to burn a few villages, cut a few throats, carry away a few women, and in short, to emulate to the full all the amiable atrocities of Moor and his comrades.

Now, but that we live in an Utilitarian age, we should anticipate a similar effect being produced by "*Rookwood.*" Dick Turpin, and his *fidus Achates* Tom King, are to the full as fascinating to our "broths of boys," and as worthy of imitation as Moor and Grimm—nay, more so—as not having quite such sanguinary propensities; and in case such an event should happen, we shall hold Mr. Ainsworth responsible for any abstraction of our purses which may ensue (indeed, we suspect by the aid of Turpin and his merry men, he has already found a way to the pockets of the lieges), as well as for any further state of moral delinquency into which the rising generation may decline. Henceforth we make no doubt his name will be coupled with that of Schiller as a grand instigator to robbery; and highwaymen yet unfledged will breathe into the Ordinary's ears that it was the perusal of the inflammatory pages of "*Rookwood*" which led them into the commission of their heinous offences. We are the more inclined to believe this from hearing that a few days ago it was gravely proposed, by certain officers of a mess, at a certain barrack not twenty miles from town, and in a locality not uncongenial to such an undertaking, after a discussion of the deeds of Turpin in "*Rookwood,*" that they should order their horses—call for coffee and pistols—mount—sally forth, and take a midnight scour over the heath after the good old fashion of the knights of the road!—Could stronger proof be wanting of the deleterious tendency of the work than this? Mr. Ainsworth must abide by the consequences. What youthful mind can resist such advice as the following—he is describing Turpin:—

"Dick Turpin was the *Ultimus Romanorum,* the last of the race which (we were almost about to say we regret) is now altogether extinct. Several successors he had, it is true, but no name worthy to be recorded after his own. With him, expired the chivalrous spirit which animated successively the bosoms of so many Knights of the Road; with him, died away that passionate love of enterprise, that high spirit of devotion to the fair sex, which was first breathed upon the highway by the gay, gallant Chevalier Du Val, the Bayard of the road—*Le Filou sans peur et sans réproche*

* Rookwood, a Romance, 3 vols. R. Bentley.

—but which was extinguished at last by the cord which tied the heroic Turpin to the remorseless tree. It were a subject well worthy of inquiry, to trace this decline and fall of the empire of the Tobymen, to its remoter causes—to ascertain the why and the wherefore, that with so many half-pay captains; so many poor curates; so many lieutenants, of both services, without hopes of promotion; so many penny-a-liners, and fashionable novelists; so many damned dramatists, and damning critics; so many Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviewers; so many detrimental brothers, and younger sons; when there are horses to be hired, pistols to be borrowed, purses to be taken, and mails are as plentiful as partridges;—it were worth serious investigation, we repeat, to ascertain why, with the best material imaginable for a new race of highwaymen, we have none, not so much as an amateur. Why do not some of these choice spirits quit the *salons* of Pall-Mall, and take to the road; the air of the heath is more bracing and wholsome, we should conceive, than that of any "hell" whatever, and the chances of success incomparably greater? We throw out this hint, without a doubt of seeing it followed up. Probably the solution of our inquiry, may be, that the supply is greater than the demand; that, the present state of things, embryo highwaymen may be more abundant than purses; and then, have we not the horse patrol? With such an admirably-organized system of conservation, it is in vain to anticpate a change. The highwaymen, we fear, like their Irish brothers, the Rapparees, went out with the Tories. They were averse to Reform, and eschewed Emancipation!"

We dare scarcely contemplate the effect which the mischievous counsel, combined with that gay, reckless *enjoué* of Turpin's life and exploits, which Mr. Ainsworth has given, is calculated to produce. Lord Edward Thynne, whose whiskers are already quite of the Turpin texture, need only indue his Melton boots, put his "pops in pocket," mount his nag, and we should have the *beau ideal* of a highwayman. Tom Duncombe would do admirably for Tom King, and D'Orsay is cut out for Du Val. He is the man for the flageolet, the *couranto*, and the ladies!

What a splendid turn-out they might make from Crockford's on some "shiny night,"—the pavement of St. James's flashing beneath the tramp of their fiery chargers! We could almost forgive the foray for the fun of it; but we would seriously advise our furtive advanturers not to extend their rambles at the onset beyond Hyde Park Corner. Nobody expects to be *stopped* now, and we will assuredly warrant them against resistance. Crocky might be eased of his winnings in half the time his bank could be reduced, and Chesterfield would find the *game* of *High Toby* easier to manage than the game of *French Hazard!*

As the character which Mr. Ainsworth has engrafted upon his story differs materially from the general and received notion of Turpin, it will be as well to separate the true from the false—to weigh Dick as he *was* in the balance—and to see whether his merits or demerits kick the beam—whether he was worthy in reality of the immortality he has acquired—whether he was gay, generous, and jovial—whether he was averse to shedding blood—whether (and this is really important) his whiskers were exuberant and red—and, lastly, whether or not he actually rode to York in a single night.

Of the latter we have no further proofs to offer than such as are

afforded by traditionary gossip. The story is still rife in Yorkshire, though there are several claimants for the distinction: two highwaymen, of the respective names of Nix and Nevisdeon, and a third, the redoubted Jack Harris, of whom in the life of Wm. Page, (one of the same fraternity), we find the following account:—"This was Harris, the famous highwayman who robbed on the black mare (a sort of Black Bess we presume), he committed a robbery in the morning in Surrey, on a gentleman who knew him perfectly well, and therefore Harris rode for it with such speed, trusting to the goodness of his mare, that in the evening, about sunset, he appeared on the bowling-green at York, and pulling out his watch, showed it to the gentlemen present. But notwithstanding this prodigious performance, as the riding of 190 miles in one day, so positive was the evidence against him, that he was convicted upon it. The old Duke of Richmond, as we remember, was so charmed with the vastness of the performance and the bravery of the man, that he interceded for his life and obtained it, on condition that Harris would give him his word and honour that he would never be guilty of the like offence again." Here we have the very feat, as well as the black mare; but, perhaps, Harris was only an *alias* for Turpin, and the date of "Page's Memoirs," 1758, favours the supposition.

Respecting this remarkable ride, nothing, however, is with certainty known. In the mean time, the honours must be divided. The performance of such a feat we hold to be physically impracticable in a single day; but it would seem from the variety of claimants, that somebody *must* have atempted it.

Of Turpin's personal appearance we can say nothing, never having met with a portrait of that distinguished character. Of his disposition we suspect, from the anecdote of an old lady at Loughton, whom he roasted on a fire, that he was not the gentlest of mankind; though, in others which we have heard of his saluting a lady at Mary-le-bone Gardens, and telling her that "she might now boast of being kissed by Turpin," savours of gallantry. That he had a social taste, is evidenced by his domestication with King in the cave, in Epping Forest; and his shooting his bosom-friend, was, we are inclined to think, the result of mere accident. Such a struggle would make any man nervous.

The story of the round and reversed horse-shoes, is well authenticated; and the manner in which he afterwards baffled his pursuers, by riding his horse backwards. An old Inn, at Kew, was one of his haunts; and there is still an ancient oak, a leafless, naked tree, that flings up its bare branches like the antlers of a stag, which bears his name, and which, in his reverence for it, and because, concealed by its trunk, Turpin lingered in that lonesome common to attack the traveller, the proprietor of the soil has encircled with a railing.—That he was a dastard, the courage with which he died at once refutes;—and that he was unwilling unnecessarily to shed blood, an anecdote which is told of Lord Mohun will evidence.

This eccentric nobleman had a passion for rencontres with highwaymen, and rode out by night alone, well armed, well provided with cash, to court assault. Turpin often passsed him, but would

never bid him "stand and deliver;" alleging as his reason for such inconsistent conduct, that he knew Mohun's resolution to be such "that he must take his life to take his purse, or lose his own, either of which results would be disagreeable."

Upon the whole, we don't know a prettier fellow, nor one who had "a more engaging presence of mind upon the road," than Richard Turpin, whether of Epping or Rookwood. We shall finish with a sketch of him in repose: —

"Having made the circuit of the place after the manner of the amphitheatrical Ducrow, he halted near the mouth of the subterranean chapel, to be within hearing of Peter's whistle, and throwing his right leg lazily over his saddle, proceeded coolly to light a short pipe (the luxury of the cigar being then unknown), humming the while snatches of a ballad, the theme of which was his own exploits:—

'As I was riding o'er Hounslow Moor,
I saw a lawyer trot on before:
So I rode up and asked if he was not afraid
To meet Dick Turpin, that mischievous blade.
To meet Dick Turpin, that mischievous blade.'

Thus, between long-drawn whiffs did he chaunt—lapped in the smoker's dreamy elysium, with short pipe ruminant—his solitary song; and though apparently lost in forgetfulness, and listening to his own melody, he remained with one ear thrown back like that of the hare, on the alert for every sound. It was this power of abstraction which gave to our Highwayman that philosophic character which we have heretofore remarked, as distinguishing him beyond his fellow herd. When meditating his greatest exploits he appeared the most indifferent—when surrounded by danger he seemed the most insensible; yet it was not so. He was never, as he himself expressed it, 'caught napping.' He was ever ready to start to arms, yet lolled upon the cannon's breech. Whatever his existence might be, he made the most of it: he understood the *scavir vivre* to perfection. Behold him now! How negligently his hat is set on one side of his head—yon Bond-street lounger could not have more of the look *fatuité*—yet Turpin, take our words for it, was neither a *fat* nor a Bond-street lounger. His eyes are half closed; but a quick glance beams beneath the eyelids. His leg, equipped in that peculiarly-fashioned boot, which, in his day, obtained for it the name of the 'Turpin top,' and which was quite the rage amongst the sporting characters of the period, is thrown indolently and caressingly over the neck of his favourite mare; yet an instant will bring his foot to the stirrup—he looks the picture of repose. Reader, are you disposed to capture a Highwayman? Now is your moment—his eyes absolutely close—he nods—I feel assured he is asleep—approach him softly—there, now rush upon him—you have received a cursed kick from that black mare, and a voice thunders in your ear,

'DICK TURPIN NEVER SLEEPS!'

Never! for at this moment he resumes his song—

"Says I, 'All my money I've managed to pop
Where no man will find it, beneath my boot-top.'
Says the lawyer, 'Dick Turpin my cash ne'er will find,
For it's sewed in the folds of my coat-cape behind;
So I care not for Turpin, that mischievous blade."

Another whiff of the short pipe:

"I rode till I came to the powder mill,
Where the smell of my pops made him soon stand still.
'My mare wants a new saddle-cloth,' said I—
'Permit me the cape of your coat to try,
For I am Dick Turpin, that mischievous blade.'

And thus, for the present, we leave him—O rare Dick Turpin!"

We had intended to have quoted largely from the ride to York, which is done in such glorious style; but all the daily and weekly press have anticipated our intentions. There are many other good things, however, to which we can help ourselves; and we shall do so presently. And, although we have descanted so "lengthily," as the Yankees say, on the subject of Turpin, let it not be supposed that the wild and lawless feats of the highwaymen form the prominent features of "Rookwood."—In no degree! Some of the most pathetic and tender passages of our modern romantic literature may be found in the story of Sybil, whom we have heard likened (unjustly, we think), with Esmeralda. Nothing vapid or flimsy, or what the Cocknies call, in their wish to combine these qualities, *sentimental*, is to be found here. It is all manly, and true.—This is praise as rare as it is just.

Our modern writers mistake the matter altogether—the writers of criticism as well as the writers of fiction. The romance of our day is not the romance of Monk Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, or Maturin. It is no such thing. Our modern romance, as shewn forth in the work of Mr. Ainsworth, as also in the writings of Victor Hugo, and the highest aspirants of the French school, is a romance, not of verbiage, but of action, passion, and irrepressible tenderness. And this is undoubtedly a vast progression in the art. It is the substitution of poetic truth for fanciful fiction—of earnest power for objectless aspiration. The new romances may have the old supernatural machinery—the old horrors—but where, we should like to know, are the startling dramatic effects, the high-wrought, passionate situation, which keep us on a rack of anxiety and doubt? where the poetry, the vitality, and the taste, displayed in the new school, to be met with in the old? Certainly not in Mrs. Radcliffe or Monk Lewis. Maturin had something better about him. He was the precursor of the present school; and we much doubt if Victor Hugo, whom we know to be an ardent admirer of "Melmoth," is not indebted to him for many of his most forcible conceptions. At the same time, Maturin had not refined upon his own notions, as has been since done. Hoffman and the German fantastical school, the modern French romancers, and the old English dramatists, are the groundwork of Mr. Ainsworth's school of romance. Shelley has remarked, "that it is impossible any one who inhabits the same age with such writers as those who stand in the foremost ranks of our own, can conscientiously assure himself that his language and tone of thought may not have been modified by the study of the productions of those extraordinary intellects. It is true that not the spirit but the forms in which it has manifested itself are due less to the peculiarities of their own minds than to the peculiarity of the moral and intellectual condition of the minds among

which they have been produced. Thus a number of writers possess the form, whilst they want the spirit, of those whom it is alleged they imitate; because the former is the endowment of the age in which they live, and the latter must be the uncommunicated lightning of their own mind." This reasoning is as forcible as it is philosophical; and, without detracting from his originality, we cannot doubt but that profound study and admiration of Victor Hugo, and kindred feeling and sympathy with his genius, has produced a corresponding effect upon Mr. Ainsworth's mind. But from whatever sources he has derived his inspiration, he is unquestionably the founder of a new school of romance in this country, and must be estimated accordingly. He has not only the "endowment of the age," but the "uncommunicated lightning," to perfect him.

We shall not attempt to analyse the plot of Rookwood. It is wild and terrible, intricate and full of interest, which would only be destroyed by meagre analysis. We shall present our readers with a scene which will at once satisfy them of the dramatic and *agonizing* powers of the author. He is describing the horrible fate of Lady Rookwood, the Lady Asheton of the tale, a character which, without being in the slightest degree a copy, approaches more nearly to Scott's *chef-d'œuvre* in excellence and finish than anything we have seen or expect to see:—

"At length a sound, like the sudden shutting of the church-door, broke upon the profound stillness of the holy edifice. In the hush that succeeded, a footstep was distinctly heard threading the aisle.

"'He comes—he comes!' exclaimed Alan, joyfully—adding, an instant after, in an altered voice—'but he comes alone.'

"The footstep drew near to the mouth of the vault—it was upon the stairs—Alan stepped forward to greet, as he supposed, his grandson, but started back in astonishment and dismay, as he encountered, in his stead, Lady Rookwood. Alan retreated, while the Lady advanced, swinging the iron door after her, which closed with a tremendous clang. Approaching the statue of the first Sir Ranulph, she paused, and Alan then remarked the singular and terrible expression of her eyes, which appeared to be fixed upon the statue, or upon some invisible object near it. There was something in her whole attitude and manner calculated to impress the deepest terror on the beholder. And Alan gazed upon her with an awe which momently increased. Lady Rookwood's bearing was as proud and erect as we have formerly described it to have been—her brow was as haughtily bent—her chiselled lip as disdainfully curled, but the staring, changeless eye, and the deep-heaved sob, which occasionally escaped her, betrayed how much she was under the influence of mortal terror. Alan watched her in amazement. He knew not how the scene was likely to terminate, nor what could have induced her to visit this ghostly spot, at such an hour, and alone; but he resolved to abide the issue in silence—profound as her own. After a time, however, his impatience got the better of his fears and scruples, and he spoke.

"'What doth Lady Rookwood in the abode of the dead?' asked he, at length.

"She started at the sound of his voice, but still kept her eye fixed upon the vacancy.

"'Hast thou not beckoned me hither, and am I not come?' returned she, in a hollow tone. 'And now thou askest wherefore I am here. I am

here, because, as in thy life I feared thee not, neither in death do I fear thee—I am here because——'

"'What seest thou?' interrupted Alan, with ill-suppressed terror.

"'What see I—ha—ha—' shouted Lady Rookwood, amidst discordant laughter—'that which might appal a heart less stout than mine—a figure anguish-writhen, with veins that glow as with a subtle and consuming flame. A substance yet a shadow, in thy living likeness—ha—frown if thou wilt, I can return thy glances—'

"'Where dost thou see this vision?' demanded Alan.

"'Where!' echoed Lady Rookwood, becoming for the first time sensible of the presence of a stranger. 'Ha—who art thou that questionest me?—what art thou?—speak!'

"'No matter who or what I am,' returned Alan.—'I ask thee what thou dost behold?'

"'Canst thou see nothing?'

"'Nothing,' replied Alan.

"'Thou didst know Sir Piers Rookwood?'

"'Is it he?' asked Alan, drawing near her.

"'It is he,' replied Lady Rookwood; 'I have followed him hither, and I will follow him whithersoever he leads me, were it to——'

"'What doth he now?' asked Alan, 'see'st thou him still?'

"'The figure points to that sarcophagus,' returned Lady Rookwood. 'Canst raise up the lid?'

"'No,' replied Alan, 'my strength will not avail to lift it.'

"'Yet let the trial be made,' said Lady Rookwood; 'the figure points there still—my own arm shall aid thee.'

"Alan watched her in dumb wonder. She advanced towards the marble monument, and beckoned him to follow. Reluctantly did he comply. Without any expectation of being able to move the ponderous lid of the sarcophagus, at Lady Rookwood's renewed request he applied himself to raise it. What was his surprise, when, beneath their united efforts, he found the ponderous slab slowly revolve upon its vast hinges, and with little further difficulty, it was completely elevated; though it still required the exertion of all Alan's strength to prop it open, and prevent its falling back.

"'What doth it contain?' asked Lady Rookwood.

"'A warrior's ashes,' returned Alan.

"'There is a rusty dagger upon a fold of faded linen,' cried Lady Rookwood, holding down the light.

"'It is the weapon with which the first dame of the house of Rookwood was stabbed,' said Alan, with a grim smile,

'Which whoso graspeth in the tomb,
Shall clutch until the hour of doom.'

So saith the rhyme.—Have you seen enough?'

"'No,' said Lady Rookwood, precipitating herself into the marble coffin. 'That weapon shall be mine.'

"'Come forth—come forth,' cried Alan. 'My arm trembles—I cannot support the lid.'

"'I will have it, though I grasp it to eternity,' shrieked Lady Rookwood, vainly endeavouring to wrest away the dagger, which was fastened, together with the linen upon which it lay, by some adhesive substance to the bottom of the shell.

"At this moment Alan Rookwood happened to cast his eye upward, and he then beheld what filled him with new terror. The axe of the sable statue was poised above its head, as in the act to strike him. Some secret

machinery, it was evident, existed between the sarcophagus lid and this mysterious image—but in the first impulse of his alarm, Alan abandoned his hold of the slab, and it sunk slowly downwards. He uttered a loud cry as it moved. Lady Rookwood heard this cry—she raised herself at the same moment—the dagger was in her hand—she pressed against the lid, but its downward force was too great to be withstood—the light was within the sarcophagus, and Alan could discern her features—the expression was terrible—she uttered one shriek—and the lid closed for ever."

It would be injustice to Mr. Ainsworth were we to omit noticing his wild and spirited lyrics, but they are reserved for a future treat to our readers—our present space having "run away with us."

With this we shall say *euge et vale* to Mr. Ainsworth. And if we have not said as much about his volumes as they deserve, it is because we are willing to flatter ourselves that what we have said will incite such of our readers as have not perused them, speedily to do themselves that pleasure. We envy them with all our hearts, and would give five pounds that we could forget the work to have the pleasure of a fresh perusal. Mr. Ainsworth has made a most brilliant and most succcessful *debût*, and if he will but pay a little more attention to the management of his plot, and not suffer himself to be led away by the exuberance of his fancy, or by the maudlin advice of cat-witted critics, we prophesy that he will ere long attain a high place—if not indeed the highest—among the writers of fiction of the present day. Again we say, let him go on and fear not. There are numberless rich mines of romance yet unexplored—let him demolish the silver fork system—let him banish the "Lady Jemima" balderdash of modern novelists, and, our credit on it, he will do more for his school than all the praises which contemporaneous criticism can bestow.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Songs of the Loire. Second Edition, with Additions.

This delightful little volume comes upon our recollection like the face of an old friend much improved by absence. There are many original songs now added, which will well repay the reader for perusal. We have seen several of these pleasing lays translated into French, and as they appear such favourites with our gay neighbours, would advise the author, whosoever he may be, to print a French edition, under his own superintendence, as those we have seen already translated are done in a very inferior manner to what they might have been. We hope that a love for poetry is already returning upon our novel-gorged readers, and feel delighted to find that there yet exist those, who have been so far able to appreciate the beauties of the Loire-immortalizing bard, as to call for a second edition of his songs.

NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK. SECOND SERIES. 2 VOLS. LONDON. WHITTAKER.

CAPTAIN GLASCOCK is beyond all question the most sailor-like and *ship-shape* of his numerous literary naval contemporaries. He does not pretend, like too many of his cloth, to be an universal writer, and sentimentize in especial *buckram* on shore, but upon his own element he is assuredly lord-paramount, and none but he. He has an irresistible fund of quaint drollery about him, such as is only to be met with in the forecastle of a "real Trafflygar craft." The laced coat and epauletted shoulder never peer forth with him. A close and nervous observer of the sailor's character, he has limned his propensities, feelings, and passions with the hand of a master, and from the most trivial incidents—often, indeed, from no incidents at all—he has drawn the most striking pictures. The best criterion of his power is, perhaps, the avidity with which his works are read by the veriest Johnny Raw of a landsman, who, although unable to comprehend the abtruse technicalities of the cuddy and the orlop, *feels* the truth of the description, as it were, intuitively. For the rest, he is a dashing gallant fellow—one of the very best officers in the "sarvus," and a true sailor, every inch of him.—We could add to his "Jack in Oporto" several *yarns* reflecting the highest credit upon his judgment and discretion while watching "that there Portingale;" but he has been modest on his own merits, and we will spare his blushes.

So full of extractable matter is "The Naval Sketch-Book," that we grow dainty of the endless variety of piquant dishes presented to our devotions. We would willingly, in fact, extract the whole book for *The Monthly* amusement of our readers; but though this might possibly be flattering enough to the gallant Captain—gallant not by *courtesy*—it might just as possibly be unjust to the publisher. We will for the present, therefore, content ourselves with the following characteristic little *morceau*, showing how Jack gammoned his *methody* captain. No landsman could have told this—but all landsmen will understand it:—

"'You know,' says Jack, addressing one of his shipmates, 'you know, bo, at three-bells every forenoon, there was beat to divisions and muster prayer-books and bibles.—As for myself, in the bible-business, I managed the matter very well—and moreover, with the skipper I was a bit of a fancy-man—for, you see my bible (as captain o' the mess) was always kivered in baize—nor never was opened, you know, nor pawed by tarry paw—There wasn't, no, not as much as the sign of a soil to be seen inside or out—The skipper reg'larly overhauled the books himself—and one morn, going round at divisions, I says to myself—'Come this is too bad, by Joe!—Here's my bible's been bag'd in the baize three years and upwards, and the skipper's never once *noticed* the kelter she's in—so here's try him on a wind,' says I to myself—'Here she is, Sir,' says I, pulling out the book from my green-baize bag just as he comes to my elbow—'here she is, Sir, just as *clean*, you see, as if she'd comed bran-new out o' the mint'—'That's a *good* man,' says the skipper, givin' me a friendly tap on the shoulder—'that's a *good* man—come down to *my* cabin,' says he, 'as soon as divisions are over.'—Well, as soon as the drum beats retreat, you may well suppose I wasn't long divin' down to get my drop; but when I enters the cabin, there wasn't, no, not the sign of a glass to be seen—There was

the skipper alone at the table, fumbling a Newland in his fist, and seemin' as shy o' me as I was of him—'Come here, my man,' say he—'come here, Thompson—you're a very *good* man,' says he—'take this,' says he, shoving a five-pound Newland into my fist—'take this, and recollect,' says he, 'I give it for preserving so well the Word o' God.'—Well, you may be sure after this, the bible sees less daylight nor never—and there wasn't a fellow fore-and-aft,—even Murdock himself,—as didn't bag his book in baize.'"

African Sketckes. By Thomas Pringle. London: Moxon.

We have received this elegant and welcome volume too late for notice this month; but without dipping into its pages we may very safely recommend any thing that comes from Mr. Pringle's talented and veteran pen. We shall at some future period draw largely upon the volume.

Lay Sermons. By the Ettrick Shepherd. London: Fraser.

Those who looked forward to the publication of these "Sermons" with the hope of enjoying "much damnable laughter" at the Shepherd's expense—and they form a not inconsiderable portion of your reading public—will find themselves, doubtless, much disappointed. Those, on the contrary, who, jealous of the fame of this worthy and excellent man, waited with pain for what they deemed would deeply injure his name, will find themselves agreeeably deceived. We are not among the number of those who deem that the worthy Shepherd of Ettrick can write as good an homily as his illustrious brother, the Shepherd of Canterbury, but we maintain that there is much sound theology, much useful advice, and much valuable practical Christianity in these pages. There is, too, an ingredient which has not hitherto found its way into sermons, but which is a very good ingredient for all that — much cheerful entertainment and many pleasing applications of the subject. The pious reader will doubtless exclaim, that this is fitter for the pages of a novel than a sermon—and perhaps he is right; but, speaking for ourselves, we cannot perceive that the force of the Shepherd's arguments have been weakened upon our mind by these little "flights." They have rather rivetted them the stronger upon our memory; and such, we venture to say, will be the impression of all those who give the volume (which will richly repay the time) a diligent perusal.

Lays and Legends of Various Nations. Part III.—Ireland. By William J. Thoms. Cowie.

We would not again have raised this harmless production from the sleep into which it is fast falling, were it not that we have been excessively amused at the conceit (to say the least of it—others would call it ignorant arrogance) of the complacent editor. We shall give the specimen of the "intense botheration" which has so moved our cachinatory powers. Hear this, all ye ignoramuses who have presumed to lecture on the origin of words; and chiefly thou, Doctor

Jamieson, blush thyself into deeper oblivion! Mr. Thoms is speaking of the word "*airy*."

"An airy place is, however, equivalent to a haunted place: *therefore* Sir Walter Scott explains—

"And *eiry* was the way,"

in the ballad of "Tamlane," as producing superstitious dread—in fact, *shadowy!!!*"

Excellent Mr. Thoms!—his "in fact" is perfectly conclusive, and the wondering people are now aware, for the first time, that the expressive Scotch word "eiry"—which every one thought meant a sense of frightful loneliness—is nothing more than a corruption of "airy!" But the concluding part of the note is best of all. "Is not 'fairy' 'airy' by the modification of the first letter?" quoth our editor. True, Mister Thoms; and is not "witch" "itch" by the same infallible rule, and 'blather' 'lather?"—*Ohe! jam satis.*

Essays on Electricity and Magnetism. By Peter Cunningham, Surgeon, R. N. London, Cochrane and M'Crone.

This is the work of a gentleman, whose profession (a surgeon in the Royal Navy) has afforded him an opportunity to observe much that is interesting, and to form opinions, which, if not just, are at least original and striking. No man can set himself up as a proper judge of the subject, unless he has been in the self-same spots that the author has; he is not fit to criticize and impugn inferences that observation has not shewn either correct or otherwise; the wild country of Peru has been little travelled, and Mr. Cunningham is at present alone in his Peruvian deductions.

Mr. Cunningham's title-page bears the following, "On the motions of the earth and heavenly bodies, as explained by electro-magnetic attraction and repulsion; and on the conception, growth and decay of man, and cause and treatment of his diseases as referable to Galvanic action," &c. We understand not electricity, so we can neither condemn Mr. Cunningham's work nor praise it, and 'we have never sailed o'er the blue expanse

"To Susquehana's side."

All we can do is to recommend the many who are interested in the subject of electricity and its influences, to read and judge for themselves.

We are obliged to defer the notice of many new books till our next number, among which is a very talented and amusing work by Miss J. Hill, called "Brother Tragedians," and two entertaining volumes by Mr. Inglis on the "Channel Islands."

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Our lands have been, during the month, moistened by a few days of light and refreshing showers, by which a proportional benefit has been obtained for the crops of all kinds, but the old leaven of droughty and forbidding weather has returned, and seems to threaten a continuance, perhaps with some few favourable and slightly beneficial changes, until the date of ancient and thirsty St. Swithin, whose thirst, in many by-gone seasons, nothing under six weeks daily showers could allay. This, however, is merely senile apprehension, and as the occurrence is but periodical, it may not, and we hope will not, occur during the present season. Wheat, however, probably will endure drought with less of unfavourable appearance and future injury than any other farming crop, and much of it have we walked over of late which has afforded a blooming, luxuriant, and promising appearance—with, indeed, the irregularity of patches inferior in bulk and strength, characteristic of the season. The accounts of this first of all crops, from the different parts of the country, are on the whole favourable; from none very depressing; and should equal good fortune attend us to the date of the harvest-supper, we shall have then been blessed with three plentiful wheat crops. The seed season for corn and pulse may be now said to be over, so little can remain unfinished, and that of turnips, mangoldt, and potatoes is about to take its turn; indeed, potatoe planting has commenced, and the turnip lands generally are in a forward state, but turnip seed cannot be sown with any sanguine hopes of success, without the assistance of moistening and genial showers. The gout in wheat has been lately announced; and a Dorsetshire gentleman, in the ancient style of misconception, whilst he has observed the effects, supposes he has discovered the cause. But insects are not the cause, but the effect of the disseaes; the cause, in reality, being a superabundance of the vegetable juices, which thence consequently stagnate, and, by an equal necessity, become the *nuclus* of insectile *ova*. Such is the rule of nature, exemplified more or less in every mild winter, in which the rigour of frost is wanted to check the inordinate increase both of vegetation and the vegetable juices. Great complaints are making and preparing for the attention of Parliament respecting the constant fraudulent imports of wheat from Jersey, to the extent of a vastly greater quantity than could possibly be produced on that and the other islands together. This *tour* is said to be managed by the old and convenient mode of the oath manufacture, so long and well known in the custom-house, the army, the law, and the church. We are not confident or conceited enough, to offer any remedy for so inveterate a disease. If hunger will break through stone walls, an oath has hitherto been found a feeble barrier against sordid and fraudulent interest.

The extraordinary drought of the spring has certainly had one good effect, that of rendering friable and ready for culture the heavy clays which had remained so long saturated with moisture, at the same time retarding the seasonable progress of vegetation, yet without apparently, thus far, effecting any irreparable damage to the crops, granting a timely change of temperature. The barley sowing has been performed expeditiously and early, and for the most part, in a tolerably good tilth, and with some abatement of the old and favourite weed system, to which the state of the weather has mainly contributed. The early barleys above ground, have come up irregularly, as was to be expected from the state of the soil and the nature of the seasons; and there can be but few regular crops, and fewer good ones, unless the weather take a favourable turn. The late few showers greatly improved the oats, which had put on a most unpromising appearance; but though, like the barley, they must be an irregular

crop, the best parts of them look healthy in colour and sufficiently forward. Beans, awhile since, appeared large and flourishing, but a close examination now will discover immense quantities of the *ova* of their proper insects, which on a continuance of the present dry weather, will shortly push into existence. The pease which bore so discouraging an appearance previously to the rains, have since improved rapidly, and with a succession of favourable weather, both those and the beans may yet be productive. Oats, in most parts, seemed to suffer most heavily from the drought, bearing all the appearance of a failing crop, whence their sudden and great improvement from the rains has been most conspicuous. The grasses, natural and artificial, have made an equally rapid start with the other crops, but cannot be great, without the aid of some showery weather, and for some continuance. The stock of old hay, however, is not great, notwithstanding the waste of turnips incurred by those confident stock-feeders, who ploughed up or sold for a trifle the remainder of the crop, and were afterwards compelled to feed with hay. The gardens throughout the country have suffered most severely and irrecoverably from the plague of the blight, and there the writer expresses himself feelingly. Wall fruit, except under the most careful protection, may be pronounced entirely cut off; and fruit trees, covered with the most splendid and beautiful blossoms, affording the earnest of a superabundant crop, in the course of four-and-twenty hours were reduced to nakedness and apparent utter sterility. We cannot here help noticing once more the regular monthly account from Herts, where every thing agricultural and economical jogs on invariably prosperous. O rare Herts! what fortunes your cultivators must be making!

The subject of live stock affords no novelty; flesh meat sells well, or God help the poor farmer! Live stock is his best bower-anchor. Notwithstanding the losses in our flocks, markets have not been ill supplied with mutton, nor, under all circumstances, can the price have been fairly deemed exorbitant. Pork has been reduced in price by the invasion of myriads of pigs from Ireland, which have been seen parading on the English soil, from five to eight hundred in a drove. The supply of wheat, too, has been great, appearing to ascertain a most important probable fact, that, a superior culture premised, this country need be no longer an importer from the Continent, but the two conjoined might become exporting countries.

Shameful, cowardly, hell-born, nationally-disgracing INCENDIARISM yet, at every opportunity, lights up its flaming midnight energies of destruction. We repeat, and from our own knowledge, it was at first negatively, even positively encouraged in conversations, both without doors and *within* —and how seldom has the subject been introduced, and how tenderly treated by our patriotic writers! What is still worse, no preventive measures have yet been attempted, nor in all probability even thought of. If prevention and extreme rigour do not prove a remedy, the case is a settled one, and without remedy.

The *Dead Markets*, by the carcase, per stone of 8lb.—Beef, 2s. to 3s. 6d.; Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 4s.; Lamb, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.; Veal, 2s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.; Pork, 2s. 2d. to 4s.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 38s. to 56s.; Barley, 27s. to 33s.; Oats, 18s. to 28s. The London loaf, 4lb. 8d. Hay, 55s. to 84s.; Clover do. 65s. to 100s.; Straw, 23s. to 34s.

Coals in the Pool, 14s. 3d.—18s. to 21s. per ton.

Middlesex, May 26.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

BRITISH MUSEUM PRESENTED